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# The Century

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXX

NEW SERIES: VOL. XLVIII

MAY, 1905, TO OCTOBER, 1905



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# HOW THE JAPANESE SAVE LIVES

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Color drawing by Sigismond Ivanowski

THE JOYOUSNESS OF SPRING

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. LXX MAY, 1905 No. 1

#### THE PRIZE OF ROME

#### BY ARTHUR HOEBER



HE men in America who in the practice of the fine arts gain more than the most modest competence are few. As for stand-

ing in the community, the latest successful manipulator of stocks, the most recent organizer of trolley systems, holds the public eye to a greater degree than the maker of a modern masterpiece. We give no governmental recognition in awards, in purchases for museums, or in the bestowal of positions bringing either honor or profit. There is, we believe, an art professorship at two or three of our universities, but we recall few chairs of artistic lectureship, and surely there is nothing comparable with the distinguished post to which President Loubet has just appointed M. Carolus Duran, the eminent French portrait-painter and "Membre de l'Institut"-that of director of the French Academy at Rome.

The liberality of the French in educational matters is proverbial. Nowhere are greater facilities to be found for instruction in the higher branches or professions than in Paris. The study of law, medicine, and the arts is carefully fostered, and is virtually free to the poorest, most humble youth, under the best of conditions, with the greatest advantages.

It is to Paris that ambitious lads go, full of enthusiasm and energy, from their little towns and hamlets, from the larger provincial cities, with the blessings and prayers of family and friends who have gone deep down into the traditional stocking for a few francs to help out the course and assist in paying the trifling expenses of the boy. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that the municipality will make the grant of a modest sum to such as show decided ability, and whose careers at home justify this liberality. Then the future of the youth is a matter of civic pride to his townspeople, and rarely does the student abuse this confidence.

Upon the corner formed by the Quai Malaquais and the Rue Bonaparte, on the left bank of the Seine, stands the École des Beaux Arts, the official home of the French art student. Charles Lebrun, court painter to Louis XIV, was the first head of the French Academy of Painting, founded by his royal master, in 1648, for

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the practical encouragement of the study of art. In 1666, for the stimulation of greater zeal among the students, there was established the Prize of Rome, the winners of which were sent to Italy, at the expense of the government, to pursue a course of study extending over five years (the time has since been reduced to four), working in the ancient city, with its opportunities for the careful inspection of the old masters, with its traditions, environment, and antiquity.

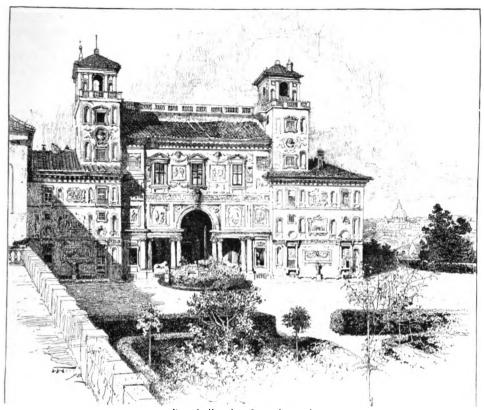
There was a time when Rome was the world's art center. No artist's education was considered complete unless he spent some time in that city. There was always to be found there a coterie of strong men. many of them famous, in whose society the tyro might mingle and gain much by the companionship. That day has gone by, however, and a change has taken place. Paris has usurped the prerogative of the old city, and it is to her that the world now turns for new ideas of art. The Italian galleries remain, the masterpieces hang in their accustomed places, the sky is as blue, the air as soft, and the outlook as lovely; but the glory of Roman art life has departed. The humanity that gave the betaken itself from the Seven Hills to the peaceful Seine, where it flourishes in a wilder, more luxuriant growth, nurtured by the hothouse forcing of fin-de-siècle ideas, untrammeled by convention or tradition. For good or bad, —and the judgment must be left to the reader,—the fact remains that to-day Paris is the hub about which the wheel of art revolves.

Yet from Paris there go annually to the Italian capital a number of young men, winners of the annual competitions for the Prize of Rome, to spend four years in the most idyllic manner, as guests of the French republic, at the Villa Medici, a beautiful palace owned by the government and specially arranged for their reception. These men have not won their spurs without hard work, without great preliminary training and many struggles. They represent the survival, if not of the fittest, at least of those who have stood well the brunt of battle, who have given evidence of sound training, application, talent, and superiority above their fellows. True, it not infrequently happens that a genuinely original genius fails in the competition, and is passed in the race by a less brilliant student who has worked more in conformity with conventional academic methods; nevertheless, it may safely be stated that no one ever attains the distinction of first place in the Prize of Rome concours without the display of ability far above that which is given to the ordinary mortal.

Painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians compete annually for this prize. Once every two years engravers on steel make the effort, while every third year cutters of fine stone and designers of medals have the chance to enter the competition. Each concours embraces two series of sketches, the first being a trial essay and the second the definite contest. As an outline of one branch comprehends the rest, it will be sufficient to confine this description to that of the painter. All Frenchmen who are unmarried and under the age of twenty-five are eligible to enter the competition. The contestants assemble in large numbers, and a subject for a sketch composition, generally of a mythological or biblical nature, is given out. Upon a canvas of modest proportions, known as a toile de six, each man then works out his art impetus, the interest to the student, has • own conception of the story. This must be done in twelve hours, without outside help of any sort.

> Shortly after this a second competition is arranged, twenty men having been chosen from the first lot of contestants. To these are added those men who have been placed among the final ten in previous trials for the Prize of Rome. Any number under thirty are liable to compete. The work comprises a sketch, or composition, and a nude study, painted in oil from life. The latter is required to be done in four sittings of seven hours each, not counting the repose of the model, who is allowed ten minutes in each hour for rest. From these men ten are chosen, numbered according to the general excellence of their designs, and this half-score enter the final struggle, going, as it is called, en loge.

> There are ten studios in one part of the school, some of which are better lighted than others; so, according to his standing, each man in turn selects his workshop. The ten men are assembled, and the director of the school is given a sealed envelop containing the subject chosen by the management. The seal is broken before the



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE VILLA MEDICI, THE FRENCH SCHOOL IN ROME (VIEW FROM THE TERRACE: ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE)

contestants, and the subject read aloud. Again the subject is biblical, mythological, or historical, but usually one of the first two. Then the men shut themselves in the *loge*, and remain for thirty-six hours, passing the night on a mattress thrown on the floor. Of course the pupil may finish sooner if he desires, but when he once delivers his sketch to the guardian, it is stamped with the seal of the school, and may not be touched again. Having made a tracing or a copy of this, the contestants again enter the studios, and remain until all is completed.

The last is the great test. The men now have to work out the composition they have made on a canvas known as a toile de quatre-vingt (measuring 1 m. 46 by 1 m. 15), no inconsiderable size. Here a picture is painted to the best of the man's ability, with nothing slighted; his chance of gaining the great award depends absolutely on this exertion. Here each day come his models; here he has the costumes and accessories that are necessary for the carrying

out of his design. Seventy-two days in all are consumed from the beginning of the competition until the picture is signed, or, rather, sent to the jury.

Each man is allowed by the government the sum of three hundred francs for his expenses, which include models, costumes, and paints. To this sum there has been added still another three hundred francs, the story of which is most interesting. An old model named Dubosc, who, time out of mind, had figured in the Prix de Rome pictures, now as a Trojan warrior, again as a patriarch father, a Diogenes, or many another hero of antiquity, seeing the struggles of these ambitious young students to make their work successful on the modest sum of sixty dollars, left, at his death, a sum sufficient to produce an annual income of six hundred dollars, or three thousand francs, thus giving each contestant three hundred francs yearly in addition to the government grant. It may be imagined that his memory is held in affectionate and grateful reverence, and that no one has yet

quite explained the remarkable sacrifice necessary to enable him to accomplish this extraordinary feat of saving such a sum on a stipend never more than two dollars a day.

Each man and every model is rigorously searched, on his arrival at the studio, to see that no memorandum is carried into the *loge*. Not so much as a scrap is permitted. Students may consult authorities outside, make any desired reference advisable, but they may bring in nothing with them. Every now and then the studio is carefully gone over, and though its furniture consists of only one chair and an easel, every nook and corner is inspected.

Most of the men work seriously until the last; some, having greater facility, get through their labors in less time than is given; others again, discouraged from the very beginning, loaf a good deal of the time. These *loges* contain a remarkably interesting collection of caricatures and of ridiculous pictures, made upon the walls by clever men, for relaxation, or after the great work was done. Here may be seen astonishingly dexterous portraits of men now famous, whose names are known over all the art world.

Finally the pictures are completed. The judges who determine on the merit of the finished results comprise the directors of each section of the school, with a certain number of artists outside, equal to half the force of the management. The ten works are now placed in frames of similar design that have done duty many times, and all are hung in one of the halls of the school. Here they remain on view for three days before the decision is announced. Then the prize is awarded, and the doors are thrown open to the public. The students are the first to enter, in their eagerness to ascertain the name of the successful man.

If the award is popular, the lad who has won the distinction is carried about the streets in triumph on the shoulders of his comrades, followed by a concourse of idlers who, in Paris, seem always ready, like an operatic chorus, to join in any sort of procession.

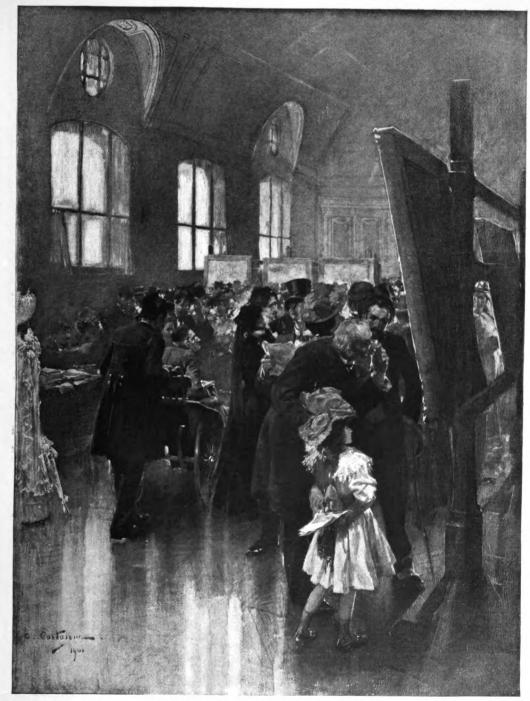
The great strain is now over, and the men are only too glad to give themselves up to absolute relaxation. It is the custom of the winners in each class, painters, architects, musicians, to give a banquet to their less fortunate competitors, to which are invited the professors and a few intimate friends. The winners do not report at the French Academy until the first part of the year following, all these competitions terminating about the end of July.

So, shortly after the Christmas holidays, the grand-prix men hurry south, and, following tradition, are met at Monterotondo, a station some distance outside the old city, by a party of students, already installed members of the French Academy, who welcome them with a coach and four, and drive them in state to their quarters in the Villa Medici on the Pincian Hill, their

home for the next four years.

The history of the French Academy at Rome is one of much interest and many vicissitudes. The idea of its foundation is attributed to three men-Poussin, Lebrun, and Charles Errard; but the scheme once formulated in Paris, Colbert, the minister of fine arts, did not wait long before sending several young artists to continue their studies in the Eternal City, choosing, without the formality of competition, such men as he thought a sojourn in Italy would benefit. Once there, these students were taken in charge by Charles Errard, who immediately elaborated a plan for the establishment of a school, which he submitted to the great minister, and which was approved, with the addition of various rules and regulations. The first party consisted of twelve students—six painters, four sculptors, and two architects. Arriving in Italy, in spite of many discouragements, Errard placed his pupils at work, becoming the first director of the French Academv at Rome. The same year he sent back to Paris work by these men for the academy in that city to pass upon, as evidence of the labor and progress of the students under his charge.

In what quarter he lodged his pupils is not known. All existing documents are mute in regard to this. Wherever it was, however, the place, according to the laws of the school still preserved, was dedicated to "virtue." Pupils were forbidden to blaspheme, to utter impious or dishonest words, under pain of being expelled, and the students ate at a common table, presided over by the director, known then as "rector," who selected each day some one to read history during the meal. In summer the class rose at five o'clock, in winter at six; two hours every day were devoted



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXHIBITION IN PARIS OF PAINTINGS MADE IN COMPETITION FOR THE PRIZE OF ROME



From a Braun photograph of the painting by Luc-Olivier Merson, 1869. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
MERSON'S PRIZE PICTURE "THE SOLDIER OF MARATHON"

to the study of arithmetic, geometry, perspective, and architecture, and the director had orders to visit the pupils daily at the academy or in outside places where their work took them. On Thursday of each week they had a holiday. More than this, the academy was open gratuitously to outside pupils, and all students, French or other, were free to come and draw—a liberal procedure which resulted in the establishment of "outside scholarships," giving the privilege of lodging in the academy without meals.

At the beginning the home authorities allowed each pupil a pension annually of three hundred livres (a livre having about the value of a franc); in 1676 this was doubled. Each student who followed the full course in a manner satisfactory to the direction received, upon his return to France, two hundred livres as a gratuity. This was changed, in 1750, to three hundred livres. At present the arrangements of a financial nature are most liberal. Each

man is allowed four thousand francs a year, out of which the government puts aside one thousand, to be given to the student when his term is completed; so that he leaves for home with four thousand francs to his credit, insuring him the means of existence until he can get settled and started properly in his profession. He is given a studio and sleeping-room, with service, in the beautiful palace of the Medici, and has only to buy his meals. These, however, are prepared by a chef in the employ of the French government, and are furnished at cost, the lunches being twentyfive cents and the dinners thirty, wine, of course, being extra.

But we must return to the old academy. Errard was succeeded for two years by Noël Coypel, when he was again placed at the head of the school, and given the title of director, which was thought to give him more dignity and authority. Meanwhile, under Coypel, the academy had been installed in the Caprinica Palace,



From a Braun photograph of the sculpture by Jean-Alexandre-Joseph Falguière, 1859
FALGUIÈRE'S PRIZE SCULPTURE "COMBAT OF ROMANS"

and in Errard's second term it was joined with the old Roman academy called St. Luke's. About 1704, France being in financial distress, no new pupils were sent, as no appropriation had been made. The pupils were reduced to four, to two, to none. The work of all the previous years was about to go for naught, when the death of Mansard, in Paris, put at the head of the ministry of fine arts the energetic Duc d'Antin, an intelligent, enthusiastic amateur. He found the school, in 1708, almost on the point of disappearance. At his death, in 1736, he left it in a most prosperous condition.

In 1792 a deputy named Romme proposed a bill before the Convention to suppress the institution, and a decree to that effect was promulgated. In June of that year, the bill having been passed, and Basseville, the chargé d'affaires in Rome, having been assassinated, the director of the school, with all his pupils, servants, and

employees, fled to Naples. Better days followed, however, for on October 25, 1797, the Convention prepared a decree to reëstablish the school, and the Directory introduced into the treaty of Tolentino (February 19, 1797) an article definitely restoring the institution, which was promptly reorganized, and to the list of painters, sculptors, and architects were added, in 1803, musicians; in 1804, engravers; in 1805, cutters of fine stones; and, in 1809, engravers of medals.

In consequence of the unsettled state of affairs in Italy in 1796, the director did not take his post until 1801, and in 1803 France became possessed of the Villa Medici, where the school was at once installed. About 1852 the age limit was changed from thirty to twenty-five years, and the term of study reduced to four years.

Of course life in the old city is idyllic to the young student fresh from his triumphs. Here he finds a most congenial social side, old friends and comrades in the academy, and sympathetic people in plenty elsewhere. The requirements of the school are that in his first year, as a proof that he has not been idle, the student shall send back a picture containing at least one lifesized figure, preferably of the nude. In his next season there must be returned a composition of two figures, either nude or draped. The third year calls for a composition sketch, carefully thought out, to show the pupil's application in this important branch of art study. In addition, there must be a copy after some old master. For this the state pays the painter one hundred and fifty francs and takes the picture. These copies are generally given to provincial museums. They are valuable, because they are executed with great fidelity by competent men, and convey excellent impressions of the originals.

The last year's picture must be an original work, containing not less than three figures. This is expected to be a worthy, serious picture, justifying the study and experience of the course at the academy. As a general rule, if it meets with the expectations of the authorities, it is bought at a modest sum, and is added to the possessions of the government, while it rarely fails to receive a recompense from the jury at the Salon, where it is usually sent. Thus the men may do much or little actual labor, for these demands, as will be seen, are not excessive. Possibly the work is more in contemplation, in analysis of the older masters in the gallery, and in experimenting, than in the constant production of pictures or the turning out of studies. In addition to other emoluments, there is vet more in store for the fortunate prizewinners; for from a fund instituted by the Countess of Caen, each painter, sculptor, and architect who remains in Rome after completing his course can draw four thousand francs for a year's extra stay, it being only necessary that, as a return, he shall send home some work for the museum founded in Paris by this estimable and public-spirited woman.

Old Prize of Rome men are ever welcome to their alma mater in the Eternal City. They may eat there, paying only the modest prices charged to students, and if there are vacant chambers, they are at their disposal, without money and without price. During the four years the students are not

supposed to return to Paris, though the presence of the clever, hard-working men in the streets or galleries of the French metropolis is never noticed—officially at least. If, however, men who are in disfavor, by reason of idleness or dissipation, flee beyond the walls, they do so at their own peril, and render themselves liable to severe penalties, if not dismissal.

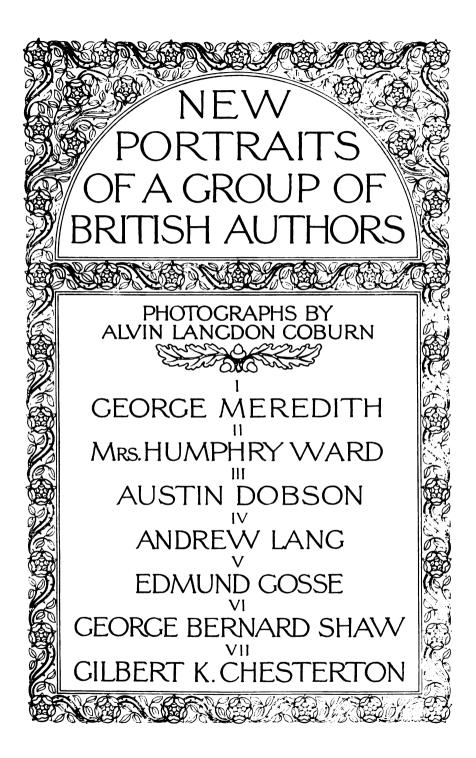
Most of the able French artists have had a trial at the Prize of Rome, and many of them who have subsequently attained much renown have failed to win the desired award. It may be that, in frequent cases, success in this direction would have been less fortunate than failure. Certain men with strong personal tendencies, original in ideas, and with an abhorrence of rule and tradition, would probably have chafed under the authority, and have been discouraged at the restraint and convention of academic demands.

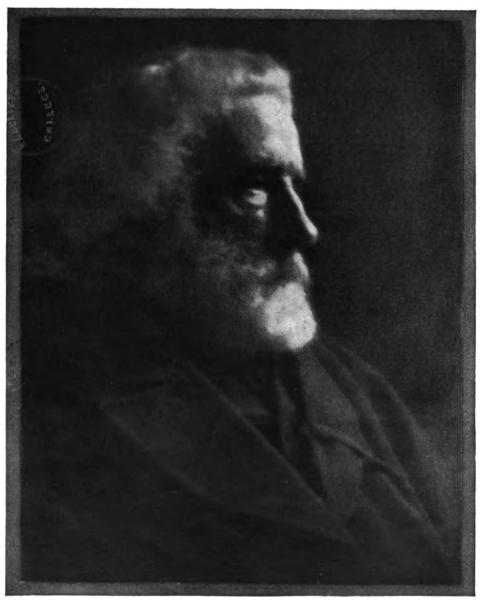
語の一人の音を記るない。一句は、

Some splendid names have been enrolled at the academy, however. Looking back over the list of the nineteenth century, we find among the prize-winners such painters as Ingres, in 1801, at the age of twenty-two; Flandrin, 1832; Couture, 1837; Cabanel, 1845; Boulanger, 1849; Henner, 1858; Lefebvre, 1861; Regnault, 1866; Merson, 1869; Février, 1872; Morot, 1873; Besnard, 1874; Chartran, 1877; Doucet, 1880; Fournier, 1881; and Baschet, 1883.

In the list of sculptors there are Carpeaux, 1854; Chapu, 1855; Falguière, 1859; Barrias, 1865; and others. In this same century there were years when no prizes were awarded, the excellence of the work offered in competition not being deemed sufficiently high. These omissions occurred in the years 1822, 1835, 1862, and 1888 for the painters, while the sculptors failed of a first award in 1800, 1822, 1835, 1846, 1853, 1858, and 1866.

Naturally, the men who by hard work, capacity, and studious application have won an honorable position in French art, and who, as they say in their own expressive language, have "passed that way," look back with unalloyed pleasure on their alma mater, uphold its honor, stand bravely by its traditions, and swear by its efficacy. So the sturdy institution flourishes, despite modern movements and the changing, fickle art tastes of a time curious indeed in its esthetic innovations.





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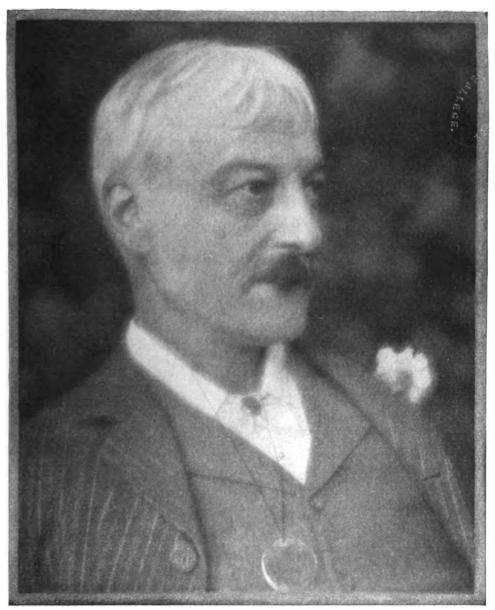
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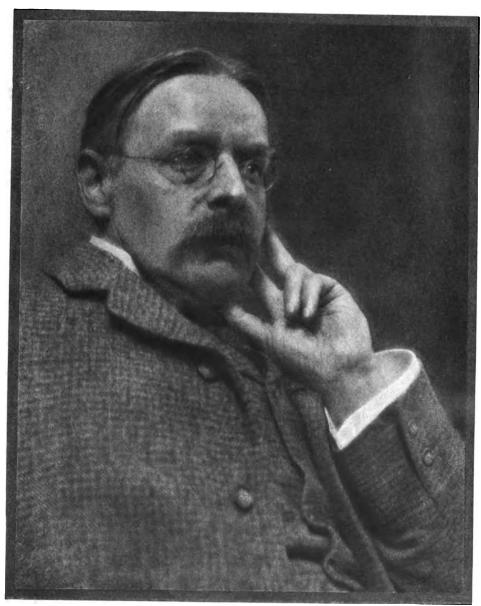
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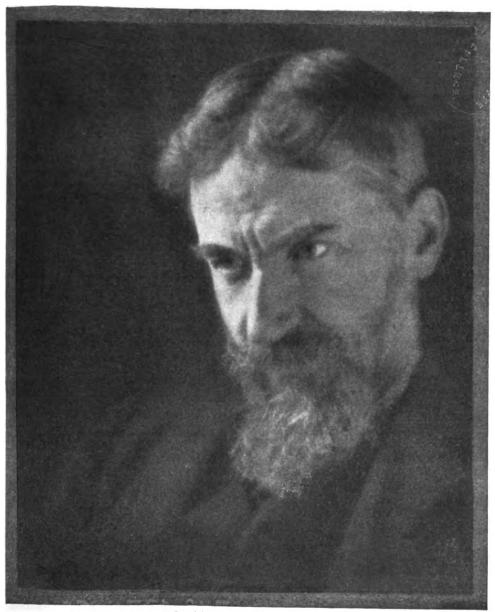
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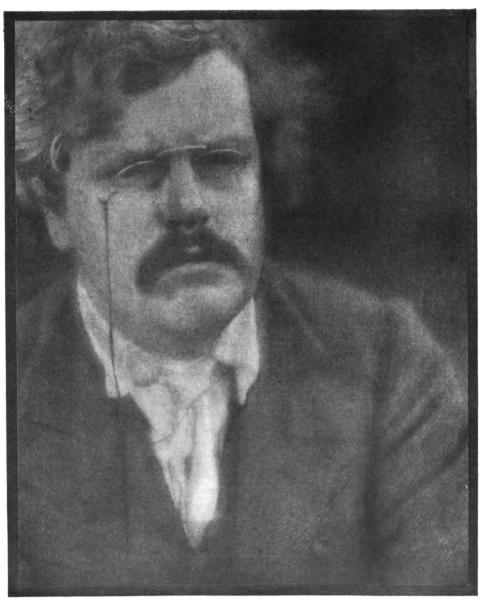
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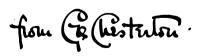


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#### MONICA'S VILLAGE

#### BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North" and "The Open Question"



WO men had lost their way on the Yukon trail in a snow-storm. More serious still, the sun-dried salmon upon which they fed their dogs—in lean times like

these, themselves to boot—was well-nigh exhausted.

By ten o'clock on that wild March morning the snow was falling so thick that they could not see the river bank, even on the nearer side. But what they did see, about that time, was a couple of Indians with rifles coming down the river, bringing unconsciously a false ray of hope.

"How do!" called out the younger of the two white travelers. "Where you goin'?"

The answer was unintelligible.

"Is this only a slough," asked the older man, "or is it the Yukon?"

The last word, at all events, conveyed something to the natives. They pointed in the direction from which they had come, uttering a string of explosive syllables.

"And where did you say you were goin'?"

They repeated gutturally those first clicking sounds, bristling with sharply aspirated k's.

"Where can we get fish—like this on your sled? Fish. Hey? Where get?"

They pointed.

" How far?"
They stared.

"Winter village?"

Whether they understood or not, they nodded. One of them, pointing back the way they had come, added, after a volley

of harsh consonants, a word that sounded like "Cut-off."

"Oh, that's the portage to their village. And what river's this?" The boy made a sweeping gesture up and down the frozen highway, saying hopefully, "Yukon?"

Simultaneously the Indians shook their

heads, and exploded a reply.

"Hey? Wait! Not so fast! What's this river?"

Again the long word, like a missile, ending in "cóckett," and the Indians went on, looking back through the snow and nodding encouragingly as the white men took up their trail.

"Do you suppose it *ever* stops snowing in this country?" asked Burnet by and by.

"Begin to doubt it," said the elder man.

"If it goes on like this, in an hour we'll lose even this trail, which is probably the wrong trail."

"Any old trail 's good enough for me." Both had the highest opinion of it in that moment when it brought them in sight of an Indian village.

They had not wintered in Alaska without discovering that the inland aborigines, like the Eskimos of the coast, crave nothing so much at the hands of the white man as intoxicants, preferably "hootch," the deadly home-brewed liquor of the North. Nevertheless, Colonel Warren and young Burnet had hitherto encountered no insuperable difficulty in keeping to their original trading staples, sugar and tea (the copper and small silver coin of the country) and tobacco (next in value, in native eyes, to the pure gold of gin). But at this particular village, in response to the white

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man's demand for moose-meat or ptarmigan in exchange for tea, the natives shook their heads, coughed, and whined, "Hootch," as if nothing else on earth would tempt them to part with even a portion of their game. The travelers cut short the parley by buying a small quantity of inferior fish, leaving the more important negotiation till they should have had some sort of meal, however frugal, and a night's rest in one of the miserable huts.

They waked to hear the fire crackling in front of the bear-skin curtain that did duty for door, and to smell an agreeable mingling of the aroma of salmon and tea.

The brown men were finishing breakfast. With the exception of one, who every now and then punctuated his coughing by a feeble inquiry for hootch, they manifested very little interest in their guests, until Colonel Warren displayed his tobacco. Then their eagerness became rather painful, as eagerness on the part of the naturally stolid is apt to be.

Yes, yes, they should all have some, said the white man; let them bring out their

meat, their game, and their flour.

He tried to supplement this demand by pantomime, but it seemed singularly difficult to make them understand. In addition to the winter stock of game in their caches, they must have trading-post supplies as well, for they were dressed in denim.

"What's the nearest white man's camp?" asked Warren. There was no

answer.

"Where you buy clothes? How you get this?" Young Burnet pointed to the fry-

ing-pan.

The master of the hut, frowning, took the pan up and laid it down on its face as if it were somehow in disgrace.

"What 's he mean by that?"

The others, crouched by the fire, devoured the tobacco with their eyes, but to the strangers' words and gestures, having reference to provender in return, only blinked and were dumb.

"They 're waiting till we bring out the whisky, devil take them!" observed the elder man. He began to pack away the tea and tobacco in the sleeping-bag. The coughing about the fire was punctuated by despairing grunts. An old squaw went out and came back with two little dried fish, for which she received a measure of tea and a leaf of tobacco, whereupon a man

disappeared and returned with a single fish.

"But meat is what we want—caribou, moose, rabbits."

The entire company blinked, coughed, waited.

"This is the stupidest lot I ever struck," said the younger of the travelers. "Let's go out and talk to the others."

It was not snowing, for a wonder, but the clouds hung low and a heaviness was in the air. In the gray light of early morning the village looked even more desolate than in the evening shadows and the firelight.

A band of lean and mangy curs, occasionally pausing to give battle, were being chased about by the white men's wolf-dogs.

In the huts forlorn figures, hardly human, huddled about the fires.

"Hootch?" inquired one or two, as the strangers looked in. But they asked for supreme happiness much as other men do, hardly expecting it and meaning to take a lesser if it came.

Colonel Warren drew some "black Jack" out of his pocket. No one so sick, or so old, or so young, that the eye did not brighten at the sight of "tabak." But when asked about something besides fish, they returned only the same grim looks and slow head-shakings.

It was then that the travelers, out of patience, marched boldly on the caches—climbed up, looked in, stopped aghast. Empty—all empty! It was from famine, then, that those Indians on the trail were fleeing. And these had stayed behind only because they had not strength to go. Famine and Disease were masters of the camp.

The white men stopped to examine a sled, but, like the others lying about, it was as dilapidated as their own. Only the birchbark canoes, lifted high on crossed poles, seemed in decent condition. These boatracks, and the raised platforms where the natives kept their harness, fishing-tackle, and skins, were all together, off to one side, a stone's throw from the huts.

The white men, ready to start, but still debating in which direction, strolled over to look at a three-holed *bidarki*, laid keel up on the biggest of the driftwood platforms.

"These people have been prosperous enough before this winter."

"Lots can say the same," was the dejected answer, as Burnet moved farther away to look at the only kyak he remembered seeing up the river. This one was evidently old, but ingeniously ornamented with beluga teeth and bits of ivory carved into crows' heads.

"How can they live in such wretchedness—fellas who can turn out a piece o' work like this?" The colonel was still examining the admirably made bidarki. There was not a rivet, not a scrap of metal, in the whole adroit combination of wood and hide and sinew.

Here and there, half-buried in the snow about the platforms, were rude wooden masks, such as are worn at native feasts. Was it possible that such people had ever danced? Perhaps their fathers had; and these, their sorrowful children, in sight of the evidence of better days, stood with heavy looks and down-hung heads, as if rebuked by the memory of the skill and the merry-making of their sires.

The white man has not even set these people on his map, but they shiver in the white man's cheap cotton, having bartered their costly furs. White traders and prospectors have slaughtered caribou by the herd, and left them to rot on the hills. The few that escape are scared away by the white man's steamers. Very necessary that some of the Indians should find their way to the nearest trading-post. Lacking the wild meat their fathers flourished on, they would buy or beg a little flour, and come back here to die. There is no commoner story in the North.

On the same platform with the bidarki, half under snow, was a long, narrow roll, wrapped in a finely woven grass mat and a bit of old sail; beyond that—

"Hooray!"

"A sled! Yes, sir; a tiptopper!"

It was overlaid with paddles, boat-hooks, throwing-stick, etc.; but they pulled it down, dumped out what snow the wind had left along with fishing-tackle, floats, decoys, and various unknown objects, joyfully agreeing there was "nothing the matter with this sled, anyhow."

"Did you notice what was wrapped in the long bundle?" inquired the colonel, briskly. As Burnet laid his hand on the crisply frozen grass mat, a commotion in the camp made him turn his head. Several Indians were running toward the white men with sharp cries and angry gesticulations. The strangers stared. "It's all right," they called out. "Whatever we take, we pay."

"Heap tabak," Burnet assured them.

But it was obvious that, by means of a telegraphy invisible, some stirring news had spread. Other groups were converging toward the first; even the sick and old came running as if for life. The very dogs forgot fish and private feuds, and followed their masters, howling. The little huts yawned, and out came more people than they could hold—like a thousand yards of ribbon from a conjurer's hat. On they came, screaming, crying, catching up sticks on the way, menacing the white men as they gathered about.

"What the devil's the matter with you?"
But they only seized hold of the sled, feverishly pulling it away from the white man's reluctant hands, pushing the strangers back from the platform and screaming abuse above the howling of the dogs.

"They 've gone clean crazy," said the colonel. He pulled out some black Jack and waved it over their heads; but the black-Jack spell was broken.

The white men, trying to resist the pressure without aggravating it to the pitch of actual violence, had worked round the bidarki platform rather than away from it. At the bow of the big boat they lifted up their eyes and understood. Under the woven mat the sail-cloth wrapping on the bundle by the bidarki was weather-worn, worm-eaten, rotted; a tuft of coarse black hair stirred in the sluggish wind. The bidarki platform was a grave.

" ()h!"

"We did n't know-"

But it was no use. With looks of unappeased horror, the stronger of the natives pushed the strangers farther away, and more roughly now, as they saw no resistance was offered. Others, still chattering abuse, restored the sled to the corpse, and carefully put back the floats, decoys, and things. Then they joined the rest in chasing the white men out of camp.

THE winter dark had yielded. No matter now if the snow would not bear at midday. It was light enough at any hour to keep the trail, if only they could find it; and each night's newly iced-over surface made splendid going. Instead of the eight or ten miles a day they had made at the beginning, nightly now they covered from thirty to forty miles. So they refused to lose heart.

They waked up that second afternoon after their ignominious exit from the last settlement to find it still clear and warm.

"Like April."

"Well, it is April, all but a day or two."

"Oh, but like April down below—in God's country."

The colonel got a fire going, and just as they were sitting down to a meal four men with a dog-team came laboring along last night's trail.

Young Burnet shouted out such a welcome that the colonel nearly dropped the

fish in the fire.

"Somebody you know?"

"No," replied Burnet; "but I 'm glad,

good and plenty, all the same."

"Oh, yes," agreed the colonel, shielding his eyes from the snow-glare and watching the approach. "It's queer how brotherly you feel toward 'any old' white man you meet in this blasted country."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Where is this?"

"Where is what?"

"This camp o' yours."

"Ask me an easy one."

The two white men in advance looked blank; the cordiality of their greeting faded.

"Do you mean you don't know where you are?"

"That 's about the size of it."

"And we 've been plodding along your trail only to—"

"To help us eat a fish-dinner," said the colonel. "Walk in—walk in and make yourselves miserable."

"Give us the fish for our dogs. We 've run out. But we 've got moose."

Indeed, their larder was nothing short of princely in a trailman's eyes, and all they lacked was fish. The Indians of the party were coast natives who had come up the river with a trader last season and were fabled to know the trail. They had lost that article some time before, and hoped they had found it at last.

"No, sah. You've only found two other

fellas who 've lost it."

When the dogs were satisfied—no; no husky worthy of the name is ever satisfied—but after each of the new dogs was given his fish, masters and Indians sat down

together and ate as only men on the trail are able. And the white men made friends, and told, man-fashion, the exterior and comparatively unimportant facts of their history, and talked about the country and its prospects, meaning their own.

Nathan Black, the elder of the two white strangers, believed there was a great future for Minook, as behoved a newly appointed A. C. agent for Rampart City. He was on his way with a couple of natives from that point to St. Michaels, for the purpose of reporting to the company and arranging for supplies. His young cheechako friend was also on his way to St. Michaels, for the purpose of taking the first boat back to the States. He had come in (" in " is always the frozen North; " out" is just the rest of the world)—he had come in with a middle-aged partner who, like himself, had left a good salaried position in Washington, hoping to gratify the ambition of a wife and daughters "who wanted to go to Europe!" said the young Washingtonian, with scorn unlimited. "I was with poor Steele when he bought his ticket. He turned to me, and says he: 'I feel as if this is really their passage across the Atlantic that I'm buying!' It was really his own across the Styx, poor devil. They may not get to Europe, but he's got to heaven."

" Dead?"

The young man nodded.

"Under the snow on a hillside at Rampart. And his wife and daughters think he's digging out gold by the bucketful, and are deciding what they'll wear to go to court in."

It was agreed they could not travel till night, so they stretched themselves on the A. C. agent's magnificent furs, and lighted their pipes.

"I'd like to take home some skins if I can get anything as good as this," said the colonel.

"Hard to find in these times. The Indians are getting so almighty greedy," replied the agent.

"What did this cost you?"

"Ah, this happens to be a bargain." He laughed. "You could n't buy this in the States for two hundred dollars. I got it from an old squaw who'd taken a fancy to a golf-cap I was wearing. But, as a rule, they make you pay. Think what it must have been in the old Russian days!

Why, a man could make a fortune in a single summer's trading."

"Swappin' old caps for two-hundred-dollar bearskins?"

But the agent was proof against the edge in the colonel's voice.

"Yes, caps and beads and knives and rum and guns. But even in the early A. C. days, only twenty years ago, a beaver-skin was the standard of value. One 'made beaver' was worth two shillings, or four bits, or two marten-skins. Think of it! And you got the very finest kind of otter for a bunch of Chersatsky tobacco. The storehouses up here were literally bursting with valuable furs that cost next to nothing. But it's mere chance nowadays whether you can pick up a really good thing for—"

"For a golf-cap-ye-e-s."

The agent was absorbed in some amusing recollection. "I did know a fellow once, up on Kotzebue, who got twenty silver foxes for ten of those little tin tags they fasten on plug tobacco." He chuckled delightedly and then fell grave. "But, Lord! the times are changed. You 're lucky now if they don't palm off marmot on you for pup-wolf."

Young Burnet had jumped up to look for matches. No; he waved away the agent's offer—he 'd find his own box. During the hunt a girl's photograph fell out upon the snow. The agent grinned.

"That 's my sister."

He laughed the more, and they fell to talking about—Woman, forsooth, much as though each sat in the cavernous comfort of an arm-chair at the club, with leisure and luxury to tempt them to unprofitable themes.

The colonel and the A. C. agent, being men of experience, spoke with less confidence than the young man from Washington, who dealt somewhat haughtily with the sex.

"In civilization," says he, "we forget, or we pretend we forget, that woman is really an inferior creature."

"Oh! oh!" interrupted the colonel, who in another age would have been a knighterrant

"What has woman ever done?" demanded the young gentleman from the

"Why, several things," said the colonel, not to mention bringing you here."

"Yes," said the A. C. agent; "she manages to put through the little job of keeping the race going."

"Oh, that?" answers the young stranger; "that's the last achievement she takes any stock in. What with her rights, and her colleges, and her clothes, and her caprices—ha! I've longed many a time, since I came up here, for one or two spoiled darlings I know of—"

"Oh, oh, he longs for spoiled darlings!"

"That 's all a man means when he rails against woman."

When he could make himself heard above their laughter: "I've longed to have one or two of them—"

"Turk!"

"—who think men are made for them to wipe their feet on, I 'd just like 'em to come out to the Yukon and see what woman is really like—primitive woman, before we set her up on a pedestal and pretended she was as good as we are."

"Better!"

"Better!"

"Well, I'd like 'em to see how the noble red man looks at the matter. No nonsense about the equality of woman when you get down to the bed-rock of nature. For men who lead the life of nature, woman is the proper person to fetch and carry and do the dirty work, while the nobler animal cultivates manly sports, and sits in council round the kachime fire, when he is n't making war on other men. Now, hang sentiment! Is n't that the fact?"

"Indian women often have a bad time," admitted the colonel; "but, then, so do Indian men."

"Keep to the point! All I'm saying is that the natural man looks down on woman and treats her accordingly. No natural woman ever dreams of making a protest. She knows she is inferior, and she accepts the lower lot. When I think of the monstrous pretensions of our women—" His thoughts seemed to beggar language; he stared, frowning, at the blue smoke curling up from the fire.

"You, too!" mused the colonel, smiling, but without further explaining himself.

"The Indian," pursued the young gentleman—"even the converted Indian, can't believe his wife 's got a soul. With us, the women seem to think the men have n't."

"I reckon you've been pretty hard hit," said the colonel.

The A. C. agent stretched his cramped legs and gave it as his opinion that, "Anyhow, our women have got more gumption about some things than we have."

"What, for instance?"

"They know when they 're well off. They 've got the sense to stay at home."

"Not all," said the colonel.

"Not a bit of it," pursued the young man from Washington. "That, too, -that same 'home-keeping,'-is fast becoming an antique virtue, fading out of use."

"Well," protested the agent, "they 've got more sense than to go on the trail."

The colonel shook his head. "The difference seems to be that when once a woman goes on the trail, she does n't come back. Now I shall go back. We'll all of us-bar accidents-go back. I shall settle down on the farm, there, in Jefferson County, Kentucky, and raise stock, just as my grandfather did. Yes," he said quite low to Burnet, as the two guests sprang up to thrash their dogs for stealing fish—" yes, Boy, that 's the difference. I shall go back. I don't believe she ever will."

"Reckon you'll find her down there in Kentucky, when you go back next summer

with your Klondike gold-mine."

The colonel shook his head: "She 's lived in foreign places ten years now— Paris, Vienna, Rome. No, she won't ever come back to the Blue-grass Country. They don't—not the women."

THE travelers were a good deal disgusted when, as they were breaking camp that evening, it came on to snow again, and they had to put in another night where they were. The chief anxiety was that the

dog-fish had given out.

The following evening was clear, and although the day had been too warm for the thawed and soppy snow to harden quickly into a good surface, the going was possible to dogs thoroughly rested and sharp-set for supper. Besides, it was bound to get better as the dusk came on. The party had not gone two miles when they saw moving along the ridge above, nearly parallel with them, a welcome spectaclethree human figures and a dog-team. They shouted and signaled, left their own dogs to rest, and toiled up the steep.

Two Indians and, oddly enough, a squaw, young and not ill-looking, stood

waiting their approach.

"Where you goin'?" the white men inquired.

'Goin' Monica's village."

"You Monica?" Burnet asked the In- dian girl. Whereat she laughed and shook her head, and looked at her two companions as if they must appreciate a notion so droll.

"Who is Monica?"

"Oh, Monica—" The elder of the men looked serious, but unequal to so great a task of elucidation.

"How far?"

They pointed over the ridge. "Six miles," said one.

"Indian village?"

" Yes."

"You belong there?"

" Yes."

"Where you been?"

The native pointed back vaguely. "Huntin' caribou, settin' traps?"

He nodded. "Any luck?"

He shook his head.

"What you got there?"

" Fish."

"I see; left over. We 'll take it."

"No—no take."

"Oh, yes; we pay good price." "No; you come Monica's village."

"We are coming Monica's village. We buy heap fish there, too."

But the Indians were moving on.

"Stop! I want that fish." It would be absurd to repeat their last mistake, and let fish pass them on the trail. Burnet pointed down the slope. "Dogs hungry." The Indians shook their heads, and told their own well-conditioned beasts to "mush," calling back: "No far, Monica's village." And for all the white men could do in the way of showing big silver dollars and threatening looks, nothing would make the Indians wait till the white men could bring up their team, or make them part with the good store of fish they were wilfully carrying back to a well-stocked camp. Horrible thought! Was there famine in Monica's village?

"No, no; Monica got heap fish," they

called back. It was a mystery.

"I never heard of their --- village," said the A. C. agent; "but, then, I 'm new to these parts. So are my men; they can't even speak the up-river language."

"It does n't sound a natural name for

any Indian village. They 're tryin' to jolly us!" said Burnet, and his hand traveled round to his pistol-pocket. "I've a notion to hold 'em up."

The colonel stayed his action and called after the Indians: "Is this village of yours on the Yukon?"

"No; on Koyukuk Slough."

"Ah, that accounts for it. Thought it must be off the highway. Funny name, though."

The white men went down and brought the hungry dogs, as quickly as they could, up to the Indians' trail; but the three natives were out of sight.

The young gentleman from Washington. remembering the account of the Nulato massacre of half a century before, had doubts about the wisdom of going to Monica's in the land of Koyukuns. But the others guyed him, and he relapsed into silence, after quoting the dark saying of the old chief whose second daughter had been decoyed from home by a Russian official: "The salmon shall have blood to drink before they go back to the sea."

Keeping to the fresh trail, they heard by and by in the dusk the howling of dogs, that invariable chorus announcing a native settlement. Instead of pushing on to the kachime, the travelers stopped at the first little hut on the outskirts of the village, walked in, and demanded to buy fish; for, although tired enough, wading through the sticky, clogging snow, and as hungry as a pack of huskies, men up there do not eat before they feed their dogs.

A smoke-dried, wrinkled squaw, looking like a painfully thin and aged monkey, was squatting over a fire, warming a heterogeneous mess in an old lard-can. There were some children huddled on one side of the fire, and the air, as usual, was nauseous. The old hag signed to the white

men to sit down.

"No, no; buy fish." She shook her head. "Yes, buy fish; dogs hungry."

"Go Monica," said the crone, seeming to mean to bear them company.

"But you sell fish."

"Yes," she repeated—not seeming, as they thought, to understand; "go Monica."

"Blow Monica! You got plenty fish here," pointing to the bunches hung up. dried and blackened. She shook her head, muttering, "Monica." Just then the pot au feu boiled over and she rushed to the res-

cue. Her visitors turned away in a rage, jingling their unavailing silver and expecting she would run after them; but as they looked back, before crouching to get out, they saw her, imperturbable, stirring the mess in the lard-can with a stick, while the brown children scrambled out of their corner, knowing the blissful moment had arrived. The white men knew, too, by experience, that they might have shared in it had they the desire—and the courage. But, first of all, fish for the famished dogs. They drove them into the village. It was more of a place than any native settlement they had seen.

"It can't be an Indian village," said Burnet, remembering all the squalid settlements they had passed, and that last one, worst of all, where the sick and starving

kept watch by the dead.

"No. More like a trading-post."

Near a little group of log cabins a young Indian was unharnessing his team. Before the colonel recognized him he called out:

"You sell fish?"

"Yes. Now?" inquired the Indian.

"Yes-now!" roared the colonel, seeing it was the man who had refused them in the afternoon.

"All right; you come." He adjusted the harness and began to drive the dogs farther up the village.

"What are you up to?"

"Sell fish."

"You 've got it there!"

"Monica no like I sell. Come," he beckoned vigorously; "no far."

"Hungry as I am, I'd defer dinner to wring Monica's neck," remarked Burnet. "I say, colonel, you and the others go to the kachime and hustle the grub. I'll go with this beggar and see about the fish."

"See about Monica, too, while you 're about it."

"Trust me!" said Burnet.

He caught up with the Indian, and then stopped in sudden surprise before a double log house, solidly built, of workmanlike finish, and with a light of unusual brilliancy, for this country, flashing from its windows.

"Windows! Glass! Whew!" Burnet whistled. "Big chief live there?" he asked, expecting to hear: "No; white trader."

But the Indian answered: "Monica she live here."

Ah, Monica at last! Pricked on by his

sense of accumulated injury, Burnet forestalled his slow-moving guide and sprang forward to open the door, as is everywhere the custom here, without knock or preamble.

But, behold! Monica had not only light and glass windows: she had something still more strange to come upon in an Indian village—a lock or bar to her door!

Burnet's anger at her blazed anew. The idea of a squaw setting up style like this! And he indulged much the same scorn that his grandfather would have manifested catching one of his plantation negroes wearing a silk dress with a court train.

He knocked at the barred door loudly—knocked as youth knocks when it is out of patience. But not instantly was Monica's door thrown wide. He pounded with his sealskin-mittened fists, and stamped with cold or anger, or both, on the log before the door.

"Heap hurry! Heap cold!" he cried to the squaw within. "You no mush. I no wait. Buy heap fish!" Again he battered with his fists. "Mush, Monica! Mush!"

The door was unbarred.

He caught his breath. A tall woman stood there, with an air of majesty that struck his impatience silent. He lifted his eyes from the stunted level of the squaw he had expected to the unusual height of this figure, slight, erect, holding up a candle whose rays fell on a mass of heavy white hair, and turned it, glittering, to silver,—fell on the abashed face of the traveler as he stammered:

"I-I want buy dog-fish."

She looked keenly at the young fellow standing there; and, whether it was that most of the few white men knocking at that door were older or more graceless, certain it is the stern face softened. A slight inclination of the white-crowned head, and she turned away and set the candle down—on a dresser!

Burnet, following her in, looked wondering at the only bureau he had seen since leaving San Francisco, at the austere seemliness of a big room furnished with all needful things, carpeted with costly rugs, and lighted lavishly by candles burning in carved candlesticks of walrus ivory.

The Indian stood at the door, but deferentially, not entering. Burnet looked again at the tall woman, lost in wonder as

to how a squaw came by those high Roman features and that imperial air. Half-breed, of course, he said to himself, and dropped with "Thank you" into the chair she motioned him to, by the great fire, staring at her the while with a frank curiosity. But when, seeming to resent, for some reason, the admiring wonder of the young stranger, the steely eyes turned sharply upon him, they forced, unexpectedly, an apology out.

"Heap tired," he said, to minimize the rudeness of his assault on the door. He pulled off his sealskin mittens and held out his hands to the generous fire. "Me come Innuit country." He pointed westward. "Heap far—more than a moon—more than thirty sleeps away." And he held up the fingers of both his hands and dropped them three times, to indicate Indian fashion that he had been a month on the trail. "Dogs heap hungry."

"It 's a bad time to travel," she said; you should have started earlier, or waited

for the ice to go out."

Burnet stared. Her English was unimpeachable. Few white men in that country spoke as purely.

"Oh," he said frankly, "I—I did n't know. I ought to have known, just to look

at you."

"Come in, Antoshka," she said to the Indian, and added something in his own tongue. He came inside and shut the door, still standing over there, away from the fire. They held a short colloquy.

"He can let you have eight dog-salmon

to-night for three dollars."

"Oh, no; that 's too much."

"Too much fish?"

"Too much mun."

"It is not too much," she said in a tone that made him ashamed of his slang; "it is fair."

"But we bought sixteen salmon at Kal-

tag for eighty cents."

"Very likely," and there was something curious in the low voice, and thereafter silence in the room. Then, piercing him with a sudden scrutiny, she said:

"Would you rather trade?"

"Trade what?"

She shrugged. "It depends upon what you have; they need sugar here."

"I've come a long way. I've only got what I need now," he answered shortly. Silence again.

"You don't look like the sort of person who drifts into this country penniless."

Burnet flung up his head.

"I can afford to pay a reasonable price," he said, unreasonably angry, although he felt sure that had he said he was "short," and had he made her believe it, he would get easier terms. "We've never been asked more than forty cents apiece all along the river—and usually five. Why,"—waxing indignant,—"just below you here on the Yukon they gave my pardner six king-salmon for a quid of tobacco."

"Yes," she assented, and her eyes were not pleasant to meet; "it's an old story for the white man to take advantage of the

Indian."

"It was n't taking advantage," Burnet burst out, hot to his ear-tips; "he wanted the tobacco more than he did the fish. Now, look here; there are two parties of us, and we want a lot. I'll give five dollars for twenty full-sized salmon."

"This man can only sell you eight, and

they will cost you three dollars."

"I don't think I 'm goin' to pay more than I need."

"You can't buy for less in this village."

"How do you know?"

"Well, try." She turned away and took a "thief" out of the nearest candle.

"H'm! Well, I 'll buy enough at your price to feed our dogs to-night," said Burnet, reading aright the woman's unyielding aspect; "and I 'll make better terms in the morning."

She said something to the Indian, who

merely nodded.

"He will take the fish to the kachime, if you like. Pay him here."

Burnet opened his eyes.

"Before he delivers the goods?"

"You can trust him," she said shortly.

"But he can't trust me, hey?" Burnet returned with a flash.

"The Indian has not always found the white man as good as his word."

"I 've never taken advantage of him." The traveler lifted his head proudly.

A peculiar expression crossed the fine, dark face in front of him, and the whole room seemed filled with scorn of her unspoken words. "Never taken advantage, eh? Not even below me, down on the Yukon, where for a quid of tobacco—"But all she said was: "It is the custom to pay here."

He pulled out his buckskin bag, and counted the money under her vigilant eyes, the Indian never budging. "How much of it," thought Burnet, resentfully, "is her commission, confound her!"

With a movement of the white-crowned head she summoned the Indian across the room, seemed to explain the transaction in his own tongue, and recounted, in uncouth syllables, the entire sum into his hand. The Indian grunted and went out, shutting the door.

Burnet stood, stuffing his poke back into the pocket of his tattered deerskin breeches; but his resentment had not altogether got the better of his curiosity. His sharp eyes roved the room, resting at last on a couple of shallow bowls on a table laid for a meal. They could not be thick china; no, they were delicately tinted, translucent.

"Polished stone?" he asked.

"Jade," answered the woman.

"Jade! Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Burnet.

"Oh, there are mountains of it up here at the North."

He opened his eyes.

"Native copper, too?" he said, looking at the rude utensils hung by the fire.

"Yes, native copper, too. The fools rush here for gold, but the men that make the most will make it out of—other things."

"Make it chiefly out of the fools, eh?"
They were becoming almost friendly.

"That market is always stocked," she said; and then, as though to divert her visitor from his renewed inspection of herself, went on: "The natives can't make anything as good as this Russian chynik."

His eyes, fascinated, seemed unable to leave her face; but when he said, "You've come a long way, I reckon," she lifted her eyes from the shining kettle, and he was instantly permeated by a sense of his boldness. But he grasped his courage in both hands: "A man does n't expect to find a woman—like you—up here in the arctic regions—off the main trail, too." She turned away and set down the glowing copper. "I feel I ought to apologize for hammering on your door like that."

She bowed her head gravely, and seemed to wait with dignified impatience for him to be gone.

"I rather think, from the way you soften your r's," he said, drawing on his mittens,

"that your home must be in the same part of the world that mine is."

"My home is here," she answered, and held the door for him to pass out. She seemed to him so wonderful, as she stood there, with the flood of firelight and candlelight shining on her tanned face and milk-white hair, that still he lingered.

"Will you let me come and see you to-morrow? I think we'd agree, after all,

about the fish."

"You'll find the price here what I told you. Good-night."

And he was out in the wet snow with Antoshka, and Monica's door was closed.

"I'll go back in the morning, sure as a gun! Look here, Antoshka; where did Monica come from?"

Antoshka seemed to meditate.

"Some say—" he pointed significantly down—"Some say—" he hitched his head upward. "Me think—" Again he lifted chin and eyes to the windy sky.

Burnet smiled.

"How long she been here?" he asked.
"Oh-h-h-" Antoshka seemed lost in the mists of antiquity.

"Can't you remember?"

"Me? Oh, no."

"Was she here when you little chap?"

"Oh, yes."

"Your father he know when she came?"

"Oh, no."

"Monica no Indian?"

" No."

"Monica she white woman, eh?"

'No"

"What then, eh? No squaw, no white woman—what then?"

The Indian murmured in his own tongue some awe-struck syllables, looked apprehensively over his shoulder, and quickened his pace.

At the kachime he unloaded, paid over the fish, helped Burnet to feed the dogs, and crawled into the council-house after the white man.

The usual group sat behind the fire; there were the usual grunts on the entrance of the stranger. The A. C. agent and the colonel had "hustled" to some purpose. They had a supper fit for a king cooking at the kachime fire—fried fish, caribou stew, back-fat, beans, and tea and—marvel of civilization—bread!

"Where did you get that?" asked Burnet. But he did n't wait to hear; he broke

and ate, and poured down draughts of fragrant tea, and told of his visit to Monica. His companions did not seem as surprised as he expected.

"Oh, we 've been hearing all about her," said the young man from Washington, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the smoking, silent group of natives.

"Of course. They can tell us. I suppose it 's she who 's taught you English.

How long she been here?"

"All the time," answered the oldest man there, a wizened fellow with iron-gray hair.

"By George!" said Burnet to his companions, "she does n't look older than that fellow!"

"He 's younger than you think. You know they age early and die early in this climate. You almost never see a really old man—except the Shamáns: they have a soft thing of it and hang on."

"But what do they mean by saying she's

always been here?"

"Well, as far as we can make out, Monica built this village. She came from a native settlement on the Yukon near the mouth of the Koyukuk."

"I'm sure she must be the one they say the old traders tell about. There used to be a half-breed woman up here."

"No; she 's white," said Burnet.

"Well, she may have been white," said the agent, as though it were a thing that could be outlived; "but this one I mean used long ago to be a river-pilot, of all things, and a damn good pilot, too. Before there was much traffic—long before the A. C. Company built the big steamers and brought up Mississippi men to take charge—all the pilots on the Yukon were Indians, except—I 've heard an old miner say—one woman up by Koyukuk, and she was the best of them all. Learnt it from the Indians, you know, and went 'em one better."

"Where did she come from?"

"Ask me another."

"What made her come here?"

"No feller knows, eh?" The A. C. agent appealed to the natives. They shook their heads and grunted in unison.

"Why did she leave the Yukon?"

"They say plague about cleaned out the settlement," the A. C. man explained. "She nursed 'em and doctored 'em, and brought those that pulled through up here, and made 'em build a new village." "She seems to have the knack of getting some work out of the noble red lazy-bones," said the colonel; "makes 'em cut and haul her wood and bring her water; sends 'em out in squads to hunt and fish—is n't that what you said?" he called over his shoulder.

The old fellow, who seemed to know most English, nodded gravely.

"Monica heap mad if no plenty fish-

no plenty caribou."

"Sends 'em to a summer camp on the Yukon when the salmon begin to run, and sends 'em up yonder in the hills for moose, and makes 'em bring everything to her. You remember those big caches up behind the settlement?"

" Yes."

"They 're Monica's—chock-full o' grub, too. There 's never been a famine in Monica's village." Among the native settlements a rare distinction, as every man there knew.

"She knows something about medicine as well, eh?" The colonel appealed again to the gray-haired native. Slowly he took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"Yes, Monica cure all sick Indians. Monica take sick kids her house; make all

well."

"That 's the way she 's got her hold, you see. That 's why people of all sorts bring her offerings, apart from what she exacts for the general store. I should think, from what they say, she probably has the finest collection of furs and ivory in the North. Gold, too; bucketsful hid away somewhere under her house, eh?" The colonel appealed this time to a young buck sitting a little apart from his elders. The other natives grunted, "No," and turned angry eyes on the youth in disgrace—for a previous indiscretion, it would seem.

"Bucketsful!" repeated the Washingtonian. "That's the way that kind of thing

is always exaggerated."

"Yes," said the A. C. man, "when it is n't understated."

- "I don't believe it; too far off the mines."
- "I believe it," said Burnet.
- "Why? Did you see-"

"I saw gold-scales on the table."

"There may be mines about here," said the A. C. man, sitting erect suddenly. "She would never tell." In a low voice he added: "The Indians, too, are getting to know—" "Anyhow, the Birch Creek Diggin's can't be much farther one way than Kaltag is another. When a miner has wandered off the trail he'll empty out his sack o' dust quick enough to get a little grub."

"I did n't see any gold, but I saw a glorious Russian samovah," said Burnet; "and some copper things that shone like

gold."

"Loot, very likely, from the Nulato massacre," said the young gentleman with the historic imagination.

"I can't find out," said the colonel, "whether she teaches these people to be

Christians."

"I guess," said the agent, "she thinks she 's got her hands full teachin' 'em to be men." He had been talking to the old native again. "They seem to have a vague idea of God, filtered through from Russian days, or imported, maybe, by some Indian strayed up here from the missions. Monica, they say, 'she no like it when the old people and the children pray to her.'"

The colonel looked shocked. "I wonder," said he, "how she got such a hold over them." Then, turning to the group at the back, he added: "Thought you bucks no think much of women?"

"Monica no woman."

"What is she, then?"

Long silence; then one of the younger men in the group said something in his own tongue that reminded Burnet of the sounds Antoshka had made under similar interrogation. The natives exchanged glances and nodded. The white men looked at one another and nodded, too, but with covert smiling.

"Well," said Burnet to the young gentleman from the capital, "I'm afraid, after all, it would n't cure your 'spoiled darlings' of their high notions if they came to

Monica's village."

"They 've just told you," he answered, "they don't obey her as a woman. In their eyes she 's a sorceress."

"Every woman 's a sorceress who does n't too diligently explain away her mystery," said the colonel, meditatively.

THE next morning the weather was pronounced too blizzardy still, for men who had learned caution, to hit the trail again. Burnet was delighted. The moment he had swallowed his breakfast he made off and presented himself at Monica's door. He stood there in the howling wind, knocking discreetly and discreetly waiting. Presently the old native with the grizzled hair came round from behind the house.

"I sell fish to-day," he said. "Come-"

"I want to see Monica."

"Monica no there."

"Where she gone?"

"Over-" he pointed northward.

"To the Jade Mountains," thought Burnet, smiling inwardly, "on a broomstick." Aloud he said, "She no walk?"

"No. Monica got heap good dog-team."

"What she go for?"

"Metlahk's kid heap sick; Metlahk's kid die Monica no come."

"Monica gone to nurse a kid?"

The Indian nodded. "Gone with box."
"Oh, medicine. Does she often do that

kind of thing?"

The native nodded.

"Man sick, squaw sick, anybody sick, Monica hitch up team, take box, and—" he motioned as if indeed she rode the air. "When she be back?"

The Indian shook his head. "She get Metlahk's by moonrise."

"Not till to-night?"

"To-night, yes. Me no savvy how long kid sick."

"Monica stay till kid better?"

The man nodded. "Till kid better or till kid—" He shut up his eyes and dropped his lean jaw, a hideous image of the common doom.

Burnet turned back toward the kachime, bending before the sleet, but conscious of it more for this strange old woman's sakethis Monica of unknown story. He turned an instant and looked back at her house, seeing through the slanting, half-frozen snow a vivid vision of her, as she had stood at the door the night before, gaunt, forbidding, with that heavy drift of white hair on her head. Yes, she belonged to the North now, as she had said, and the North had set its seal upon her. The arctic snows had fallen upon this daughter of the South for too many winters ever to melt or yield to any sun of heaven to the end of time. Yet she had spoken as the lettered speak-like the women far away.

What did it mean? What lay behind? What "old, unhappy, far-off things," what "battles long ago," had made of this proud spirit a wanderer "on the trail"—one of those "who will never go home"? Whatever the story, whatever the original impulse that had driven this woman forth, out of her unwillingness to endure some lot so heavy and so evil, that the hard life up here was easy by the side of it—at all events, out of the strange, fierce battle that it must at first have been, had come for Monica peace with honor. For no woman on earth performs more faithfully the woman's task. Monica is healer, nurse, protector. Monica is prophetess, not foreseeing only: forestalling sickness, woe, and famine. Monica is Mother of her People.



## RESPITE

#### BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

OME, kindly sleep, from thy far home of peace, And help me steal a little time from life For happiness. The storm encroaches not Where thou art—nor the ugliness of strife.

They war till death—these two strange souls of mine;
Their hate hath blackened yesterday—to-day.
Give me good Lethe's cup, thrice blessed sleep:
I will forget to-morrow while I may.



"AT LAST YOU WERE OFF"

## GOIN' FISHIN'

### BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



I was twenty feet long, and cost ten cents—a whole week's keeping-the-woodbox-filled wages. To select it from amid its sheaf of fellows

towering high beside the shop entrance summoned all your faculties and the faculties of four critical comrades, assisted by the proprietor himself.

"That 's the best of the lot," he encouraged, not uninfluenced by a desire to be rid of you.

So you planked down your money, and bore off the prize; and a beautiful pole it was—longer by three feet, as you demonstrated when they were laid cheek by jowl, than that of your crony Hen.

Forthwith you enthusiastically practised with it in the back yard, to show its capabilities, while the hired girl, impeded by its gyrations, fretfully protested that you were "takin' all outdoors."

Your father viewed its numerous inches and smiled.

You clothed it with hook and line, an operation seemingly simple, but calling for a succession of fearful and wonderful knots, and a delicate adapting of length to length.

Thereafter it always was ready, requiring no fitting of joint and joint, no adjustment of reel, threading of eye, and attaching of snell. In your happy-go-lucky ways you were exactly suited the one to the other.

During its periods of well-earned rest it reposed across the rafters under the peak of the woodshed, the only place that would accommodate it, although in the first fever gladly would you have carried it to bed with you.

HALF the hot summer afternoon Hen and you dug bait, for you and he were going fishing on the morrow. Had you been obliged to rake the yard as diligently as you delved for worms you would have been on the verge (for the hundredth time) of running away and making the folks sorry; but there is such a wide gulf betwixt raking a yard and digging bait that even the blisters from the two performances are totally distinct.

With a prodigality that indicated at the least a week's trip, you plied your baking-powder can—the cupboard was continually stripped of baking-powder cans, in those days—with long, fat angleworms and short, fat grubs; and topping them with dirt to

"'JUST A BULLHEAD!'"

preserve their freshness, you set them away till the morning.

Then, with mutual promises to "be on

time," Hen and you separated.

"I suppose," said father, gravely, to mother, across the table, at supper, "that I need n't order anything at Piper's [Piper was the butcher] for a few days."

"Why so?" asked mother, for the moment puzzled.

"We 'll have fish,

you know."

"Sure enough!" agreed mother, enlightened, and glancing at you. "Of course; Johnny 's going fishing."

From your end of the table you looked keenly at the one and at the other and pondered. If the show of confidence in you was genuine, how gratified and proud you felt! But was it? Father went

on soberly eating; mother, transparent soul, smiled at you, as if in reparation,

and winked both eyes.

You grinned confusedly, and bent again to your plate. Yes, they were making fun of you. But who cared! And you had mental revenge in the thought that perhaps you 'd show them.

You turned in early, as demanded by the strenuous day ahead. To turn you out no alarm-clock was necessary. The sun himself was just parting the pink hangings of the east, and on earth apparently only the roosters and robins were astir, when, with a hazy recollection of having fished all night, you scrambled to the floor and into your clothes.

Mother's voice sounded gently outside the door.

"Johnny?"

"Yes; I'm up."

"All right. I was afraid you might oversleep. Now be careful to-day, won't you, dear?"

Again you assured her. You heard her soft steps going back down the stairs. She never failed to make your rising her own, both to undertake that you should not be

disappointed and to deliver a final loving caution.

Your dressing, although accompanied by sundry yawns, was accomplished quickly, your attire for the day being by no means complicated. Your face and hair received what Maggie, the girl, would term "a lick and a promise," and kitchen-

ward you sped.

To delay to eat the crackers and milk that had been provided was a waste of time; but you had been instructed, and so you gobbled them down. On the kitchen table was your lunch, tied in shape convenient to stow about your person. It was a constant fight on your part with mother to make her keep your lunches at the minimum. Had she her way, you would have traveled with a large basket; and

what boy wanted to be bothered with bas-

kets and pails and things?

Upon the back porch, where you had stationed them in minute preparation, had been awaiting you all night the can of bait and the loyal pole. You seized them. Provisioned and armed, you ran into the open and looked expectantly for Hen.

From Hen's house came no sign of life. You whistled softly; no Hen. Your heart sank. Once or twice before Hen had failed you. Affairs at his house seemed to be not so systematized as at yours.

You whistled louder; no Hen. You called, your voice echoing along the still

somnolent street.

"All right," suddenly responded Hen, sticking his head out of his window.

He was not even up!

You were disgusted. One might as well not go fishing as to start so late and have all the other fellows there first; and you darned "it" gloomily.

After seemingly an age, but with his mouth full and with other tokens of haste, Hen emerged from the side door.

"Bridget promised to call me and she forgot to wake up," he explained.

Had Hen your mother, he would have been better cared for. But, then, households differ.

At last you were off, your jacket, necessary as a portable depository, balanced with lunch, and the can of worms snugly fitted into a pocket, over the hard-boiled eggs; your mighty pole, become through many pilgrimages a veteran, sweeping the horizon; and your gallant old straw, ragged of contour and prickly with broken ends, courting, like some jaunty, out-at-the-elbow, swash-buckler cavalier, every passing breeze.

As you and Hen hurried along, how you chattered, the pair of you, with many a brag and "I bet you" and bit of exciting hearsay! How big you were with expectations!

"By jinks! I pity the fish to-day!" bantered "Uncle" Jerry Thorne, hoe in hand in his garden patch, stiffly straightening to watch you as you pattered by.

You did not answer. Onward stretched your way. Moments were precious. Who could tell what might be happening ahead at the fishing-place? Busier cackled the town hens, into view rolled the town's sun, from town chimneys here and there idly floated breakfast smoke. The town was entering upon another day, but you—ah, you were destined afar and you must not stay.

To transport your pole, at times inclined to be unruly, with its line ever reaching out at mischievous foliage and its hook ever leaving butt or cork and angling for clothing, was an engineering feat demanding no slight ingenuity. The board walk, which later would be baking hot, so that the tender soles of barefooted little girls would curl and shrink and seek the grass, was gratefully cool, blotched as it was with dampness from the dripping trees. When the walk ceased, the road lay moist and velvety, the path was wet and cold, the fringing bushes spattered you with diamonds, and the lush turf, oozing between your toes, gave to your eager tread.

Rioted thrush and woodpecker and all their feathered cousins; higher into the silver-blue sky climbed the sun, donning anon his golden robes of state; one last impatient halt, to extract your hook from your coat collar, and now, your happy legs plashed knee over with dew and clinging dust, you had reached your goal.

You and Hen were not the first of the day's fishermen. As the vista of bank and water unfolded before your roving eyes you descried a rival already engaged. By his torn and sagging brim, by his well-worn shirt, by his scarred and faded overalls, draggling about his ankles and dependent upon one heroic strap, you recognized a familiar. It was Snoopie—Snoopie Mitchell, who always was fishing, because he never had to ask anybody's permission.

Snoopie's flexible life appeared to you the model one.

"Hello!" responded Snoopie, phlegmatically, desisting a moment from watching his cork, as he squatted over his pole.

"Caught anything yet?"

"Jus' come," vouchsafed Snoopie.
"They ain't bitin' much. But yesterday
—gee! you ought to 've been here yesterday!"

No doubt; that usually was the way when you had to stay at home.

You tugged your bait from its tight



"'BITIN' AGAIN !"

lodgment; you peeled off your coat and tossed it aside as you would a scabbard; with feverish fingers, lest Hen should beat you, hopeful that you might even outdo Snoopie, you unwrapped your gallant pole of its line, and selecting a plump worm, slipped it, despite its protesting squirms, adown the hook.

The favorite stands at this resort were marked by their colonies of tinware—baitcans cast away upon the grass and mud, some comparatively bright and recent, many very rusty and ancient, their unfragrant sighs horrifying the summer zephyrs. You sought your stand and threw in.

From his stand Hen also threw in.

An interval of suspense ensued. The placid water was full of delightful possibilities. What glided therein that *might* be caught! You besought your bobber with a gaze almost hypnotic; but the bobber floated motionless and obdurate.

"Snoopie 's got a bite!"

At the announcement you darted apprehensive glances in Snoopie's direction. You were greedy enough to harbor the wish—but, ah!

"Snoopie 's got one! Snoopie 's got one!"

Snoopie's pole had energetically reared upward and backward, and, as if at its beckoning, something small, black, and glistening had popped straight out from the glassy surface before and had flown high into the brush behind.

Snoopie rushed after, and Hen and you discarded everything and rushed, too.

" Just a bullhead!"

So it was, and quite three inches long.

Snoopie ostentatiously strung it on a bit of cord and tethered it, at the water's edge, to a stake. Then he threw in again and promptly caught another.

Somehow, Snoopie invariably did this. He was lucky in more respects than one.

From each side Hen and you sidled toward him and put your bobbers as near his as you dared.

"G'wan!" objected Snoopie, with shrill emphasis. "What you kids comin' here for? Go find your own places. I got this first."

Presently, to your agony, Hen likewise jerked out an astonished pout.

"Ain't you had any bites yet?" he fired triumphantly at you.

"How deep you got your hook?" you replied.

Hen held his line so that you might see. To miss no chances, you measured accurately with a reed. Once more you adjusted your cork, moving it up a fraction of an inch, and you spat on your baited hook.

Again you threw in, landing your now irresistible lure the length of your pole and line from the shore.

"Quit your splashin'!" remonstrated Snoopie. "I had a dandy bite, an' you scared him away. Darn you! can't you throw in easy?"

The ripples caused by your bobber widened in concentric circles and died. You watched and waited. A kingfisher dived from his post upon a dead branch, and rising with a minnow in his bill to show you how easy it was, dashed away, laughing derisively.

With a quick exclamation, Hen swished

aloft the tip of his pole.

"Golly! but I had a big nibble! He took the cork clear under!" he cried.

You wondered fiercely why you could n't have a nibble.

As if in answer to your mute prayer, your bobber quivered, spreading a series of little rings. An electric thrill leaped through your whole body, and your fingers tightened cautiously around the well-warmed butt, which they had been caressing in vain.

"I 've got a bite! I 've got a bite!" you called gleefully.

Hen and Snoopie turned their faces to

witness what might take place.

Then your cork was stricken with intermittent palsy, and then it staggered and swung as though it had a drop too much. Your sporting blood aflame, you bided the operations of the rash meddler who was causing this commotion.

The cork tilted alarmingly, so that the water wetted it all over. With a jump and a burst of pent-up energy (no cat after a mouse could be quicker), you whipped the heavens with your great pole; but only an empty hook followed after.

"Shucks!" you lamented.

"Aw, you jerked too soon!" criticized Snoopie.

"Darn him! he ate all my bait, any-how!" you declared. "See?"

With utmost speed you fitted another

worm and very smoothly let down exactly in the same spot.

Scarcely had the cork settled when it resumed its erratic movements. Its persecutor, whatsoever he might be, was a persistent chap.

"Bitin' again?" inquired Snoopie, noting your strained attitude.

You abandoned your pole; you plunged after him. Upon hands and knees you wallowed and grappled with him. With fish instinct, he was wriggling for the deeps and safety. You grasped him. He slid through your clutch. You grabbed at him again and obtained a pinching hold on his tail. He broke the hold and was off.



"'IT 'S NOTHIN' BUT A SNAG!"

You nodded; the moment was too vital to admit of conversation.

"I got him! I got him! I—"

You had exulted too soon. Out like a feather you had whisked the meddlesome fellow, but in mid-air, unable to maintain the sudden pace, he parted company with the impaling steel. Down he dropped, and while the lightened hook went on without him he dived into the shallows where mud meets water.

"Get him!" shrieked Snoopie.

"Get him!" shrieked Hen.

Desperately you scooped up the slime. Once more you had him. He stabbed you with his needle-like spines, but you flinched not. You hurled him inshore and tore after, not allowing him an instant's respite.

There! He lay gasping upon the drier bank. He had lost, and out of his one piggish eye not plastered shut he signaled surrender.

Of the two parties to the wrestle you were much the muddier.

"How big?" queried Hen, anxiously.

"Oh, 'bout as big as the first one Snoop caught," you replied, which was strictly the truth.

You devoted a few seconds to squeezing your pricked thumb; then pleasantly aware that several new arrivals were viewing your success, you gingerly strung him and deposited him, thus secured, in his native element. Here he flopped a moment, but finding his efforts useless, sulked out of sight.

You baited up; you were more contented.

Two pole-lengths from shore occurred

a quick splash and a swirl.

Gee!" burst simultaneously from the three of you; and you stared with wide eyes at the spot where the bubbles were floating.

"What was that?" ejaculated Hen.

"A big bass, I bet you," averred Snoopie. Nobody—within your memory, at least -ever had actually caught a "big bass" in these haunts, but upon various occasions, such as the present one, he had made himself known. To doubt his existence was heresy. He was here; of course he was. Nearly to see him was an exploit accomplished by many; nearly to catch him was accomplished by only a few less: but really to haul him out had been accorded to none.

In the meantime he cruised about, in his mysterious way, and now and then made a rumpus on the surface, to wring a tribute of hungry "Gees!" from the astounded spectators of his antics.

You gripped closer your pole and barely breathed. Perhaps he was heading in your direction; perhaps, at last, he would accept your worm, and, glory! you would be the boy to carry him through town, and home! Could anything be more deliriously grand?

On the other hand, misery! perhaps he was heading for Snoopie or Hen. However, he might turn aside.

Silence reigned; the atmosphere was tense with expectation. Another swirl, a small one, off a brush-pile nearer the shore, just to your left. Cautiously you tiptoed down there and craftily introduced your tempting hook.

The cork vibrated. For an instant you lost your breath. The cork dipped. You poised, rigid but alert, daring to stir not even a toe. The cork righted, dipped again, and slowly, calmly sank into the pregnant depths.

Furiously you struck. Your good pole bent and swaved. You were wild with

excitement. "Say! Look there! Look at John!" exclaimed Hen.

"Hang on to him! Don't let him get away!" bawled Snoopie.

Spurred by your down-curving pole and your violent endeavors, they scampered madly to your succor.

"Don't you give him slack!" instructed

Snoopie. "He 'll get loose!"

"Don't bust the pole, either!" warned Hen.

As for you, you were fighting with all your strength. The line was taut, sawing the water, as valiantly you hoisted with the writhing tip. Your antagonist yielded a few inches, only to demand them back again. You were in deadly fear lest the hook would not hold. You hoped that he had swallowed it. But who might tell?

At any rate, you were determined that he should not have a vestige more of line if you could help it.

"Can you feel him?" asked Hen.

"Uh huh," you panted affirmatively.

"Gimme the pole," ordered Snoopie. You shook your head. You wanted to do it all yourself.

Little by little, in response to the relentless leverage that you exerted, your victim was being dragged to the surface. Higher and higher was elevated your pole. and the wet line followed. The cork appeared and left the water. Victory was almost yours, but you would not relax.

"It 's nothin' but a snag!" denounced Snoopie.

You would not believe. It was-if it was not the big bass, it was something else wonderful.

A second—and up through the heaving area upon which were fixed your eyes broke a black stem. Swifter it exposed itself, and suddenly you had hoisted into the sunlight an ugly old branch, soaked and dripping, wrenched by your might from the peaceful bed where it long had lain.

Amid irritating jeers you swung it to shore.

"Well, I had something all right—and

it was a bass, too; and he snagged my hook on me. He took the bobber under in less 'n no time, I tell you!" you argued defensively.

That was a favorite trick of the "big bass" and other prodigies of these waters—to be almost caught and to escape by cleverly snagging the hook.

Hen and Snoopie returned to their stations. You ruefully twisted your hook from

the rotten wood and tried in a new place for bullheads.

You tired of this location and changed to a log; and tiring of the log, you changed to a rock; and tiring of the rock, you changed to a jutting bank; and tiring of the bank, you waded into the shallows, where, at least, the flies could not torment your legs. In the course of your wanderings your can toppled; you snatched at it, but it evaded you, gurgled, and gently sank beneath. You borrowed bait from more or less unwilling brethren, or appealed

to the most respectable of the riffraff cans scattered about. From the zenith the sun glared down upon your neck, and from the water the sun glared up into your face, and neck and face waxed red and redder; turtles poked their heads forth and inspected you; and dragon-flies darted at your bobber and settled upon it, giving you starts as you thought for an instant that you had a bite. You pricked your fingers on the "stingers" of vengeful victims, and you cut your feet on tin and shell and sharp root and branch; you luxuriously dined on butter-soaked bread and saltless eggs (the salt being spilled), and you drank of water which, in these

scientific later days, we know with horror to have been alive with deadly bacilli; and Snoopie, lying on his back, with his hat over his eyes, tied his line to his big toe and went to sleep.

Finally, spotted with mud and mosquitobumps, scarlet with burn and bristling with experiences, in the sunset glow homeward you trudged, over your shoulder your faithful pole, and your hapless spoil, ever growing drier and dustier and more wretched, dangling from your hand.

"Mercy, John! What do you bring

those home for!" expostulated mother, from a safe distance surveying your catch, none thereof longer than a clothes-pin.

"Why, to eat," you explained.

And she fried them for you, her very



"YOU LUXURIOUSLY DINED"





Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

# THE REGRESSION OF PROFESSOR SLOCUM

### BY HERBERT D. WARD

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WILLIAMS



ROFESSOR DUFFIELD SLO-CUM sat under the soft light of the old-fashioned student-lamp. Hislean hands were folded across

his waistcoat. His spectacles were balanced upon his brow. His eyes were shut, revealing dark caverns above the lids. A green pamphlet lay turned down upon his knees. From his bald head the reflected light gleamed almost like an aureole. The professor was in a trance of speculation.

Beside him his wife sat sewing contentedly. Her placid, full face beamed with serenity. Their years together were approaching the golden age, and she was perfectly happy. Is there any greater joy in life than to grow old in satisfied love? From time to time she cast at her husband a quick glance of appreciation, and then went on with her work. Only years of absolute married trust can engender such glances, needing no running accompaniment of explanation.

Coming to a bit of hemstitching that needed more light, she arose softly, so as not to disturb the dreamer, and started to move the lamp nearer. As she did so, she glanced straight down upon her husband's pate. There seemed to be a little shadow upon it that looked like soot. She bent

closer, for although he was always busy in his laboratory and usually more or less smutched or spattered while at work, she had never known him to seek her presence in a state of personal untidiness. As she peered, the general smutch resolved itself into unmistakable form. With a cry, whether of delight or of fear, she put her dimpled hand upon the professor's shoulder and shook him so violently that his glasses dropped to the bridge of his nose.

"Wake up!" her voice came hoarsely.
"Oh, Duffy! There is fuzz coming out on the top of your head!"

"Good Lord, Abbie! what is the matter with you?" Professor Duffield Slocum straightened up with a start, and glanced apprehensively and then severely at his wife. Never before had that peaceful woman exhibited such energy; nor, it might be said, such independence.

But Mrs. Slocum was not to be hushed by the looks or the tone that used to quell the serried ranks of lawless students.

"Duffy dearest, put your hand up yourself, and feel."

"Are you crazy, Abbie?"

"There!" For answer she lifted his limp hand and deposited it palm down upon his crown. "There! What did I tell you? There is fuzz on the top of your head."

The professor passed his hand over his bald pate with the delicate touch of a scientist whose finger-tips are sensitive to sensations. He passed it over experimentally, then critically. As his trained fingers felt unmistakable signs of new hair, his face became a study in wonder. To his mind there could be no effect without a cause. Here was a marvel, if not a miracle, worth the absorption of his great intellect. For the first time in twenty years he felt hair on the top of his head. How did it get there? He looked at his wife in dismay. How could he account for it to her?

"Duffy dearest," said Mrs. Slocum, with an engaging smile, putting her plump arms around his neck, "you had better own up and tell me the kind of wash you have been using. This is so sudden! You ought to have warned me. And it 's black—just the color it used to be when we were young together. Oh, Duffy!"

But the professor stared ahead, trying to correlate the experiences of the last three months. Could it be that this fuzz, as his wife called it, was the evidence of a new force—the result of his latest experiments?

Professor Duffield Slocum was professor emeritus of physical science in one of the leading scientific institutions of the country. He was a corresponding member of all the royal societies on the other side of the water, and none had made greater discoveries and strides than he in the science of electricity. It was he who, while a young man, in 1853, increased the spark in the secondary by a condenser in the primary. Later it was he who passed the spark through a vacuum, and thus won European recognition. By exhaustive experiments, he calculated that the conductivity of gas estimated per molecule is about ten million times that of an electrolyte. This monumental calculation alone raised him to the front rank of electrical physicists. It was he who discovered a dust portrait on glass. But, above all, and standing out like a crag among electrical achievements, it was Professor Slocum who made the first discovery of the cathode rays. This he communicated in a letter to his friend Hittorf, who in turn told Crookes about them.

In a short paper delivered in 1888 Professor Slocum stated that before six years physicists would have to deal with a fourth state, which might be called "radiant electricity." Thus he anticipated the dramatic discovery of Roentgen, as well as the demonstrations of Tesla.

It was once said of Professor Slocum that most of the notable and dramatic electrical novelties of the age were almost wholly due to his suggestion. To Professor Pupin he suggested the "relay," which was the same as presenting him with a huge fortune. To Edison he wrote: "When you have finished your exhaustive experiments you will find that no substance will exceed calcic tangstate in the power of fluorescence." We all remember Edison's discovery.

Possessing, through his wife, a sufficient fortune to maintain a private laboratory that occupied the whole attic of his house, Professor Slocum had the old-fashioned New England shrinking from fame or from the notoriety that inevitably accompanies the discoverer. Besides, he was such a lover of science that when he wrested another secret from nature's firm grasp he considered that it belonged to mankind



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Halfstone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
""DUFFIELD!" SHE CRIED, 'WHAT IS IT? THIS IS AWFUL! OH, TAKE ME AWAY!"

without the payment of a premium to the discoverer. In this simple, beautiful way, how often had he spurned fortune, content to be on intimate terms with his wife and those elemental forces that are of fundamental importance to human living! Married love was his vocation; devotion to his electrical pursuits was his avocation. So it happened that in his seventy-fifth year he had almost entered into that mysterious fourth state of which he speculated, and had become radiant matter himself.

"It cannot be, can it? Great heavens! Can it?" The professor started at the possibility that his intense thought suggested. "If it were so—" He stopped and gave his wife the tender look of a man who has lived in accord nearly fifty years with one woman until she has become thoroughly harmonized with his nature.

"What is it, Duffy? Tell it all to me. I'll try to understand." Mrs. Slocum sank upon the floor, put her arms around her husband's legs, and rested her head upon his knee, just as she had always done since their marriage. The great advantage of a childless family is that one is apt to continue the endearments of youth until one is confronted with death. Mrs. Slocum's happiest hours had been thus spent at her husband's feet, where, year after year, she had listened to the succeeding accounts of his many experiments. She did not always understand him; all the more reason, she thought, for considering Duffy the greatest man of his age.

"You see, deary,"—the professor laid his nervous hand lovingly upon his wife's gray head and patted her as he spoke,—"I have been giving the last six months to the X-rays."

"Óh, Duffy!" His wife bobbed her head up with the enthusiasm of a young girl. "I do wish we could start all over again. You are so splendid, and there is so much work to do; and you are the man in the world to do it."

"Nonsense, Abbie!" The professor's pallid face flushed with pleasure over his wife's appreciation. "I have almost done my work, and I have had my share of recognition. Why dream?" While he had his wife he could look fearlessly toward the grave. Nevertheless, he closed his eyes and imagined himself once more a young man, his young wife by his side, entering with the enthusiastic ardor and

faith that only fresh blood can give, yet with his present subtlety and equipments, into a series of important or even vital experiments that would take years to consummate. Which one of us does not dream of living his own life over again, with the plus quantity of his own experience? After a few moments of this pleasant reverie, the professor awoke and proceeded with the sententiousness of a class-room lecturer:

"Ever since I found out that the radiation emitted by uranium salts affects the photographic plates, but cannot be seen, I have been studying the question of light that is invisible and that gives out no heat. This is the great problem of the future physicist. This investigation into the nature of light naturally led me into an exhaustive study of the cathode and the X-rays. You have seen many of my experiments, and I do not need to explain to you that the cathode rays are formed in the Crookes tube. These rays respond to many of the tests of light. They can be deflected by a magnet, but they will not pass through the glass of the tube. But the X-rays are different. To come to my final experiment, which may revolutionize medical science, -I do not say that it will, -let me explain more minutely about the mysterious Roentgen or X-rays, as they are called."

"Have n't you shown them to me?" Mrs. Slocum raised her head from his knee, and looked up at her husband adoringly. She was trying her best to understand.

"Yes, dearest; but as this may become a matter of mutual experiment, I want to tell you over again. These X-rays start from a surface within the Crookes tube upon which the cathode rays strike. Platinum is most extensively used to generate these rays; but after my experiments upon invisible light I began to use uranium with wonderful results. Now what is the peculiarity of this strange X-something that is induced? That these X-rays are not light is evident. They cannot be reflected, refracted, or in any way interfered with. They penetrate all substances in a greater or lesser degree. The X-ray has the energy to cure cancer or lupus, to distinguish between real and paste gems, to locate bullets, and to do what might be called mysterious tasks. Among other things, it has the power of revivifying dying matter. The X-ray derived from uranium has this latter quality in a marked degree. Medical science is using this power in a new way every week."

The professor stopped and moistened his lips, while his eyes grew bright and young.

"Now, dearest," he proceeded with animation, "I come to the crux of the whole

"Duffy, did you discover radium yourself first, and never told me anything about it?" Mrs. Slocum raised her head and looked up at her husband in mock severity.

The professor smiled indulgently. "No, sweetheart,"—he spoke softly, as to a bride,



Drawn by C.D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H.C. Merrill
"THUS THE TWO, UNDER THE SPELL OF A SCIENTIFIC MARVEL,
REPASSED THEIR HONEYMOON"

matter. It occurred to me that if I could find a substance that far surpasses uranium in those peculiar qualities, I might create an irresistible radiant energy. And this substance I have discovered in radium."

"Radium? I have never heard of that. Is it a new element?"

"Radium is the most marvelous element in nature. It emits visible light without diminution of energy. Pure radium salt will melt more than its own weight of ice perhour without losing potency or strength. It is vital as life, permanent as the sun, mysterious as a god." —"I wrote five years ago to my friend, Professor Curie of Paris, and suggested that there was an element missing in the series, and described what properties it should have, and how it might be found. He has a wonderful wife, and between them they have made the discovery that will immortalize them, I hope. But, in recognition of my suggestion, they sent me a piece of radium as large as a buck-shot. With this I have recently been experimenting."

"You always want others to get in ahead of you, Duffy," replied his wife, dreamily. "I don't believe that there is another man like you anywhere."

"Not a bit of it, deary. One man can't do everything. I experiment, and see what ought to be done, and know my own limitations, and make suggestions where they belong. But this radium—it is the most marvelous substance in nature yet found. Its rays have many of the photographic, deadly, and curative properties of the X-rays. It constantly projects into space streams of corpuscles at the speed of one hundred thousand miles per second, and yet, with the expenditure of this titanic energy, there is no exhaustion of the properties so mysteriously stored in the marvelous metal. What is it? Perpetual motion? Perpetual life? If a man entered a room containing a pound of radium he would undoubtedly be blasted to death. By the equally mysterious laws of homeopathy, will an infinitesimal amount of the metal renew the youth? My dearest,"—the professor's voice sank to a whisper, - "instead of platinum or uranium I have been using radium within the Crookes tube, and the X-rays I have produced are such as science never dreamed of. Come and see!"

Trembling as if she were on the threshold of a new fate, the wife followed her aged husband. He did not walk like an old man. In a dazed way she noticed the elasticity of his step, the erectness of his carriage, the youthful poise of his head. What did this all mean? Was it the elation due to a new discovery, or had—She did not finish the thought, for at the door of the laboratory her husband stopped, waiting for her slower steps, and then, taking her by the hand, drew her into the dark room.

"Oh, Duffy, turn on the light!" Mrs. Slocum cried out, almost in hysteria, overwrought as she was by the events of the evening.

"Quiet, dear, and watch!" The professor's hand tightened on hers lovingly, and his voice comforted her with gentle assurances. Even as she wondered anew she felt a glow stealing around her, radiating from some unknown source, and lifting, one might say, the blackness of the night into the mystery of a dawn. It was as if a thousand Japanese fireflies were yielding up their lives in one last gleam of cold phosphorescence. She took a step forward, and there burst into view the source of this strange luminosity.

"Duffield!" she cried, "what is it? This is awful! Oh, take me away!"

"Yes," said the professor, quietly; "that is radium. There! I'll put this mask on vour face—so. You see I have one, too. Now look at it. We can go a little nearer now." He led his wife to a chair, and placed her tenderly in it. "That is all the radium there is in the United States. It is probably worth over fifty thousand dollars as it is. You see it reposes in a cup in the Crookes tube. On the lower side it is connected with the anode. Above, the cathode rays can be trained against it. Now let me start the gas-engine." The chuck, chuck of the engine was quickly answered by the sparkling whir of the static machine. The room seemed now full of lightning, while sharp reports followed one another in quick succession, until they were lost in one stream of rapid-fire artillery.

"Now, Abbie dearest,"—the professor bent over his wife,—"don't tremble! Trust me. It is perfectly safe. I am now going to connect the current with the Crookes tube. Don't jump or move. What you will feel cannot hurt you. Are you ready?"

Mrs. Slocum was not by nature a brave woman. Born into luxury and brought up a society butterfly, she had imperceptibly preferred the seclusion of a dear home to a life of fashion. When she gave her husband her hand and her fortune, she unconsciously accepted his simplicity and high ideals, and conformed to them with a pleasure that had often surprised her. She was a very affectionate and a very timid wo-These qualities often go hand in hand. So, while she had frequently of late years stolen into the sacred precincts of the laboratory for a moment or so, nothing could induce her to stay and witness weird electrical experiments. She preferred to have her husband describe them downstairs when the gas was well turned up. So, for her to stay perfectly still at this time was certainly a test of courage of the highest order, and this the professor appreciated. With a last tender pressure of the hand, Professor Slocum left his wife and went to the switch. For an instant he stood uncertain. He did not know how the woman would stand the shock of the wonderful vision.

"All ready, Abbie," he said gently. He pulled the lever down, and with the spring of a young man was immediately at her side.

Suddenly the place where she sat and he stood was flooded with a light such as no mortal ever saw before. One should not call it light-rather an irresistible power. It seemed to reverse all the ordinary laws of physics. It was not that you saw it: it was that it saw you; it felt you. With a seeming intelligence that was monstrous, it estimated you. It streamed into you; it passed through you. It was like the fire of an almighty eye, that searched the marrow rather than scorched the body; that attacked all waste and disease, and drove them out by the inexorable power of command. Like dioxygen, which foams at the contact with dying tissue, so this gleaming, godlike force fought battles with death and drove it headlong from the domain of the body. It was as if one were bathed in a fountain of divine fire, and so born again into eternal youth. Caressed by this cold, luminous energy, from the insistent rays of which nothing in the human frame could be hidden, you felt for the first time the meaning of the words, "the omniscient eye of God.

If the radium ray can look through platinum and granite as through glass, how can we expect a dark closet to hide us from the Almighty? When a knife cuts through you, you know it, even if the pain is not all there at once. In the same way these two people, on the threshold of a new force, knew in some way—who can explain how?—that these rays of radium pounced upon their nerves, their tissues, their vitals, like beings; tore out the dying, left the living behind, and then passed on.

For fully ten minutes Professor Slocum and his wife endured this beneficent bombardment. Tingling, dazed, ecstatic, intoxicated, frightened, mad with joy, they dimly understood and accepted their fate.

Leaving the little globule of radium gleaming mysteriously in the darkness, they returned to their own room below.

"Abbie,"—the professor took his wife upon his knee; she no longer looked old to him; her color was fresh and youthful, and her eyes as dancing as a girl's, but as serious as a woman's,—" will you share this great discovery with me?"

"Do you think, do you really believe—" She passed her hand over his head. "Yes," he said, "I believe I have discovered, without understanding what it is, the principle of eternal youth. Anybody would call me mad. But I have never made a statement without pretty good authority. At any rate, it must be tested thoroughly and scientifically. If there is anything in it, and youth comes, we must grow young together. Will you?"

"Oh, Duffy! What a question! Why, it will be the dearest thing in the world. I have always wanted to start over again with you. It would be so different. Just think what you can do. I don't suppose

we ought to speak about it."

"On no account, dearest. No one must suspect the discovery until it is proved by actual scientific experiment, and then—and then—we'll see!"

They looked at each other hungrily.

"Oh, Duffy! You 've lost that wrinkle under your eyes!"

"And you—you have none at all! But just wait six months, and then we can compare notes. You had better turn in now," he added dreamily.

"But I can't sleep! I never can again!"
"You'll have to. Good night. I sha'n't talk any more. I want to collect my thoughts."

And, like a good wife, she let him. She was one of the few women who understand that a man does not necessarily stop loving when he wants to think alone.

Only a specialist on nervous diseases would have believed that such madness could overtake such sane people. The most masterful poise overtopples at the sight and sudden possession of enormous wealth. Strong men have wept like children when the doctor's verdict has restored their lost hope and given them the promise of life and health. Think, then, how, in this cold, unimaginative, scientific twentieth century, an aged saint would behave under the proved promise of his restored youth!

Three times a day these two stealthily repaired to the attic laboratory, locked the door, and bathed themselves in the potent and inexplicable rays that streamed from that little globule of radium. There it glowed like the sun of the morning, giving up everything, losing nothing, an inconceivable, paradoxical force, a vibrant, rejuvenating reality.

It is said that a diet of absolutely pure

food restores the beautiful pink color to the cheeks: so the rays of radium restored day by day the glow of youth to our two friends. They could no longer be called aged. In that this agent differed from the common X-ray, that burns and sears and turns the patient a sickly lavender, even as it heals. But these mysterious rays were entirely beneficent, like the good fairy of our childhood's tale.

"I think we had better dismiss the servants. They will not understand the change." Mrs. Slocum made this suggestion one evening some weeks later, as she passed her hand lovingly over her husband's bushy black head. "They are already talking. I am strong enough to do everything myself. We will have chafing-dish parties, and I will do all the cooking."

The professor looked down at his wife like a happy boy. He no longer needed spectacles. The skin of his forehead was soft. He was plump over and under the eyes, and pink in the cheeks. He looked like a man of forty, marvelously preserved. He stood straight; his hands had lost their knotted, veined appearance, and were velvety to the touch. As for his wife, she did not look thirty. Buxom, blooming, handsome, she seemed like a withered Jacqueminot, that, having been put in water, by some strange alchemy has become a fragrant bud once more, a recreation, a miracle.

The professor nodded happily. "Do as you will; you are an adorable cook. I think we had better take our outings evenings after this." He stopped and hesitated. "Eh-I-"

"What is it, Duffy? Anything wrong?" With the unerring intuition of a young loving woman, she caught his arm.

"Tell me truly, did I go out to lecture this morning? It seemed as if I had given my lecture on thunder-storms to the junior class."

Clinging, the two looked at each other, strained, appealing, as if questioning the meaning of an onrushing fate.

"Yes," the woman spoke slowly, with closed eyes. "I know you were not, but I thought you were. What does it mean? I have n't said anything, but I seem to be reliving my old life in thought. Somehow, the past, when we were old together, is slipping away from me. Oh, Duffy! I am living over what I thought was gone, not in

reality, but here—here!" She put both hands up to her head and questioned her husband with an agonized stare. "And now—now—" she proceeded—"it has come to you!"

For some minutes they stood, their eyes turned away, fixed upon this fateful phase of their vital regression. What would the future bring? Only the old. And where was the old? Going as if under the hammer of an inexorable auctioneer.

"And I, too—" Professor Slocum took his wife into his arms tightly—"I, too, am living over the past, passively, if not actively. I know I am. This rejuvenation is like a dream. I don't know—whether—ah, but we must, for the sake of science, of humanity, we must let our radium lead us where it will. But I have you, and we have each other—for always."

"Yes, my darling." Their lips met in a long loving kiss, one that had been almost forgotten. "Yes—for always!"

Mysticism, charlatarry, and fiction have never tired of dealing with the elixir of youth. The Wandering Jew was the prototype of these fanciful hopes. But in no case did the quest include mental minority with physical youth. That was a possibility never dreamed of. The wisdom of a sage, the experience of a centenarian these were the paradoxes of an untrained faith. But now Science steps in, and in her logical and mysterious way decrees that if the body grows young the mind rejuvenates at the same time. It is in the heart of every man to dream of the fount of eternal youth, but not of eternal youthfulness. Until his mind had begun obviously to retrogress, this possibility had never occurred to Professor Slocum.

As it was, he could no longer read his scientific pamphlets with understanding. Problems in physics that used to be but reflex actions of his trained mind were now incomprehensible figures of speech. One by one he forgot the use of the complicated pieces of apparatus with which his laboratory was stored. At a tremendous rate his mind was simplifying. Each day was detracting weeks from his mental attainments. He knew this fact, and trembled before it. He was in danger of becoming nothing but a healthy animal.

Mental growth is hardly appreciable, like that of a tree. Before we realize it,

we know. The professor now realized that he did not know what he used to. His previous attainments were rapidly becoming nebulous phantoms of a receding memory. In a way too hurried to describe in detail, he was reversing all his processes of thought. When he was not bathed in radium, he was dreaming back his past life at express speed, and in proportion as his body was recovering its prime. But somehow he did not forget how to start the gas-engine that was connected with his static machine, that in turn was wired to the Crookes tube. That was mechanical. In fact, in their physical delirium the two increased their radium baths to five a day. They were growing young at a rate so much faster than that with which they grew old that it needed a proper instrument to record the process.

Their rejuvenescence now began to be noticeable in the relation of the couple to each other. People who are married a long time either grow alike or grow apart. There is seldom a middle ground. Starting with unlike temperaments, with hardly a taste in common, with nothing but love to weld them together, our friends had achieved union. It had taken years of tact, of unselfishness, of mutual agreement, to outgrow a mental confusion that might have been fatal unless it had been well ordered and controlled. At the time of his great discovery Professor Slocum and his wife were in perfect accord. But now, in spite of an overwhelming love, they were growing apart. The lady forgot that she loved her husband's after-dinner pipe. She now began to sniff and criticize and flounce out of the room. On the other hand, Slocum, in the strenuous vigor of his youth, was not so tender with his wife's intellectual shortcomings as he had been some weeks ago. As her understanding became less, his tolerance decreased. The dovetailed structure of a long life was being pulled apart, and sometimes with a wrench that caused terrible burnings of the heart. Oh for the old days of lenity and peace and content! They were understanding each other less and less, and there was an awful threat on the horizon that the time might soon come when they would not understand each other at all. To the ignorant young, love is but a crimson chalice to be drained at a draught; but to the old, love is the complete harmony of two thoughts, and therein lies the only content. The strange lives of these two people became now an intellectual reversion of experience—love the only sheet-anchor left of their ancient days.

"It seems to me, Duffy, as if we had been married only a few weeks." Mrs. Slocum leaned heavily upon her husband's stanch arm. They had just left the laboratory, and the blood leaped in their veins. and their skin glowed with youth and the ecstasy of life. It was in the heat of the summer, and they were walking alone upon the boulevard; the moon was shining brilliantly, mocking the electric lights. People turned and watched the young couple as they passed. They walked with such vigor; they were so unjaded and so unconscious of the stifling heat. He was tall and fair and slender, with clean-cut, intellectual features that gave promise of a noble future. She was a bonny brunette, a bit coquettish, with the quick, warm, active expression of a vivacious yet tender individuality. True, they looked a little oldfashioned, but therefore all the more distinguished. It was rumored that the aged Professor Slocum and his wife had gone on a Continental trip, leaving their nephew and his young wife to run the house in their absence. The exclusiveness of this young couple was condoned on account of their recent marriage. All social gaucherie is pardonable within six months of a honeymoon.

The professor looked down upon his wife and squeezed her hand boyishly. "It does n't seem as if we had been married ten days, my own. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be alive—with you!"

The young lady blushed and turned her head aside with the modesty of one who considers such speeches almost improper.

"I could stay out here forever," she whispered. This sentiment the young man bent his head rapturously to catch. There was very little of the intellectual in their faces at this moment. Science, the glory of achievement, the making of a great name, or even of a happy home—these thoughts fled before the insistent fact of a love just grasped and but recently expressed.

Thus the two, under the spell of a scientific marvel, repassed their honeymoon. They were living over those rapturous days again, accompanied by every remembered adjunct but time and locality.

But these discrepancies were unimportant, if indeed they were noticeable, for young Slocum and his wife were living out what was to them a tremendous reality. After all, what is environment but the shifting background of the picture of life? The ever vital and rejuvenating rays of radium could make life recessional, but not the world in which we live. At this to them ecstatic period the one cry of the ages had been at last answered. They lived their lives over again! Ah, bliss! What ineffable rapture! It seemed as if an eternity of joy were spread before them.

A few days after, they awoke early and looked at each other in the dim dawn. A feeling of suffocation overcame them. Dread and rapture struggled for the mastery. Inexorably hurried back across the past they had traveled so laboriously and so long, they instinctively knew that they had come at last to within a few hours of their wedding day. In the professor's wildest fantasies or maddest imagination, it had never occurred to him that the logic of regression included his marriage ceremony.

Where were the witnesses? Where was the joyous company? Long since dead. But to his mental experience, which was as vital and real as the preliminary action in which his dead relatives and friends played so conspicuous a part, the ghosts came flitting back, reclothed themselves, and the present was as indisputable as the past. This was no mania, no hallucination. It was reality. It was the sentence passed upon any one who had tampered with the greatest scientific mystery of the age. The laws of force may seem magical, but, when understood, they are noted in our commonplace book.

"We are to be married"—the bride blushed and hid her face—"we are to be married to-night. I knew it must be so. And then! and then—"

"Yes, yes, darling; but just think of our courting!"

"But, dearest, we won't have each other then! We can't, don't you see? We would n't be married."

"Don't worry about that, Abbie. That does n't seem possible, does it?"

"But, dear heart, we did n't know each other very long before we were married, not more than three or four weeks. It was very hurried, don't you remember?"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"And then," persisted his young wife, clinging desperately to her intuition—" what then?"

"Abbie, I will not be tortured. Hurry up and dress. It is early yet, and we can get in an extra sitting in the laboratory."

Blinded by the passion that overtakes every one who seeks for the fount of eternal youth, Slocum pushed his wife's arms aside and left her weeping alone.

HAND in hand the young couple sat shivering as those penetrating rays, whose godlike powers were now exploited for the first time, wrenched from their grasp the last moments of a happy married life. Those countless eons of force streamed into them with sardonic serenity. Had they not fulfilled the divine promise of youth? Only a demon could have stung their joy by exacting the limitation of the mind as he restored the functions of the body. Shall a compensating penalty overtake the rash soul that lifts the veil and dares to cheat nature of her infallible laws? And ever that white element glowed phosphorescent, rejuvenating, triumphant. Metals can be poisoned; they are subject to contagion; they waste and die. May not radium understand? Can it be a reincarnation? In it are pent energies that have many qualities of the Creator and are eternal.

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum had not sat many minutes in the laboratory when, as if impelled by the same thought, they jumped to their feet and moved from out the radius of the rays. They could not bear the promise of the awful power. The man bent down and looked eagerly into the girl's face, as if impressing its features upon a vacillating mind. With a hurried gesture the young wife responded by putting her hand to his face, like a blind person groping. Then with a cry she fled down-stairs. Stupidly he followed her. When he arrived at her door he found it locked. Slocum knocked loudly.

"No, no!" a sobbing voice answered as if muffled. "You cannot come in. I don't know. I cannot tell. But I feel that we are not married. No matter. I can never let you in again."

With a groan, the young man went into his own study. The books that once spoke to him with meaning were silent. Something snapped within. For a moment the fog of his past life, his achievements and his happiness, lifted, and then closed impenetrably about him. In that brief period of illumination he knew that he had the legal right to take the woman in his arms, to comfort her and call her his own. For the life of him he could not do it. A commanding power held him back.

The days passed by confusedly. When the lights were turned low he found himself impelled to kiss the girl who seemed so strangely to be living alone in the same house with him. But, to his horror, he found that he knew her less and less, and that caresses became more and more infrequent. They were drifting rapidly, irrevocably apart.

It seemed now as if they had but recently met, and they chatted of the little nothings that go to make up the shallow joy of youth. He wanted to tell her how much he admired her, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. She was no longer Abbie, but Miss Butterfield. It seemed as if they had just been introduced.

On the evening of the day on which our two young people had just met, they went out walking. They did not talk. They had little to say and only cast shy looks at each other with a pathetic wistfulness that they hardly understood.

"And you are determined to devote yourself to science, Mr. Slocum?"

"I shall always do that," the young man replied eagerly. "And you? Does science appeal to you? I have met so few girls. You are very good to take pity on a poor student. You see, I don't dance."

"Yes?"

"I hope I may call on you sometime."

"Ah, Mr. Slocum, I have heard of you often from my friend, Miss Waterbury. She is very enthusiastic. I have been wanting to meet you."

"It is a great pleasure to meet a friend of Miss Waterbury's."

"Mr. Slocum."

"Miss Butterfield, I am delighted, I am sure."

As the young man spoke, a crowd collected at a corner. They drifted into it. When it parted he was alone. Had he not been talking to some one? Who was it? In a hazy way he remembered a bright, sympathetic dark face. Then—then—the vision danced away like an electric phantasm, and he found himself automatically walking to his father's house, the house in

which, unconsciously to himself now, he had spent nearly fifty happy years of wedded life.

It was ten o'clock at night. Like a man in a trance, Duffield Slocum let himself in through the door of his own house. Although he did not look a day over twentytwo, he felt horribly depressed, and he stooped as if he were carrying the burden of seventy years. He was oppressed by a sense of loss that he could not fully apprehend. He was alone, unutterably alone. Was he himself, or had his soul in some mysterious way escaped the past and projected him into a new existence? Vague memories assailed him, which he tried in vain to analyze. The library was familiar to him, and yet he could not comprehend Beneath the student-lamp he saw a piece of unfinished embroidery. He recognized it, yet he could not place it. There is not a thoughtful person living but is startled sometime in his life with what he thinks is an argument for the transmigration of the soul. Reincarnation is the elusive philosophy of every mystic. Slocum was at home, and at the same time he was as much of a stranger in his own house as if he had just stepped into it for the first time. Automatically he ascended the stairs to the laboratory. The reflex action of his fingers selected the key from his bunch, and he unlocked the door.

He was comforted by the steady gleam of that penetrating eye of radium. It greeted him, mocked him, gloried over him, and tried to dominate. Into its imperious presence the young man walked steadily. He inspected it with great curiosity, and with a fitful, elusive wonder at its vital fluorescence. How it glared in the dark, illuminating the room like a mechanical wonder, a toy will-o'-the-wisp! Carefully young Slocum detached the Crookes tube from the wires that connected it with the powerful static battery. As he touched the glass tube, he felt his nerves shriveling, and a burning sensation that traveled from his hands to his spine. By the aid of the cathode, the globule of radium no longer shot forth inexplicable rays of life, impregnating the receiver with its own divine energy, but now instead it sent forth the baleful, blighting influence of a substance surcharged with destruction. A hundred times more deadly than native phosphorus, more dangerous than liquid air, more poisonous than the marriage of muriatic and sulphuric acid, it distilled the dissolution of life in its touch, for it attacks the nervous centers. Like all sources of life, it is likewise the element of death. But the young man held to it bravely, not knowing that he was being disrupted.

In the middle of the tube the globule of radium lay suspended. Carrying the tube steadily, the young student of physics, feeling that he had made a marvelous and painful discovery, started down-stairs. The other apparatus in the room could not interest him at all. It was beyond his education. He had also been projected youthward beyond the knowledge of the X-ray.

Now it is a scientific fact that no physicist can dispute, much less Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, herself, that the radiation of that unknown quantity, even as this man carried it down the stairs, would cause a rapid disintegration of the nervous tissues. The body and the mind that had rejuvenesced began to age with the baneful contact. Young Slocum put the tube upon the table and gazed upon its startling contents curiously. He carried the lamp into the other room and so received the full effect of its luminous power. And as he looked, out of the opaque cloud memory began to return. He did not know that unconsciously he was taking the only prescription that would lead to his mental recovery.

As he gazed, he groped for explanation. What was the dream that had hypnotized him? Why was he alone? Whom did he miss? What change had he undergone? Was this a new existence? And what was this imprisoned eye that glared at him as if grudging the knowledge he craved? As he looked, the sweat poured from his brow. He felt his spine tingling and his head aflame. He bent forward and fixed his eyes closer upon the extraordinary metal, as if trying to stare it out of countenance. As he did so, his hand touched the filmy embroidery. The veil had suddenly fallen. With a wild cry he called out:

"My wife! Abbie, Abbie darling! Where is my wife?"

He ran into the next room and snatched the lamp. As he did so, his face was reflected from a mirror. It was that of a man of thirty, and was furrowed with nameless anxiety. Madly he searched the house. She was not there. Her room was empty; her clothes were hanging in the closet, the door of which was open. With a cry of anguish the professor precipitated himself into the street in a mad search for the woman whom he just remembered to have lost.

Duffield Slocum ran blindly into the night. It was after twelve and warm. The electric lights gleamed like purple stars. It reminded the panting runner of that other horrible substance that had led him with fateful persistence to his present doom. Mad, illogical, he had been not to have foreseen that the reversion of the laws of nature must necessarily include the whole man. And now he had lost his wife because he had impiously shaken the fist of science into the face of the Almighty. Vengeance had indeed followed his brief dreams, and with no lagging footsteps. By the occult rays of radium he had changed her into the girl she used to be fifty years ago, with the same limitations and ignorance, and she was now wandering, ignorant, homeless, half a century out of her mental reckoning. The sweat poured from his brow. He redoubled his frenzied pace, blindly forging ahead. The worst of it was that by the inevitable law of regression his wife could not recognize him. She was a child, an alien to her age and time, a mental outcast, and suffering the more acutely because of her ignorance of the cause of this catastrophe. What nameless crime had he committed in the guise of "investigation"?

But would he recognize her? Ah, yes! He now remembered the short, rounded form, the dark hair and black eyes, and the pink, vivacious face. He could pick his wife out of a thousand if he could but find her. Instinctively he turned his steps to the house of his wife's father. It was one of a few old-fashioned houses left unchanged in the business part of the city that had long since grown around it. Would she, too, turn naturally to her old home? Ah, she was all in all to him, his love, his life, his future, his past! The agony of a thousand deaths was racking the scientist's system as he ran more and more feebly. It was as if in the interests of science he had murdered the one being he loved. Perhaps he had. Ah, but that globule of radium should pay for this night's horror! He already looked upon the source of this woe as a living thing upon which vengeance could be rightfully wreaked.

The professor stumbled. He caught himself with difficulty and heavily, like an old man. Indeed, his grief was devitalizing him rapidly. He no longer felt young and buoyant. Around the corner was the house of his father-in-law. A policeman passed and stared at the disheveled man curiously. So many respectable people look and act like criminals at night that the officer kept his beat with a philosophical smile.

But the man of science stopped to collect his courage. He had never had a God to call upon. Radium was the nearest to Deity he had ever known. Gray and worn, he took a wheezing breath and turned the corner. There was the high stoop—and there, in its shade, before the vestibule, lay a dark splotch.

With a fierce cry of hope the professor bounded up the stone steps. The black mass stirred uneasily. In an instant the man had his arms about it. It resolved itself into the form of a girl. In one look the man recognized his wife as she used to be before marriage.

"Abbie!" he cried, stifled. "My darling! my wife!"

The girl looked up at him with frightened, unacquainted gaze.

"Sir!" She sprang to her feet and regarded the intruder with a fine old-fashioned manner. "Sir, can you not respect an unprotected lady?" Then, worn with fatigue and fear, she lost consciousness, toppled, and dropped into his outstretched arms. Tightly, almost suffocatingly, lest she escape him again, the man bore his senseless wife down the stone steps into the silent street. He hailed a passing cab, gave the address, and, as a father would touch a daughter, he lifted her in, shut the door, and then rained kisses upon her cold, unresponsive cheeks.

The professor carried his wife into his house and bolted the door. Upon the table in the sitting-room, within the glass tube, the firefly radium leered upon them. Forgetful of its presence, with his wife still in his arms, the professor sank into the familiar easy-chair. Her head lay upon his shoulder, near to the tube. Exhausted, the man fell into a deep sleep, his arms locked about his wife, ignorant of the fact that the elfin rays had already begun upon the girl their devastating work.

THE hot morning broke dimly. The green student-lamp had long since smudged out. Within the tube the gleam of that gray globule of radium was checked of its phosphorescence by the advancing light of the sun. In ghostly silence, almost reverently, the dawn uncovered the gray faces of two people clasped in each other's arms. What an appearance the man had! It was as if youth had suddenly been blasted into age by hopeless grief. He had the white hair of the Prisoner of Chillon. But his face, in the very zenith of his hopelessness, showed the rapture of final possession.

Moreover, he seemed suddenly to have been blasted by some overwhelming force, like a poison, or some lethal chemical such as was compounded in the homicidal Middle Ages to rot a man slowly into an unexpected tomb. He was as one touched by a divine compassion even as he was smitten by a malignant fate.

But the woman! Her ashen, hollow, aged face exhaled the horror of an unknown future. Such a look smites the happy when they see insanity, inevitable death, or the excision of their heart's life staring them suddenly in the face. Clasped in each other's arms, the haggard couple looked like two fate-ridden mortals, in vain trying to escape the doom passed upon them by the angel of the scythe.

In a slant of the risen sun, the two stirred uneasily. The man tugged at his lids to open them. After several vain efforts they snapped apart. His eyes fell upon his two hands clasped about his wife. These were white, emaciated, ribbed, veined. They were the hands of an old man. His gaze traveled anxiously up the woman's dress to her face. As in the dissolving view of a magic lantern, the girl of her became more and more dim and then passed away, leaving the old familiar face of his dear wife.

"Abbie! Darling!" he cried in a ringing voice. He raised her head from his shoulder and shook her awake. As he did so, his white hair fell like a cloud, leaving him entirely bald; the unobstructed rays of radium had withered it away at its roots.

The woman opened her eyes. Recollection came slowly and then in bounds. Then, with a shriek of ecstasy, recognizing her husband, she flung herself upon his neck and burst into a convulsion of tears.

But the professor, recovering his aged body, had also recovered his matured experience. His eyes rested on the tube of radium. He knew that when under the rays of the cathode it became transcendent, healing; but he also knew that when alone it became a terrible and subtle instrument of paralysis and death. Under its fatal glance in a few hours more the two might —who knows?—have been shriveled out of life.

"Abbie," he said quietly, raising his dear wife, "get up." Bewildered, the woman obeyed. Wrapping his arm about her tightly, lest she escape him again, he led her to the other end of the room.

At the door the professor stopped and looked back. The sun had flooded the room. It looked cheerful and natural. With a cry of joy the wife threw her arms upward and hung about her husband's

neck. Awed by his silence, her look followed his. Imprisoned within the tube of glass, deprived of its power, there that eye of radium lay, a scintillating, writhing, protesting thing, far more a living creature than a cretin—the world's strangest, most awful element of energy. The two looked upon it with horror and fascination. Ah! It was a gift of life, it was the promise of death. It was creation and annihilation. It was the whole gamut of existence from the cradle to the grave. It was God. It was devil.

Then Science took, as a great singer has reminded her that she must, the second place. Love reascended his throne. Instinctively the husband and his wife turned and clasped. With the eagerness of youth and with the solemnity of age their lips sought each other. Then the aged lovers, hand in hand, went thoughtfully up-stairs to their own room.



## THE GENERAL COUNSEL

### BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Policeman Flynn," "The Unexpected Strike," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY



Y dear boy," said Matthew Knight, patronizingly, "we could n't think of putting you on the ticket."

"Why not?" demanded Chester Grannon.

"Because you're not a big enough man," replied Knight. "You would n't help the ticket at all."

"It does n't need help," urged Grannon. "There has n't been much of a contest on the city ticket for years. So long as you don't put up a man who is seriously objectionable you are sure to win, and I don't think I am seriously objectionable."

"Not personally, but you are politically," explained Knight. "We use the city to

help us in the county and State, so we must have men of influence."

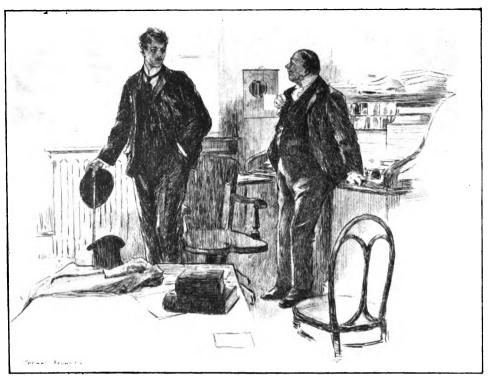
"You mean," asserted Grannon, "that a few of you control the situation and you don't intend to let any one else in. It's a good thing that you mean to keep boxed up for yourselves."

"Put it that way if you wish," returned Knight. "There's no reason why we should divide with every fellow who comes along and asks for a piece of the pie. What did you expect to get, anyway?"

"Oh, I'd like to be city attorney, but almost anything with a salary to it would satisfy me."

"Oh, you don't want to be mayor, then?"
This with sarcasm.

"I certainly would n't object to that," the young man replied quietly, ignoring the sarcasm.



"'GET YOUR START FIRST, . . . AND THEN COME BACK'"

"Well, you'll have to get some influence first," said Knight. "We give the political plums to the people who can be of service to us or who add strength to the ticket. If you were a bigger man—"

"If I were a bigger man," interrupted Grannon, "I would n't need the office. If I were big enough and prosperous enough so that I could n't afford to give my time to the duties, I could have it and turn the actual work over to a ten-dollar clerk. As it is, I need it to get a start; I have the ability, and you know it; I am willing and anxious to give my whole time to it for the good that such a record will do me—and I can't have it."

"Get your start first," laughed Knight, and then come back."

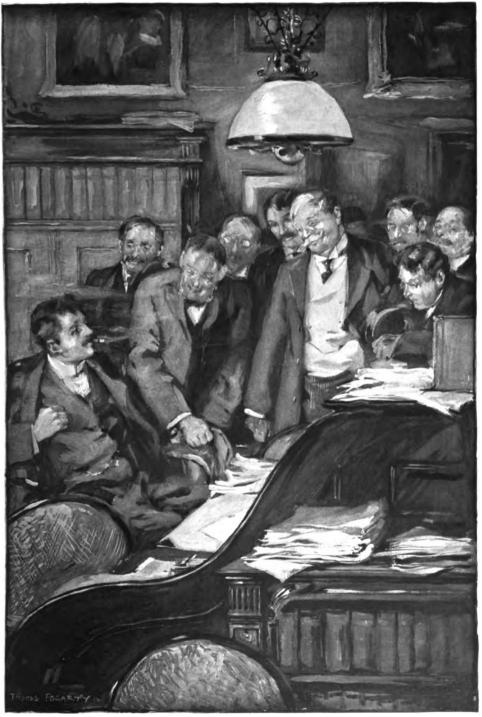
"If I get my start," was the reply, "I'll wait for you to come to me."

Grannon had not expected to be successful when he went to see Knight, but he was desperate. It was becoming necessary that he should do something. If he succeeded in getting on the ticket for any office whatsoever, it would serve to call attention to him; if he became city attorney, it would help him in his profession, in

addition to giving him valuable experience. Of course he had no right to expect this, as he was in no sense either a politician or a prominent man, but, as a matter of business, it was worth trying. They were talking of running Brownell for city attorney. Brownell did not need the office and probably would give it scant attention if he got it, for he had a private practice that claimed most of his time. It was much the same with several other positions. The men who got them were figureheads merely, who drew the salaries and left virtually all the work to their subordinates. That was why it seemed to him as if he, being willing really to earn the salary, ought to be acceptable. But he found that he was not — that a man's value to the party was of more importance than his value to the municipality.

"The party incurs the debts," he growled, "but the city or the county or the State pays them."

That being the case, and for want of a better occupation, he endeavored to become the creditor of the party by working for it industriously. He was not a politician, but he was a good business man, and



Half-tone plate engraved by Walter Aikman

"A DELEGATION WAITED UPON GRANNON"



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT CONSOLIDATION OF ALL'"

the leaders were able to use him to advan-

tage in a number of ways.

"If I can't get on the ticket," he said,
"I'll show that I'm worth an appointment of some kind. Perhaps I can get
Brownell to make me assistant city attorney."

Brownell, however, had other plans and other obligations, and after the election Knight gave him the same patronizing and unsatisfactory treatment as before.

"Wait," advised Knight. "You're too impatient. Perhaps you'll be worth some-

thing later."

"But how shall I live in the meantime?" asked Grannon.

"I don't know. How do other lawyers live?"

"Give it up," replied Grannon, promptly.
"Well, you'd better find out," laughed

Knight.

Grannon, in search of sympathy, told Miss Katharine Small all about this rebuff. Miss Small was a milliner who had a shop under Grannon's office, and they had be-

come very excellent friends.

"Kitty," said Grannon, "I see through the whole thing now. To get anything in politics you 've got to be so serviceable that the party can't get along without you, or so powerful that the bosses are afraid to offend you. Except when the exigencies of a campaign demand it, they do not put up a man because he has the qualifications necessary for the position, but because they fear him or need him politically. Either way the office is a bribe—a price paid to secure advantages or disarm opposition."

"You were asking a good deal," she suggested. "You're not very well known,

you know."

"True enough," he admitted; "but it's the way they turned me down that rankled—and the reason for it. Fitness has nothing to do with it; for Brownell and some of the others won't give an hour a day to the city, while I would have worked hard, if only to get a start."

"Well, you'll have to make yourself big enough to compel attention," she said. "How do other lawyers get a start?"

"By promoting, as near as I can make out," he replied bitterly. "Knight asked me that, and it set me to thinking about the big lawyers of the present day. They seem to be promoters and organizers, allied with the big trusts and corporations. I

guess they make their own business, without waiting for it to come to them."

"Why don't you promote?" she asked.
"What shall I promote?" he inquired
whimsically. "Do you want to be promoted?"

"If it would give me a bigger shop and more business I 'd like it." she answered.

He laughed at the idea of promoting a millinery trust on a small scale; but there was something underlying it that kept his mind on the subject. Why could not a few of the stores be combined, with beneficial results? If the great manufacturers and merchants found that desirable, why not the small ones? Having nothing else to do, he studied the situation carefully. As a foundation on which to build he had the dry-goods firm of Dillingham & Thurber, which held to the narrow limitations of its own particular field. Why should it not have a millinery department? And if it went into the millinery line, why not also take up dressmaking? These were allied industries. The materials came from one place and the work was done in another. Surely it would be economy to do it all under one roof, and would make it possible, in case of competition, to eliminate part of the double profit now necessary. It was merely applying the department-store idea of the large cities to a smaller place.

But of what advantage would this be to him? Could he make a direct charge for his work? In theory he could, but in practice he could not. He was not dealing with progressive business men or men of large means, and the mere mention of a fee would frighten all parties. Furthermore, they were not asking him to do this service; he would have to make the proposition to them and convince them that it was a good one. It took him some time to solve this problem, but he finally solved it. Then he casually asked Thurber why he did not broaden the scope of the firm's business.

"I should think you'd have a millinery

department," he suggested.

"We thought of that once," Thurber replied, "but we have n't the necessary capital to branch out to any considerable extent, and we don't want to run in debt. Besides, we 'd have to compete with the milliners who already have an established trade."

"Nonsense!" retorted Grannon. "If

you went at it right, you 'd absorb a milliner—Miss Small, for instance—and get all her customers at the same time."

"Oh, she'd want too much for her business," returned Thurber. "If we had some idle money looking for investment it might be different; but she wouldn't want to give up her independence for a salaried position, anyway."

"How do you know?" asked Grannon.
"I don't know," admitted Thurber;
"but we 're very cautious people—conservative, you know. We want to see our way clear to the end before we undertake anything."

"Oh, all right," returned Grannon, carelessly. "It's none of my business, anyway, but it seemed to me there was a good opportunity in something of that sort. It's the way they do in the cities."

Having sowed the seed, Grannon waited for it to take root.' He made occasional references to the subject, just to keep it in Thurber's mind, but only in an incidental way. No matter how conservative a man may be, he cannot fail to be interested in any plan to enlarge or increase his business. His prudence does not eliminate the desire for a greater measure of success, if only he can be assured that he is running no serious risk. He may be reasonably satisfied to be in a rut, but he is not entirely so.

Consequently Grannon was able to keep the subject agitated without seeming to force matters at all, and incidentally he added somewhat to the plan. A dressmaking department would naturally follow millinery, he suggested, and it might be worth while to put in women's and children's shoes, and possibly stationery. Of course all this came to the ears of the senior partner, Dillingham, who found the idea alluring, but feared it was impracticable. He would like to be at the head of the one great firm of the town, but he thought the risk too great. Still, he finally found himself in a receptive mood-willing to be convinced.

Meanwhile Grannon had been busy with Miss Small and with Madame Durant, the leading dressmaker. It was not easy to interest the latter, but he produced some very convincing arguments. As the manager of the department she would get a salary, and she would also have an interest in the profits of the concern. The milliner

he found more tractable, possibly because she had greater confidence and a deeper personal interest in him.

"If this is going to be such a good thing for me," she said jokingly, "I suppose you 'll demand a big fee for your services."

"I suppose I shall," he replied. "I'll sue for that later."

"Sue for it!" she exclaimed.

"Not legally, but personally," he explained. "When I demand a fee from you it will be one that can't be collected in court, and the firm will have to get a new manager for its millinery department."

"I think we'd better talk business," she said, blushing, "and— Well, I'll do just what you think best about this consolidation."

So he was finally able to go to Dillingham & Thurber with a definite proposition.

"Your fear of spending money," he told them, "shows that you don't understand finance a little bit. It 's consolidation, not purchase, that I advise, and in consolidations it is customary to make money out of wind. If you were really up to date I would suggest that you form a stock company, put each business in for exactly what it is worth, issue stock for double the amount of that, add something in the way of bonds, sell all but a controlling interest to your unsuspecting fellow-townsmen, vote yourselves good salaries for managing the business, and then do the best you could. You'd have the money and the salaries, so the question of dividends would be unimportant.'

The partners looked at him in big-eyed astonishment. Here was a man who certainly understood finance.

"But you're not up to date," he went on, "so we 'll put the proposition on a business, instead of a purely financial, basis. Stock the new company for exactly what it is worth, give to each of the incorporators the proportion of stock that the business they have done for the last year warrants, and vote to yourselves reasonable salaries for the work you will have to do. I am authorized to put in the millinery and dressmaking departments on that plan. For our purposes the exact relation of the net profits to the value of each business is unimportant, so long as we make it the same per cent. for all. If we call it five per cent., and your firm can show a profit of \$5000 for the last year, your business would go in at a valuation of \$100,000. Miss Small, who cleared only \$1200 last year, would put the millinery department in at \$24,000, take stock for that sum, and draw \$1200 a year as manager."

"Hold on!" cried Thurber, who was trying to keep the figures straight in his head. "You 're giving her as salary all that she gets now, and she 'll have the

profit on the stock in addition."

"Of course," said Grannon, calmly.
"Why not? The millinery business is n't very profitable here now, but this combination will give you the strength to improve it wonderfully. You would have to pay more than that for a capable manager who had no interest in the business; and, besides, you would draw salaries on precisely the same basis. Don't you see how impossible it is to lose? You simply vote yourselves as much as you are getting now, which is no more than a fair living, and take your share of the profits in addition."

"But, if we do that, I don't see where there are going to be any profits," argued

Dillingham.

"That's because you have n't given the matter the thought that it deserves," said Grannon. "There is the economy of administration, for one thing. You are going to save something on rent and on advertising. Three separate establishments are more costly than one big one, and three separate advertisements are more costly than one big one. Combined, you can make a better showing with less space and you can get better rates. You can also buy to better advantage and save something on clerks and salesmen. Each department will help the others in the matter of sales."

"But can we hold the business we are absorbing?" asked Thurber. "For instance, may not a new dressmaker take the location vacated by Madame Durant?"

"My dear sir, if you are alive to your opportunities, a new dressmaker could n't live," asserted Grannon. "You can sell at a price that would ruin her and still make a profit in the department that furnishes the material. You could drive her out of business and still lose nothing by it."

"How?"

"By marking up the price of goods in one department to cover the decrease in another. People who go to a bargain sale usually add a few purchases to the bargain that brought them, and so you even up. As long as all goes well you can make a reasonable profit on everything; but if you see the need of drawing trade from another, you are in a position to do it without making more than a mere pretense of a sacrifice."

This sounded plausible, but the partners still hesitated.

"What do you get out of it?" Thurber finally asked. "I suppose you're not doing it for love?"

"Oh, no," replied Grannon; "I'm doing it for politics. I find I've got to be somebody, and I'm just beginning."

"Politics!" cried the bewildered merchant. "Do you mean to say you don't

expect any cash?"

ence."

"Well, hardly that," said Grannon; "but business is more important with me just now. You have some legal business occasionally, I suppose?"

"A little. Brownell usually attends to it." "I thought so," remarked Grannon, with a satisfied smile. "Well, City Attorney Brownell is reasonably busy now, and I'd like to look after your law matters. This consolidation is worth a big fee in itself, but I'll throw it in on the condition that you pay me six hundred dollars a year to act as general counsel of the new corporation. Fifty dollars a month is n't much, and for that I am at your service whenever you have need of me. I make the figure small because I understand that you do not have much in my line except occasional collections; but this organization work alone is worth one thousand dollars.

"That certainly is reasonable," admitted Dillingham.

However, I am after business and influ-

"I meant it should be," said Grannon.
"I want to do this job, and I want to do it so well that it will bring other people to me. Do you know Knight?"

"The insurance man and politician?"

"Well, he 's a politician all right enough, and he has the agency for a number of insurance companies."

"Of course we know him."

"Well, you 'll see him climbing the stairs to my office some day. However, that 's a personal matter and this is business. Will you go in on the basis I propose?"

The partners looked at each other.

Ambition, long dormant, began to assert itself, and the mental picture was attractive. Without the investment of an additional cent of cash they would gain the controlling interest in a much larger establishment. Dillingham nodded, and Thurber said. "Go ahead."

Grannon tried to conceal his elation, and he was measurably successful until he was alone with the milliner. Then he no longer tried, for he felt the need of sharing his joy with some one who would be interested.

"Kitty," he said, "the way to get business is to make it. I 've discovered that. The way to do is to show other people how to make money and take part of the profits for your cleverness. That 's what most of the big lawyers of to-day are doing. You hear of them as lawyers, then attorneys, then general counsel, and pretty soon they 're mighty close to the whole thing without the investment of a cent of their own money. The old-time lawyer who stuck to court practice and waited for business to come to him is out of date. The thing to do is to become guide and guardian of a great corporation; and if you can't get that job with an existing corporation, why, make a new one. I've had to be modest at the beginning, but just you watch me!"

"I should think," suggested Kitty, "that you'd want a crockery and glassware department in your big store. You're aiming to make it a store for women, are n't

you?"

"Just the thing!" cried Grannon, jumping up. "If you just stick by me with your suggestions, I 'll organize this town from top to bottom; I 'll hit Knight and Brownell so hard that they 'll be saying to me, 'Please, mister, won't you be good and go to Congress from this district?' They want influence, and I 'll give it to them. And say, Kitty."

" Well?"

"They 'll have to get a new manager for their millinery department."

"How do you know?" she demanded.

"Well. I think so."

"Can't you get stock in the company any other way?" she asked maliciously, and then, when he started toward her, quickly disappeared into the workroom.

Grannon assumed a different tone with Telford, the crockery man. It was quite

immaterial to him, he said, whether Telford went into the scheme or not. Of course they would have such a department, anyway, and he was merely giving Telford a chance to get in on the ground floor. After due reflection Telford decided to go in. So did Billings, the toy and confectionery man, and Grannon convinced Dillingham & Thurber of the advisability of rearranging the consolidation on this basis.

About this time Brownell and Knight woke up. The former was losing some of his private practice and the latter began to see trouble ahead. They watched the first consolidation silently, anticipating a slip somewhere; but none came. Indeed, the venture was so successful that a consolidation fever attacked many of the merchants of the town, and rumor had it that Grannon was busy with a plan to put the businesses of a ready-made clothing dealer, a tailor, a haberdasher, and a hatter under one roof and one management. But the thing that worried them most was the clever way he divided the shoe business of Brown & Calkins. Brown, with the women's and children's shoes, was absorbed by one company, and Calkins, with the men's and youth's shoes, joined the That was a business feat that showed ability of a high order. Brown & Calkins had been among the best of Brownell's clients before, too.

"I don't believe I care to be city attorney another term," said Brownell. "Perhaps you'd better offer it to Grannon. If he'll agree to give it his undivided attention, as he wished to do before, it may be a good thing."

"Suppose you offer it to him," suggested Knight, after a moment of thought.

So Brownell ascended to Grannon's office and offered him the nomination.

"I don't believe I care for it," said Grannon, coolly. "As between your official business and your private practice I 've decided that I 'd rather have the latter. You had the chance to divide it the other way once, you know."

Brownell argued, threatened, and then pleaded, but it was no use. He pointed out that a few of the strong and disgruntled ones, by a concerted effort, could smash at least one of the companies. They could get the financial backing to start some independent shops in the old

locations and run them at an actual loss as long as might be necessary to kill the corresponding features of the consolidated enterprise.

"Where will you get that backing?"

asked Grannon.

"We will be strong enough to get it from either of the banks," replied Brownell.

"My dear sir," returned Grannon, "I am now busy drawing up the necessary papers for the consolidation of the only two banks here. I pointed out to the directors one or two recent consolidations of this sort in New York and Chicago, and convinced them that one real strong bank was better and more profitable than two of only moderate resources. I am to have a block of the stock and be general counsel of the new institution, and I think I can speak for the directors in saying that we should not care to advance money for any such shaky enterprise as you propose."

"Are you going to be general counsel to the whole city?" exclaimed Brownell.
"Perhaps," replied Grannon. "Would

you like a job as office manager?"

Brownell was too angry to reply to this, but he hastened to inform Knight that the situation was serious. Knight, however, had made this discovery himself, for the time had come to renew some of the insurance and his clerk had failed to make the necessary arrangements. The clerk had been referred to Grannon, and Grannon had intimated that he did not care to do business with an assistant.

"I wonder what he 's up to," growled

Knight.

"You 'll have to go to him to find out," said Brownell.

So Knight, even as Grannon had predicted, also ascended to Grannon's office and awaited Grannon's pleasure in an anteroom.

"I came to see you about that fire-insurance," he said, when he was finally admitted to the private office.

"I have charge of that detail for all my companies, of course," Grannon returned carelessly. "Naturally, in the consolidations we merely readjusted existing policies and let them run, but I have decided to make new arrangements as the old ones expire. I don't think I can place any more through you."

"Why not?" asked Knight, anxiously, for this meant a great deal to him.

"Frankly," replied Grannon, with engaging candor, "you are hurting yourself by devoting so much time to politics. Of course the stability of the companies you represent is in no way affected by your individual actions, but business men like to do business with business men. That's the way I feel about it. It looks like neglect when we have to deal with a clerk—as if our affairs were not receiving the attention they deserve. You 've got a paying thing there if you only give your time to it."

The coolness and effrontery of this proposition took Knight's breath away.

"Do you mean," he cried, "that my retirement from politics is the price you ask for your business?"

"Oh, I'm asking no price at all," replied Grannon. "To be successful in business you must have business influence; political influence won't do—at least in this case. When you've got your influence, Knight, come back. That's what you told me to do once."

"Do you think you own this town?"

demanded Knight.

"Not yet," answered Grannon, "but I 'm gradually consolidating it. Possibly you've noticed that this consolidation idea has taken a strong hold on the people and that they seem to regard me as the only man with the necessary experience and influence to adjust matters satisfactorily. That 's what counts, Knight—experience and influence. You ought to lay in a supply."

Knight retired, angry and crestfallen; and the next day there was a consultation of politicians. Grannon was becoming so big a man that he was dangerous politically. Aside from his commercial strength,—or perhaps because of it,—he was regarded as a man of wonderful judgment. His opinion carried weight. If he chose to enter politics he would have the following that meteoric success always brings, and the industries with which he was allied added to his power. He would have to be placated; but how?

"I think," said one of the men who had been called into the conference because his business influence had a certain value, although he had no direct interest in politics—"I think you'd better let me retire from this conference, for I am not in a position to be a disinterested judge. You see, Grannon has got hold of a fellow who

has been making a new cereal food on a small scale, and he has convinced me that there is enough in it, so that we are going to take him into our grocery firm after consolidating with Trainor's butcher-shop. We will supply about everything in the line of food, in addition to which we hope to make an exceptionally good thing of the new cereal product. All it requires is pushing, and we have secured the necessary capital. The papers were signed to-day."

"Has Grannon got his finger in any more pies?" demanded Knight, hotly.

"Several, I understand," was the reply.
"I think he has about succeeded in bringing the Smith Furniture Company, Hackley's sawmill, Marshall's varnish plant, and Dixon, who owns extensive timber lands, together, and there is talk of adding a wagon factory. I know he has been working on this for some time, and I understand it is about settled. I think, perhaps, you 'd better find out just what he wants."

The others thought so, too, so a delegation waited upon Grannon to urge him to heed the call of his enthusiastic fellow-citizens and kindly sacrifice his private interests for the public good. They offered him the mayoralty.

"Don't want it," said Grannon.

"But the city needs the services of men of your distinguished ability," urged the delegation. "We all owe something to the

city."

"I'm glad you've found it out," said Grannon. "Heretofore you seem to have gone on the theory that the city owed something to you, and you've been collecting it, with interest. Just now the city needs a good business man, rather than a politician, for mayor."

"Just what we 've been saying."

"Well, you pick out such a man—make up your whole ticket, in fact, and then bring it to me for approval. And, by the way, don't bother Knight with the details. He 's going to retire from politics for a while to gain a little business experience and influence. It 's a mighty necessary thing, is influence."

They turned toward Knight for explanation, and he knew he had come to the parting of the ways. It would have to be business or politics; it could not be both.

"Yes," he said, with great apparent frankness; "I have neglected my private business long enough in the interests of the city."

"Besides," added Grannon, "continued power makes men autocratic and unreasonably greedy. Machines have to be smashed and bosses overthrown occasionally, just to make conditions bearable."

"But what do you want?" they asked.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "I aspire to no higher office than that of general counsel. I've discovered that that is about as big and powerful a position as there is to be had these days. He may not loom up like some of the other officials, but you'll find that you've got to deal with the general counsel in pretty nearly all the big affairs of the business world. Just remember that, please."

When they had retired he laughed. He also laughed when he called to see Kitty

that evening.

"They wanted influence," he said, "and I 've given it to them; but I intend to use it mighty little—just enough to show them what a fellow can do who keeps up to date and studies modern conditions and methods instead of following ancient precedent. Influence must be used enough to keep it from getting rusty, but not enough to wear it out. Politicians, on the contrary, usually wear it out."

"Well, you can take it easy now," she remarked. "I guess there's nothing left to consolidate."

"On the contrary," he replied, taking her hand, "the time has come for the most important consolidation of all. You know what it is, Kitty, and you once said, you know, that when we were able to—"

"Oh, but I'm afraid of you now," she demurred playfully. "You 've become

such an autocrat."

"Oh, no," he urged; "I'm only general counsel, and that 's all that I want to be, even in the home."

"I suppose," she returned, with a pretty pretense of doubt, "that I could n't get a better general counsel."

And then— But this is not a love-story, so let that pass,



"'I 'M AT MY WITS' END, BROTHER DANIEL'"

# TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

### BY WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Georgians," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY GRANVILLE SMITH



BNER DANIEL was at work in his corn-patch near the main-traveled road. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and since sunrise he had been fighting

the tenacious crab-grass that threatened to choke out his promising crop. He had paused to rest, and was leaning against the rail fence when a couple passed. The woman was about thirty years of age, her companion a beardless boy of nineteen or twenty.

Immediately in their wake was a little old woman, slight and stooped, in a plain gingham dress and sunbonnet of like material. Catching the genial glance of the old man, she paused and stood for a moment, her wistful eyes on the receding couple.

"I'm at my wits' end, Brother Daniel," she said, with a sigh. "You see the antics o' them two? Well, it 's been goin' on now fer three months; it begun at the Big Bethel Christmas tree, when she put on a handkerchief fer him. That turned his head; he hain't hardly let 'er out o' his sight sence then. He growed from child to man betwixt two suns."

Abner nodded thoughtfully. "You mean Leon an' Sally Hawkes?" he said. "Yes, it 's the talk o' the neighborhood, Mrs. Waynright; it shorely is a peculiar sort of an attachment; she is plenty old enough to 'a' nussed 'im. I 'll bet she was settin' 'er cap fer beaus when he was born. Thinkin' o' that 'u'd make some fellers ashamed to act that a-way; but, as apt as not, Leon don't study about it. Somehow, I kin excuse it in 'im better 'n in her, 'ca'se she 's old enough to know better."

• The woman sighed again. "Brother Daniel, sometimes I think I 've had more put on me 'n my share in this world. I 've had three boys besides this un, an' ev'ry last one of 'em give me trouble along at Leon's age."

"About women?" said Abner.

"Yes; it looks like it runs in the blood -not in mine, thank the Lord! fer I wish narry woman had ever been made; but all o' my boys no sooner got pants on an' a dab o' fuzz on the'r lips than they made a dead run fer the fust woman in sight, an' marry they would in spite o' all possessed."

"An' not one o' the lot married well, I've heard," was the old man's sympathetic

comment.

"Not one," said Mrs. Waynright. "The two oldest jest stuck to it long enough to sorter feel tied down to responsibilities, an' they went off an' left the'r wives high an' dry. Jim 's still livin' with hisn, but I cry my eyes out ever' time I see 'im pass: looks like he hain't got a thing to live fer. When a man leaves his fireside an' loves to come an' set around his old mammy's house, like Jim does, he hain't got no paradise under his own roof. Ef he 'd 'a' had children, it mought 'a' been better. I did think I could show Leon the mistakes of his brothers, an' make 'im do better. I 've talked it to 'im sence he was old enough to understand anything, but you see how little weight it had with 'im."

"Why don't you go to headquarters an'

call a halt?" asked the farmer.

"You mean to Sally? Well, I did go over thar, but somehow she gits around the question. She jest looks sorter ashamed an' keeps wantin' to talk about other things. Then I 'm dead sorry fer 'er. I 'm sorry fer any woman that 's as crazy fer attention as she is. You see, she hain't never had a bit o' luck in the man line, an' it looks like she 's got rebellious an' has determined to show folks that she kin marry."

"What 's the boy have to say?" asked

Daniei

"Oh, he talks as big as a railroad president; he talks jest the same foolishness that his brothers did: he was doin' the marryin'—nobody else had a thing to do with it. That's what hurts so. Ef I could jest git the pore simple boy out of her clutches a month, I believe I could open his eyes. Sometimes I try to git resigned an' argue with myse'f that maybe his case will turn out better 'n the rest; an' then ag'in, when I see my pore baby boy with that old maid out in public, I jest give up, an'—"

"We must simply bust it up, Mrs. Waynright," said Abner, firmly. "We must bust it up; that 's all thar is about it."

"I wish you would help me, Brother

Daniel. But I see 'im comin' back this way: I 'll walk on."

A moment after she had gone, Leon Waynright came along spryly, cutting the dog-fennel with his walking-stick. Abner leaned over the fence toward him. "Ah, ha!" exclaimed the old man. "I seed you pass along with Sally Hawkes jest now—leastwise, it looked like her."

"Yes, that was her," said the boy, a gratified expression on his face. "I was takin' er home from Mrs. Spriggs's quiltin'."

"I'll bet my hat I know what you wanted to see her about," smiled the designing old man. "One o' the young men—the growed-up men, I mean—sent you with some word fer 'er. When I was yore age I used to pick up a lots o' odd dimes takin' notes an' messages fer young men to the gals. A few years from now you'll be hirin' boys to he'p you out. You must hear a lots o' funny things. I'd give a purty to be nigh Sally Hawkes when she got word from some man or other. She 's waited a long time; I reckon a thing like that 'u'd tickle 'er to death."

The boy frowned darkly. This method of the old man was too adroit and subtle for his comprehension; he felt that it was opposition, and yet he had not the courage to meet it as that.

"I don't know what you mean," the boy said. "I don't tote notes fer nobody."

"I reckon they sent word, then," said Daniel, looking away in well-assumed abstraction; "but, on second thought, I hardly reckon anybody is thinkin' seriously o' courtin' Sally; you know she 's been a drug on the market a long time. I wonder ef she ever told you about her 'n' that tinpeddler. She told me about it—that was away back when you was in frocks. Sally an' the peddler had up a' awful case; they was goin' to git married an' open up a tinshop in Darley, but a man come along an' reported that the peddler had a wife already, an' the skunk changed his route. Lawsy me! how Sally did take on! We heard 'er cryin' clean to the sugar-mill."

"I don't believe one word of it," said the boy, angrily. "She told me she never had had a sweetheart in 'er life."

"Maybe she meant she never had helt on to one," said Abner. "She certainly has had awful luck. I reckon she's passed

the line now an' would n't marry nobody."
"She 's goin' to marry me," said the



Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins
""SEED LEON WAYNRIGHT PASS WITH SALLY HAWKES JEST NOW"

boy, pale and excited. "She 's goin' to marry."

"I hain't goin' to stand here an' listen marry me, -that 's who she 's goin' to to you, sir," blustered the youth. "I won't put up with it from nobody."



Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington "'I NEVER WAS TICKLED BY THE GRIEF OF A CHILD O' MINE BEFORE'"

"Oh, you say she is. Well, that will certainly be some'n' to look forward to. They tell me we are goin' to have a circus in the fall, too."

"Well, I would n't," said Daniel; "I would n't. Ef I was you, my boy, I 'd marry all the old maids in the settlement, an' go about fightin' fer 'em."

"You are jest meddlin' with my business," said Leon, and he turned and walked away.

"I hit 'im purty hard," the old man mused, as he turned back to his hoe; "but I had to—I jest had to: that boy's mammy has had enough to bear. By gum! I'm sorry fer Sally, too; but marryin' this boy would n't better her in the least."

Abner finished the corn-row he was on and then went into the farm-house, put on his black alpaca coat, and walked to the cross-roads store, half a mile down the dusty road, near the swift-flowing mountain creek. The store was a narrow, onestory frame-building, with a parapet in front on which was painted a big sign pertaining to the purchase of all kinds of country produce and the sale of general merchandise at the lowest cash or credit prices.

Sim Leghorn, a bachelor about thirtyfive years of age, owned the store. He was of medium height, had a patient, confiding face, and wore better clothing than the farmers in the vicinity, the reason for this being that he came more in touch with the outer world in his occasional trips to Atlanta to purchase stock. Then, too, he met and had frequent conversations with the traveling salesmen who drove out from the railroad seeking his patronage.

Abner went into the store, helped himself to a plug of tobacco behind the counter, tossed a dime on to the show-case, and seated himself in one of the heavy hidebottomed chairs. Sim stood in front of him; he wore no coat, and thrust his thumbs under his suspenders and smiled.

"Seed Leon Waynright pass with Sally Hawkes jest now," he laughed. "He stepped in to buy 'er some red candy. Folks say they railly are goin' to make a marry of it."

"Certainly looks that a-way," responded Daniel as he took out his knife and began to cut a triangular bit of tobacco from the plug he had bought.

"They say Leon's ma 's mighty nigh distracted over it," said the storekeeper. "Well, it looks like she 's reason fer it. Every son she 's got made a plumb idiot of hisse'f at Leon's age."

"A case o' premature big head," said the farmer. "Mrs. Waynright was talkin' to me about it jest now, an' I promised to try to influence the boy. But he's beyond me: he knows it all, includin' Sally Hawkes an' womenkind in general; he 's a man, that boy is—a full-growed man! He 'd be afeard he 'd break Sally's heart an' make 'er kill 'erse'f ef he left 'er. On the way down here I was thinkin' it over, an' I sorter come to the conclusion that maybe you 'n' me mought work the rabbit foot on 'em, an' help old Mrs. Waynright someway or other."

"Me 'n' you? Why, what could I do, Uncle Ab?"

"Well, it's jest this a-way with a woman o' that brand an' vintage." Daniel smiled as he stroked his beard. "You see, she's gone without attention fer so long she's kinder lost respect fer 'erse'f. Now, you are the leadin' man in the settlement—got a good business, not married, an', in fact, are considered the catch in the community. Now, Sim, you mought do a good turn all round ef you'd jest pay Sally a little attention. Take'er in yore new buggy to camp-meetin' next Sunday."

"Me! Oh, Lord!"

"I hain't a-meanin' fer you to marry 'er," said Daniel, with a slow smile; "but ef I 'm any judge o' women, when you drive 'er out in public it 'll sorter start 'er to lookin' up ag'in; an'—an', by gum! I believe she 'll look clean over that boy's head."

"Thar may be some'n' in that," said Sim, thoughtfully; "but I reckon I hain't the man fer the job." At this juncture a customer came into the store; she was an old woman with a basket of eggs packed in cotton-seed. Sim counted out the eggs, gave her a package of coffee in exchange, and bowed her from the store. He remained at the door looking out into the sunlight for several minutes, and then he came back to Daniel.

"I hain't yore man fer one good reason," he said, awkwardly shifting his weight from one foot to the other and swaying from side to side.

"You say you hain't?"

"No, I hain't, Uncle Ab Daniel; an', jest 'twixt me 'n' you as old friends, I don't mind tellin' you why I cayn't act in that capacity. The truth is, I 've been courtin' a gal, Mary Welborn, over on the river fer four years hand-runnin'. She hain't never said the word, nor she hain't never yet pitched me out. But betwixt me 'n' you, confidential, she sorter makes me walk a



Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'SHE STOPPED RIGHT SQUARE IN FRONT O' ME, AS MAD AS A WET HEN'"

chalk-line; she is powerful particular about who I go with."

"Hun! I reckon she don't want you to go with none but her," exclaimed the farmer.

"That 's about the size of it, Uncle Abner. Lawsy me! I 'd never hear the end of it ef I went to meetin' with Sally Hawkes. I don't know but what she 'd drap me fer good an' all. No, I cayn't make a fool o' myse'f that a-way. Mary 's all the woman I ever cared fer or wanted to marry, an' I 'll never want no other ef I live to be a hundred."

"But it seems to me"—Daniel crossed his legs and spat down at a crack in the floor—"it seems to me I 've seed her gallivantin' about with drummers an' different fellers, a-havin' her fun in a general sort o' way."

"I'll admit that—I'll admit that," said Sim, sheepishly. "She don't seem to be quite as particular about who she associates with as she is about the company I keep."

Abner was looking straight into the storekeeper's face, a smile twinkling in his eyes. He grunted, and then said firmly:

"You hain't a-workin' that woman right, Sim Leghorn. You 've been keepin' company with 'er fer a long time, but you hain't yet made the right sort of a start; an' ef you keep up that lick she 'll waltz off with some other man an' give you the merry ha-ha as shore as you 're a-standin' thar."

"You say she will, Uncle Ab?" Sim's expression had never been so grave or deeply rooted in his countenance. He reached out and rested his arm on the beam of the floor-scales.

"Yes, you kin say what you please," said Abner; "but Solomon hisse'f, an' he was the greatest masher in the Bible - Solomon hisse'f could n't win a woman by lettin' 'er have 'er own way. A woman thinks a man 's a sissy that gives in to her every whim. She knows she 's a weak thing, an' ef a man don't catch hold of 'er an' yank 'er about now an' then, she thinks he 's as weak as she is. Now you jest take Sally Hawkes to camp-meetin' Sunday, like any other free-born American citizen has a right to do; an', mark my words, Mary Welborn will think a sight more of you—that is, ef you don't knuckle the minute she mentions it to you."

Sim's jaw was really a massive member,

and it looked as solid as a stone when he answered: "She nor no other woman could make me knuckle ef I did n't want to. Durned ef I don't believe you are right; I believe I 've been givin' that gal too much rein, an' flounderin' about too much at her feet." He flushed slightly as he continued: "Now I think of it, she 's goin' with Alf Prater to camp-meetin' Sunday. She 's goin' with that dude, an' expects me to ride out by myse'f an' look at 'er an' him. Uncle Ab, ef it will be doin' you any favor, I 'll ax Sally Hawkes to go with me Sunday."

"That 's the way to look at it," said Daniel. "I 'll be bound you won't lose by it."

"Well, it will be some fun, anyway," said Sim.

THE following Saturday, at dusk, Mrs. Waynright came across the dewy grass to where Daniel stood at his pig-pen, into the trough of which he had poured a pail of sour buttermilk for the noisy inmate. She was in a flutter of excitement, rubbing her bony little hands together in silent satisfaction.

"Brother Daniel," she began, swinging her sunbonnet before her, "you could n't guess what 's happened to save yore life."

"I don't know as I kin." Daniel was looking down at his pig, a twinkle in his eyes—a twinkle the woman did not observe.

"No, I know you cayn't, Brother Daniel. I 've laughed an' laughed an' cried till I feel weak all over."

"No, I cayn't imagine what has happened," said Daniel, allowing his eyes to rest on the expectant face.

"Brother Daniel, Sim Leghorn driv up to Sally Hawkes's house about a' hour by sun, an' axed 'er to go to meetin' with 'im at the camp-ground to-morrow."

"Oh, come off!"

"That's jest what he did." The woman raised her hands to her face and laughed immoderately. "He'd no sooner driv away than she run over to tell me about it, an' to borrow my cape. She 'lowed it mought be cool drivin' back after dark, an' she 'lowed she wanted some'n' thick to put on, so she could wear a thin dress. Leon was a-settin' in the corner of the kitchen unbeknownst to her, an' heard all she said. An' what you reckon? He up

an' laid down the law, bless you! Sim Leghorn was n't a-goin' a step with 'er. Leon could afford to hire a liver'-stable team, an' he was a-goin' to take 'er."

"That was a corker, was n't it?" exclaimed Daniel, with a pleasant laugh.

"What did she say to that?"

"Looked like she hardly knowed what to say," was the old woman's reply. "Him an' her stood starin' at one another fer a minute, an' then she begun to beg the boy -jest think o' that! She begged 'im not to interfere with her fun; an' finally, when the thing got worked up to a pitch, she got mad an' told Leon, she did-she told 'im he was jest a boy, an' that she never had meant to marry 'im; an' while he was a-starin' at her, she lit into beggin' 'im not to tell nobody about the'r little flirtation. She said folks would think it was silly of her, an' ef Sim Leghorn meant business, which it looked like he did, a tale like that mought spile all her chances."

"Huh!" exclaimed Daniel. "She was gittin' down to business, was n't she?"

"Well, I don't blame 'er," said the widow, thoughtfully. "Many a good married woman would n't want all her little girlish pranks to reach the ears o' the man she finally settled down to live with; an' I reckon Sim Leghorn wants 'er. Some folks says he 's got tired o' chasin' after Mary Welborn. Well, Sally will make 'im a good wife. Leon tuck it awfully hard. After she went home he come an' laid his head in my lap an' sobbed out good an' strong. I never was tickled by the grief of a child o' mine before; but even while my . eyes an' throat was full, a laugh would rise in me an' I could n't hold in. But it was all right, fer he thought I was cryin'. Well, after a while Leon set up an' wiped his eyes. 'I reckon,' said he, 'that I 've been the fool everybody said I was-as big as my brothers was; but I 'm goin' to let women alone tell I 'm old enough to understand 'em.' "

"He'll let'em alone a long time, then," said Daniel. "But, somehow, I don't believe Sim will ever marry Sally. I'd think he was tryin' to make Mary Welborn jealous ef he had a-tuck any other piece o' calico

to camp-meetin'."

The following Monday morning Abner went down to Leghorn's store. Several customers were about the counters, examining the wares Sim had pulled down from the shelves, and Sim was up to his eyes in business. However, the instant Abner entered the door he walked around the counter and extended his hand to him.

"Gee whiz! I 've got lots an' lots to tell

you!" he chuckled.

"You say you have?" Abner had drawn up one of the chairs and was about to sit down in it when Sim caught him by the lapel of his coat and held him.

"No," he said; "come in the back room. I tell you I 've got lots to say to you—lots, lots, lots! You may think you know some'n' about women, but don't I? Huh! I reckon I do. Come on."

Abner held back, waving his hand at the line of customers.

"You must n't neglect yore trade," said

"Trade! The devil!" exclaimed Leghorn, pulling Abner energetically toward the rear room. "Let'em go to Johnston's, up the road. I don't care a red ef I don't sell a dollar's wuth to-day. I 'm a good mind to shet up the dern house an' go fishin', anyway. I kin afford to. You hain't no idea what happened out thar yesterday."

"I reckon not," said Abner, smoothing a smile out of his deeply wrinkled face and looking about the little cobwebbed room in which they were now standing. "I could n't go. I reckon you had a good sermon an' plenty o' old-time shoutin'."

"I did n't hear no sermon nor no shoutin'," laughed Sim. "Ef Gabriel had blowed his horn I 'd 'a' been deaf to it. Listen to me an' quit lookin' in thar at them folks. Ef they don't want to wait till I'm good an' ready, they kin go off. I hain't in no humor to measure gingham an' weigh out coffee an' try to match calico. I tuck Sally Hawkes to camp-meetin' with me," went on Sim, working a thick excited thumb into Abner's buttonhole; "an', by hokey! I went in dandy style. I had on my plug-hat, an' every ribbon Sal had on was a-flyin' in the air like flags on a war-ship. My Kentucky high-stepper passed Mary an' Alf Prater like a cannonball, leavin' 'em in a cloud o' dust like a Texas norther."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Daniel.

"Yes, that 's the way of it," went on the storekeeper. "Somehow, yore talk t'other day sorter switched me off on a new track, an' the sight o' that sap-headed idiot with my gal fired me up. About half a' hour after we reached the ground—"

A man with one worn suspender supporting a pair of baggy, patched trousers appeared in the doorway, licking a splotch of golden syrup he had drawn from a faucet on a piece of wrapping-paper.

"What 's this brand wuth, Sim?" he asked, rolling his tongue about in his

mouth.

The storekeeper frowned. "I don't know," he answered. "I've no idea which

keg you drawed it out."

"The third one from the oil-tank on this side," said the man. "Ef you'll jest tell me the price, I'll draw it myse'f. I'm in

a sorter hurry."

"Well, I am, too," said Sim. "Go back to the front. I've got an important matter to settle with this customer. I'll be out an' 'tend to you all in a minute. Dad burn it! ef you-uns don't let me alone I'll go crazy. I'd ruther split rails than bother with a gang like that when I've got other things to think about."

"You ort n't to 'a' said that," said Daniel, as the astonished fellow moved away; "the fust thing you know, all yore

trade will leave you."

Sim was oblivious to Abner's advice. With a low laugh, he pulled down on the buttonhole. "When Mary an' her dude got thar she lit out o' the buggy an' made a bee-line to whar me 'n' Sally was a-settin' on a log under the trees, waitin' fer the fust hymn. She stopped right square in front o' me, as mad as a wet hen.

"'What did you mean by throwin' dust on me'n' Mr. Prater?' she axed, as red in the face as a beet. I remembered what you said, an' as it looked like that was her fust shot I concluded to let drive. I remembered all them four years she's been devilin' me, an' I was sorter reckless.

"'I could n't hold my hoss in,' I told 'er; 'he got in a trottin' notion, an' I could n't stop 'im. The only thing to do was to let 'im pass all in sight.'

"'Well,' says she, 'you ort to apologize; any gentleman would, after kiverin' a lady

all over with dust.'

"''T was n't my fault,' I told 'er, with a grin; 'it was the hoss's fault, an' he could n't talk.' Gee whiz! was n't she mad! She was white all over, an' the purtiest thing, Uncle Ab, you ever laid eyes on. She whirled an' went back to Alf, an'

I made a dead set at my partner. I had to pass by Mary an' her dude to git to the spring, an' I fetched water fer Sal every hour in the day, an' always went whistlin' a jig. Then some o' the folks along with Mary come over an' invited Sally an' me to put our basket to the'rn an' eat dinner together; but me 'n' my partner refused, an' we had ourn in the shade on a hillside, in plain sight o' the rest. I was havin' the fust frolic with Mary I ever had had, an' I sorter liked it. Then, after dinner, when Sally went to Mrs. Wilson's tent to rest up a little, what did Mary do when she seed me by myse'f but mosey over to me. She had a sorter different lookkinder give-in like, an' yet proud an' cold.

"'I want to know,' says she, 'what you mean by fetchin' that old maid out here.'

"'I don't know's she's so very old,' said I, as independent as a hog on ice. 'I don't know but it's a sorter comfort to go with folks old enough to be sensible once in a while.'

"That made 'er madder 'an ever; but, you see, I was makin' 'er talk to me, an' that was some'n'. She stood still fer a minute, an' then she begun lookin' toward Mrs. Wilson's tent like she did n't have any too much time, an' all at once I seed her lips sorter quiverin'. I was dyin' to grab 'er, but I remembered the talk me 'n' you had, an' I helt in.

"'Then,' says she, 'you don't mean what you 've said to me.'

"I had the bit 'twixt my jaw-teeth, but I almost spit it out, fer I seed water in 'er eyes. I was afeard I 'd lose all ef I weakened, so I helt in.

"'I tell you, Mary,' said I, 'I'm a marryin' man. I mean business. I'm tired o' livin' alone in the back end of a store, when other men are a-toastin' the'r shins at a cheerful family fire. I'm tired o' foolin'. Sally may not be as good-lookin' as some I know, but she 's good-natured, an' she don't run round with sap-headed dudes.'

"'Beca'se she cayn't!' said Mary, an' then she busted out cryin'; an', 'fore we knowed it, me 'n' her was a-walkin' in the woods 'long a narrow shady road an' plannin' gittin' married right off. So you see, Uncle Ab, that 's what 's the matter with me. I 'm the durndest luckiest an' happiest man on earth!"

Abner was looking straight in front of him through an open door upon a field of young corn waving in the broad sunlight. He extended his hand to Sim, and while it clasped that of the storekeeper he said:

"I was jest a-thinkin' about Sally. Poor woman! It looks like no happiness kin

come to anybody without an equal amount o' misery crappin' out in some other life. I 'm glad things has come yore way, Sim; but ef I was the Lord, I 'd pervide a husband o' some sort fer Sally Hawkes."



"'LEAVIN' 'EM IN A CLOUD O' DUST'"

## SPRING SONG

### BY JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL

NOW rosy Love stands eager at thy gate, Let not hag Reason guile thee to debate! Sweet, let him in with nature's simple grace, With laughter low, soft words, and flushing face.

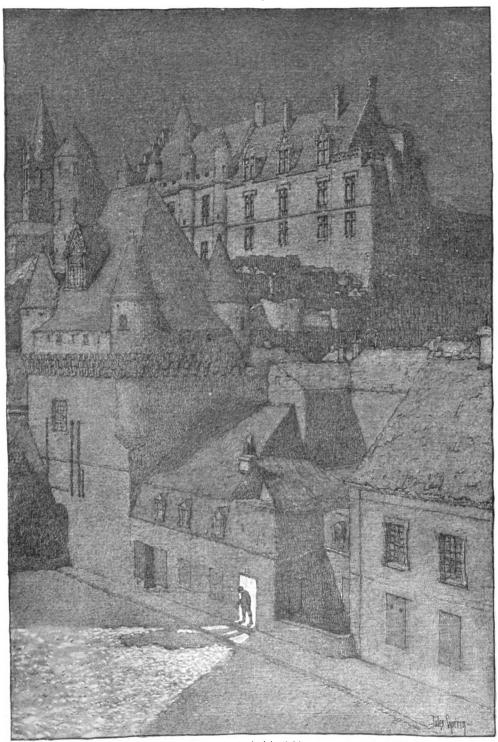
When first the jonquil's petals blow apart She takes the bee into her honeyed heart, And hugs him there, for her brief time to reign Goes when the brier-bush blossoms in the lane.

Thus doth she help me plead my cause with thee, Saying, "In love's own hour he taketh me; Which hour," she saith, "of ecstasy is meet To render all the days of living sweet.

"Without this tremulous, consummating hour Time is a plant that never comes to flower, Time is a chalice with a rare design Which bids thee drink, but holds for thee no wine."

Heed, then, dear heart, while summer waits ahead, Ere autumn weep like Grief above her dead, And the gay year in retrospect shall seem A fevered, fruitless, Tantal-tortured dream!

For, waiting long, if never came thy love, Then miser Life hath given me not enough, And all the beauty which her warm heart willed Hath mocked me with a promise unfulfilled.



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF LOCHES

# THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

### SECOND PAPER: LOCHES AND LANGEAIS

#### BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," etc.



Y something like a misadventure, my first view of Loches was a view of Fulk Nerra's donjon, the oldest and almost the only bit of his castle now remaining.

It was such a prodigiously wicked-looking place that it made me unhappy for the rest of the day, or at any rate colored my views of everything I saw. The walls were so thick, and the great tower of ancient masonry-dating, be it remembered, from before Norman William's time—looked so malevolent, that it was impossible not to credit it with even more mischief than history lays to its charge. There it stood, square and black against the sky, with no sort of pretense of being other than extremely disagreeable. It was built to enable a Norman bandit to make good his hold on the Loire. He had gained this in the usual way, and was indeed the usual sort of person for the undertaking in those days. Nations have, or had, to get straightened out by means of the like of him—a perfect devil in his mad rages, and one sparing nobody when the fit was on him. When the fit was off, he built an expiatory church, or went on pilgrimage, always to resume his wholesale destruction of his fellowcreatures on his return, until death laid him by the heels. The conclusion seems to be that, whatever may be our hurry with schemes for the regeneration of the race. Providence can afford to wait.

The interior of the structure was even more depressing. For the little light that came in you were mainly indebted to the gaps in the roof. It was primitive to the last degree, both as slaughter-house and as dwelling, and it could never have been other than absolutely non-existent as a boudoir. An awful hole, in the lowest

depth of it, ran well-wise into the earth, and then, by a long gallery, out to a secret place in the open fields, whither, in times of siege, partizans stole secretly by night, and sent in stores for the garrison. This was Fulk Nerra's little secret, and in some sort his little joke. He was quite superior to tinned provisions in an age when the contents of the larder soon perished of natural decay. So he, and many that came after him, used to hold out in this donjon in a way that surprised the invaders (sometimes the invading English), who were altogether baffled and disgusted by the fact that the fortress, however closely invested, never seemed in want of a dinner.

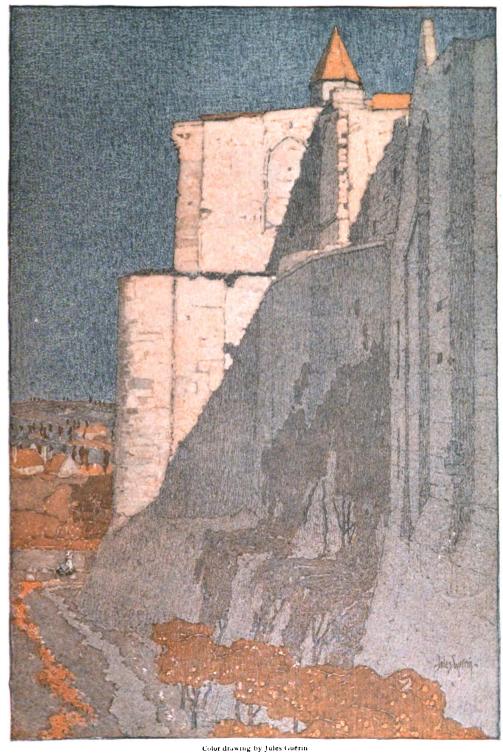
To see this tower is to understand that the Renascence, in so far as it affected architecture, was an inevitable change. Mankind could not have gone on living in such places without some catastrophe of universal suicide. Another part of the building, Fort St. Ours, is just as bad as the donjon-narrow, murderous, a perfect cutthroat's dive. What must it have been as a dwelling? The contrasting Porte des Cordeliers, a building some four hundred years younger, though still old enough, has windows through which you may put your head, and is fairly habitable. And the donjon, as we see it above-ground, was reserved for the good people. Think of the prisons below, where they lodged the bad! If Fulk Nerra built them, Louis XI enlarged them and always kept them full. Surely nothing more fearful as an abode of man has ever been invented by his fellow. They are worse than those topsyturvy cones of excavation that Verestchagin saw in Samarkand; for there, though the captive had to be lowered down with a rope for want of a staircase, he still had a better sight of the sky. At Loches he

was cribbed in the solid stone, like a toad in his seam of coal. As you descend behind the guide with the candle, you are positively thankful for the donjon above. You brush the white wall at every step. and here and there come on a slimy dampness where the water from the wells above has found a rent. Then you reach a sort of first story with its range of cavernous lock-ups all hollowed out of the rock, and below this a second with the same inversion of the mundane order as in the fabled hells. The wall is never less than twelve or fifteen feet thick, and it is pierced with loopholes—not for defense, of course, for no assault could start from this level, but just to give the poor wretches below the irreducible minimum of light and air. This is calculated to a nicety: with a fraction less, they could not have held out for their term of torture. Who shall explain the way of the world as one finds it in the history of the race? France had to pass through all this to make it the perfect civilization we see to-day. But, oh, the mystery!

The father of Diana of Poitiers was shut up in one of these cellars for a time, and wrote most piteous letters to his daughter, then, as ever, high in favor, imploring her to get him out. To her credit, she took the necessary steps, and he found the light once more. One may imagine that he came back to it as Browning's Lazarus came back to life, never quite the same man again. His prison is simply a bit of everlasting blackness walled in, as from the void of chaos and old night. Others are still but relative in this kind of horror. There is a ray in the den of Ludovico Sforza (" Il Moro"), sometime, like Prospero, "duke of Milan and a prince of power." The place where this ray falls at certain hours by a sort of ricochet, and at last hits the wall, he marked by a scratch which remains to this day. For all that, he managed to produce frescos that likewise abide. In another cell, the stone is worn away where forlorn creatures scrambled up daily through long years to clutch the bars and glimpse the light before its coming, or enjoy the last of it as it went. Ludovico was a very great personage indeed, a powerful intriguer, who threw himself athwart the path of the French under Louis XII, to check their inroads on Italy begun by Charles VIII. Louis was beside himself with joy when he made the capture, and he determined to hold his man for life. He did so, though, to be fair, with an easier grip toward the end of the term.

La Balue, the cardinal, was another prisoner. In his cell you light a match and you see a staple in the roof from which they suspended him in his historic cage. The cage is not there; but, by accounts, it seems to have been a thing in wrought-iron answering to a famous definition of network as "something reticulated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." The interstices could have been nothing to speak of, or he might have squeezed his way out. However, he was allowed to receive visitors—of a kind. But there: everybody knows the story. You may still see the little opening in the wall through which Louis XI and Tristan used to come down, when they had nothing better to do, to gibe at their prisoner. Outside the cell, in a sort of antechamber that looks on the well for light and air, are the bedsteads of the Scottish guard. They are mere oaken troughs in a row, filled, no doubt, in their time with straw. The bishops who fell under the displeasure of Louis were in worse case. They were a stage lower than the cardinal; but, on the other hand, they had one another to talk to. It is in their cell that you see the stone all scraped where they worried their way up the wall, with hands and knees, to get the first and last of the sun.

The decorative work, in pictures and inscriptions, wrought by the poor creatures is wonderful in the circumstances. They must have done it all in the twilight. A modern writer has copied the scraps of text—a labor of pity, of course by a woman's hand. One of them is ironical: "Enter, gentlemen, the house of the king, our master." (I translate.) Ludovico's contribution is quite a work of art. He has written something on his-ceiling in huge poster characters, not easy to make out. Then he has arabesqued all the lower part of the wall, and on this as a background tried another poster. Elsewhere you see that he remembered his Dante in the "Nessun maggior dolore." But for his confirmation of Francesca, I should have ventured to differ from her, as the old lady ventured to differ from St. Paul. Surely there is a still greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness, and that is



LOCHES: THE TOWER OF FULK NERRA

to have no remembrance of sunshine in one's darkest hour. Commines, the chronicler, whose diplomacy saved Louis XI at Péronne, but who contrived to offend his successor, has scrawled in Latin his word to the wise: "I have sometimes repented of talking, never of holding my tongue." He had the wherewithal for effectual contrition. His place of suffering is hardly to be called a cell. It is a mere cupboard wherein he could neither sit, stand, nor lie down at his ease. They seem to have reveled in the infliction of this particular torment: nearly every self-respecting castle had such a hole in it. But here again, in the nature of the case, one feels that it could not have been occupied for long. The prisoners would have perished by the stiffening of the body in its curves.

But were they quite so wretched as at first seems? One tries to think not. It is an interesting question where the true smart of the dungeon really lies. Is it in the mere physical torment, in the cold and narrow coops and the hard fare, or in something else? I am rather inclined to look for it in the perfect order of the modern system, where the meals are regular, and the cells are warmed, coupled as this is with the discipline of iron, and especially with the prohibition of chatter. I cannot but suspect social assuagements at Loches unknown to the record. Perhaps the captives were allowed to meet in the daytime, and to say their say. I do not think human nature could have held out in these pens, with unbroken solitude as part of the infliction. The best-conducted person finds it hard to entertain the thoughts of the darkness and of the silence without a pang. With these multiplied into the experience of the whole twenty-four hours, and of the days and years, mind and body together would certainly give way. There were human beings who survived the subterraneans of Loches: Loches therefore cannot have been so bad as it looks. In England they are proud of the contrast between their jails as Howard and as Mrs. Fry knew them, and the model establishments of the day. But, after all, in old Newgate there was "company." There was any amount of dirt and disorder, there was jail-fever, there was everything horrible, except perfect seclusion and perfect discipline; and that made all the difference. The wretches herded together in their common room, perhaps even in their straw at night; they drank, smoked, gambled, quarreled, and fought, and all this gave a pulse to life.

A modern prison is almost perfection. from the point of view of the sages; and, for that very reason, it must be torture to mortals not made for the perfect state. You are kept free from temptation; you have regular exercise, food adapted to your needs to the fraction of an ounce. Silence is golden: in that respect you have a golden time. Good books are desirable: the best of all books is in your cell. You go to bed early, you rise with the lark, the evening's amusement never troubles the morning's reflection. In short, you are "just so," without the possibility of excess; and the result is a depth of dejection beyond the reach of plummet-line. The jails of Smollett and Fielding, with all their horrors, are, in one aspect, genial slums. Compare the Marshalsea of Dickens with the prison of Charles Reade's masterpiece, and you cannot help suspecting that the pang must lie in the monotony of virtuous opportunity. Unless the prisons of Loches were mere lethal chambers meant to kill offhand, there must have been mitigations in the discipline, of which we have lost the trace.

Certainly Louis XI took it out of his captives. In another part of the fortress, the comparatively modern one that dates from the close of the middle ages, they show you certain supplementary prisons built by his order. With these is a long, low, rather trimly built chamber that is all the more disquieting because, as we see it now, it affects to be so void of offense. It might do for a wine-cellar. It was really the place of torture, where everything went on as smoothly as in the operating-theater of a hospital. All that is left of its terrors now is a place in the center to which the poor wretches were fastened down for their turn of pincers, thumb-screw, or sulphur. Elsewhere you are led into an underground chapel to which the old reprobate king used to go to say his prayers—in the very place worn by the knees of St. Martin of Tours centuries before him, for it is one of the most ancient chapels in Christendom. In a corner of it they keep a choice assortment of broken skulls once the property of some of his Majesty's victims. There is, moreover, a curious little recess in which he is said to have walled up his confessor alive, just to save the holy man from the temptation of betraying a secret recently heard in confession.

Perhaps it is not all true. What if the fractures of the skulls were but a device of the guides to enable the castle to live up to its legend? At a well-known coffee-house in London, a stain left by the wig of Dr. Johnson on the wainscot has a freshness and a vitality suggestive of periodical retouch by the waiters with a pork chop. It is the business of guides to make the most or the best of things. They take a positive pride in their wicked characters, and find their interest in making your flesh creep. It is as though they felt a sort of jealousy of other establishments the founders of which have a reputation for greater villainy pitting Louis at Loches against, say, Henry and the Guises at Blois, pretty much as New York, in times of revivalist agitation, backs its wickedness against the wickedness of Chicago.

An old man, not an accredited guide, but a sort of hanger-on, makes quite a decent living by supplementing the legend about the depravity of the hero of Loches. He has a settlement in the moat, a sort of freehold, probably bought for a few francs in the time of the Revolution. He has been so lucky, while pottering about in his garden, as to find certain subterranean passages which communicate, on one side, with the donjon of Fulk Nerra, and, on the other, as he fondly fancies, with remote parts of the old province. All he wants to prove it is time and money enough to dig. The old king is supposed to have adopted this method of paying surprise visits to his people. He was upon them before they could find time to say: "Art thou there, old truepenny?" It is hard to believe that he could have been quite so vicious as they say. Whether he was or not, he was certainly a powerful instrument of good. He kept one object steadily in view, —the unity of the country,—putting down the great conflicting feudal jurisdictions that all France might be bound together under one scepter and one law. No doubt much of his cruelty was due to the idea that the virus of disunion was a thing to be got rid of only with the actual cautery. He had his uses in the scheme of things, in fact, just as Loches had, and beyond that our insight can no further go. But I am writing as though the donjon were all Loches. It is not. The mass of the later building, still ancient, with the superb collegiate church of the earlier date, stands out in majesty above the roofs of the town at the foot of the hill. For all that, the château is hardly a place to live in, though the prefect of the department has his residence there.

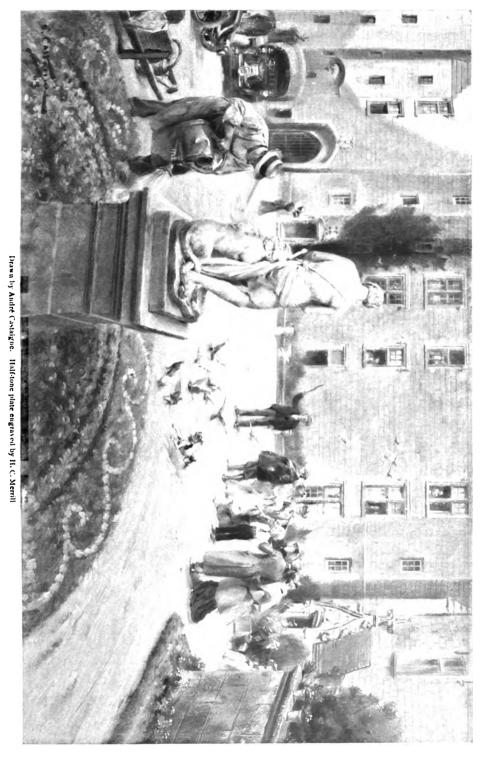
For the best example of the ancient stronghold serving the purpose of the modern dwelling we must leave the Indre and go to Langeais, on the far side of the Loire. This magnificent edifice has everything it should have for the purposes of the tourist. It is rich in remains of the great period; it has a tower of old Fulk Nerra antedating the Conquest; it is a modern "inhabited house"! You range from the mere shell of the Norman ruin to rooms still interesting enough as dating from the early Renascence, yet but lately decked with the lightest knickknacks from the boulevards. The simple reason is that the place is, or was but the other day, in effective occupation—one of the few lived in simply and solely for the sake of living pleasantly. The contrast between the massive furniture, all "of the epoch" of the earlier time, whether of ancient or modern make, and the latest superfluities of Parisian luxury was, as it used to be seen, most striking. You found an album of the "Figaro," or a silver ball for warming the interior of a lady's muff, lying on an oaken cabinet of mid-fifteenth-century make. They had evidently been left where they were last tossed aside, and with no thought of catching the eye of the visitor. The parapet of the house, where the family might have taken a breezy walk in fine weather, has done good service in its day as a death-trap for unwelcome visitors engaged in hammering down the door below. Its projecting floor is removable in sections, to show where the garrison dropped stones and the brown ruin of boiling oil, or the black of pitch, on the heads of intruders.

The building is well contrived for those who like to combine castellated state with the amenities of modern life. Nothing can be finer than the massive towers, the great gateway, and the drawbridge, as you come upon them by the main approach. Its habitable advantages are best exemplified in the view from the courtyard. It



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF LANGEAIS

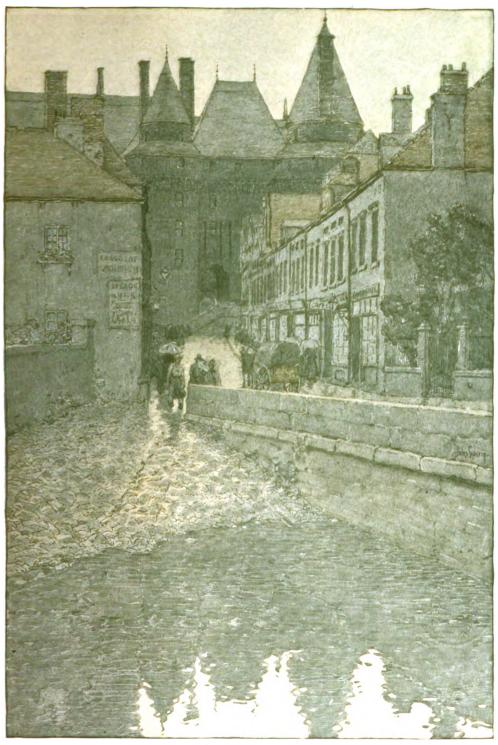


would be preferable. I think, in its summer uses. The semi-darkness of some of the rooms would be more welcome then. and the flooring, sometimes tiled in tender greens and yellows, more grateful to the feet. For, do what you will with these old castles, you cannot bring them altogether up to the standard of modern requirement. The walls are too thick; the windows, though fairly capacious, waste too much of the light on its passage through the gorge of solid masonry. The great fireplaces warm the birds above quite as much as the inmates below; and they need a liberal supplement of hot-air piping to accommodate them to the wants of a generation that shivers at a gust. It is all a matter of habit, no doubt, but the habit is there. Then the ceilings are low—more or less incurably so, for the beams that support them are hardly to be shifted now without bringing down the structure. One attempt, however, has been made, and with success, to knock two stories into one by taking liberties with the chambers immediately under the roof. They have been united by the suppression of a floor, and they make a hall of imposing dimensions in height as in breadth.

This chamber is of historic interest. It is, in its lower part, the one in which Anne of Brittany married at seventeen her first husband, Charles VIII, and so brought her little duchy into the realm of France. She had indeed been married, after a fashion, before that to Maximilian of Austria, the great rival of France: but it was only by proxy. for he was much too busy to favor her with his personal presence at the altar. Indignant France took the field and compelled her to throw over Maximilian and accept Charles VIII. Brittany was the last of the feudal states standing out of the union that made the country one. The process of welding states into realms and empires has gone on, in its several ways, in all lands and in all times. In the older European countries, it has generally involved the extinction of local rights. In the present instance, the change was effected by one of those marriages by arrangement dear to the French heart. Anne did not care a fig for Charles, and he probably cared as little for her. But this consideration has ever sat lightly on the consciences of contracting parties, high or low, of their clime. Affection is supposed to come by the sense of the community of interest; and, by a miracle, it often does. The theory is that any average man and woman will learn to like each other by having to pull in the same boat, especially when, in good time, the equipage bears a freight of children. There was a special provision in the contract that, in the event of her becoming a widow, she should be bound to marry the next King of France. She became a widow; there was no surviving heir of Charles; a cousin succeeded as Louis XII, and he claimed her according to the bond, first divorcing his own wife for the purpose. So the Duchess of Brittany became a second time wife of a king of France. Anne was by no means a pawn in the game. She was a masterful person full of character, and her indirect influence on the course of French history was considerable.

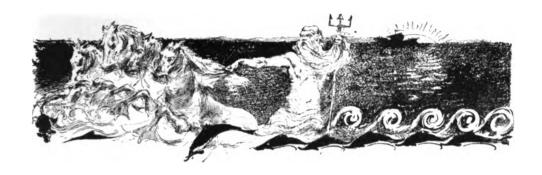
Loches, which we have just left, is associated with the name of another woman of far greater importance in this respect — Agnes Sorel. She governed the heart of Charles VII, as Joan of Arc may be said to have governed his mind, and all to the end of the redemption of the country. He was a weak creature, but there was generally a woman at hand to save him from the worst.

Agnes was an abiding influence. She lived in his palace, and, in some extraordinary way, had the esteem of his queen, who was perfectly well aware of the relationship. Joan's influence, by its very nature of religious exaltation, was less constant and abiding. Agnes, in spite of the equivocal nature of her position, was pious, public-spirited, and of the sweetest and gentlest disposition. The king wrote to her as he might have written to his mother, in terms of veneration and respect. Her tomb is at Loches, and it bears an inscription that would be rather flattering for a saint. She died a personage, and left a very proper will with many pious bequests. The point of view is all-important to those who want to understand the life or the history of France.



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

APPROACH TO THE GATE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF LANGEAIS



## UNDER ROCKING SKIES

### BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

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OR a quarter of an hour Thomas Medbury had been standing at the east window of his mother's parlor, gazing out across his neighbor's yard with an eager intent-

ness that betrayed a surprising absorption in a landscape without striking features and wholly lacking in any human interest. The low-studded room in which he stood was closely shut and darkened, having about it the musty smell peculiar to old houses. There were sea-fans before the fireplace, flanked on each side by polished conch-shells. On the wall hung an oilpainting of the brig North Star, with all sail set, and at her fore-truck a white burgee, with her name in red letters, standing straight out in half a gale of wind. Family portraits in oval gilt frames were ranged with mathematical precision along the remaining wall-spaces, and on the mantelpiece stood a curious collection of objects brought from far lands-carved ivories and strange ware from China, peculiar shells, a Japanese short sword, and a South Pacific war-club. No one would have needed to be told that it was the home of a sailor.

Indeed, a keen observer might have guessed it from the young man himself. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and bronzed to the color of overripe wheat. His eyes had the steady, far-seeing look of the seaman, but were not yet marked about by the crow's-feet that the glare of the sun on the sea brings early in life. It was, moreover, a strong face, straightforward and pleasant, and irradiated by an almost boyish eagerness.

Suddenly he leaned forward with quickened interest as the door of his neighbor's house opened, and there stepped forth a short, stout man of sixty, who stood a moment for a last word and then hurried down the boxwood-lined path. He, too, was clearly a sailor: he walked with his feet far apart, like a man so habituated to the rolling deck that it seemed a waste of time and energy to alter his gait on the rare occasions when he trod the firm ground. Medbury perceived that his face wore a look of placid satisfaction, and with the tightening of the lines of his own to an unspoken resolution, he hurried through the house and across the yard, and, vaulting the low dividing fence, approached his neighbor's back door.

He lifted the latch without knocking, and at once came face to face with a weteyed young woman standing at a table and listlessly cutting out sugar-cookies with a tin mold. A child of four, leaning against her, reached eagerly for the cutter, and a boy of ten sat near the stove, softly crying.

"Annie," said Medbury, abruptly, "where 's Bob? I want to see him."

"He 's up-stairs, packing. He 's going

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out with Cap'n Joel March," said the young woman, tragically. The boy by the stove broke into a wail, and she turned sharply toward him.

"Do stop it, Bobbie!" she exclaimed. Then she walked toward the door to call her husband.

She returned at once, her husband, tall, brown, and wiry, walking behind her with the subdued step of a culprit who feels that by stepping softly, smiling unobtrusively, and gainsaying no man, he may escape, through his humility, what he deserves for his misconduct. His good-natured face lighted up at sight of Medbury.

"Bob," said Medbury, without other prelude than a nod, "I want you to do me a favor: don't go out this trip with Cap'n Ioel."

The other smiled uncertainly and seated himself.

"Why, that 's a funny thing to ask, Tom," he said wonderingly. "Annie 's been at me, of course; but I don't see what odds it makes to you. It 's a good berth, and it don't seem right to let the chance go by. Besides, I 've promised the old man. I can't back out now."

"But he promised me he 'd stay home a spell," broke in his wife. "He thinks that 's nothing. He 's just got home, after being away eleven months. Why, baby did n't know him!"

Under the concentrated gaze of her elders, the child contemplated her father as a blinking puppy might have looked at an object that, from being unfamiliar and terrifying, had gradually become an accepted but still unexplained phenomenon. But presently she turned to Medbury.

"Him gived me a pen-n-y," she said, with a serene gravity that seemed to concern itself with the fact as a historical statement rather than as a personal gratification.

Medbury seized her and tossed her, giggling, in his arms.

"He did, did he?" he exclaimed.
"Well, he does n't deserve to have another
if he can't stay home and get acquainted
with you." He seated himself, and, with
the child snuggling against him, turned to
her father again.

"It 's a shame, Bob, after promising Annie. Mother says she has n't talked about anything for six months except your coming home for a while. She said you were going to paint the house and fix things up, and she's been running around asking everybody about the best kind of paint, and planning where to set out shrubs and make flower-beds, and dig up a little garden for the children. And now you run off at the first chance!"

"Why, I don't see why you take it so to heart, Tom," said Bob, smiling, but a little grieved. He felt they ought to feel that he did it only for the best.

"Well, I 'll tell you why: I want to go myself. I asked Cap'n Joel to take me, but he would n't hear to it. Now, if he can't get anybody else, he 's bound to let me go in the end."

Bob looked at him in amazement.

"Why, you're going to have the new bark! What do you care for—" Then all at once his face broke into a comprehending grin. "Oh, I see," he added. He sat for a moment smiling down at the floor. "All right, Tom," he said, looking up at last. "I'll do it. I would n't for anybody else. I really did n't want to go, but I felt I ought to. But what I'm going to say to the old man—" He looked at them with a troubled face.

"Nothing," replied Medbury, promptly. He turned to the boy, who was listening eagerly, the new hope of keeping his father at home brightening his tear-stained cheeks. "Bobbie, go over and tell my mother you want my fish-lines; then run up to Cap'n March's and tell him your father can't go, after all. And hurry right back; your father 's going to take you fishing."

The boy went out of the door and over the fence with a wild whoop of unrestrained joy. Medbury caught up a hat and put it on his friend's head.

"You 'll find my boat under Simeon's shop; everything 's in her," he told him. "We 'll send Bobbie right down. And hurry; the tide 's right for fishing now. You want to get right off." He laughed boyishly. Then he gently pushed Bob toward the door and watched him going down the street.

"Well, that 's done," he said to Annie, and stepped outside, with his hand still holding the latch. Suddenly he looked back. "Annie," he said, "tell Bob I want him to go out with me as mate when the bark 's finished. Of course that 's six months away; but tell him to keep it in

mind." With that he hurriedly closed the door.

The boy returned, and followed his father, and five minutes later Captain March turned in at the gate. His face was no longer placid, but wore a look of annoyance. Medbury, watching him, saw him go away a moment later, hurrying toward the harbor, taking shorter steps than usual, and biting his bearded under lip in his perplexity.

"Seems kind o' mean to bother the old fellow," Medbury said to himself, looking troubled. He shook the feeling off as he added: "I guess it 's for his good. Now he 'll look up Davis; he 's the only man

he can get."

As he passed out of his gate, Annie called to him from her doorway. She was smiling.

"I wish you good luck, Tom."

"Thank you, Annie," he replied. "Don't tell about this."

She shook her head and laughed.

"Not till it comes out all right," she promised.

John Davis was sitting in the shipyard watching the carpenters setting up a sternpost for a new vessel, and there the captain found him. Medbury, watching them, saw them go away together; but at the corner of the Shore Road and Main street they separated.

Half-way up High street, Medbury

caught up with Davis.

"You 're walking fast, John," he said. "Just shipped with Cap'n Joel," Davis replied, not slacking his gait, but rather increasing it, as befitted a little man, sensitive as to his size, when walking with a

long-legged companion.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," Medbury told him. "You 're not going." He smiled, but he glanced uneasily at Davis out of the corners of his eyes.

Davis stopped and looked at him. He was a middle-aged man with a red beard and an uncertain temper, and now he stared at Medbury with flushing face. Then he broke into a laugh.

"I ain't, eh?" he demanded good-naturedly. "I'd like to know why not."

Medbury smiled and laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Because I want to go myself, John," he replied. "I've got to go."

Davis stared at him with dropping jaw.

"You!"

"That 's what I said," Medbury replied. For a moment Davis stood grinning uncertainly; then he looked up.

"Where 's the joke?"
"Blamed if I see it." he asked.

"It 's no joke," said Medbury, patiently. "I 've got to go. I can't tell why-just now; but some day I may."

Davis gazed up and down the street with an abstracted air; but all at once he drew himself together and exclaimed:

"Well, I 'll be-" He broke off suddenly, and, turning sharply, began to walk back to the village.

"Where are you going?" asked Medbury, still standing in the road.

Over his shoulder Davis answered laconically:

"To tell the ol' man I can't go." He did not stop.

"It 's mighty good of you, John," Medbury called humbly. "I'll make it up to you somehow-see if I don't."

"Make it up!" cried Davis, stopping in the road. "I don't want nothin' made up. You made it up, years ago, when you got me out of that affair in Para. You did n't ask no questions that night; nor when you run across our bar in that no'theaster to fish up my boy when his boat capsized. I don't know what you 're up to, and I don't care. It's all right." He waved his hand lightly, as if to dismiss all obligations, and departed in search of Captain March.

But half a dozen steps away, Medbury heard him laugh, and turned to see him standing in the road, looking back.

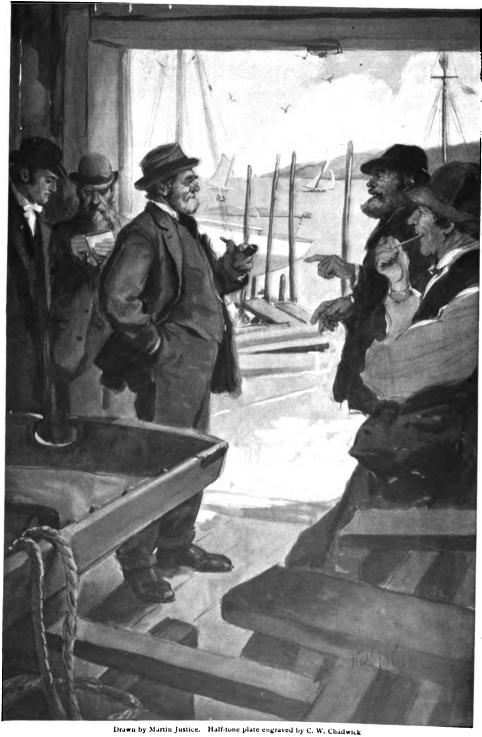
"Just this minute saw what you was aimin' at," he called to Medbury. "Well, good luck to you!" And, grinning to himself, he went his way.

"Now," thought Medbury, "if Cap'n March 'll only keep his eyes open for the rest of the day, I guess he 's not going to miss seeing me. I shall be near, but not too near. Only I wish I knew of something to hurry him up before too many people laugh and wish me luck."

Fate, in the hands of a woman, was to

do that for him.

WITH something of the serene imperturbability that was a part of his habitual attitude toward life, the Rev. Robert Drew sat in a rocking-chair on the little porch



"THERE WAS A TWINKLE IN CAPTAIN MARCH'S EYES"

of his house and, slowly rocking, looked out across the waters of the placid bay while he awaited Captain March's summons. For twenty-four hours he had scarcely stirred from home, that he might be in instant readiness for departure on the coming of the captain's messenger; but the messenger still tarried, and the Henrietta C. March, lying quietly at anchor off the harbor with her mainsail up, seemed no nearer to sailing than she had been the day before.

It was early in March—March that had come in like a lamb and now lay drowsing under a sun that hourly reddened the buds and gleamed white on the salt-meadows and the shining boles of trees. There were bird-calls at intervals; barnyard fowls sunned themselves in garden spaces and sent up cloudy veils of dust: the life of the earth was awakening. Drew could see dark specks about the harbor's mouth: he knew that the boats had begun to go out for flatfish. The thought of even that mild activity moved him to impatience, and, getting to his feet, he walked to an open window and looked in.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going to find Captain March and get some reason from him why he does n't sail. He can get a good mate, I hear; I don't understand his delaying. I'm tired of it. If he is n't going. I wish to know it, and arrange for a vacation elsewhere."

"Very well, Robert." His mother looked up brightly. Her son as an instrument of strenuous aggressiveness amused her. She had the sense of humor, which he had not inherited, and it was this sense that lured her on to add: "Don't say anything that you may regret."

"Oh, no," he answered gravely, and went away, leaving her to the silent laughter that always seemed to him, whenever he was a witness of it, as something peculiarly elusive and almost pagan.

In all Blackwater there was no cooler spot than Myron Beckwith's boat-shop. Facing the Shore Road, and standing on piles, with big sliding doors opening at each end, on a hot summer afternoon one could always find a cool breeze drawing through it and hear the water lapping about the piles beneath the floor. The panorama of village life passed by on the Shore Road, and at the back doors one could sit and watch all the activity of harbor and wharves

and see the vessels going up and down the sound. To sailors ashore and to idlers in general it was an attractive spot. Here Drew found Captain March standing in a little group near the rear doors, ruminating on life

"No," he was saying, "things go best by contraries. A sailor ought to marry a girl from the inboard, who does n't know a scow from a full-rigged ship and is just a little scart at sight of salt water. A man like the dominie here," he added, as Drew halted by the group, "ought to marry a girl who 's never been under conviction and has got a spice of old Satan in her. That 's what gives 'em variety and keeps 'em interested. When you know just what you 're going to have for your meals every day, you kind o' lose interest in your eating."

"Dominie," said Jehiel Dace, "you ought to get the cap'n to supply your pulpit while you're off on your vacation. He's a good deal of a preacher."

"I have other uses for him," said Drew, with a smile.

"'T would n't be a bad notion if we 'd all change places now and then," replied the captain. "We'd appreciate each other better. I don't know but I could preach about as well as the dominic could run the Henrietta C. I ain't so sure about the prayers. One thing, there 's several in that congregation I'd like to talk at."

"Nothin' to hender you from freein' your mind as it is," suggested Dace, brightening at the prospect. "You don't need no pulpit for that."

There was a twinkle in Captain March's eyes, but he shook his head.

"No," he said with an air of finality, "it would n't be official. Wisdom has got to have authority to give it weight. Otherwise it 's just blamed impudence."

"That's so," admitted Dace; "that's a good deal so. See what a man will take from his wife without—"

Captain March turned suddenly.

"There he comes!" he exclaimed, and gazed steadily through the open window.

All eyes, turning in the same direction, saw a horseman galloping down the Mount Horeb road. He descended the hill, was lost to sight behind the rigging-loft, flashed past a bit of the Shore Road, and was hidden again for a moment while they heard the thunder of his horse's feet on the mill-creek bridge. Captain March seated him-

self and, with knees wide apart, faced the land-side door.

In front of the shop a boy threw himself from a panting horse. He walked straight up to Captain March, and in much the same manner that a courier might announce defeat to a king, said:

"He can't come. His wife 's sick, he

says. He can't come."

"That settles it," said the captain. "I heard Simeon Macy was ashore, and I thought maybe I could get him for mate. Now I 've got to go to the city this afternoon and look one up."

No one spoke, but every man in the group except the captain and Drew thought of Thomas Medbury, and wondered how far a man might be justified in letting personal reasons override necessity when his vessel was loaded and ready for sea.

Dace was the first to break the silence. "As I was sayin'," he remarked, "speak-

in' of wives-"

Some one touched Drew on the shoulder and he turned quickly. It was Deacon Taylor, anxious to talk over again the debated subject of a new heater for the church. When Drew was again free the captain was gone.

"Where did the captain go?" he asked. "My wisdom touchin' wives reminded him that his had sent him on an errant," answered Dace. "He went to the market. I suppose by now he 's tryin' to explain to his wife how he happened to be three

hours late with the meat for dinner." At the market Drew was told that Captain March had gone home. When, after a momentary hesitation, Drew had gone thither, it was only to find Mrs. March

sitting by a window, apparently watching

for her recreant husband.

"And he wanted roast beef for dinner," sadly remarked that good lady after she had told the minister that she knew no more about her husband's whereabouts than she knew where Moses was buried. She turned her face from him for an instant.

"It is twelve o'clock, lacking seventeen minutes," she added in a tone that suggested the tragic stage. Drew hurried away.

When, after a hopeless search for the missing mariner, he wended his way homeward half an hour later, he smiled to himself as he wondered if it was not just as

well: he could not for his life tell what he could have said to urge the captain to sail. At his gate he came face to face with a breathless small boy.

"Mr. Drew," he gasped, "Cap'n March he says—he says—you be at—Myron's boat-shop—boat-shop by half-past one yes, sir. He 's goin' to sail." Then he disappeared.

In wonder Drew hastened up to his house to find his mother kneeling on the

floor and strapping a satchel.

"I 've just put some crullers and a glass of jelly in your bag," she told him, without turning. "I don't suppose you 'll get a thing that tastes like real cooking. And I put your winter flannels in, too. It will be cold nights, and you will sit out on deck and get chilled through. Now come to dinner."

"I don't understand this sudden haste," said Drew, as he took his seat at the table. "I saw the captain an hour ago, and he showed no signs of any impatience to be off. It seems too good to be true."

Mrs. Drew laughed.

"He says the same of you," she told him. "But if you really get away you owe it to your mother. I am the god out of the machine—I. I was tying up the floweringcurrant bush by the fence and Captain March came by. He was hurrying, my dear. I never saw him hurry before. What do sailors say - rolling both scuppers under? Yes; it was like that. I called to him and asked him if he had seen my son. Yes, he had. Then I told him that if he did n't sail soon you would need a second vacation to recover from the nervous strain of waiting for this one to begin. I let him know how you had done nothing for two days but sit by your baggage and start at every sound. I told him, too, that you were constantly worrying lest something should happen to keep you at home at the last minute; so the sooner you got away the better."

"Oh, mother! mother!" protested Drew,

"Oh, I put it strongly—trust me for that. He said he had seen you, but you had said nothing. I knew it would be like that. Oh, vou were two Buddhas sitting under the sacred Bo-tree, contemplating eternity. Is n't that what the Buddha is supposed to do? You were like that, you two, anyway. Well, he explained everything. He told me that two men had promised to go out with him as mate, but changed their minds. He thought it queer. Another asked to go, but, for personal reasons, he did n't want him. But as soon as he knew just how you felt he said he 'd go right off for this man. I thought it very good of him. I hope the man is n't a rough character. But, Robert, you did n't tell me that his wife and daughter are going." She looked at her son reproachfully.

"Whose wife and daughter? I can't follow you," he said.

"The captain's, of course."

"I believe he did mention the fact that his wife and little girl were going, but it made no impression on me," Drew told her. "I have scarcely given it a thought since."

"His little girl! Robert, have n't you ever seen her?"

" No. mother."

"Well, I suppose you knew of her, though they don't attend your church." Then she changed the subject with an abruptness that was so characteristic that Drew's thoughts slipped away from the question he had been about to ask. "But. do you know," she said, "I think he decided to go partly because he forgot his meat for dinner and he 's afraid of that round, good-natured-looking little wife of his. His hurry to get away now looks as if he'd been too busy finding a mate to get home earlier. He told me about it with an intimate chuckle that seemed to take me right into his family closet and introduce me to the skeleton.'

As Drew made his way through Beckwith's boat-shop half an hour later and stopped at the wide sliding doors at the rear, a large yawl was lying at the float. Three sailors sat on the thwarts, leaning forward with the characteristic rounded shoulders and relaxed look of idle seamen. Up the long plank walk from the boat hurried a tall, beardless young man of twenty-eight or thirty. He walked with a swinging gait, his shoulders were well back, and his face wore the look of one whose thoughts were pleasant.

He glanced from Drew to his baggage, then back to Drew again, and smiled, showing firm white teeth.

"Mr. Drew?" His voice suggested a query, but went on again immediately, without waiting for an answer: "Tumble

in. The old man 's gone aboard. He would n't wait."

He paused while Drew gathered up his baggage, but did not offer to assist. The American seaman is no burden-bearer for other men.

The sailors in the boat turned indifferent faces as they heard the two draw near, then quickly rose and held the yawl to the float till they were seated in the sternsheets. In silence the oarsmen then took their places, shipped their oars, and at Medbury's word sped away.

Drew looked at his watch as they pulled

away from the float.

"It's not yet the hour Captain March set for leaving," he said. "I hope I did not misunderstand it."

. "Oh, that 's the old man's way," replied the other, lightly. "Now that he 's really off, he can't hurry fast enough—had to get Myron to take him out in a sail-boat while I was to wait for you."

"Are you a Blackwater man?" asked

Drew, later.

"Born here, and my father and grandfather before me. I guess that makes me a Blackwater man all right. My name 's Medbury. You know my mother; she goes to your church."

Drew's face brightened.

"Yes, indeed. Now I understand why I 've never seen you," he said. "Your mother told me that you had not been home for more than two years. I 've not been here so long. She is very cheerful in her loneliness; I often stop in to talk to her."

"Yes," answered Medbury, soberly; "she told me. It does her lots of good. She thinks a great deal of you." He paused a moment, and then said: "I 've promised her to take no more long voyages. She 's getting old, and I 'm all she 's got."

"That 's good," said Drew, heartily. He was very fond of the bright-faced old woman who had lived to see the covetous ocean take all but her youngest boy, and was quite prepared to like her son for her sake.

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THE Henrietta C. March was a brig of five hundred tons burden, and was bound for Santa Cruz in the West Indies; and Captain March had stopped off his home port to take aboard his wife and daughter and Drew, who had been given a long vacation by his church. The mate of the brig had been taken suddenly ill, and for two days the captain had been trying to get a

man to fill his place.

It was with an impression of almost Crusoe-like loneliness that Drew found himself upon the deck when they reached the brig at last, the mate, with the crew at his heels, having gone forward to swing the boat to her place on the center-house, and then to the windlass to heave the chain short. Drew set his baggage down on the deck and, walking forward, watched the men heaving at the windlass, the jar and clank of which filled the vessel. the quarter-deck the captain, in his shirtsleeves and wearing a shapeless brown hat, walked back and forth, occasionally glancing aloft at the fly, which was beginning to straighten out in the freshening southwest breeze. His wife and daughter were nowhere in sight.

The clank of the windlass grew slower and slower as the cable shortened, and every moment or two Medbury glanced over the bow. Finally he raised his hand above his head, and the men came trooping down from the forecastle-deck, some going aloft to loosen sails and others going to various stations with a businesslike directness that seemed to Drew to be under the guidance of wordless intuition. He stood leaning against the fore-rigging as two came toward him with the unseeing look of men who, having a duty to perform, recognize no obstacle, and, gently pushing him aside, began to throw to the deck the coils of running rigging against which he had been leaning. He moved from place to place, always finding himself in the way and being pushed aside with the silent directness that seemed purely impersonal, until at last, throwing off his coat, he began to pull with the rest. In silence they made place for him. For a time he found his hands catching awkwardly at halyard and braces and slipping over and under other harder hands; then at last he caught the swing, and his body rose and sank with the bodies of the others, and his breathing came heavily and thickened with theirs. The minister had found himself.

It was not until the brig slowly paid off, heeling before the fresh breeze, and 'the outward-bound song began its chant about her forefoot, that he gathered up his baggage and went aft. Captain March was at the wheel.

"Go right down and make yourself to home," he said. "They 'll show you your room. I declare, you take a hold like an old hand. We'll be sending you aloft in a few days."

Drew smiled, but shook his head.

"No," he said: "I shall stick to the deck."

As he went down the companionway and stepped across the cabin he saw the round little form of Mrs. March kneeling before a locker in what was to be his room. She turned her head at the sound of his

footsteps.

"I thought I'd tidy your room up a bit," she told him. "Gracious knows, it needs it. You 'd think it started out as a carpenter-shop or sail-loft, but got discouraged and ended up just plain litter. I guess Cap'n March has left house-cleaning out of his almanac. And he said this room was clean!"

"Oh, I am sure it will do nicely, Mrs. March," Drew replied. "My mother says I 'm fond of a comfortable disorder."

"I guess men are all alike in that," she said: "they like a clutter—they think it 's having things handy. But I hope you'll excuse my back," she went on. "I was just telling my daughter that I was almost ashamed to show my face to you. There I was scolding about Cap'n March being so late, when all the time you and he were so anxious to get off and he scurrying around to find a mate. I declare, sometimes it seems as if the good Lord did n't do his best by women when he gave them tongues. They 're like drums to little children—make a dreadful noise and keep them from better things."

Drew smiled. It seemed clear that the captain had used some latitude in explaining his late return home. Meanwhile Mrs. March was backing out of the room.

"There," she said; "it 's in a sort of order, if you don't look too close."

Ten minutes later Drew came out into the cabin, having put away his belongings.

"I am sure the room could n't be better, Mrs. March," he said. "It seems to me delightfully cozy and neat."

Mrs. March shook her head and smiled as she said:

"I'd'a' been better satisfied if you had n't mentioned its being so nice. I 've noticed

this about men-folks, that when things suit them, they don't notice them. When Cap'n March talks and acts like a man right out of the Bible I 'm sure he's been up to mischief, or else has something unpleasant on his mind, one."

Drew laughed as he replied:

"Then I'm going to cultivate wise silences, Mrs. March. I'll give you the impression of a man walking in a dream. I have come on this voyage to learn things; you are not letting me lose any time."

"Oh, if you came to learn things, you'll be wasting time by talking with the rest of us: you must go to my daughter here. She's been called to that, you know—to teach all men and nations." Her voice held a curious note: pride, resentment, anxiety, all seemed to marshal themselves in the words.

" Mother!"

Drew turned quickly at the one word, to see the daughter standing in the doorway of her room. He noticed that while the girl's brow was drawn in a frown, her lips had the undecided irregularity of curve that hinted at a smile suppressed. This study of particulars did not make him any the less alert to a general impression of striking beauty. He smiled and bowed somewhat elaborately, to which the girl returned a curt little nod, though her answering smile was friendly.

He had the tact to seem not to recognize the tension and to turn to other subjects, and he now said, with a heartiness that seemed to have long been waiting for expression, that they really were off at last. His glance at the hanging lamp over the table, gently swaying in its gimbals, had the effect of bringing the corroborative testimony of its motion to their notice. while he went on to add that it seemed too good to be true. He said that ever since the brig had anchored off the harbor he had been haunted by the fear that something would happen at the last moment to keep him at home. Not till now had he felt safe.

"It's the other way about with me," said Mrs. March. "I shall not feel safe till I get home again. If the Lord meant for us to go wandering about on the face of the waters, he would have made them steady enough to build roads on. If he put people 'way on the other side of the earth, he meant them to stay there—and

us, too," she added lamely, but with sufficient clearness.

Drew halted half-way up the companionway.

"You don't mean to say that you are afraid of the sea, Mrs. March," he asked, "after all your voyages?"

"I 've been going with Cap'n March off and on for twenty-five—yes, thirty—years," she answered; "yet I never go out of sight of land without feeling that I 'm making faces at my Maker and daring him to punish me."

"Oh, mother's fear is her most precious possession," said the girl, now for the first time coming forth into the cabin. "Nothing has ever happened to her at sea; and that, she feels, is the best reason for thinking that something is bound to happen the next time." She put her hand on the elder woman's shoulder and smiled down on her from her greater height.

"Well, that 's reasonable," retorted Mrs. March. "I was never one to shut my eyes and claim it was n't thundering. I 've got my hearing. What does the good Lord give us feelings for if he does n't mean us to use them?" With this challenge to unbelief in design in nature, she went to her

Captain March was still at the wheel when Drew returned to the deck. Medbury was forward with the crew, busily stowing the anchor. Little by little, Blackwater was disappearing behind the high white cliffs. Drew took up the glass which lay in its box against the frame of the sliding hood of the companionway and looked toward the village. Even as he looked, the white spire of his church disappeared from view. He saw it vanish, and put the glass down, to see the girl standing in the companionway watching the changing shore.

"I 've seen the last of my church for three months," he said to her; "now I am really loose and free."

"It's good to get away from responsibility for a while," she said. "I feel now as if I could dismiss all thought and worry until I return. Then things may look different to me. I am going to think so, anyway."

"Hetty," said the captain, "just run down and get my pipe off my desk, won't you? You 're younger than I am. Besides, I 'm busy." He turned to Drew. "Ashore I smoke cigars mostly; my wife says a pipe 's low. But here I 'm master." He looked about his little kingdom with

a mild, complacent face.

His daughter brought his pipe, and, with the gentle look not yet gone from his face, he was filling it when a boyish-looking lad came aft along the starboard side of the house, sent by the mate to take the wheel. Drew, watching the captain, saw his face change. As the lad came to the quarterdeck the captain pointed a stubby finger at him.

"You—" he began harshly, and then hesitated and glanced at his daughter. The boy stopped and turned a frightened look upon the captain.

"Ever been to sea before?" demanded the captain.

"Yes, sir," faltered the boy.

"When?"

"Along the sound here—last summer," he answered.

"Ah," said the captain; then he added:
"Did n't you learn the le'ward side of a vessel?"

The boy gave a startled look aloft, and then, with a flaming face, turned quickly and came back along the lee side of the house. The captain gave him the course, and without another word walked over to the rail, where his daughter stood with Drew.

"Sometimes they forget, sometimes they 're green and don't know, and sometimes it 's just impudence," he said in a voice that the boy could hear. "No matter which it is, ninety-nine times in a hundred the sailorman who does it tumbles right into trouble. This happened to be the hundredth time."

His daughter took him by the shoulders

and shook him gently.

"Do you mean to say," she asked in a low voice, "that you might have punished that boy for coming aft on the wrong side? You could see he had forgotten or did n't know. Would you?"

He smiled upon her.

"Well," he answered, "he 'd have remembered the next time if I had."

She drew back haughtily.

"I am going to parade—parade up and down that gangway by the hour!" she told him.

Her father chuckled.

"Nothing to hinder," he declared.

"You're not down on the articles as a forecastle-hand, are you?"

She did not stay to listen, but went indignantly away; at the cabin door, however, she turned and came back.

"You would n't have done it," she told him; "I know you would n't." She stooped—she was taller than he—and kissed him lightly. Then she went below.

Her father gazed after her.

"Sometimes she's a thousand feet tall," he said to Drew; "and then again—"

"No taller than your heart," suggested

Drew as he hesitated.
"That 's about it, I guess," said the

captain.

The wind freshened as night came on. and had a touch of winter in its sting. They were now running fast by the coast, the high cliffs of which rose dark and desolate on the starboard. The water was black, save where it ran hissing along the sides in a ragged gray ribbon of foam. Behind them, in the west, a crimson flush lingered in the sky. Drew stood at the break in the poop-deck, watching the shadowy forms of the crew moving about the deck forward as they made the royal snug for the night: far overhead he could hear the pennant halyards slatting against the topmast in the dark. Every taut line and halyard sang in the breeze, and there was a dull, humming roar in the canvas; under the lower sails, across the deck, the wind swept crackling and keen.

He heard the mate's last "That 's well; belay!" and watched him come aft. He passed without speaking, then hesitated

and came back.

"After we get through the Race," he said, "we'll begin to get the swell." He spoke absent-mindedly, as if he were thinking of something quite different; then he walked to the rail and sat down. Drew followed him.

Leaning his elbows on his knees, Medbury sat for a long time without speaking; at last he looked up with a little laugh.

"I'd give something to be out of this," he said. "I was a fool to come. I might have known better. It's funny, but a man may know a woman all his life, and at the end of the time know as little about her as if he'd never seen her—that is, really know her—how she'll take things. Now, I suppose this was the very worst thing I could have done. All that I've got to do is to

wait till she gets ready and she 'll tell me so. Oh, I can see just how she 'll look and what she 'll say! I don't need to have her tell me. 'You might have thought of my feelings!'"—he changed his voice,—"that 's what she 'll say. And I—" he broke off impatiently.

Drew looked at him in bewilderment. "I don't think I understand," he said.

"You don't? Why, mother said she told you all about it one time when you were at the house; she said she had to tell some one. That's how I felt to-night, and I thought you knew."

A light broke in upon Drew.

"Ah!" he said. Then he went on: "Yes, she told me; but she did not tell me the young lady's name. It is Miss March?"

"Yes," Medbury answered. "I thought you must know. You 'd have been the only one in Blackwater if you had n't. Sometimes I feel like the town clock, with every one watching my face. That 's one reason why I like the China seas; I can't get farther away."

"Your mother told me very little," said Drew; "she was worrying about your not coming home, and lonely, and it did her good to speak. It did not seem to me a hopeless situation as she told it. Captain March strikes me as being a reasonable man."

"I guess she did n't tell you all, then. Well, I was thinking of what she said and how much she thought of you, and, thinking you knew, I made up my mind to ask your advice. I felt that I had to talk to some one." He hesitated a moment and then, with a boyish laugh, went on: "You see, Hetty and I had always been pretty good friends from the time we went to school together. Well, I 've never got over it. When I first went to sea she used to write to me; but after a while she went out to Oberlin to live with an aunt while she went to college; and as I was half the time on the other side of the world, we kind of lost track of each other. I guess she lost track of me more than I did of her, for she 's changed since I saw her last. three years ago, and I can't quite make her out. She 's friendly enough, but she 's different, and has come home with a wild notion of going out to China as a missionary. Good Lord! a girl like that to be thrown away on those—" He could think of no word strong enough to convey his

contempt. "Well," he went on, "I can't see any place for me in that plan, but that does n't seem to trouble her. That 's what worries me. Of course the old man's set against her going; but he 's set against me, too, because I'm a sailor. That's the way things stand. When I heard she was going out with her father this trip, and the mate was sick. I rushed off to the old man and offered to go with him. He would n't hear of it, and engaged two others; but I saw them privately, and they backed out. The old man can't understand why they did. To-day he came to me, and here I am. I 've been offered a good vessel, and I intended to stay home a spell; but when I heard she was going away it seemed to me it was my last chance—to go with her; but I guess it was a mistake. I can see she thinks I 've done a foolish thing, and is angry."

"I think I can understand how she feels—how most women would feel," said Drew, slowly, after a long pause. "Her sense of justice is outraged—perhaps that 's too strong a word; but she feels that you have taken an unfair advantage of her in leaving her no way of escape. She might not have cared to escape, but she likes to feel that retreat is open to her. A woman fights at a disadvantage in these things; she is more sensitive to public opinion than are men, and she has the instinct of a hunted creature. I don't know that I can make it clear," he concluded hopelessly. "Then, too, I may be wholly wrong."

"Well, I don't know what I am going to do, now I 'm here," said Medbury, forlornly.

"I should say attend strictly to business and see her as little as possible for a while," Drew told him. "As for her anger, that may be a good sign. If she were simply indifferent to you, she would n't care. She could leave it safely to time to make your coming ridiculous."

When Drew entered the cabin, an hour later, Hetty sat at the table reading, shading her eyes with her hand; her mother sat knitting near her; and on the lounge her father reclined, pipe in mouth, his hat on the floor beside him. Blinking in the strong light, Drew sat down without removing his overcoat.

"Ain't you going to stay a while?" asked the captain. "You can't make church calls to-night."

Drew laughed.

"No," he said; "that 's true. I 'm out of that. But I 'm going back on deck soon. I can't get enough of it: the world seems all sky and stars. I had lost sight of the fact that the earth is so trivial."

Captain March let his feet come slowly to the floor and picked up his hat.

"That 's a good deal so," he said.
"Still, there 's enough earth lying loose around the Race to keep me from forgetting it, at least till we've dropped it astern.
I guess I 'll go take a look up on deck."

As her father disappeared, Hetty laid

down her book and looked up.

"Where are we now?" she asked Drew.

"Little Gull Island light is just ahead
of us," he answered.

"That will be our last sight of land, won't it?" she asked. "I'm going up to say good-by."

When she had gone her mother dropped

her knitting in her lap.

"I guess ministers are used to people coming to them with all their troubles," she began, with a plaintive little note creeping into her usually cheery voice; "and I do hope you won't think I 'm trying to spoil your vacation by troubling you with ours; but Cap'n March and I have talked and talked till we ain't on speaking terms with our own judgments any more, and what to do next I don't know." Then she, too, told the story.

At the end of her hurried recital she said: "What she thinks of Tom I don't know; she 's awfully close-mouthed about some things. I like Tom, and if I had my way I guess I 'd let the young folks settle it themselves. But Cap'n March he 's different. He's going to take it for granted that she won't think of Tom because her father disapproves of her marrying a sailor; and he will be so sure of it, and so exasperating, that I don't know what he'll make her do first-marry Tom or go right off to China. In the end he 'll let her do just what she makes up her mind to do. He always did, and he always will. If it 's one thing, I don't care; but to think of her going off alone to the other side of the world-" She picked up her work and began to knit rapidly, with fast-falling tears.

Drew sat with his elbow on the back of the chair, his chin in the palm of his hand, looking down at the floor.

"I wish I knew what to say-- to advise,

Mrs. March," he now said; "but I do not. Perhaps after a while—"

"Yes," she broke in eagerly; "that's all we could expect. I told Cap'n March I was going to speak to you, and he seemed real pleased. I'm sure you'll think of some way out," she added, with the cheerful optimism with which we shift the burden of our desperate affairs to the shoulders of others. It is hard to believe that Fate will continue unkind when our friends are moved. "And I hope," she went on, "that you won't feel it a duty to encourage Hetty's missionary notions. Of course you 're a minister and believe in missionaries, and I should n't ask you to go against your conscience; but I suppose you can believe in them without thinking that everybody 's fit for the work. I 'm sure Hetty is n't. All the missionary women I ever saw were thin and homely, and their clothes seemed just thrown at them. Hetty is n't a bit like that. I can say so, if she is my daughter. And I 've scarcely seen her for three years; and if now she should go away to live at the end of the world among heathen idols, with not a homelike thing, and no one to mother her when she needs mothering, then I think that religion is very kind to the heathen, who don't want it, and very cruel to a mother who has always been a God-fearing woman and only wants her child near her when she comes to die. She 's all I 've got."

She had been speaking with increasing rapidity, but now a light footfall sounded on deck, going aft, and she stopped.

"Go up on deck," she said to Drew.
"I don't want her to know I 've ever mentioned this to you. She 's a dear girl, but sometimes I feel like a hen who is the mother of a duckling. What she 's going to do next I don't know."

Drew met the girl by the corner of the house.

"I 've been showing father the stars," she said. "He, a sailor, and not to know them! I told him I thought it shameful."

"I suppose he knew the north star," he

said, smiling.

"Oh, yes; he knew that. The others did n't seem to impress him. He said they were too shifty to be of much use."

"I think there are some folks who know so much that it kind o' clogs their brains and keeps them from working right," said Captain March, coming up behind her.

"I have an idea that we can use just about so much, and all over and above that is just pure waste. I once had a mate that was like that. He could name all the stars, too, and knew a good many things of that sort that did n't help him much to find his longitude; but as for the look of the sky, or the heave of the sea, or the feel of the wind, that meant nothing more to him than so much blank paper. Now, when I walk the deck at night and look up and see the stars shining overhead, winter or summer, they 're company for me. That 's enough for me; what men call 'em I don't care. I suppose the good Lord 's got his own names for them.'

Hetty stayed on deck till Little Gull Island light came abreast; but when she had gone below the captain sought out

Drew as he stood by the main-rigging and told him his daughter's desire. He made no mention of Medbury.

"Her mother thought you might help us," he concluded; "and I hope you can, for we're in sore trouble. Still, I don't ask you to advise against your conscience. Now I say, 'No,' to her; but if she feels she's got to go, and does n't change, why, I shall say, 'Yes,' in the end. I know that. My father always wanted me to stay ashore, but I was wild to go to sea. It seemed that I had to go, and in the end I did. I don't know that I got all I expected, but I got what I wanted; and if my girl sets her heart on this as the only way for her to lead her life, why, I sha'n't put a stone in her way when once I 'm sure. It would n't be right."

(To be continued)



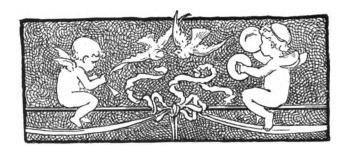
## A PRAYER FOR SAD PILGRIMS

## BY EMERY POTTLE

LORD GOD, I have not over-vexed thine ears
With meek requirements nor with wild, weak tears;
I have not beat upon thy listening gates
To save mine argosies with precious freights;
Nay, surely, my petitions have not stirred
Upon thy patient lips one weary word.

The trivial thorns that sting my naked feet, The pool of Marah that I dreamed was sweet, The golden day I touched, and touching lost, Lord God, it were not meet that thou the cost Of these my sorrows recompense again,— I would not burden thee with prayers of pain.

Strange, then, my scanty confidence to-day; I kneel beside this dreary, dusty way To ask not where my troublous paths do tend, Nor when my sorry pilgrimages end: Grant but such wayside happiness to find, Lord God, as I discern in mine own kind.



# SANDY

## BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH A PICTURE BY W. L. JACOBS

XXII

## AT WILLOWVALE



HERE was an early tea at Willowvale that evening, and Ruth sat at the big round table alone. Mrs. Nelson always went to bed when the time came for packing, and Carter was

late, as usually was the case.

Ruth was glad to be alone. She had passed through too much to be able to banish all trace of the storm. But though her eves were red from recent tears, they were bright with anticipation. Sandy was coming back. That fact seemed to make everything right.

She leaned her chin on her palm and tried to still the beating of her heart. She knew he would come. Irresponsible, hotheaded, impulsive as he was, he had never failed her. She glanced impatiently at the

clock.

"Miss Rufe, was you ever in love?" It was black Rachel who broke in upon her thoughts. She was standing at the foot of the table, her round, good-humored face comically serious.

"No-yes. Why, Rachel?" stammered

"I was just axin'," said Rachel, "'cause if you been in love, you 'd know how to read a love-letter, would n't you, Miss Rufe?"

Ruth smiled and nodded.

"I got one from my beau," went on Rachel, in great embarrassment; "but dat nigger knows I can't read."

"Where does he live?" asked Ruth.
"Up in Injianapolis. He drives de hearse."

Ruth suppressed a smile. "I'll read the love-letter for you," she said.

Rachel sat down on the floor and began taking down her hair. It was divided into many tight braids, each of which was wrapped with a bit of shoe-string. From under the last one she took a small envelop and handed it to Ruth.

"Dat 's it," she said. "I was so skeered I 'd lose it I did n't trust it no place 'cept

in my head."

Ruth unfolded the note and read:

"DEAR RACHEL: I mean biznis if you mean biznis send me fore dollars to git a devorce.

Rachel sat on the floor, with her hair standing out wildly and anxiety deepening on her face.

"I ain't got but three dollars," she said. "I was gwine to buy my weddin' dress wif dat."

"But, Rachel," protested Ruth, in laughing remonstrance, "he has one wife."

Yes, 'm. Pete Lawson ain't got no wife; but he ain't got but one arm, neither. Whicht one would you take, Miss Rufe?"

"Pete," declared Ruth. "He 's a good boy, what there is of him."

"Well, I guess I better notify him tonight," sighed Rachel; but she held the love-letter on her knee and regretfully smoothed its crumpled edges.

Ruth pushed back her chair from the table and crossed the wide hall to the library.

It was a large room, with heavy wainscoting, above which simpered or frowned a long row of her ancestors.

She stepped before the one nearest her and looked at it long and earnestly. The face carried no memory with it, though it was her father. It was the portrait of a handsome man in uniform, in the full bloom of a dissipated youth. Her mother had seldom spoken of him, and when she did her eyes filled with tears.

A few feet farther away hung a portrait of her grandfather, brave in a high stock and ruffled shirt, the whole light of a bibulous past radiating from the crimson tip of his incriminating nose.

Next him hung Aunt Elizabeth, supercilious, arrogant, haughty. Ruth recalled a tragic day of her past when she was sent to bed for climbing upon the piano and pasting a stamp on the red-painted lips.

She glanced down the long line: velvets, satins, jewels, and uniforms, and, above them all, the same narrow face, high-arched nose, brilliant dark eyes, and small, weak mouth.

On the table was a photograph of Carter. Ruth sighed as she passed it. It was a composite of all the grace, beauty, and weakness of the surrounding portraits.

She went to the fire and, sitting down on an ottoman, took two pictures from the folds of her dress. One was a miniature in a small old-fashioned locket. It was a grave, sweet, motherly face, singularly pure and childlike in its innocence. Ruth touched it with reverent fingers.

"They say I am like her," she whispered to herself.

Then she turned to the other picture in her lap. It was a cheap photograph with an ornate border. Posed stiffly in a photographer's chair, against a background which represented a frightful storm at sea, sat Sandy Kilday. His feet were sadly out of focus, and his head was held at an impossible angle by the iron rest which stood like a half-concealed skeleton behind him.

He wore cheap store-clothes, and a turndown collar which rested upon a readymade tie of enormous proportions. It was a picture he had had taken in his first new clothes soon after coming to Clayton. Ruth had found it in an old book of Annette's.

How crude and ludicrous the awkward boy looked beside the elegant figures on the walls about her! She leaned nearer the fire to get the light on the face, then she smiled with a sudden rush of tenderness.

The photographer had done his worst for the figure, but even an unskilled hand and a poor camera had not wholly obliterated the fineness of the face. Spirit, honor, and strength were all there. The eyes that met hers were as fine and fearless as her own, and the honest smile that hovered on his lips seemed to be in frank amusement at his own sorry self.

Ruth turned to see that the door was closed, then she put the picture to her cheek, which was crimson in the firelight, and with hesitating shyness gradually drew it to her lips and held it there.

A noise of wheels in the avenue brought her to her feet with a little start of joy. He had come, and she was possessed of a sudden desire to run away. But she waited, with glad little tremors thrilling her and her heart beating high. She was sure she heard wheels. She went to the window, and, shading her eyes, looked out. A buggy was standing at the gate, but no one got out.

A sudden apprehension seized her, and she hurried into the hall and opened the front door.

"Carter," she called softly out into the night—"Carter, is it you?"

There was no answer, and she came back into the hall and closed the door. On each side of the door was a panel of leaded glass, and she pressed her face to one of the little square panes, and peered anxiously out. The light from the newelpost behind her emphasized the darkness, so that she could distinguish only the dim outline of the buggy.

Twice she touched the knob before she turned it again; then she resolutely gathered her long white dress in her hand, and passed down the broad stone steps. The wind blew sharply against her, and the pavement was cold to her slippered feet.

"Carter," she called again and again—
"Carter, is it you?"

At the gate her scant supply of courage failed. Some one was in the buggy, half lying, half sitting, with his face turned from her. She looked back to the light in the cabin, where the servants would hear if she called. Then the thought of any one else seeing Carter as she had seen him before drove the fear back, and she resolutely opened the gate and went forward.

At her first touch Carter started up wildly and pushed her from him. "You said you would n't give me up; you promised." he said.

"I know it, Carter. I'll help you, dear. Don't be so afraid! Nobody shall see you. Put your arm on my shoulder—there! Step down a little farther!"

With all her slight strength she supported and helped him, the keen wind blowing her long, thin dress about them both, and the lace falling back from her arms, leaving them bare to the elbow.

Half-way up the walk he broke away from her and cried out: "I'll have to go away. It's dangerous for me to stay here an hour."

"Yes, Carter dear, I know. The doctor says it's the climate. We are going early in the morning. Everything's packed. See how cold I am getting out here! You'll come in with me now, won't you?"

Coaxing and helping him, she at last succeeded in getting him to bed. The blood on his handkerchief told its own story.

She straightened the room, drew a screen between him and the fire, and then went to the bed, where he had already fallen into a deep sleep. Sinking on her knees beside him, she broke into heavy, silent sobs. The one grief of her girlhood had been the waywardness of her only brother. From childhood she had stood between him and blame, shielding him, helping him, loving him. She had fought valiantly against his weakness, but her meager strength had been pitted against the accumulated intemperance of generations.

She chafed his thin wrists, which her fingers could span; she tenderly smoothed his face as it lay gray against the pillows; then she caught up his hand and held it to her breast with a quick, motherly gesture.

"Take him soon, God!" she prayed.
"He is too weak to try any more."

At midnight she slipped away to her own room and took off the dainty gown she had put on for Sandy's coming.

For long hours she lay in her great canopied bed with wide-open eyes. The night was a noisy one, for there was a continual passing on the road, and occasional shouts came faintly to her.

With heavy heart she lay listening for some sound from Carter's room. She was glad he was home. It was worse to sit up in bed and listen for the wheels to turn in at the gate, to start at every sound on the road, and to wait and wait through the long night. She could scarcely remember the time when she had not waited for Carter at night.

Once, long ago, she had confided her secret to one of her uncles, and he had laughed and told her that boys would be boys. After that she had kept things to herself.

There was but one other person in the world to whom she had spoken, and that was Sandy Kilday. As she looked back it seemed to her there was nothing she had withheld from Sandy Kilday. Nothing? Sandy's face, as she had last seen it, despairing, reckless, hopeless, rose before her. But she had asked him to come back, she was ready to surrender, she could make him understand if she could only see him.

Why had he not come? The question multiplied itself into numerous forms and hedged her in. Was he too angry to forgive her? Had her seeming indifference at last killed his love? Why had he not sent her a note or a message? He knew that she was to leave on the early train, that there would be no chance to speak with her alone in the morning.

A faint streak of misty light shone through the window. She watched it deepen to rose.

By and by Rachel came in to make the fire. She tiptoed to the bed and peeped through the curtains.

"You 'wake, Miss Rufe? Dey 's been terrible goings-on in town last night! Did n't you hear de posse goin' by?"

"What was it? What's the matter?" cried Ruth, sitting up in bed.

"Dat jail-bird Wilson done shot Jedge Hollis. 'Mos' ebery man in town went out to ketch him. Dey been gone all night." "Sandy went with them," thought Ruth, in sudden relief; then she thought of the judge.

"Oh, Rachel, is he dangerously hurt?

Will he die?"

"De las' accounts was mighty bad. Dey say de big doctors is a-comin' up from de city to prode fer de bullet."

"What made him shoot him? How could he be so cruel, when the dear old judge is so good and kind to everybody?"

"Jes pore white trash, dat Wilson," said Rachel, contemptuously, as she coaxed the

kindling into a blaze.

Ruth got up and dressed. Beneath the deep concern which she felt was the flutter of returning hope. Sandy's first duty was to his benefactor. She knew how he loved the old judge and with what prompt action he would avenge his wrong. She could trust him to follow honor every time.

"Some ob'em's comin' back now!" cried Rachel from the window. "I's gwine down to de road an' ax 'em if dey ketched him."

"Rachel, wait! I'm coming, too. Give me my traveling-coat—there on the trunk. What can I put on my head? My hat is in aunty's room."

Rachel, rummaging in the closet, brought forth an old white tam-o'-shanter. "That will do!" cried Ruth. "Now, don't make any noise, but come."

They tiptoed through the house and out into the early morning. It was still half dark, and the big-eyed poplars watched them suspiciously as they hurried down to the road. Every branch and twig was covered with ice, and the snow crackled under their feet.

"I 'spec' it 's gwine be summer-time where you gwine at, Miss Rufe," said Rachel.

"I don't care," cried Ruth. "I don't want to be anywhere in the world except right here."

"Dey 're comin'," announced Rachel.
"I hear de hosses."

Ruth leaned across the top bar of the gate, her figure enveloped in her long coat, and her white tam a bright spot in the half-light.

On came the riders, three abreast.

"Dat's him in de middle," whispered Rachel, excitedly; "next to de sheriff. I's s'prised dey did n't swing him up—I shorely is. He's hangin' down his head lak he's mighty 'shamed."

Ruth bent forward to get a glimpse of the prisoner's face, and as she did so he lifted his head.

It was Sandy Kilday, his clothes disheveled, his brows lowered, and his lips compressed into a straight, determined line.

Ruth's startled gaze swept over the riders, then came back to him. She did not know what was the matter; she only knew that he was in trouble, and that she was siding with him against the rest. In the one moment their eyes met she sent him her full assurance of compassion and sympathy. It was the same message a little girl had sent years ago over a ship's railing to a wretched stowaway on the deck below.

The men rode on, and she stood holding to the gate and looking after them.

"Here comes Mr. Sid Gray," said Rachel.

The approaching rider drew rein when he saw Ruth, and dismounted.

"Tell me what's happened!" she cried. He hitched his horse and opened the gate. He, too, showed signs of a hard night.

"May I come in a moment to the fire?" he asked.

She led the way to the dining-room and ordered coffee.

"Now tell me," she demanded breath-

"Ít's a mixed-up business," said Gray, holding his numb hands to the blaze. "We left here early in the night and worked on a wrong trail till midnight. Then a trainman out at the Junction gave us a clue, and we got a couple of bloodhounds and traced Wilson as far as Ellersberg."

"Go on!" said Ruth, shuddering.

"You see, a rumor got out that the judge had died. We did n't say anything before the sheriff, but it was understood that Ricks would n't be brought back to town alive. We located him in an old barn. We surrounded it, and were just about to fire it when Kilday came tearing up on horseback."

"Yes?" cried Ruth.

"Well," he went on, "he had n't started with us, and he had been riding like mad all night to overtake the crowd. His horse dropped under him before he could dismount. Kilday jumped out in the crowd and began to talk like a crazy man. He said we must n't harm Ricks Wilson; that Ricks had n't shot the judge, for he was

sure he had seen him out the Junction road about half-past five. We all saw it was a put-up job; he was Ricks Wilson's old pal, you know."

"But Sandy Kilday would n't lie!" cried

Ruth.

"Well, that 's what he did, and worse. When we tried to close in on Wilson, Kilday fought like a tiger. You never saw anything like the mix-up, and in the general skirmish Wilson escaped."

"And and Sandy?" Ruth was leaning forward, with her hands clasped and her

lips apart.

"Well, he showed what he was, all right. He took sides with that good-for-nothing scoundrel who had shot a man that was almost his father. Why, I never saw such a case of ingratitude in my life!"

"Where are they taking him?" she al-

most whispered.

"To jail for resisting an officer."

"Miss Rufe, de man 's done come fer de trunks. Is dey ready?" asked Rachel from the hallway.

Ruth rose and put her hand on the back

of the chair to steady herself.

"Yes; yes, they are ready," she said with an effort. "And, Rachel, tell the man to go as quietly as possible. Mr. Carter must not be disturbed until it is time to start."

### XXIII

"THE SHADOW ON THE HEART"

Just off Main street, under the left wing of the court house, lay the little county fail. It frowned down from behind its fierce mask of laws and spikes, and boldly tried to make the town torget the number of pusoners that had escaped its walls.

In a small front cell, beside a narrow grated window, Ricks Wilson had sat and successfully planned his way to treedom.

The prisoner who now occupied the cell spent no time on thoughts of escape. He pseed testlessly up and down the narrow chamber, or lay on the cot, with his hands under his head, and stared at the grims ceiling. The one question which he continually put to the ruler was concerning the latest news of Indge Holbs.

Sandy had been given an examining trial on the charge of reasons an other and assisting a prisoner to exceed. Returning to tell what he knew and no beef being ofcreed, he was held to answer to the grand may

For two weeks he had seen the light of day only through the deep, narrow opening of one small window.

At first he had had visitors—indignant, excited visitors who came in hotly to remonstrate, to threaten, to abuse. Dr. Fenton had charged in upon him with a whole battery of reproaches. In stentorian tones he rehearsed the judge's kindness in befriending him, pointed out his generosity, and laid stress on Sandy's heinous ingratitude. Mr. Moseley had arrived with arguments and reasons and platitudes, all expressed in a polysyllabic monotone. Mr. Meech had come many times with prayers and petitions and gentle rebuke.

To them all Sandy gave patient, silent audience, wincing under the blame, but making no effort to defend himself. All he would say was that Ricks Wilson had not done the shooting, and that he could

say no more.

A wave of indignation swept the town. Almost the only friend who was not turned foe was Aunt Melvy. Her large philosophy of life held that all human beings were "chillun," and "chillun was bound to act bad sometimes." She left others to struggle with Sandy's moral welfare and devoted herself to his physical comfort.

With a clear conscience she carried to her home flour, sugar, and lard from the Hollises' store-room, and sat up nights in her little cabin at "Who'd'a' Thought It" to bake dumplings, rolls, and pies for her

"po' white chile."

Sandy felt some misgivings about the delicacies which she brought, and one day asked her where she made them.

"I makes 'em out home," she declared stoutly. "I would n't cook nothin' fer you on Miss Sue's stove while she 's talkin' 'bout you lak she is. She 'lows she don't never want to set eyes on you ag'in as long as she lives."

"Has the judge asked for me?" said Sandy.

"Yas, sir; but de doctor he up and lied. He tole him you'd went back to de umerversity. De doctor llowed ef he tole him de trate it reight threw him into a political stroke"

Sandy leaved his head on his hand, in You be the only one that is stood by me. Annt Moha, the rest of them think me a had to

"The North Superiod Auri Melvy,

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cheerfully. "You jes orter hear de way dev slanders you! I don't 'spec' you got a friend in town 'ceptin' me." Then, as if reminded of something, she produced a card covered with black dots. "Honey, I 's gittin' up a little collection fer de church. You gib me a nickel, and I punch a pin th'u' one ob dem dots to sorter certify it."

Have you got religion yet?" he asked as he handed her some small change.

Her expression changed, and her eyes fell. "Not yit," she acknowledged reluctantly; "but I 's countin' on comin' th'u' before long. I 's done j'ined de Juba Choir and de White Doves."

"The White Doves?" repeated Sandy. "Yas, sir; de White Doves ob Perfection. We wears purple calicoes and sets up wid de sick."

"Have you seen Miss Annette?"

"Lor', honey! ain't I tole you 'bout dat? De very night de jedge was shot, dat chile wrote her paw de sassiest letter, savin' she gwine run off and git married wif dat sick boy, Carter Nelson. De doctor headed 'em off some ways, and de very nex' day what you think he done? He put dat gal in a Cafolic nunnery convent! Dev say she cut up scan'lous at fust, den she sorter quiet down, an' 'gin to count her necklace, an' make signs on de waist ob her dress, an' say she lak it so much she gwine be a Cafolic nunnery sister herself. Now de doctor's jes tearin' his shirt to git her out, he 's so skeered she 'll do what she says."

Sandy laughed in spite of himself, and Aunt Melvy wagged her head knowingly.

"He need n't pester hisself 'bout dat. Now Mr. Carter 's 'bout to die, an' you 's shut up in jail, she 's done turnin' her 'tention on Mr. Sid Gray. Dey ain't no blinds in de world big enough to keep dat gal from shinin' her eyes at de boys!"

"Is Carter about to die?" Sandy had

become suddenly grave.

"Yas, sir; so dey say. He 's got somepin' dat sounds lak tuberoses. Him and Mrs. Nelson and Miss Rufe never did git to Californy. Dey stopped off in Mobile or Injiany, I can't ricollec' which. He took de fever de day dey lef', an' he ain't knowed nothin' since."

After Aunt Melvy left, Sandy went to the window and leaned against the bars. Below him flowed the life of the little town, the men going home from work, the girls chattering and laughing through the dusk on their way from the post-office. Every figure that passed, black or white, was familiar to him. Jimmy Reed's little Skye terrier dashed down the street, and a whistle sprang to his lips.

How he loved every living creature in the place! For five years he had been one of them, sharing their interests, part and parcel of the life of the community. Now he was an outcast, an alien, as much a stranger to friendly faces as the lad who had knelt long ago at the window of a great tenement and had been afraid to be

" I 'll have to go away," he thought wistfully. "They 'll not be wanting me here after this.'

It grew darker and darker in the gloomy room. The mournful voice of a negro singing in the next cell came to him faintly:

"We 'll hunt no moah fo' de possum an' de coon.

On de medder, de hill, an' de shoah. We 'll sing no moah by de glimmer ob de moon,

On de bench by de old cabin doah.

"De days go by like de shadow on de heart, Wid sorrer, wha' all wuz so bright; De time am come when de darkies hab to

Den, my ole Kaintucky home, good night."

Sandy's arm was against the grating and his head was bowed upon it. Through all

the hours of trial one image had sustained him. It was of Ruth, as he had seen her last, leaning toward him out of the halflight, her brown hair blowing from under her white cap and her great eyes full of wondering compassion. But to-night the darkness obscured even

that image. The judge's life still hung in the balance, and the man who had shot him lay in a distant city, unconscious, waiting for death. Sandy felt that by his sacrifice he had put the final barrier between himself and Ruth.

With a childish gesture of despair, he flung out his arms and burst into a passion of tears. The intense emotional impulse of his race swept him along like a feather in a gale. His grief, like his joy, was elemental.

When the lull came at last, he pressed his hot head against the cold iron grating,

and his thoughts returned again and again to Ruth. He thought of her tender ministries in the sick-room, of her intense love and loyalty for her brother. His whole soul rose up to bless her, and the thought of what she had been spared brought him peace.

Through days of struggle and nights of pain he fought back all thoughts of the future and of self.

These times were ever afterward a twilight-place in his soul, hallowed and sanctified by the great revelation they brought him, blending the blackness of despair with the white light of perfect love. Here his thoughts would often turn even in the stress and strain of the daily life, as a devotee stops on his busy round and steps within the dim cathedral to gain strength and inspiration on his way.

The next time Aunt Melvy came he asked for some of his law books, and from that on there was no more idling or dream-

ing

Among the volumes she brought was the old note-book in which the judge had made him jot down suggestions during those long evening readings in the past. It was full of homely advice, the result of forty years' experience, and Sandy found comfort in following it to the letter.

For the first time in his life he learned the power of concentration. Seven hours' study a day, without diversion or interruption, brought splendid results. He knew the outline of the course at the university, and he forged ahead with feverish energy.

Meanwhile the judge's condition was

slowly improving.

One afternoon Sandy sat at his table, deep in his work. He heard the key turn in its lock and the door open, but he did not look up. Suddenly he was aware of the soft rustle of skirts, and, lifting his eyes, he saw Ruth. For a moment he did not move, thinking she must be but the substance of his dream. Then her black dress caught his attention, and he started to his feet.

"Carter?" he cried—"is he—"

Ruth nodded; her face was white and drawn, and purple shadows lay about her

eyes.

"He 's dead," she whispered, with a catch in her voice; then she went on in breathless explanation: "but he told me first. He said, 'Hurry back, Ruth, and

make it right. They can come for me as soon as I can travel. Tell Kilday I was n't worth it.' Oh, Sandy! I don't know whether it was right or wrong, — what you did, — but it was merciful: if you could have seen him that last week, crying all the time like a little child, afraid of the shadows on the wall, afraid to be alone, afraid to live, afraid to die—"

Her voice broke, and she covered her

face with her hands.

Sandy started forward, then he paused and gripped the chair-back until his fingers were white.

"Ruth," he said impatiently, "you 'd best be going quick. It 'll break the heart of me to see you standing there suffering, unless I can take you in me arms and comfort you. I 've sworn never to speak the word; but, by the saints—"

"You may!" sobbed Ruth, and with a quick, timid little gesture she laid her hands

in his.

For a moment he held her away from him. "It's not pity," he cried, searching her face, "nor gratitude?"

She lifted her eyes, as honest and clear

as her soul.

"It's been love, Sandy," she whispered, "ever since the first."

Two hours later, when the permit came. Sandy walked out of the jail into the courthouse square. A crowd had collected, for Ruth had told her story and the news had spread; public favor was rapidly turning in his direction.

He looked about vaguely, as a man who has gazed too long at the sun and is blinded to averathing elec-

blinded to everything else.

"I 've got my buggy," cried Jimmy Reed, touching him on the arm. "Where

do you want to go?"

Sandy hesitated, and a dozen invitations were shouted in one breath. He stood irresolute, with his foot on the step of the buggy; then he pulled himself up.

"To Judge Hollis," he said.

## XXIV

### THE PRIMROSE WAY

Spring and winter, and spring again, and flying rumors fluttered tantalizing wings over Clayton. Just when it was definitely announced that Willowvale was to be sold, Ruth Nelson returned, after a year's absence, and opened the old home.

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Mrs. Nelson did not come with her. That excellent lady had concluded to bestow her talents upon a worthier object. In her place came Miss Merritt, a quiet little sister of Ruth's mother, who proved to be to the curious public a pump without a handle.

About this time Sandy Kilday returned from his last term at the university, and gossip was busy over the burden of honors under which he staggered, and the brilliance of the position he had accepted in the city. In prompt contradiction of this came the shining new sign, "Hollis & Kilday," which appeared over the judge's dingy little office.

Nobody but Ruth knew what that sign had cost Sandy. He had come home, fresh from his triumphs, and burning with ambition to make his way in the world,—to make a name for her to share, and a record for her to be proud of. The opportunity that had been offered him was one in a lifetime. It had taken all his courage and strength and loyalty to refuse it, but Ruth had helped him.

"We must think of the judge first, Sandy," she said. "While he lives we must stay here; there 'll be time enough for the big world after a while."

So Sandy gave up his dream for the present and tacked the new sign over the office door with his own hand.

The old judge watched him from the pavement. "That 's right," he said, rubbing his hands together with childish satisfaction; "that's just about the best-looking sign I ever saw!"

"If you ever turn me down in court, I'll stand it on its head and make my own name come first," threatened Sandy; and the judge repeated the joke to every one he saw that day.

It was not long until the flying rumors settled down into positive facts, and Clayton was thrilled to its willow-fringed circumference. There was to be a wedding! Not a Nelson wedding of the olden times, when a special car brought grand folk down from the city, and the townspeople stayed apart and eyed their fine clothes and gay behavior with ill-concealed disfavor. This was to be a Clayton wedding for high and low, rich and poor.

There was probably not a shutter opened in the town, on the morning of the great day, that some one did not smile with pleasure to find that the sun was shining.

Mrs. Hollis woke Sandy with the dawn, and insisted upon helping him pack his trunk before breakfast. For a week she had been absorbed in his nuptial outfit, jealously guarding his new clothes, to keep him from wearing them all before the wedding.

Aunt Melvy was half an hour late in arriving, for she had tarried at "Who'd'a' Thought It" to perform the last mysticrites over a rabbit's foot which was to be her gift to the groom.

The whole town was early astir and wore a holiday air. By noon business was virtually abandoned, for Clayton was getting ready to go to the wedding.

Willowvale extended a welcome to the world. The wide front gates stood open, the big-eyed poplars beamed above the ole-anders and the myrtle, while the thrushes and the redwings twittered and caroled their greetings from on high. The big white house was open to the sunshine and the spring; flowers filled every nook and corner; even the rose-bush which grew outside the dining-room window sent a few venturesome roses over the sill to lend their fragrance to those within.

And such a flutter of expectancy and romance and joy as pervaded the place! All the youth of Clayton was there, loitering about the grounds in gay little groups, or lingering in couples under the shadow of the big porches.

In the library Judge and Mrs. Hollis did the honors, and presented the guests to little Miss Merritt, whose cordial, homely greetings counteracted the haughty disapproval of the portraits overhead.

Mr. Moseley rambled through therooms, indulging in a flowing monologue which was as independent of an audience as a summer brook.

Mr. Meech sought a secluded spot under the stairway and nervously practised the wedding service, while Mrs. Meech, tucked up for once in her life, smiled bravely on the company, and thought of a little green mound in the cemetery, which Sandy had helped her keep bright with flowers.

They were all there, Dr. Fenton slapping everybody on the back and roaring at his own jokes; Sid Gray carrying Annette's flowers with a look of plump complacency; Jimmy Reed constituting himself a bureau of information, giving and soliciting news concerning wedding presents, destination of wedding journey, and future plans.

Up-stairs, at a hall window, the groom was living through rapturous throes of anticipation. For the hundredth time he made sure the ring was in the left pocket

of his waistcoat.

From down-stairs came the hum of voices mingled with the music. The warm breath of coming summer stole through the window.

Sandy looked joyously out across the fields of waving blue-grass to the shining river. Down by the well was an old windmill, and at its top a weather-vane. When he spied it he smiled. Once again he was a ragged youngster, back on the Liverpool dock; the fog was closing in, and the coarse voices of the sailors rang in his ears. In quick flashes the scenes of his boyhood came before him, - the days on shipboard, on the road with Ricks, at the Exposition, at Hollis Farm, at the university,—and through them all that golden thread of romance that had led him safe and true to the very heart of the enchanted land where he was to dwell forever.

"'Fore de Lawd, Mist' Sandy, ef you

ain't fergit yer necktie!"

It was Aunt Melvy who burst in upon his reverie with these ominous words. She had been expected to assist with the wedding breakfast, but the events above-stairs had proved too alluring.

Sandy's hand flew to his neck. "It 's at the farm," he cried in great excitement, "wrapped in tissue-paper in the top drawer. Send Jim, or Joe, or Nick—any of the

darkies you can find!"

"Send nothin'," muttered Aunt Melvy, shuffling down the stairs. "I's gwine myself, ef I has to take de bridal kerridge."

Messengers were sent in hot haste, one to the farm and one to town, while Jimmy Reed was detailed to canvass the guests and see if a white four-in-hand might be procured.

"The nearest thing is Mr. Meech's," he reported on his fourth trip up-stairs; "it's a white linen string-tie, but he does n't

want to take it off."

"Faith, and he 'll have to!" said Sandy, in great agitation. "Don't he know that nobody will be looking at him?"

Annette appeared at a bedroom door, a whirl of roses and pink.

"What's the m-matter? Ruth will have a f-fit if you wait much longer, and my

hair is coming out of curl."

"Take it off him," whispered Sandy, recklessly, to Jimmy Reed; and violence was prevented only by the timely arrival of Aunt Melvy with the original wedding tie.

The bridal march had sounded many times, and the impatient guests were becoming seriously concerned, when a hand-kerchief fluttered from the landing and Sandy and Ruth came down the wide white steps together.

Mr. Meech cleared his throat and, with one hand nervously fidgeting under his coat-tail, the other thrust into the bosom

of his coat, began:

"We are assembled here to-day to witness the greatest and most time-hallowed institution known to man."

Sandy heard no more. The music, the guests, the flowers, even his necktie, faded

from his mind.

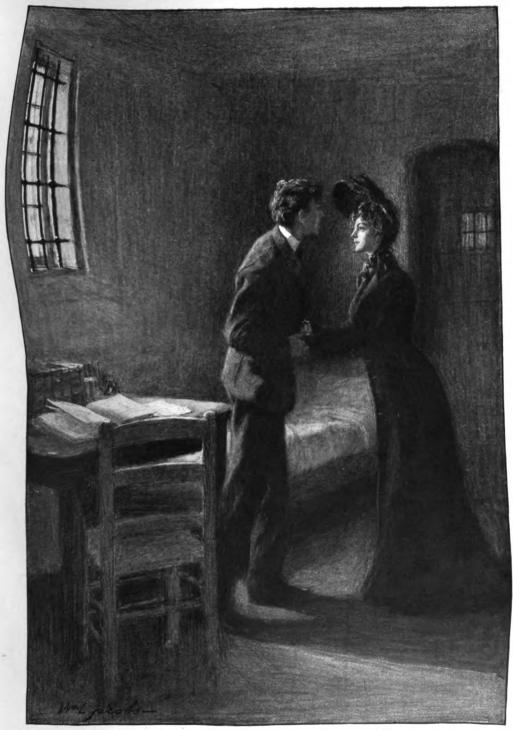
A sacred hush filled his soul, through which throbbed the vows he was making before God and man. The little hand upon his arm trembled, and his own closed upon it in instant sympathy and protection.

"In each of the ages gone," Mr. Meech was saying with increasing eloquence, "man has wooed and won the sweet girl of his choice, and then, with the wreath of fairest orange-blossoms encircling her pure brow, while yet the blush of innocent love crimsoned her cheek, led her away in trembling joy to the hymeneal altar, that their names, their interests, their hearts, might all be made one, just as two rays of light, two drops of dew, sometimes meet, to kiss—to part no more forever."

Suddenly a loud shout sounded from the upper hall, followed by sounds like the repeated fall of a heavy body. Mr. Meech paused, and all eyes were turned in consternation toward the door. Then through the stillness rang out a halleluiah from above.

"Praise de Lawd, de light's done come! De darkness, lak de thunder, done roll away. I's saved at last, and my name is done written in de Promised Land! Amen! Praise de Lawd! Amen!"

To part of the company at least the



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
""IT'S BEEN LOVE, SANDY," SHE WHISPERED, "EVER SINCE THE FIRST"

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situation was clear. Aunt Melvy, after seeking religion for nearly sixty years, had chosen this inopportune time to "come th'u'."

She was with some difficulty removed to the wash-house, where she continued her thanksgiving in undisturbed exultation.

Amid suppressed merriment, the marriage service was concluded, Mr. Meech heroically foregoing his meteoric finale.

Clayton still holds dear the memory of that wedding: of the beautiful bride and the happy groom, of the great feast that was served indoors and out, and of the good fellowship and good cheer that made it a gala day for the country around.

When it was over, Sandy and Ruth drove away in the old town surrey, fol-

lowed by such a shower of rice and flowers and blessings as had never been known before. They started, discreetly enough, for the railroad-station, but when they reached the river road Sandy drew rein. Overhead the trees met in a long green arch, and along the wayside white petals strewed the road. Below lay the river, dancing, murmuring, beckoning.

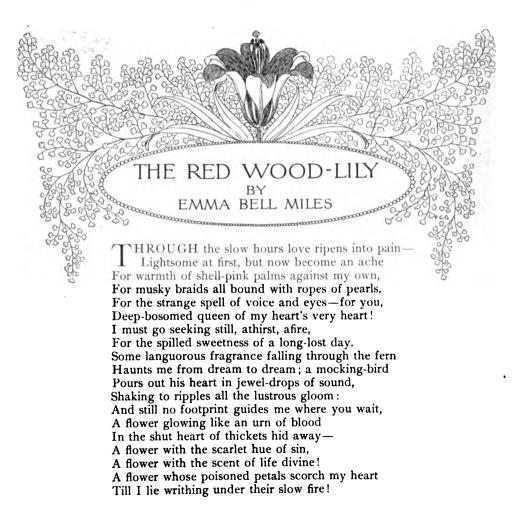
"Let's not be going to the city to-day!" cried Sandy, impulsively. "Let's be following the apple-blossoms wherever they

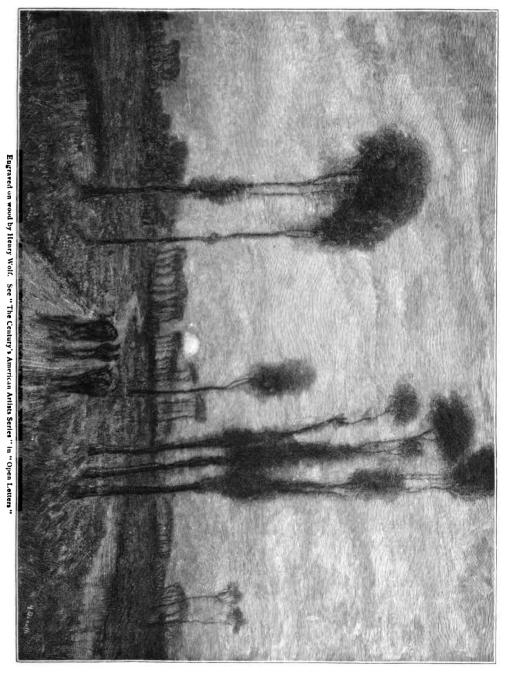
lead."

"It 's all the same wherever we are," said Ruth, in joyful freedom.

They turned into the road, and before them, through the trees, lay the long stretch of smiling valley.

THE END





SUNSET IN NORMANDY. PAINTED BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

# THE ARC-LIGHT

## BY CHARLES F. BRUSH



HE electric arc was first produced by Sir Humphry Davy barely a century ago. Davy was then at the head of the Royal

Institution of Great Britain, and had at his command the largest and most powerful voltaic batteries ever constructed up to that time. By means of copper wires he connected a pair of carbon rods made of hard-burned charcoal with the terminals of a battery of two thousand cells. When the ends of the carbon rods were brought into contact to establish the electric current, and then separated several inches, a splendid bow, or arch, or "arc" of electric flame spanned the space between them. Incidentally the tips of the charcoal sticks were heated to brilliant whiteness.

Thirty or forty years passed before anything further was done. Then, with improved forms of battery and carbon rods, other experimenters continued the work that Davy had begun. They found that with shorter arcs and larger currents much more brilliant lighting effects were produced. Since the carbon rods, white-hot at their ends, gradually burned away and increased their distance apart, clockwork mechanism, magnetically controlled by the current passing through the carbons, was devised to push them forward as they receded, and thus maintain them in proper relation with each other.

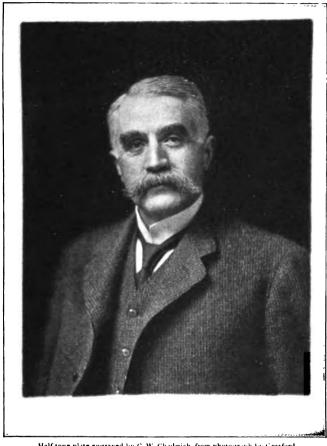
The first advance from Davy's charcoal carbons was made by sawing square rods from solid blocks of gas-retort carbon, a very laborious operation. After many years these were followed by molded carbons made from very finely pulverized gas-retort carbon. This was intimately mixed with a small proportion of hard pitch and molded under heavy pressure in hot iron molds. The molded carbons were then packed in sand and baked at a high tempera-

ture, whereby the pitch was carbonized and the whole structure made electrically conducting.

During the sixties several crude forms of dynamo-electric machines appeared—machines for the conversion of mechanical into electrical energy through the agency of electromagnetic induction. They were of small efficiency, and consequently very wasteful of driving power; but for the production of strong currents, such as were necessary for the electric arc, they were a great improvement over batteries. Some experiments were made in lighthouse work at this time by the French government. Prior to the early seventies, however, the electric light remained virtually unknown outside of lecture-rooms.

The electric arc-light as now so commonly used is produced by the passage of a powerful electric current between the slightly separated ends of a pair of carbon rods, or "carbons," about twelve inches long and from three eighths to one half inch in diameter, placed vertically end to end in the lamp. The lamp mechanism is so constructed that when no current is passing, the upper carbon, which is always made the positive one, rests upon the lower by the action of gravity; but as soon as the electric current is established the carbons are automatically separated about an eighth of an inch, thus forming a gap of high resistance in the electric circuit, across which the current is forced, resulting in the production of intense heat. The ends of the carbons are quickly heated to brilliant incandescence, and by the burning action of the air are maintained in the form of blunt points. As the carbons burn away, the lamp mechanism feeds the upper one downward just fast enough to maintain the proper separation. The carbons are not heated equally, the upper or positive one

being much the hotter. A small cupshaped cavity, or "crater," ordinarily less than an eighth of an inch in diameter, is formed in its end, the glowing concave surface of which emits the greater part of the total light. In lights of the usual size, Arc-lights are customarily operated in "series"; that is to say, the current passing through each lamp is forced through all the others in the line. The size or volume of the current is only that necessary for one lamp, but the pressure or "electromotive



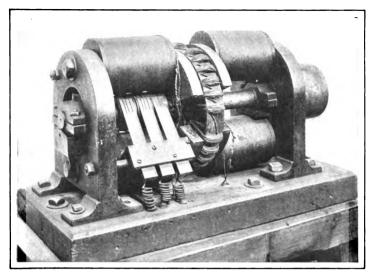
Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick, from photograph by Gessford

CHARLES F. BRUSH

something like half a horse-power of energy is concentrated in this little crater, and its temperature is limited only by the vaporization of the carbon. Carbon being the most refractory substance known, the temperature of the crater is the highest yet produced artificially, and ranks next to that of the sun. It is fortunate that nature has provided us with such a substance as carbon, combining, as it does, the highest resistance to heat with the necessary electrical conductivity. Without carbon, or an equivalent,—and none is known,—we could have no arc-light.

force" varies directly with the number of lamps operated.

The "incandescent" lamp in common use differs radically from the arc-lamp in construction and operation. It consists of a long, thin filament of carbon attached to metal wires and sealed in a glass globe from which the air is exhausted. Passage of electric current through the filament heats it to incandescence. There is no gap in the circuit, and no combustion of the carbon filament. Incandescent lamps are always operated in "parallel," each lamp tapping its own current from the mains.



FIRST BRUSH DYNAMO, 1876 (Diameter of armature nine inches)

My only apology—and I hope a sufficient one—for these elementary remarks is that they are addressed to that part of the reading public having little or no technical knowledge of electrical science.

I am often asked what first drew my attention to the electric arc-light,—a mere laboratory curiosity not so very long ago,—what inspired my belief in its industrial possibilities, and led me to work out the many necessary inventions which finally led to commercial success.

These questions are not readily answered. Keen but passive interest in the

brilliant experiments of Sir Humphry Davy, and others of later date, followed by much thought, study, and experiment, led gradually to the fixed idea. It was an evolution covering a period of many years.

From early boyhood I was an omnivorous reader of scientific literature. Such parts of astronomy, chemistry, and physics as I could understand were a neverending source of delight. I also constructed much crude apparatus—telescopes, microscopes, and photographic appliances.

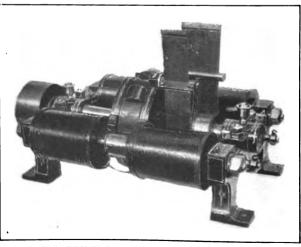
In my early high-school days I made, among other

things, many pieces of electrical apparatus—static machines, Leyden jars, batteries, electromagnets, induction coils. and small motors. But the electric arc as described in the textbooks, with its dazzling light and intense heat, was for a long time beyond my reach. I finally succeeded, however, in getting together enough batteries to make a small one-very small indeed. But it was the first I had

seen, and filled me with joy unspeakable.

Soon after this came the news of Wilde's experiments in London with his dynamo and single arc-light. The light was probably about the size of our ordinary street lights; but it was deemed a wonder at that time, and interested me so much that I wrote a graduation essay on it the following year (1867).

In the early seventies the Gramme dynamo made its appearance in Paris. It was the first really efficient dynamo, and excited wide-spread interest. Some stores and factories were lighted by it at that time,



EARLY BRUSH ELECTROPLATING DYNAMO, 1877
(Diameter of armature nine inches)

but a separate dynamo and complicated clockwork lamp were required for each light, and these were too expensive for general use.

Some queer notions about the electric light were still prevalent. As late as 1873, Deschanel's "Natural Philosophy," a wellknown text-book, said: "The light of the voltaic arc has a dazzling brilliancy, and attempts were long ago made to utilize it. The failures of these attempts were due not so much to its greater costliness in comparison with ordinary sources of illumination, as to the difficulty of using it effectively. Its brilliancy is painfully and even dangerously intense, being liable to injure the eyes and produce headaches. Its small size detracts from its illuminating power—it daszles rather than illuminates—and it cannot be produced on a sufficiently small scale for ordinary purposes of convenience. There is no mean between the absence of light and a light of overpowering intensity."

The advent of the Gramme machine interested me deeply, and from that time the industrial possibilities of dynamos were never out of mind.

Early in 1876 I completed drawings for a dynamo of my own designing. This turned out to be a distinctly new type, since known as the "open-coil" type, preëminently well fitted for the production of the high-tension currents necessary for series arc-lighting, which developed later.

Such parts of that first dynamo as required machine-shop work were made under my direction at the shop of the Telegraph Supply Company, and together

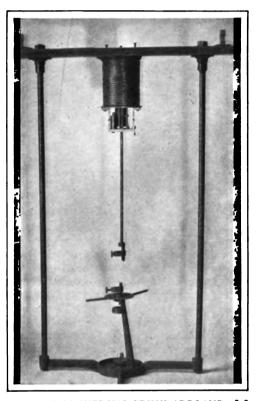
with necessary materials were shipped to my old country home near Wickliffe, Ohio, where I spent my summer vacation in 1876. There, in the little workshop where I had made my first crude electrical apparatus in boyhood days, I wound the armature and field-magnets, and completed the machine.

The day of trial was a memorable one for me. I belted the little dynamo to an old "horse-power" used for sawing wood, and attached a team of horses. After a little coaxing with a single cell of battery to give an initial excitation to the field-magnets, the machine suddenly "took hold," and nearly stalled the horses. It

was an exciting moment, followed by many others of eager experiment. That was my first acquaintance with a dynamo.

This pioneer machine has been preserved, and formed a part of the United States Government Historical Exhibit at the last Paris Exposition.

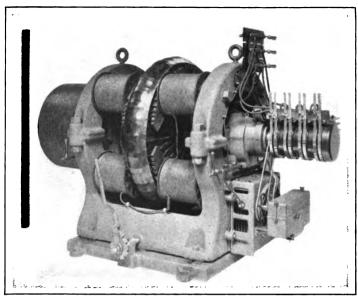
In the autumn of 1876 the Telegraph



EARLIEST COMMERCIAL BRUSH ARC-LAMP, 1878

Supply Company, with which I had made business arrangements, began the manufacture of dynamos of the new type adapted to electroplating. A considerable business was developed in this direction. It is of historical interest that my compound field winding for constant potential, now so generally used in incandescence lighting and power transmission, was first applied to plating machines. It was, in fact, invented for that purpose in the autumn of 1877.

During the summer of 1877 two of the new dynamos built for lighting were exhibited and tested at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. In connection with the dynamos, a new lamp of very simple con-



LATEST TYPE OF BRUSH 125 ARC-LIGHT DYNAMO
(12B, form K Brush arc-generator with armature-shield and form 3 commutator.
Diameter of armature about forty-eight inches)

struction was also exhibited. This, since known as the "ring-clutch" lamp, was the first simple lamp which appeared, and it marked a very great advance in the art. Costing perhaps a quarter as much to make as the other lamps then used, it was far less liable to derangement. Its salient features are embodied in nearly all arclamps of to-day.

The first dynamo and lamp actually sold by the Telegraph Supply Company were shipped to Dr. Longworth of Cincinnati about January, 1878. I went down to Cincinnati to show the doctor how to run his machine, and one evening while I was there he exhibited the light from the balcony of the building in which he lived, on one of the principal streets. It was a fourthousand-candle light, and of course attracted a large crowd, every man of which was ready and willing and eager to tell his neighbors all about it. I mingled in the throng for a time to hear the comments. One man who had collected a considerable audience called attention to the solenoid at the top of the lamp and said, "That is the can that holds the oil"; and, referring to the side rod, said, "That is the tube which conducts the oil from the can to the burner." He said nothing at all about electricity-a little oversight apparently unnoticed by his hearers, and they went away

happy in their newly acquired knowledge of the electric light.

The early single-light machines were quickly followed by two- and four-lighters: that is a say, machines furnishing two or four separate and distinct currents, each adapted to operate a single arc-lamp.

Then began the tedious education of the public to the new light. The principal difficulty arose from the propensity of everybody to stare directly at the arc, and then declare that everything else looked dark. It took years fully to outgrow this habit. I had often to ask, "Why don't you stare at the sun if you wish to be dazzled? It is vastly brighter than the electric light." Furthermore, most early purchasers of electric lights thought each lamp giving as much light as fifty gasburners would replace fifty gas-lights, notwithstanding the great advantage of distribution possessed by the latter. Altogether too much was expected.

However, a number of two- and fourlight units were sold during the season of 1878 for lighting stores and shops. The largest plant of this kind, about twenty lights, was bought for a great department store in Philadelphia.

A four-light dynamo and lamps were used to light a part of the Mechanics' Fair in Boston in the autumn of that year. The

electric light was a novelty in Boston at that time, and a great attraction at the fair.

One of the earliest four-light machines was exhibited to a number of invited guests at the works of a large manufacturing company in Cleveland. One gentleman on that occasion looked the whole apparatus over very carefully for perhaps half an hour, and then, pointing to the line wire, said to me, "How large is the hole in that little tube that the electricity flows through?" The shop superintendent of the company observed the machine for perhaps five minutes in complete silence; then he had fully digested the whole matter, and was ready to explain it to me. He said: "The electricity is generated by that there revolving affair rubbing the air up against them iron blades [meaning the pole-shoes of the magnets], just as you get sparks when you rub a cat's back." I suggested that while his was a simple and beautiful theory, it did not fully meet the facts. But he would hear nothing from me. He said: "The whole thing is plain. If you should run that machine in a vacuum, where there is no air to get rubbed, you could n't get any electricity."

The year 1878 was a memorable one in the history of electric lighting. Not only did it witness the first industrial use of electric lights on any considerable scale, but it was in that year that I had the great good fortune to invent and develop the modern series arc-lamp with its regulating shunt coil. It was this invention which made arc-lighting from central stations commercially possible; and I think it may justly be regarded as marking the birth of the electric-lighting industry as it exists to-day.

It had become evident by this time that a "fool-proof," or nearly fool-proof, lamp was essential to commercial success. The users of lamps could not be induced to let them alone, and no end of trouble was caused by meddling with them. So, in designing the new series lamp, I endeavored to make it completely fool-proof, and nearly succeeded, but not quite. The mechanism was locked together like a Chinese puzzle, and difficult to get apart. It was entirely devoid of screws that could be taken out and lost, or adjusting devices with which users could tinker. All necessary adjustments were made in the shop

when the lamp was tested, and were made permanently.

But of course it was possible to take a lamp apart, and in this sense it was not fool-proof. Complaining of a lamp which failed to operate, a man once said to me, "Why, I've had that lamp all to pieces four times, and yet it won't work!"

The high-tension dynamos for series lighting were "fool-killers," and usually able to look out for themselves. They discouraged undue familiarity.

Of course "series" lighting immediately superseded "parallel" lighting. A single large dynamo and one lamp circuit were much cheaper, simpler, and more easily managed than several small dynamos and many lamp circuits. Furthermore, the line cost and losses were vastly less, thus permitting the location of lamps at any desired distance from the dynamo—miles, if necessary. The stimulation of the business by the introduction of series lighting was enormous.

The first series plant, a six-light outfit, was sold in December, 1878, for lighting a clothing-store in Boston. One of the lights was hung over the sidewalk in front of the store, and nightly attracted crowds of people. This was the first electric light ever used in the streets of Boston.

Quickly following the six-light machines came the sixteen-lighters; and they remained the standard size until late in 1880, when they were followed by the fortylight machines.

One of the earliest sixteen-light outfits was installed, in February, 1879, in a worsted-mill at Providence, Rhode Island; another was purchased in March, another in April, and two more in September, making eighty lights in all—the largest electric-light plant in the world at that time. Other purchasers of plants in 1879 were mills in Providence, Hartford, and Lowell, a hotel in San Francisco, and several New York dry-goods houses.

Many plants were sold in 1880, and by the end of that year about six thousand lights had been installed.

Of course it was difficult to educate men fast enough properly to install and operate the plants, and much annoyance was caused by trivial accidents and poorly constructed and poorly insulated lines, which led to "short circuits" and "grounds." It often fell to my lot to straighten out these

troubles. Once I traveled fifteen hundred miles to take a common staple tack from the bottom of a dynamo, where it happened to short-circuit a field-magnet. Sometimes malicious tampering with the dynamos occurred, but, fortunately, not often. Long, fine wire nails were occasionally found driven into the field-magnet coils in inconspicuous places.

Some difficulties were never traced to their source. On one occasion sixteen lamps were returned by our Boston agent with the statement that his men were quite unable to make them work decently. I examined and tested the lamps carefully, and found them all right. Without making any change or adjustment whatever, except to change the numbers so as to conceal their identity, I sent the lamps back, with a letter stating that I had personally examined and tested this lot, and could guarantee them to be all right. They were put back in their original places, and worked beautifully, so the agent said; and he requested me as a personal favor to look over all lamps he might order in future before they were shipped. He wanted to know what was the matter with the first set, but I never told him.

We had much trouble with carbons in the early days. Our first carbons were crooked and soft. They had high electrical resistance, burned out rapidly, and were very expensive. They were made from gas-retort carbon, which was difficult to pulverize, and contained from three to five per cent. ash. The ash was fatal to the steadiness of the light, causing the arc to flicker badly. It was necessary to find some better material than gas-retort carbon without delay.

After much anxious thought and a prolonged study of industrial processes likely to yield such material, I hit upon "still coke," a by-product of the destructive distillation of mineral oils. As the result of many analyses of different specimens of this substance, it was found that by careful selection the ash could be kept as low as two or three hundredths of one per cent. Still coke could be pulverized with comparative ease, and was obtainable in unlimited quantities at small cost. It has ever since been almost everywhere used in making carbons.

But the early carbons made from still coke shrank enormously in baking, and

consequently were very crooked. Much experimenting was necessary to find out how best to work this material. Then, too, special machinery and furnaces had to be designed for grinding, mixing, molding, and baking. These details occupied much of my time during the first two or three years.

To decrease their electrical resistance and retard the burning of the carbons, we electroplated them with copper, which is still customary. This little scheme of covering the carbons with just enough, but not too much, copper was the only easy invention that it was my privilege to make; and it paid well, considering its seeming simplicity. It yielded, if I remember correctly, something like \$150,000 in cash royalties before serious competition set in.

The very early carbons were sold at the rate of \$240 a thousand. I say at the rate of \$240 a thousand, because nobody thought of ordering a thousand carbons at once. Fifty or a hundred were ordered at a time. When the business increased a little, we reduced the price to \$150 a thousand. This involved loss for a time. then covered cost, and afterward afforded profit as the business grew larger. We soon again reduced the price, this time to \$62.50, on the theory that cheaper carbons would stimulate the growth of the electric-light industry; and our expectations were abundantly justified. The growth of the lighting business was very rapid from that time on, so that while we lost money on carbons at first, we far more than made it up in increased sales of dynamos and lamps. After a while, however, with largely increased and growing output, we made a handsome profit.

During the first ten years or so of the electric-lighting business, the price of carbons gradually settled down to about ten dollars a thousand, and has remained not very far from that figure ever since. But the quantity used grew to amazing proportions. Before the introduction of the "inclosed-arc" lamp, the annual consumption of carbons reached nearly two hundred millions.

The first instance of public-street lighting in this country was in the Public Square of Cleveland, a little park of about ten acres. In April, 1879, twelve lamps of the ordinary so-called two-thousand-candle

power were installed in the park on high ornamental poles.

While we were putting up the poles and line circuit, a great deal of interest was manifested by the public, and on the evening when the lights were formally started the park was crowded with people. Many evidently expected a blinding glare of light, as they had provided themselves with colored spectacles or smoked glass. Of course there was at first a general feeling of disappointment in this respect, although every one was willing to admit that he could read with ease in any part of the square. After a few weeks, however, when the novelty had worn off, and the people had tired of staring at the lamps, the general verdict was highly favorable to the new light.

As the Public Square lights were required to burn all night, this necessitated putting fresh carbons in each lamp sometime during the night, because a single set would not last until morning. But the nightly trimming of the lamps required an extra man and added materially to the cost of lighting. To meet this difficulty, I devised the "double-carbon" lamp, which afterward grew into general use for all-night lighting, and became famous through much patent litigation.

The new lights were exhibited in London in 1880. For that purpose we sent over a sixteen-light outfit and some smaller ones. The English capitalists whom we sought to interest were incredulous at first, and would not believe that sixteen powerful lights could be operated by one dynamo, certainly not in a single circuit. thought some trickery was behind it. But they were soon convinced, and the Anglo-American Brush Electric Light Corporation, Limited, was organized to exploit the new industry in England and throughout Europe. The corporation was capitalized at eight hundred thousand pounds, and started a large manufacturing plant in London.

The earliest public lighting in London was that of the Houses of Parliament, Charing Cross Station, Ludgate Hill Station, Blackfriars Bridge, and St. Paul's Churchyard.

The industry experienced a rapid growth during the next two or three years, but was afterward greatly hampered by adverse legislation limiting the electromotive force of lighting circuits. This was thought to be instigated by the gas interests. In the meantime the lights were introduced on the Continent, and also in India, Australia, and other British possessions.

In the early summer of 1882, the Brush Electric Company of Cleveland gave a public exhibition of arc-lamps in the main street of Tokio. It was the first time arclights had been seen in Japan, and they excited great interest.

This exhibition was followed by several large contracts with the Japanese government. The first was for lighting the navyyard and docks at Yokosuka, on the Bay of Tokio, at that time the only navy-yard in Japan. Another was for lighting the Tokio arsenal, where the small arms for the army and navy were manufactured. This contract was made with General (now Field Marshal) Oyama, who was then Minister of War. Another contract was for lighting the government woolen-mills near Tokio, where the cloth for army and navy uniforms was manufactured. Searchlights for the chief vessels of the Japanese navy were also supplied.

In the summer of 1882 the Shanghai Electric Company was organized to light the foreign municipality of Shanghai, China. This was the first central station organized anywhere in the Orient. The company started with about a hundred arclights, and, I understand, has continued its operations down to the present time.

Starting with public-street lighting in Cleveland early in 1879, the central-station idea rapidly took root, and before the end of 1881 lighting stations were in operation in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Montreal, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, and several other cities.

Perhaps the largest of the early stations was that of the Brush Electric Light Company of New York, located at 133 and 135 West Twenty-fifth street. On December 20, 1880, Broadway from Fourteenth to Twenty-sixth street was first lighted from this station, with a circuit nearly two miles in length. Fifteen lamps were used, mounted on ornamental iron poles twenty feet high, and placed at the street intersections. A few weeks later the lights were extended to Thirty-fourth street.

The lights were the ordinary nominal two-thousand-candle power still in vogue; but the lamps gave this amount of light only when measured in the zone of greatest illumination. The average horizontal illumination was about eight hundred candles, and not quite uniformly distributed in all directions.

Not long afterward some of the lights were measured by a famous college professor and patent expert employed by a gas company. Naturally he did not select the most favorable conditions for measurement, and in his report stated that he thought the electric-light company must have arrived at its two-thousand-candle-power rating by measuring the lights north, south, east, and west, getting five hundred candles each way, and adding all together.

The opposition of the gas companies everywhere was moderate at first, but became strenuous when central-station lighting began to develop, and continued several years.

I argued from the first that the general introduction of arc-lights in cities would greatly stimulate the consumption of gas, on the ground that the public, becoming accustomed to brilliantly lighted streets and stores, would burn far more gas at home. This prediction, paradoxical as it seemed, was abundantly and admittedly fulfilled.

The name of the Telegraph Supply Company was changed in 1881 to the Brush Electric Company, capitalized at three million dollars, a very large corporation for those days. About ten years later the Brush, Thomson-Houston, and Edison companies were combined to form the present General Electric Company, and the works of the Brush Electric Company were removed from Cleveland, Ohio, to Schenectady, New York.

The forty-light dynamos of 1880 were followed in due time by the sixty-five-lighters. Next came the hundred-and-twenty-five-light machines, which are the standard Brush arc-dynamos of to-day, and in general use for long-circuit series lighting from central stations.

Within the last few years the "inclosed-

arc" lamp has come into very extensive use. It differs from the ordinary "openarc" lamp in having its carbons inclosed in a nearly air-tight glass globe, whereby consumption of the carbons is so greatly retarded that their life may be prolonged twentyfold or even more. This effects a great saving in attendance as well as in carbons.

For convenience many of these lamps are operated from constant-potential circuits where such circuits are available, though this involves much loss in efficiency.

The use of inclosed arcs has become large enough to stop the growth of carbon manufacture, notwithstanding the steady and large increase in the number of arclamps in use. The General Electric Company alone sold about eighty-five thousand inclosed-arc lamps in 1903—far more than of the open-arc variety.

Almost from the beginning of its commercial success, down to the time of consolidation, the Brush Electric Company met with vigorous competition, made practicable by the hostile attitude to all patents manifested by the Federal courts throughout that period. Inventors in every field of effort suffered from this cause for about ten years before reaction came. All competitors in arc-lighting used the Brush series arc-lamp, more or less modified in appearance. It was indispensable. The most successful used the open-coil dynamo also.

The early success of arc-lighting undoubtedly prompted and hastened the development of incandescence lighting as well as power transmission and electric traction.

The capital invested in these industries has grown from virtually nothing in 1877 to something like four thousand million dollars, in 1904, in the United States alone. It is difficult to estimate what part of this vast total should be assigned to arc-lighting, as this industry is intimately involved with the others; but it certainly constitutes a very respectable fraction of the whole.



# ROSE O' THE RIVER

## BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IIX

ROSE SEES THE WORLD



AS this the world, after all?
Rose asked herself; and, if
so, what was amiss with it,
and where was the charm,
the bewilderment, the intoxication, the glamour?

She had been so glad to come to Boston. for the last two weeks in Edgewood had been intolerable. She had always been a favorite heretofore, from the days when the boys fought for the privilege of dragging her sled up the hills, and filling her little mitten with peppermints, down to the vear when she came home from the Wareham Female Seminary, an acknowledged belle and beauty. Suddenly she had felt her popularity dwindling. There was no real change in the demeanor of her acquaintances, but there was a certain subtle difference of atmosphere. Everybody sympathized tacitly with Stephen, and she did not wonder, for there were times when she secretly took his part against herself. Only a few candid friends had referred to the rupture openly in conversation, but these had been blunt in their disapproval.

It seemed part of her ill fortune that just at this time Rufus should be threatened with partial blindness, and that Stephen's heart, already sore, should be torn with new anxieties. She could hardly bear to see the doctor's carriage drive by day after day, and hear night after night that Rufus was unresigned, melancholy, half mad; while Stephen, as the doctor said, was brother, mother, and father in one, as gentle as a woman, as firm as Gibraltar.

These foes to her peace of mind all came

from within; but without was the hourly reproach of her grandmother, whose scorching tongue touched every sensitive spot in the girl's nature and burned it like fire.

Finally a way of escape opened. Mrs. Wealthy Brooks, who had always been rheumatic, grew suddenly worse. She had heard of a "magnetic" physician in Boston, also of one who used electricity with wonderful effect, and she announced her intention of taking both treatments impartially and alternately. The neighbors were quite willing that Wealthy Ann Brooks should spend the deceased Ezra's money in any way she pleased, -she had earned it, goodness knows, by living with him for twenty-five years, - but before the day for her departure arrived her right arm and knee became so much more painful that it was impossible for her to travel alone.

At this juncture Rose was called upon to act as nurse and companion in a friendly way. She seized the opportunity hungrily as a way out of her present trouble; but, knowing what Mrs. Brooks's temper was in time of health, she could see clearly what it was likely to prove when pain and anguish wrung her brow.

Rose had been in Boston now for some weeks, and she was sitting in the Joy street boarding-house. (Joy street, forsooth! What sarcasm!) It was nearly bedtime, and she was looking out upon a huddle of roofs and back yards, upon a landscape filled with clothes-lines, ash-barrels, and forlorn cats.

She had "seen Boston," for she had accompanied Mrs. Brooks in the horse-cars daily to the two different temples of healing where she worshiped and offered sacrifices. She had also gone with Maude Mer-

rill to Claude's store to buy a pair of gloves, and had overheard Miss Dix (a female assistant with black hair and high color) say to Miss Brackett of the ribbon department that she thought Mr. Merrill must have worn his blinders that time he stayed so long in Edgewood. Rose was n't looking her best, she knew; the cotton dresses that seemed so pretty at home were common and countrified here, and her best black cashmere looked cheap and shapeless beside Miss Dix's brilliantine.

She had gone to walk with Claude one evening when she first arrived. He had shown her the State-house and the Park Street Church, and sat with her on one of the benches in the Common until nearly ten. Mrs. Brooks had told her nephew of the broken engagement, but Claude made no reference to the matter, save to congratulate her that she was rid of a man who was so clumsy, so dull and behind the times, as Stephen Waterman, saying that he had always marveled she could engage herself to anybody who could insult her by offering her a turquoise ring.

Claude was very interesting that evening, Rose thought, but rather gloomy and unlike his former self. He referred to his grave responsibilities, to the frail health of his sister, and to the vicissitudes of business. He vaguely intimated that his daily life in the store was not as pleasant as it had been formerly; that there were "those" (he would speak no more plainly) who embarrassed him with undesired attentions; "those" who, without the smallest shadow of right, vexed him with petty jealousies.

Rose dared not ask questions on so delicate a topic, but she remembered in a flash Miss Dix's heavy eyebrows, snapping eyes, and high color. Claude seemed very happy that Rose had come to Boston, though he was surprised, knowing what a trial his aunt must be, now that she was so helpless. It was unfortunate, also, that Rose could not go on excursions without leaving his aunt alone, or he should have been glad to offer his escort. He pressed her hand when he left her at her door, telling her she could never realize what a comfort her friendship was to him; could never imagine how thankful he was that she had courageously freed herself from ties that in time would have made her wretched. His heart was full, he said, of feelings he dared not utter; but in the near future, when certain

clouds had rolled by, he would unlock its treasures, and then—but no more to-night: he could not trust himself.

#### XIII

### GOLD AND PINCHBECK

Rose felt as if she were assuming one of the characters in a mysterious romance, such as unfolded itself only in books or Boston; but, thrilling as it was, it was nevertheless extremely unsatisfactory.

Convinced that Claude Merrill was passionately in love with her, one of her reasons for coming to Boston had been to fall more deeply in love with him, and thus heal some, at least, of the wounds she had inflicted. It may have been a foolish idea, but after three weeks it seemed still worse -a useless one; for after several interviews she felt herself drifting farther and farther from Claude; and if he felt any burning ambition to make her his own, he certainly concealed it with admirable art. Given up, with the most offensive magnanimity, by Stephen, and not greatly desired by Claude—that seemed the present status of proud little Rose Wiley of the Brier Neighborhood.

It was June, she remembered, as she leaned out of the open window; at least it was June in Edgewood, and she supposed for convenience's sake they called it June in Boston. Not that it mattered much what the poor city prisoners called it. How beautiful the river would be at home, with the trees along the banks in full leaf! How she hungered and thirsted for the river—to see it sparkle in the sunlight; to watch the moonglade stretching from one bank to the other; to hear the soft lap of the water on the shore, and the distant murmur of the falls at the bridge! And the Brier Neighborhood would be at its loveliest, for the wild roses were in blossom by now. And the little house! How sweet it must look under the shade of the elms, with the Saco rippling at the back! Was poor Rufus still lying in a darkened room, and was Stephen nursing him,—disappointed Stephen dear, noble old Stephen?

Just then Mrs. Brooks groaned in the next room and called Rose, who went in to minister to her real needs, or to-condole with her fancied ones, whichever course of action appeared to be the more agreeable.

Mrs. Brooks desired conversation, it seemed. The doctors were not doing her a speck of good, and she was just squandering money in a miserable boarding-house, when she might be enjoying poor health in her own home; and she did n't believe her hens were receiving proper care, and she had forgotten to pull down the shades in the spare room, and the sun would fade the carpet out all white before she got back, and she did n't believe Dr. Smith's magnetism was any more use than a cat's foot, nor Dr. Robinson's electricity any better than a bumblebee's buzz, and she had a great mind to go home and try Dr. Welsford from Bonnie Eagle; and there was a letter for Rose on the bureau, which had come before supper, but the shiftless, lazy, worthless landlady had forgotten to send it up till just now.

The letter was from Mite Shapley, but Rose could read only half of it to Mrs. Brooks-little beside the news that the Waterman barn had been struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Stephen was away at the time, having taken Rufus into Portland, where an operation on his eyes would shortly be performed at the hospital, and one of the neighbors was sleeping at the River Farm and taking care of the cattle; but the house might not have been saved but for Alcestis Crambry's sudden burst of common sense. He succeeded not only in getting the horses out of the stalls, but gave the alarm so promptly that the neighborhood was soon on the scene of action. Stephen was the only man, Mite reminded Rose, who ever had any patience with, or took any pains to teach, Alcestis, but he never could have expected to be rewarded in this way. The barn was only partly insured; and when she had met Stephen at the station next day. and condoled with him on his loss, he had said: "Oh, well, Mite, a little more or less does n't make much difference just now."

"The rest would n't interest you, Mrs. Brooks," said Rose, precipitately preparing to leave the room.

"Something about Claude, I suppose," ventured that astute lady. "I think Mite kind of fancied him. I don't believe he ever gave her any real encouragement; but he 'd make love to a pump, Claude Merrill would, and so would his father. How my sister made out to land him we never knew, for they said he 'd proposed

to every woman in Bingham, including the wooden Indian girl in front of the cigarstore, and not one of 'em ever got a chance to set the day."

Rose scarcely noticed what Mrs. Brooks said: she was too anxious to read the rest of Mite Shapley's letter in the quiet of her own room.

Stephen looks haggard and pale [so it ran on], but he does not allow anybody to sympathize with him. I think you ought to know something that I have n't told you before for fear of hurting your feelings; but if I were in your place I'd like to hear everything, so as to know how to act when you come home. Just after you left, Stephen plowed up all the land in front of your little new house,—every inch of it, all up and down the road, between the fence and the front door-steps,—and then he planted corn. He has closed all the blinds and hung a "To Let" sign on the large elm at the gate. Stephen never was spiteful in his life, but this looks like it. Perhaps he only wanted to save his self-respect and let people know that everything between you was over forever. Perhaps he thought it would stop talk once and for all. But you won't mind, you lucky girl, staying nearly three months in Boston! [So Almira purled on in violet ink, with shaded letters.] How I wish it had come my way, though I'm not good at rubbing rheumatic patients, even when they are his aunt. Is he as devoted as ever? And when will it be? How do you like the theater? Mother thinks you won't attend; but, by what he used to say, I am sure church members always go in Boston.

Your loving friend,

Almira Shapley.

P.S. They say Rufus's doctors' bills here, and the operation and hospital expenses in Portland, will mount up to five hundred dollars. Of course Stephen will be dreadfully hampered by the loss of his barn, and maybe he wants to let your little house because he really needs money. The dooryard won't be very attractive to tenants, with corn planted right up to the front steps and no path left. It 's two feet tall now, and by August (just when you were intending to move in) it will hide the front windows.

The letter was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Rose flung herself on her bed to think and regret and repent, and, if possible, to sob herself to sleep.

She knew now that she had never admired and respected Stephen so much as at the moment when, under the reproach of his eyes, she had given him back his

turquoise ring. When she left Edgewood and parted with him forever she had really loved him better than when she had promised to marry him.

Claude Merrill, on his native Boston heath, did not appear the romantic, inspiring figure he had once been in her eyes. A week ago she distrusted him; to-night she despised him.

What had happened to Rose was the dilation of her vision. She saw things under a wider sky and in a clearer light. Above all, her heart was wrung with pity for Stephen-Stephen, with no comforting woman's hand to help him in his sore trouble; Stephen, bearing his losses alone, his burdens and anxieties alone, his nursing and daily work alone. Oh, how she felt herself needed! Needed! that was the magic word that unlocked her better nature. "Darkness is the time for making roots and establishing plants, whether of the soil or of the soul," and all at once Rose had become a woman: a little one, perhaps, but a whole woman—and a bit of an angel, too, with healing in her wings. When and how had this metamorphosis come about? Last summer the fragile brier-rose had hung over the river and looked at its pretty reflection in the placid surface of the water. Its few buds and blossoms were so lovely, it sighed for nothing more. The changes in the plant had been wrought secretly and silently. In some mysterious way, as common to soul as to plant life, the roots had gathered in more nourishment from the earth; they had stored up strength and force, and all at once there was a marvelous fructifying of the plant, hardiness of stalk, new shoots everywhere, vigorous leafage, and a shower of blossoms.

But everything was awry: Boston was a failure, Claude was a weakling and a flirt, her turquoise ring was lying on the riverbank, Stephen did not love her any longer, her flower-beds were plowed up and planted in corn, and the little house was to let.

She was in Boston; but what did that amount to, after all? What was the Statehouse to a bleeding heart, or the Old South Church to a pride wounded like hers?

At last she fell asleep, but it was only by stopping her ears to the noises of the city streets and making herself imagine the sound of the river rippling under her bedroom windows at home. The back yards

of Boston faded, and in their place came the banks of the Saco, strewn with pineneedles, fragrant with wild flowers. Then there was the bit of sunny beach where Stephen moored his boat. She could hear the sound of his paddle. Boston lovers came a-courting in the horse-cars, but hers had floated down-stream to her in a little canoe just at dusk, or sometimes, in the moonlight, on a couple of logs rafted together.

But it was all over now, and she could see only Stephen's stern face as he flung the little turquoise ring down the river-

### XIV

### A COUNTRY CHEVALIER

It was early in August when Mrs. Wealthy Brooks announced her speedy return from Boston to Edgewood.

"It's jest as well Rose is comin' back," said Mr. Wiley to his wife. "I never favored her goin' to Boston, where that rosy-posy Claude-feller is. When he was down here he was kep' kind o' tied up in a box-stall, but there he 's caperin' loose round the pasture."

"I should think Rose would be ashamed to come back, after the way she 's carried

on," remarked Mrs. Wiley.

"She 's be'n foolish an' flirty an' wrongheaded," allowed her grandfather; "but it won't do no good to treat her like a hardened criminile, same 's you did afore she went away. She ain't broke the laws of the State o' Maine, nor any o' the ten commandments; she ain't disgraced the family, an' there 's a chance for her to reform, seein' as how she ain't twenty year old yet. I was turrible wild an' hot-headed myself afore you ketched me an' tamed me down."

"You ain't so tame now as I wish you

was," Mrs. Wiley replied testily.

"If you could smoke a clay pipe 't would calm your nerves, mother, an' help you to git some philosophy inter you; you need a little philosophy turrible bad."

"I need patience consid'able more,"

was Mrs. Wiley's withering retort.

"That 's the way with folks," said Old Kennebec, reflectively, as he went on peacefully puffing. "If you try to indoose 'em to take an int'rest in a bran'-new virtue, they won't look at it; but they 'll run down a side street an' buy half a yard more o' some turrible old shop-worn trait o' character that they 've kep' in stock all their lives, an' that everybody 's sick to death of. There was a man in Gardiner—"

But alas! the experiences of the Gardiner man, though told in the same delight-

front of the windows at the little house, and no word of any sort came from Stephen. He had seen Rose once, but only from a distance. She seemed paler and thinner, he thought. He heard no rumor



"SHE HAD ALSO GONE WITH MAUDE MERRILL TO CLAUDE'S STORE"

ful fashion that had won Mrs. Wiley's heart thirty years before, now fell upon the empty air. Now, in Old Kennebec's "anecdotage," his pipe was his best listener and his truest confidant.

Mr. Wiley's intercessions with his wife made Rose's home-coming easier; but the days went on, and nothing happened to change the situation. The corn waved in of any engagement, and he wondered if it were possible that her love for Claude Merrill had not, after all, been returned in kind. This seemed a wild impossibility. His mind refused to entertain the supposition that any man on earth could resist falling in love with Rose, or, having fallen in, that he could ever contrive to climb out. So he worked on at his farm harder

than ever, and grew soberer and more careworn daily. The "To Let" sign on the little house was an arrant piece of hypocrisy. Nothing but the direst extremity could have caused him to allow an alien step on that sacred threshold. The plowing up of the flower-beds and planting of the corn had served a double purpose. It showed the too curious public the finality of his break with Rose and her absolute freedom; it also prevented them from suspecting that he still entered the place. His visits were not many, but he could not bear to let the dust settle on the furniture that he and Rose had chosen together; and whenever he locked the door and went back to the River Farm, he thought of a verse in the Bible: "Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

It was now Friday of the last week in

The river was full of logs, thousands upon thousands of them covering the surface of the water from the bridge almost up to the Brier Neighborhood.

The Edgewood drive was late, owing to a long drought and low water; but it was to begin on the following Monday, and Lije Dennett and his under-boss were looking over the situation and planning the campaign. As they leaned over the bridge-rail they saw Mr. Wiley driving down the river road. When he caught sight of them he hitched the old white horse at the corner and walked toward them, filling his pipe the while in his usual leisurely manner.

"We're not busy this forenoon," said Lije Dennett. "S'pose we stand right here and for once let Old Kennebec have his say out. We've never heard the end of one of his stories, an' he's be'n talkin' for twenty years."

"All right," rejoined his companion, with a smile. "I'm willin', if you are; but who 's goin' to tell our fam'lies the reason we've deserted 'em? I bate yer we sha'n't budge till the crack o' doom. The road commissioner 'll come along once a year and mend the bridge under our feet, but Old Kennebec'll talk right on till the day o' jedgment."

Mr. Wiley had one of the most enjoyable mornings of his life, and felt that after half a century of neglect his powers were at last appreciated by his fellow-citizens.

He proposed several strategic move-

ments to be made upon the logs, whereby they would move more swiftly than usual. He described several successful drives on the Kennebec, when the logs had melted down the river almost by magic, owing to his generalship; and he paid a tribute, in passing, to the docility of the boss, who on that occasion had never moved a log without his (Old Kennebec's) advice.

From this topic he proceeded genially to narrate the life-histories of the boss, the under-boss, and several Indians belonging to the crew-histories in which he himself played a gallant and conspicuous part. The conversation then drifted naturally to the exploits of river-drivers in general, and Mr. Wiley described the sorts of feats in log-riding, pickpole-throwing, and the shooting of rapids that he had done in his youth. These stories were such as had seldom been heard by the ear of man; and, as they passed into circulation instantaneously, we are probably enjoying some of them to this day. They were still being told when a Crambry child appeared on the bridge, bearing a note for the old man.

Upon reading it, he moved off rapidly in the direction of the store, ejaculating: "Bless my soul! I clean forgot that saleratus, and mother's settin' at the kitchen table, with the bowl in her lap, waitin' for it!"

The connubial discussion that followed this breach of discipline began on the arrival of the saleratus, and lasted through supper; and Rose went to bed almost immediately afterward for very dullness and apathy. Her life stretched out before her in the most aimless and monotonous fashion. She saw nothing but heartache in the future; and that she richly deserved it made it none the easier to bear.

Feeling feverish and sleepless, she slipped on a dressing-gown and stole quietly downstairs for a breath of air. Her grandfather and grandmother were talking on the piazza, and in passing the open window she halted at the sound of Stephen's name.

"I met Stephen to-night for the first time in a week," said Mr. Wiley. "He kind o' keeps out o' my way lately. He's goin' to drive his span into Portland tomorrow mornin' and bring Rufus home from the hospital Sunday afternoon. The doctors think they 've made a success of their job, but Rufus has got to be bandaged up a spell longer. Stephen is goin' to join the drive Monday mornin' at the breedge, so I 'll get the latest news o' the boy. Land! I'll be turrible glad if he gits out with his eyesight, if it 's only for Steve's sake. He 's a turrible good feller, Steve is! He said something to-night that made me set more store by him than ever. I told you I hed n't heard an unkind word ag'in' Rose sence she come home from Boston, an' no more I hev till this evenin'. There was half a dozen fellers talkin' in the store, an' they did n't suspicion I was settin' on the steps outside the screen-door. That Iim Ienkins, that Rose so everlastin'ly snubbed once, spoke up an' says he: 'This time last year Rose Wiley could 'a' hed the choice of any man on the river, an' now I bet ye she can't get nary one.'

"Steve was there, just goin' out the door, with some bags o' coffee an' sugar under his arm. 'I guess you're mistaken about that,' he says, speakin' up jest like lightnin'; 'so long as I 'm alive, Rose Wiley can have me, for one; and that everybody 's welcome to know.'"

### xv

#### HOUSEBREAKING

WHERE was the pale Rose, the faded Rose, that crept noiselessly down from her room, wanting neither to speak nor to be spoken to? Nobody ever knew. She vanished forever, and in her place a thing of sparkles and dimples flashed up the stairway and closed the door softly. There was a streak of moonshine lying across the bare floor, and a merry little ghost, with dressing-gown held prettily away from bare feet, danced a gay fandango among the yellow moonbeams. There were breathless flights to the open window, and kisses thrown in the direction of the River Farm. There were impressive declamations at the looking-glass, where a radiant creature pointed to her reflection and whispered, "Worthless little pig, he loves you, after all!"

Then, when quiet joy had taken the place of mad delight, there was a swoop down upon knees, an impetuous hiding of brimming eyes in the white counterpane, and a dozen impassioned promises to be a better girl.

A period of grave reflection now ensued, under the bedclothes, where one could think better. Suddenly an inspiration seized her—an inspiration so original, so delicious, and above all so humble and praise-

worthy, that it brought her head from her pillow, and she sat bolt upright, clapping her hands like a child.

"The very thing!" she whispered to herself gleefully. "It will take courage, but I'm sure of my ground after what he said, and I'll do it. Grandma in Biddeford buying church carpets, Stephen in Portland—was ever such a chance?"

The same glowing Rose came downstairs, two steps at a time, next morning, bade her grandmother good-by with suspicious pleasure, and sent her grandfather away on an errand which, with attendant conversation, would consume half the day. Then bundles after bundles, and baskets after baskets, were packed into the wagon —behind the seat, beneath the seat, and finally under the lap-robe. She gave a dramatic flourish to the whip, drove across the bridge, went through Pleasant River village, and up the river road to the little house, stared the "To Let" sign scornfully in the eye, alighted, and ran like a deer through the aisles of waving corn, past the kitchen windows, to the back door.

"If he has kept the big key in the old place under the stone, where we both used to find it, then he has n't forgotten me or anything," thought Rose.

The key was there, and Rose lifted it with a sob of gratitude. It was but five minutes' work to carry all the bundles from the wagon to the back steps, and another five to lead old Tom across the road into the woods and tie him to a tree quite out of the sight of any passer-by.

When, after running back, she turned the key in the lock, her heart gave a leap almost of terror, and she started at the sound of her own footfall. Through the open door the sunlight streamed into the dark room. She flew to tables and chairs and gave a rapid sweep of the hand over their surfaces.

"He has been dusting here—and within a few days, too," she thought triumphantly.

The kitchen was perfection, as she always knew it would be, with one door opening to the shaded road and the other looking on the river; windows, too, framing the apple-orchard and the elms. She had chosen the furniture, but how differently it looked now that it was actually in place! The tiny shed had piles of split wood, with great boxes of kindlings and shavings, all in readiness for the bride, who

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'SO LONG AS I'M ALIVE, ROSE WILEY CAN HAVE ME, FOR ONE'"

would do her own cooking. Who but Stephen would have made the very wood ready for a woman's home-coming; and why had he done so much in May, when they were not to be married until August? Then the door of the bedroom was stealth-• ilv opened, and here Rose sat down and cried for joy and shame and hope and fear. The very flowered paper she had refused as too expensive! How lovely it looked with the white chamber set! She brought in her simple wedding outfit of blankets, bed-linen, and counterpanes, and folded them softly in the closet; and then for the rest of the morning she went from room to room, doing all that could remain undiscovered, even to laying a fire in the new stove.

This was the plan. Stephen must pass the house on his way from the River Farm to the bridge, where he was to join the riverdrivers on Monday morning. She would be out of bed by the earliest peep of dawn, put on Stephen's favorite pink calico, leave a note for her grandmother, run like a hare down her side of the river and up Stephens, steal into the house, open blinds and windows, light the fire, and set the kettle boiling. Then with a sharp knife she would cut down two rows of corn, and thus make a green pathway from the front kitchen steps to the road. Next, the false and insulting "To Let" sign would be forcibly tweaked from the tree and thrown into the grass. She would then lay the table in the kitchen, and make ready the nicest breakfast that two people ever sat down to. And oh, would two people sit down to it; or would one go off in a rage and the other die of grief and disappointment?

Then, having done all, she would wait and palpitate, and palpitate and wait, till Stephen came. Surely no property-owner in the universe could drive along a road, observe his corn leveled to the earth, his sign removed, his house open, and smoke issuing from his chimney, without coming in to surprise the rogue and villain who could be guilty of such vandalism.

And when he came in?

Oh, she had all day Sunday in which to forecast, with mingled dread and gladness and suspense, that all-important, all-decisive first moment! All day Sunday to frame and unframe penitent speeches. All day Sunday! Would it ever be Monday? If so, what would Tuesday bring? Would the sun rise on happy Mrs. Stephen Water-

man of Pleasant River, or on miserable Miss Rose Wiley of the Brier Neighborhood?

#### xvi

#### THE DREAM-ROOM

Long ago, when Stephen was a boy of fourteen or fifteen, he had gone with his father to a distant town to spend the night. After an early breakfast next morning his father drove off for a business interview, and left the boy to walk about during his absence. He wandered aimlessly along a quiet side street, and threw himself down on the grass outside a pretty garden to amuse himself as best he could.

After a few minutes he heard voices, and, turning, peeped through the bars of the gate in idle, boyish curiosity. It was a small brown house; the kitchen door was open, and a table spread with a white cloth was set in the middle of the room. There was a cradle in a far corner, and a man was seated at the table as if he might be waiting for his breakfast.

There is a kind of sentiment about the kitchen in New England—a kind of sentiment not provoked by other rooms. Here the farmer drops in to spend a few minutes when he comes back from the barn or field on an errand. Here, in the great, clean, sweet, comfortable place, the busy housewife lives, sometimes rocking the cradle, sometimes opening and shutting the oven door, sometimes stirring the pot, darning stockings, paring vegetables, or mixing goodies in a yellow bowl. The children sit on the steps, stringing beans, shelling peas, or hulling berries; the cat sleeps on the floor near the wood-box; and the visitor feels exiled if he stays in sitting-room or parlor, for here, where the mother is always busy, is the heart of the farm-house.

There was an open back door to this kitchen, a door framed in morning-glories, and the woman (or was she only girl?) standing at the stove was pretty—oh, so pretty in Stephen's eyes! His bovish heart went out to her on the instant. She poured a cup of coffee and walked with it to the table; then an unexpected, interesting thing happened—something the boy ought not to have seen, and never forgot. The man, putting out his hand to take the cup, looked up at the pretty woman with a smile, and she stooped and kissed him.

Stephen was fifteen. As he looked, on

the instant he became a man, with a man's hopes, desires, ambitions. He looked eagerly, hungrily, and the scene burned itself on the sensitive plate of his young —behold, by some spiritual chemistry, the pretty woman's face had given place to that of Rose!

All such teasing visions had been sternly



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
"'DON'T SPEAK, STEPHEN, TILL YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY'"

heart, so that, as he grew older, he could take the picture out in the dark, from time to time, and look at it again. When he first met Rose, he did not know precisely what she was to mean to him; but before long, when he closed his eyes and the old familiar picture swam into his field of vision,

banished during this sorrowful summer, and it was a thoughtful, sober Stephen who drove along the road on this mellow August morning. The dust was deep; the goldenrod waved its imperial plumes, making the humble waysides gorgeous; the river chattered and sparkled till it met the

logs at the Brier Neighborhood, and then, lapsing into silence, flowed steadily under them till it found a vent for its spirits in the dashing and splashing of the falls.

Haying was over; logging was to begin that day; then harvesting; then wood-cutting; then eternal successions of plowing, sowing, reaping, haying, logging, harvesting, and so on, to the endless end of his days. Here and there a red or a yellow branch, painted only yesterday, caught his eye and made him shiver. He was not ready for winter; his heart still craved the summer it had missed.

Hello! What was that? Corn-stalks prone on the earth? Sign torn down and lying flat in the grass? Blinds open, fire in the chimney?

He leaped from the wagon and, flinging the reins to Alcestis Crambry, said: "Stay right here out of sight, and don't you move till I call you!" and striding up the green pathway, flung open the kitchen door.

A green forest of corn waving in the doorway at the back; morning-glories clambering round and round the windowframes; table with shining white cloth; kettle humming and steaming; something bubbling in a pan on the stove; fire throwing out sweet little gleams of welcome through the open damper. All this was taken in in one incredulous, rapturous twinkle of an eye; but something else, too, -Rose, Rose o' the river, Rose o' the world, standing behind a chair, her hand pressed against her heart, her lips parted, her breath coming and going. She was glowing like a jewel, glowing with that extraordinary brilliancy that emotion gives to some women. She used to be happy in a gay, sparkling way like the shallow part of the stream as it chatters over white pebbles and bright sands. Now it was a broad, steady, full happiness like the deeps of the river under the sun.

"Don't speak, Stephen, till you hear what I have to say. It takes a good deal of courage for a girl to do as I am doing; but I want to show how sorry I am, and it's the only way." She was trembling, and the words came faster and faster. "I've been very wrong and foolish, and made you very unhappy, but I have n't done what you would have hated most. I have n't been engaged to Claude Merrill; he has n't so much as asked me. I am here to beg you to forgive me, to eat break-

fast with me, to drive to the minister's and marry me quickly, quickly, before anything happens to prevent us, and then to bring me home here to live all the days of my life. Oh, Stephen dear, honestly, honestly, you have n't lost anything in all this long miserable summer. I've suffered, too, and I'm better worth loving than I was. Will you take me back?"

Rose had a tremendous power of provoking and holding love, and Stephen of loving. His was too generous a nature for revilings and complaints and reproaches. He just opened his arms and took Rose to his heart, faults and all, with joy and gratitude; and she was as happy as a child who has escaped the scolding it richly deserved, and who determines, for very thankfulness' sake, never to be naughty again.

Then there was breakfast. Stephen ran out to the wagon and served the astonished Alcestis with his wedding refreshments then and there, bidding him drive back to the River Farm and bring him a package that lay in the drawer of his shaving-stand, a package placed there when hot youth and love and longing had inspired him to hurry on the wedding day.

Then Rose put the various good things on the table, and Stephen almost tremblingly took his seat, fearing that contact with the solid wood might wake him from this entrancing vision.

"I'd like to put you in your chair like a queen and wait on you," he said with a soft boyish stammer; "but I am too dazed with happiness to be of any use."

"It's my turn to wait upon you, and I—I love to have you dazed," Rose answered. "I'll be at the table in a minute myself; but we have been housekeeping only a very short time, and we have nothing but the tin coffee-pot this morning, so I'll pour the coffee from the stove."

She filled a cup with housewifely care and brought it to Stephen's side. As she set it down and was turning, she caught his look—a look so full of longing that no loving woman, however busy, could have resisted it; then she stooped and kissed him fondly, fervently.

Stephen put his arm about her, and, drawing her down to his knee, rested his head against her soft shoulder with a sigh of comfort, like that of a tired boy. He had waited for it twelve years, and at last the dream-room had come true.



From a photograph of the mounted specimen in the Gallery of Mammals in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
THE INLAND WHITE BEAR (URSUS KERMODEI)

### A NEW BEAR

## THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED INLAND WHITE BEAR OF NORTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY W. J. HOLLAND

Director of the Carnegie Museum



N spite of the ceaseless activities of scientific men and institutions during the last century, the field of zoölogical discovery has not yet been exhausted. It is not

necessary to go to Africa or to the wilds of South America in order to find new species even of mammals. Only a few years ago a weasel, new to science, a beautiful little creature not longer than a leadpencil, which is reddish brown in summer and snow-white in winter, as are all of its congeners, was discovered in the vicinity of the city of Pittsburg. Though civilized men have lived in western Pennsylvania for a hundred and fifty years, the existence of this tiniest of all the carnivores was not discovered until the year 1900. It is now known to range from western Pennsylvania into Ohio, but how far north and south of the latitude of Pittsburg is as yet not ascertained.

great Northwestern Territories The drained by the waters of the Columbia and the Yukon have in recent years yielded many striking novelties to the scientific investigator. The great white land in the Northwest, with its towering peaks, broad glaciers, torrential rivers, and somber forests of conifers, is as yet almost terra incognita to the naturalist. Here have been found the white mountain sheep, the glacier bear, and new and peculiar forms of various other large mammals. The latest discovery is that of a small white bear. described in January, 1905, by Mr. William T. Hornaday, the Director of the Zoölogical Garden in Bronx Park, and named by him Ursus kermodei in honor of Mr. Francis Kermode, the Curator of the Provincial Museum in Victoria, British Columbia.

Mr. Hornaday's description was based upon four unmounted skins, two of them of adults and two of cubs.

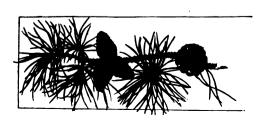
On January 10, the day upon which Mr. Hornaday's description was published, he came into the office of the writer in the city of Pittsburg. The conversation quickly turned upon recent zoölogical researches, and among other things he spoke of "the new bear." Only a few moments elapsed before he was ushered into one of the exhibition halls of the Carnegie Museum, and there, for the first time in his life, he saw a mounted specimen of the animal which he had just described from flat skins.

The story of the manner in which the Carnegie Museum came into possession of this remarkable and at present unique specimen may be briefly told. A number of years ago, Mr. F. S. Webster, the veteran taxidermist, received from a well-known mercantile house of New York a bundle of skins purchased by them in the fur-market in London as skins of the polar bear, and which were to be made into rugs. In

the bundle, consisting of some twelve skins, Mr. Webster found a small skin, accompanied by the skull, which he instantly recognized as not the skin of a polar bear. but which he concluded to be the skin of an albino black bear. He purchased the skin and mounted it. It was one of the specimens in his possession in 1896, at the time when the trustees of the Carnegie Museum purchased his collection and made arrangements with him to take charge of the work of zoölogical preparation in the museum. For nine years the animal has been standing in the Carnegie Museum. and has been pointed out as an albino black bear.

The home of the inland white bear is northwestern British Columbia. Thus far all specimens, the origin of which has been traced, have been taken only in the territory drained by the Nass and the Skeena rivers. It is well ascertained that a number of these skins have from year to year been finding their way from this region into the fur-trade, and the specimen which is mounted at the Carnegie Museum no doubt was one of these which went, as do most peltries taken in British Columbia, to the London fur-market, and, mistakenly classified as a polar bear, was brought to New York. Efforts are now being made by Mr. Hornaday to secure living specimens of the animal for the Zoölogical Gardens in Bronx Park.

The pelage of this bear is strikingly different from that of the black bear, being creamy white, very thick and soft, the under-coat woolly. There is not a black hair in the entire pelt. The claws are white, the muzzle is black. The bear stands about twenty-seven inches in height from the top of the shoulders to the soles of the feet, and is fifty-four inches long from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The dentition agrees absolutely with that of the fragmentary jaws of the type specimen, which have been described and figured by the namer of the species.





From a stereograph. Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

POPE PIUS X IN THE COURT OF THE PIGNA, ON HIS RETURN FROM A MORNING WALK THROUGH THE VATICAN GARDENS

The prelate at the right is his private chaplain, Monsignor Pescini

### HOW THE JAPANESE SAVE LIVES

#### BY ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE, M.D.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



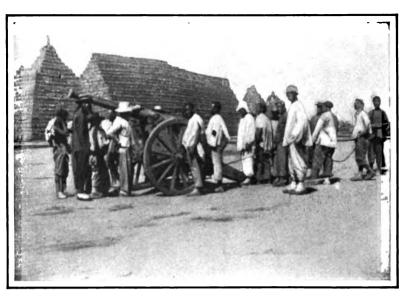
YPHOID, that dread scourge of soldiers, has been almost eliminated from the Japanese army in the present war. This is only one of a number of

achievements in the prevention of disease and death which I observed while supervisor of nurses at the great base of the army at Hiroshima, while on the hospitalships, and while at hospitals on the Yalu River in Manchuria. At these and at other places I had exceptional opportunities for noting the medical, surgical, and sanitary precautions which have produced such remarkable results.

In the three months following the battle of the Yalu (May, June, July) General Kuroki's army had only eighty-three cases of typhoid. There were only one hundred and ninety-three cases reported in General Oku's army from its landing in Manchuria, May 6, to the end of the following January. Of the many thousands of patients treated at the great base hospital of Hiroshima, Japan, prior to the end of September, there were only fifty deaths of men who had typhoid, and a large proportion of these deaths were actually due to beri-beri, wounds, or other complications. Contributory to these results are undoubtedly the facts of the great attention paid to sanitation, of the daily consumption by every soldier of several pills of germ-destroying creosote, and of the isolation of every case of typhoid, which is treated as a contagious disease. Our own country showed a sad contrast to these figures at the time of the war with Spain. According to the board of experts who examined the sanitary condition of our army, about one fifth of the troops in the camps of mobilization had suffered from typhoid, which had caused four times as many deaths as all other diseases combined.

It is a well-known fact, shown by statistics of the last fifty years, that Russian soldiers suffer more from disease than soldiers of almost any other civilized army; and direct information which I received last summer confirmed the opinion that General Kuropatkin had been seriously handicapped by the great amount of disease in his ranks.

In the Japanese army there is more dysentery than typhoid, but its great disease-enemy is beri-beri, or "kakké." Of the sick from General Kuroki's army who passed through Antung on their way to Japan last summer, seventy per cent. had beri-beri; while, taking a single day as an example, the records of October 7 show that of all patients then at the Hiroshima hospital eighty-four per cent. had this disease. Beri-beri is unknown to Americans, but is common in the Orient. It attacks mainly the nerves and the circulation, and produces more or less paralysis and swelling, principally of the legs. It may last for months, or involvement of the heart may prove suddenly fatal. Very light cases may show only a slight difficulty in walking, while in severe ones the persistence of the disease may necessitate the use of a cane for the rest of the man's life. In Brazil and Argentina it is ranked with yellow fever, cholera, etc., as a contagious disease, but the Japanese do not so consider it. Dampness, heat, and poor food predispose to beri-beri, and some eminent physicians claim that a well-balanced dietary would eradicate the disease. This course has, indeed, been followed in the



FOOD-STORES OF THE JAPANESE ARMY AT DALNY (NOTE SOLDIER STANDING ON TOP), AND A CANNON CAPTURED FROM RUSSIANS

Japanese navy, where a greater proportion of nitrogen and fat in the food of the men, with a general improvement in the sanitary conditions on shipboard, had the much-desired result. The physicians of Japan are now working vigorously on the great problem of achieving a similar result in the army; and when they succeed—as they undoubtedly will—their country will lead the world in military sanitation.

Japanese surgeons as well as sanitarians are making great strides in saving soldiers from unnecessary death. The main division of the Hiroshima hospital (which was the principal station of the American nurses) was devoted to the more seriously wounded of the men from the front, especially to those requiring operation. Out of over three thousand such patients received there before the end of September, only fortyseven died. This is a striking figure compared with earlier records. Even more notable is the saving of limbs; for although this division contained what might be called the principal operating-room of the whole army, only nineteen amputations were performed there in the time mentioned, and of these five were of fingers only.

Owing to the constant movement of the disabled from the front hospitals to those in the rear, no one yet knows the complete statistics of wounds, disease, and death which are being compiled, except the authorities of the army department in

Tokio; but, though some figures were given me confidentially, I am permitted to say that the patients who returned from Manchuria to Japan up to the end of September were in the proportion of four sick to three wounded.

From the figures available I estimate the total number of deaths from wounds of the whole army of Japan during the year after the declaration of war to have been less than 40,000. When one reads of 10,000 casualties in a prolonged battle, it means, on the average, that approximately one fifth, or 2000 men, are killed on the field and enough more die of their wounds to bring the total deaths to about one third the casualties, or 3300. Probably 2500 or more of the wounded are able to walk from the battle-field without assistance. and of these 1500 recover in the field-hospitals and soon return to active service. The remainder, or 5200, are sent to Japan (almost all to Hiroshima), and either they are found incapacitated for further fighting or, after a varying period in hospital and health-resort, they return to take up their weapons anew in Manchuria. Probably only between twenty and thirty of these men are operated on before reaching Japan (generally in order to stop hemorrhage) and several times that number require operation at Hiroshima.

An interesting fact, and one quite contradicting the opinion of some military authorities that bayonets are going out of use, is that seven per cent. of all wounds, or 700 of the 10,000 casualties, are from "cold steel." This is due in part to the Japanese unwillingness to surrender, which leads them to fight even when overwhelmed at close quarters. Private S. Nakano was one of our patients who had

hospitals. In other words, the men recorded as dying from wounds are actually killed by the enemy and not by germs or by careless treatment.

Most of this admirable result comes from the intelligent use of the first-aid package of sterile bandages which every soldier carries, and from the rule (ex-

plained in "The American Nurses in Japan"
—see the April Century) of not operating in the field. Modern bullets are small and "humane," the Japanese even more so than the Russian, for the former is only six millimeters in diameter, while the latter is seven



received no fewer than twenty such cold-steel wounds, and yet five weeks later he was virtually a well man. He was with a night scouting-party which was suddenly surrounded by the enemy. In a hand-to-hand conflict, after receiving five bayonet wounds in the chest, one of which narrowly escaped the heart, he fell. On rousing from his

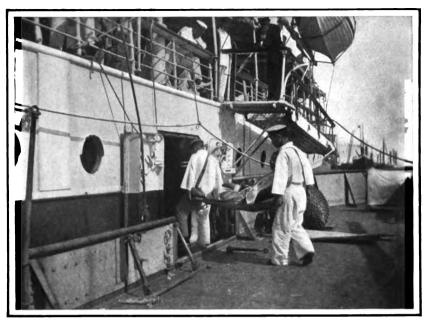
faint, he was liberally punctured in the back, arm, and head as a warning to lie still, and was rescued only after the enemy was driven away. When I met him returning to Japan on a hospital-ship, he expected, after a short stay at some hot springs, to rejoin his regiment in the field.

The Federal army in our Civil War lost a slightly larger number of men from wounds after reaching the hospitals than died on the battle-field itself. In the Japanese army, for every one hundred men killed outright about sixty-six wounded die, and almost all of these deaths occur before the patients can be sent beyond the field-



HIROSHIMA: RECRUITS EXERCISING IN AN OUT-OF-DOOR GYMNASIUM

millimeters. Owing to their composition and high speed, they are virtually sterile; and unless they strike some vital part, the injury, if not dirtied by handling, is likely to heal quickly and without complications. Shell and shrapnel, making open wounds, are much more dangerous forces. While I was at Antung I was told that eighty-two per cent. of the Japanese wounded at the battle of the Yalu had "clean" wounds, without pus. The Russian prisoners, on the contrary, many of whom had been hidden for days in Chinese houses, had bandaged themselves in bits of dirty underclothing and were consequently in a shocking con-



MALE NURSES CARRYING A PATIENT ABOARD THE "KOBE MARU" FROM A LIGHTER

dition. Scarcely any were bound with a regular first-aid dressing; but whether this was due to a shortage in the supply, so that the men did not all possess them, or to inability to put them on for themselves after the medical attendants had retreated with their army, no one could tell me.

Such life-preservers as these little packets lose a large part of their value in the hands of soldiers who have not learned their application; and their success with the Japanese is largely due to the fact that when a surgeon or medical attendant cannot reach a wounded man, he, or a comrade, is able to apply the bandage successfully. In curious contrast to this is the comment of a Spanish surgeon at Santiago, in 1898, who reported that after the fighting there he had found only one person, and he a captain, who knew how, and was able, to apply the first-aid bandage himself. The American surgeon who translated this report commented that such "was decidedly not the experience of the American military surgeons" in Cuba.

Back of these achievements is the Sanitation Corps of the Japanese army. This is the body corresponding to our Medical Department, but its key note is struck by the very difference in the title. Sanitation, or keeping the soldier in good fighting condition, is its first object, and healing

him after he drops from the ranks is the secondary consideration. This corps includes twelve surgeon-generals, of whom eight are in the Reserves (serving only when needed in war); other surgeons down to the rank of second lieutenant; pharmacists of all grades up to a colonel; male nurses and chief nurses, stretcherbearers, attendants, and clerks. These are supplemented by a body similarly organized, including also women chief nurses and nurses, which is under the orders of the Sanitation Corps, but is supplied by the Japanese Red Cross Society and wears its uniform. At the present time all the surgeon-generals have the rank of brigadiergeneral, and from them is appointed the chief of the corps and the chief sanitary officer in the field. Baron Ishiguro, now retired, who was a surgeon-general at the time of the war with China, was given rank corresponding to our major-general, and a similiar promotion may be made again. This method has the evident advantage that not only does it supply several armies and important hospitals with medical officers of rank commensurate with the importance of their duties, but it gives considerable choice, when war comes, in the selection of the most capable man for the work of heaviest responsibility. Our system of having only one surgeon of the rank of general, who is, ex officio, the head of the Medical Department, is satisfactory enough in peace, but utterly lacking in that elasticity which is so important in the stress of war.

In even greater contrast is the Russian system, for its army surgeons have no military rank whatever, but are graded as civil officials. The nursing force of the Russian army in Manchuria includes highly trained male nurses, orderlies, and many women. All the last are called "Sisters," though all degrees of training, or the lack of it, are to be found among them; and a Russian surgeon with a group of prisoners told me that these "Sisters" belonged to several parties, and that there was no general, comprehensive organization.

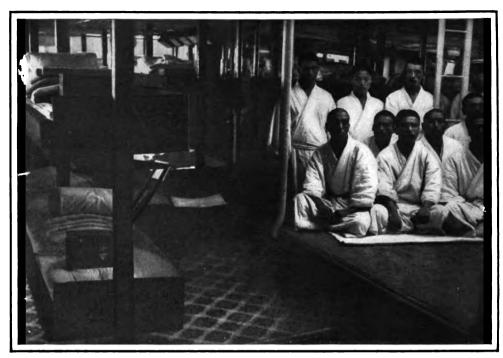
The Japanese nursing body, on the other hand, is thoroughly organized and is graded in several classes according to degree of training. In addition to the regular bearer companies, each regiment has some of its fighting men specially trained to carry stretchers; and besides these are the regular male military chief nurses, nurses, and attendants, and the nurses and stretcherbearers furnished by the Red Cross Society. The most highly trained of any are the women nurses, all of whom are supplied to the army by the Red Cross, and serve in what is considered the most important posts, namely, in the base hospitals and on the hospital-ships.

Our own chief surgeon with the China Relief Expedition in 1900 reported that the organization of the Japanese provided three skilled men to take care of their sick and wounded for every two provided by our own or the other armies, and this without counting the supplementary Red Cross personnel of the Japanese. This one precaution must be an important, perhaps an essential, factor in the Sanitation Corps' success.

In olden times it was thought cheaper to obtain a new soldier than to cure a sick or wounded one. The whole idea of lifesaving in conjunction with such a preeminently life-destroying thing as war is modern, and, indeed, almost anomalous. But a progressing world demands that reckless and useless sacrifices of life shall stop, and at last military commanders, and even appropriation voters, are beginning to appreciate the importance of keeping soldiers in fit condition to fight. At least, the Japanese appreciate this. Whether Americans do is exceedingly doubtful. The former provide a large Sanitation Corps; make each man in it, from chief surgeon to stretcher-bearer, an expert in his line; and then supplement this with a mass of equally trained Reserves. The United States has the nucleus of a Medical Department, it is true, but from the beginning of the Spanish War to the present time it has been lamentably deficient



PRIVATES IWASAKI AND NAKANO ON THE "KOBE MARU"



SICK PATIENTS ON THE "KOBE MARU"

in numbers. We trust to chance or politics for the health of our soldiers in war, but in 1898 the civilian doctors suddenly transformed by official appointment into military experts failed to recognize camp typhoid until it had spread like wildfire. In the Japanese army there is no place for either chance or politics, its experts are not made by fiat, and they can recognize camp diseases.

In 1901 our army was reorganized and officered on a basis of 100,000 men, yet the Medical Department was made only large enough to care for 45,000. Consequently, it has been necessary in peace to employ hundreds of civilian doctors to meet the army's needs. If the United States Congress has not appreciated the potential horrors of such a situation, how can it be expected to go further and provide a reserve personnel of trained military sanitarians and administrators?

In one respect we have this year taken a step forward. Heretofore we have been without any official permanent aid society. Now an effective and comprehensive Red Cross Society is being organized, and a large and active membership is hoped for.

The guiding opinion that money is worth

more than lives is unfortunately found also in naval matters. In our navy the nursing is done by enlisted men, and the surgeongeneral has repeatedly appealed for authority to employ a corps of trained women nurses to take charge of the work in shore hospitals and help prepare the men for their duties as nurses on shipboard. But all in vain. Congress will not even consider the matter. In this respect the army is fortunately better off than the navy, for its nurse-corps of trained women is now firmly and permanently established.

From the purely military point of view, of course, every non-combatant is an additional handicap to an army in the field; yet every nation ought to supply enough men to furnish prompt aid after an ordinary battle. The Japanese are certainly of this opinion, but there have been times when they have been confronted by no "ordinary" conditions, and when they felt that even their comparatively large number of surgeons and nurses fell far short of the needs. In the early months of the war a field was cleared of the dead and wounded within twelve hours after the end of a battle. The experience of Lieutenant K---- is an example. He was shot simultaneously in both thighs while his company was attacking Kin-chau on the 26th of May. When he fell, two of his men carried him behind a native house near by and bandaged his wounds both with his and with one of their own first-aid bandages; but a large artery had been cut, and the bleeding did not stop until he tied his belt above the wound. This happened at eleven in the morning, and only four hours later, while the battle was still raging, bearers found him and carried him to a dressing-station two kilometers away. Fresh bandages were there applied, but he was not operated on until he reached Hiroshima.

As the fierceness of the fighting increased, prompt bearer-work became increasingly difficult. In the latter part of August, for example, there was such continuous close-range firing near Port Arthur that at one time the bearers could hardly be sent on the field at all, and many wounded lay without attention for days. It chanced that I learned of the experiences of three of the patients at this time. The first, who was wounded in a night attack, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, a student of the Imperial University at Tokio. He was struck in the knee, but was fortunately able to drag himself the whole distance of two thousand meters to the dressing-station, and thus escaped further danger.

A few hours later Private Matsura received five wounds in a daylight attack on the same fort, some of them while he was crawling down the hill toward shelter. He succeeded in reaching a ditch or hole, in which he lay from morning till nine that evening. The bone of his right arm was badly shattered, but he was able to wrap his bandage tightly about it, and so stop the bleeding. Of course this wound had pus; but, for the rest, even the bullet that went quite through his side did no serious damage.

Orders from General Nogi continued to hurl one body of men after another at this same fiercely resisting fortress. A single regiment, which at one time counted three thousand able-bodied members, was reduced to two hundred men and ten officers. One of its battalions made a night attack two days after Matsura was wounded, and at last entered the fort—at least what was left of them did so. By that time their ranking officer was Second-Lieutenant

S——. He was also their standard-bearer. and when wounded in the right hand he wrapped his flag about it and fought with his sword in the left hand. When this also was disabled, and he fell to the ground with a broken leg in the stronghold of the enemy, he thought to kill himself as some of the wounded about him were doing. But at that moment reinforcements came. so that one of his own soldiers who was hit only in the head was able to lift the lieutenant on his back and carry him to safety. When, at last, overwhelming numbers of the Russians drove the fierce intruders from their fort, only one officer and seven men of the whole battalion returned unhurt.

When you hear stories like these from the brave, uncomplaining victims, and have the terrible evidence of the truth under your eyes, you do not need to be on the firing-line to realize keenly what war means. And, in view of the enormous sacrifices which are sometimes necessary, there can be no surprise even if the farseeing and careful Japanese on such occasions find their hospitals overflowing and their lines of communication taxed to the uttermost.

In transportation of the wounded all the skill of the sanitation officers was called into play, and the sight of it afforded human pictures of striking vividness. In July and August, both at Antung and on the hospital-ship Kobe Maru, I had occasion to see this; for the sick and wounded of General Kuroki's army were sent to the mouth of the Yalu River to take boat for Japan. A day's journey between rest-stations was twenty miles or less, and the roads were notoriously bad. A few men came over them in little carts, each drawn by one coolie, and others rode in the returning hand-trucks which were constantly carrying supplies up the Japanese-laid tracks to the fighting army. All the severe cases, however, had to be transported on stretchers, each carried on the shoulders of two Chinese coolies.

The hospitals in Antung were simply the best native houses obtainable, or the stone structures built by the Russians; and in these the men were made comfortable until places could be found for them on a hospital-ship, or, if very light cases, sometimes on a returning transport. In the spring the army controlled but three hos-

pital-ships, which number was increased to eleven by the middle of autumn. In the summer there were at times many sick and wounded awaiting transportation, but in spite of this the men were made comfortable, and everything went on in a perfectly orderly and systematic manner. The commanding officer of the hospital at Antung worked in a way to reflect credit on his nation, and surprised me frequently by the constant thoughtfulness and kindness which he showed in small things as well as in great.

While at Antung and Wiju there was opportunity to test the much-discussed field ration of the Japanese army. It includes much canned beef, canned salmon from America and sardines from Japan, rice, peas, beans, and other vegetables, excellent hardtack, tea compressed into hard cakes, powdered sugar, sauce, dried plums, and some saké for special occasions, all supplemented by Chinese food supplies. But I was not able to find that the army has anything corresponding to our elaborate ration system; and from the difficulties met with, and the beri-beri scourge, it would seem that the Japanese commissary work is open to improvement. Rice, the staple food, is difficult to utilize under field conditions. As an officer wrote from near Kaiping: "Owing to the scarcity of water, and especially of fuel, it is impossible to cook food and boil rice on any large scale sufficient for a battalion. This makes it necessary for each man to cook his own rice and other food." He adds that they were then receiving a pint and a half of rice daily, supplemented with millet, Chinese vegetables, and cucumber. Unfortunately, boiled rice sours so soon that it must be transported raw, and the men are not infrequently in positions where it is impossible to make a fire. Cooking, however, is facilitated by the equipment of each soldier with a black-coated aluminium food-carrier, cooking-utensils, and dishes ingeniously combined.

On the other hand, when one considers quantity and not quality, and notices the astonishingly small amounts of food habitually consumed by these sturdy troops, another question arises. Does not this fact, by the lighter work required in the commissary department, give a military advantage to the Japanese over a country such as ours, whose troops are accus-

tomed to being, as our Secretary of War puts it, "the best fed in the world"?

Although in every place visited there were some officers with whom I could converse, I am indebted for much of the information obtained outside Japan to the kind interpretation of my charming companion, Miss Sato, of the Tokio Red Cross Hospital, and the nurse of highest rank in the society. With her and a number of officers I visited Yongampo, Korea, where the Russians had left fine permanent buildings and supplies that gave evidence of a hasty and unexpected departure. Later, we took a delightfully interesting trip to Wiju and the little hospital of the soldiers in northern Korea, and went over the ground and into the trenches where the battle of the Yalu had been fought. Those nurses of my party who were at work on a hospital-ship running to Dalny were much nearer the actual conflict, however; for they not only heard the sound of the perpetual firing at Port Arthur, but saw the injured vessels of the fleet after the naval battle of August 10, while their own ship took strict precautions against a possible surprise. At the same time, the ship I was on and several others lost two days by waiting at the mouth of the Yalu till all danger from the escaped Russian vessels should be over. Within three days after starting, however, our two hundred and thirty-five passenger-patients were landed in Japan.

The Kobe Maru, on which the trip was made, is one of the two hospital-ships belonging to the Red Cross Society, used as passenger-steamers in peace, and in war quickly altered, according to plans made when they were built, and transferred to the military service. Like its sister ship, the Hakuai Maru, it has three decks and a net tonnage of 1423. The ample promenade space is used by all the patients, regardless of rank, and its state-rooms are occupied by the very ill privates as well as by the officers. Where the saloons and inside state-rooms had been, there were now iron frameworks almost filling the large spaces and supporting the simple beds, one row above the other and close together.

These ships also contain small rooms for typhoid and other contagious cases, a beautiful operating-room (ready for any emergency, but virtually used for dressings only), pharmacy, morgue, X-ray room,

and steam disinfection plant.

The numerous hospital-ships provided directly by the army department, and also the two belonging to the navy, average considerably larger than those of the Red Cross Society, but are otherwise much the same. All are kept in the most thorough order, and are cleaned to the very bottom of the hold after each trip. This is done with a twenty-five-per-cent. carbolic solution thrown by a hand-pump in a strong spray over everything, and followed by scrubbing with a brush. All drinking-water is supplied at U jina, the port of Hiroshima, which is the transport base; and it is tested chemically and bacteriologically both before and after being put on board. The tanks containing it are regularly emptied, cleaned, and refilled. An officer from headquarters and a surgeon inspect every hospital-ship and transport after each trip. No matter what the need for haste, these precautions are never neglected. Japanese characteristics of thoroughness and caution are so strong that no amount of pressure leads them into the "hustle and get there, somehow, anyhow" of the Americans. If time were as important and careful prearrangement as relatively unimportant in their minds as they are in ours. and if, consequently, the Japanese had dashed into Manchuria as we did into Cuba, and caught the small Russian army wholly unprepared, would the campaign have been more—or less—successful? But whatever one's opinion on this may be, it is certain that the Japanese will continue to prearrange everything. On the contrary, we Americans are only now beginning to form a comprehensive Red Cross Society, while our Congress prefers trusting to luck for the health of its army rather than to a well-organized medical department!

Relief corps supplied by the Japanese Red Cross Society serve on many of the hospital-ships. On the Kobe Maru there are four doctors, a manager, two pharmacists, two clerks, thirty-three women nurses, and eleven male nurses. All the relief personnel of the society are under vow to serve at any time called on during a specified period, which varies from fifteen years for the nurses to five years for the doctors. Merely as a recompense for taking this vow, and regardless of service

rendered, all except the nurses receive small fees annually. Besides this, the society salaries its personnel while on military or relief duty; but the special training given by it and the distinction attached to its service are the principal rewards offered for taking the vow.

At Dalny and at New-Chwang the hospital-ships go directly to a wharf and receive the patients from trains which land them only a few feet away. But the Yalu River is so shallow and full of sand-bars that lighters must be used between Antung and the anchorage, thirty miles away, and from these the patients walk or are carried aboard the hospital-ship through large

openings in the side.

The Kobe Maru was on its thirteenth trip when I bade a sad farewell to Manchuria, where so much work was still to be done, and started homeward toward Hiroshima. The perfect weather made the trip delightful and the work not so difficult as usual. There were many interesting patients on board, but none had more narrow escapes than Private Iwasaki, a man whose wounds had been healed, but who was returning to recover his strength after an attack of malaria. His story was written for me by one of the Englishspeaking officers, and is worth repeating in its original form.

At the battle of Motien his section, hearing that the enemy are now attacking to recover the pass, was obliged to go forth under the commandment of special Sergeant-major Ishiwara to help their comrades. So as they were going forth within the limit of five hundred meters, there appeared some troop, but are not certain whether they are the Russians or Japanese, no answering to his inquire once or twice; but finally they were ordered to retreat, and he knew that it was a Russian troop. All of his comrades retreated from there except Ishiwara and Iwasaki are only left alone, surrounded by the Russians great majority. So Ishiwara fought so bravely and killed his enemy just eight, but he died as the dewdrop at the ninth. Private Iwasaki fought so bravely too, he killed down his enemy just three, but he finally captured by a giant Russian soldier who embraced him from backward while he was just killing his fourth enemy.

Iwasaki says: "My gun and sword were taken from me, and now I am almost naked one, for I have no arms to protect and to kill myself. And now I had to march over the miserable roads with five guards who were chattering and pleasing their triumph, knowing not that Private Iwasaki was intending to escape from them at any chance." At the negligence of Russian guards, he usurped the enemy's arms and stabbed two of them so quickly as the flashing of light and fought with three remaining soldiers. In this fighting he had slight sword cut on the chest and left arm, but paid no attention.

By good fortune he came to the edge of a hill and let himself fall over the cliff into a tree which was just half down of the hill. Little later he could look down from amidst of tree. The Russians were searching on him, but fortunately they could not found him out. as the light was dim and dense fog had settled over. Knowing that the Russian soldiers had passed by, he let himself fall down again over the cliff into a bed of stream, holding his captured weapon. But unfortunately there were many Russian soldiers in the upper course and a few cavalry in the lower course of the river. As he could not escape from his enemy, he scratched the following words on a big black stone:

> Here died on the battle-field Private Iwasaki Gokichi 30th Regiment, 2d Division.

And he tried to kill himself by harakiri, but succeeded only in making a wound through which water ran out of his stomach when he drank water.

It was the involuntary movements to reach a hill, crawling along the bank of stream; and here he stayed and sleeped amidst of deep grass, leaving himself to his fate. Awaking from his dream, he knows that the shooting was at far distance, and some troops were gazing at the top of hill where he was. Oh! it was the third company of his own regiment. He concludes: "So the male nurse of the company came and dressed me, and I was sent to the battalion with scratch!"

Besides the disabled Japanese on the Kobe Maru, we carried forty Russians. All except two officers were badly wounded privates, and all were provided for and treated exactly as were their captors. The Russians asked for little besides, but that little was given them at once. I can speak of this with confidence because, as it so happened, all the communications between the two peoples went through me as interpreter. The intricacies of such interpretation were well illustrated when the Japanese surgeon wanted to ask a question of a Russian patient; for he put the inquiry to me in English, I repeated it to one of the Russian officers in German, and finally he to the person addressed, in his own language. The answer, returning by the reverse process, was finally recorded in Japanese on the official record of the case.

As we steamed past the coast of Korea, the captain gave a delightful dinner-party at which the guests were the principal ship's officers; those of the wounded Japanese officers who could walk about; the two Russian officers; Miss Sato, my companion; the American nurse of my party who was on duty this trip; and myself. If the polyglot conversation sometimes lagged, there was certainly no lack of picturesqueness in the appearance of the company.

But to me the most beautiful sight on shipboard was the spontaneous friendliness shown by Japanese patients who happened to be on deck whenever a bandaged Russian appeared there. The Japanese would at once offer him a seat and a cigarette and make attempts at a gesture-and-tone conversation for his amusement. The rôle of victor was never assumed; their relations seemed those of host and guest. So greatly did the gloom of the prisoners lift in this atmosphere that on the evening we steamed along the Inland Sea they joined in an international concert which began with American airs, continued with Russian folk-songs, and ended with the grand national hymn of Japan.

These pictures of the never-failing courtesy and good breeding of every Japanese, from whatever station in life, seemed a condensed illustration of the whole conduct of the war. The same traits shown by these simple soldiers actuate those in authority, whose aim is not merely to win military victories, but also to conduct this war according to such high and humane principles that the whole world will recognize in Japan one of the most enlightened nations of the earth.

Japan has learned much from the United States. Now the time has come when America should learn from Japan. The incalculable value of a large and well-organized medical department, supplemented by trained reserves, is the first lesson. The second lesson is that the efforts of the military sanitarian, to be effective, must be supported by the officers and men of the line. Medical officers cannot order: they can only recommend; and their knowledge of preventive measures is of small use if line officers do not appreciate their impor-

tance and if soldiers are too ignorant of

hygiene to obey its dictates.

The officers of our small Medical Department know these things, but the American government and people do not know them. They see faulty details or an ineffi-

cient man, but they fail to detect the fundamental fault of defective organization. Before we can ever hope to rival the Japanese in the saving of lives in war we must be prepared for war even as they were.



## THE REMOVAL OF THE RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP ON FOREIGN NEWS



ATISFACTORY relations had been arranged between the Associated Press and France, Germany, and Italy,<sup>1</sup> but obviously the place of

but obviously the place of chief interest was Russia. It had often been suggested that we station correspondents at St. Petersburg, but apparently the time was not ripe. It was the last country in which to try an experiment. Wisdom therefore dictated a delay until it could be determined how the agreement with other Continental powers would work out. Moreover, it was important that the St. Petersburg bureau, in case one should be established, should be conducted by a correspondent of singular tact. With this possible course in view, I put in training for the post a gentleman from our Washington office in whom I had great confidence. He was a graphic writer and a man of wide information and rare discretion. He studied French until he was able to speak with reasonable freedom, and devoted himself to the study of Russian history.

The situation at the Russian capital was peculiar. Every conceivable obstacle was put in the way of the foreign journalist who attempted to telegraph news thence to any alien newspaper or agency. The business of news-gathering was under ban in the Czar's empire. The doors of the ministers of state were closed; no public official would give audience to a correspondent. Even subordinate government employees did not dare to be seen in conversation with a member of the hated gild, and all telegrams were subject to a rigorous censorship.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, was friendly, and desired me to act. While I still had the matter under consideration, an agent of the Russian government urged me to go at once to St. Petersburg. I sailed in December, 1903, and by arrangement met the Russian agent in London. To him I explained that we were ready to take our news of Russia direct from St. Petersburg, instead of receiving it through London, but to do

1 See THE CENTURY for April.

that four things seemed essential. First, the Russian government should accord us a press rate that would enable us to send news economically. Second, they should give us such precedence for our despatches as the French, Italian, and German governments had done. Third, they must open the doors of their various departments and give us the news. And, fourth, they must remove the censorship and enable us to send the news. If we should go there at all, we must go free to tell the truth. Obviously, we could not tell the truth unless we could learn the truth and be free to send it.

The agent said that, acting under instructions, he would leave London immediately for St. Petersburg, in order to have a week there before my arrival, so as to lay the matter before the ministers in detail. Meanwhile I went to Paris. At my suggestion, the French foreign office wrote to their ambassador at St. Petersburg, instructing him to use his good offices with the Russian government, the ally of the French government, in an attempt to secure for the Associated Press the service that was desired. They assured the Russian government that they believed the best interests of the world and of Russia would be served by granting my request, which they regarded as very reasonable. I went to Berlin, and the German foreign office advised the German ambassador at St. Petersburg in the same manner. On my arrival in St. Petersburg, therefore, I had the friendly intercession of the ambassadors of both these governments, and the support of Count Cassini, as well as the influence of our own ambassador, Mr. McCormick.

An audience with Count Lamsdorff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, was arranged, and Mr. McCormick and I laid the subject before him. He was perfectly familiar with it, as he had received the report of the government agent and had also received favorable advices from Count Cassini. The minister assured me that he would do everything in his power to aid in the movement, because he felt that it was wise; but, unfortunately, the whole question of the censorship and of telegraphic transmission was in the hands of the minister of the interior, M. Plehve. Count Lamsdorff said that, the day before our call, he had transmitted their agent's report to Plehve, with an urgent letter advising the Russian government to meet the wishes of the Associated Press. He told me that I could rely on his friendly offices, and I left him.

The reply of Count Lamsdorff, and later that of M. Plehve, disclosed the anomalous condition of the Russian government. The ministers of state are independent of one another, each reporting to the Emperor, and frequently they are at odds among themselves.

Ambassador McCormick and I called on Minister Plehve. We found him most agreeable. I studied him with some care. A strong, forceful, but affable gentleman, he impressed me as a man charged with very heavy responsibilities, quite mindful of the fact, and fearful lest any change in existing conditions might be fraught with danger. He said frankly that he was not prepared to abolish the censorship. his mind it was a very imprudent thing to do, but he said he would go as far as he could toward meeting our wishes. As to a press rate, unfortunately that was in the hands of the minister of finance, and he had no control of the subject; and as to expediting our despatches, in view of the entirely independent character of each minister it would be beyond his power to stop a government message, or a message from any member of the royal family, in our favor. Beyond that he would give us as great speed as was in his power. He would be very glad, so far as his bureau was concerned, to give such directions as would enable our correspondent to secure all proper information.

As I have said, no newspaper man at that time could expect to secure admission to any department of the government. Indeed, a card would not be taken at the door if it were known to be that of a newspaper man. The consequence was that the correspondent got his information at the hotels, in the cafés, or in the streets. The papers published little, but the streets were full of rumors of all kinds, and some of them of the wildest character. After running down a rumor and satisfying himself as to its verity, the correspondent would write his despatch and drive two or three miles to the office of the censor. The restrictions put upon foreign correspondents had been so great that they had virtually abandoned Russia; and when I arrived there, with the exception of our men

who had preceded me, no foreign correspondent was sending daily telegrams from St. Petersburg. The thing was retroactive. Because the government would not permit despatches to go freely, no despatches were going. The censor's duties, therefore, had been so lightened that the government had added to his work the censorship of the drama, and the chances were that when the correspondent called he would have to run around to some theater to find the censor; and he might be sure that between midnight and eight o'clock in the morning he could never see him, because a censor must sleep sometime. and he would not allow anybody to disturb him between those hours, which for the American morning newspapers were the vital hours.

It happened that M. Lamscott, the censor of foreign despatches, was a very reasonable man. But he was a subordinate of a subordinate in the ministry of the interior. He was a conscientious, wellmeaning person, disposed to do all that he could for us, and he personally was opposed to the censorship; but he could not pass a telegram that would be the subject of criticism by a minister or important subordinate in any department of the government, or by any member of the royal family. And since he was liable to be criticized for anything he might do, his department became a bureau of suppression rather than of censorship. He could take no chances. Certain rules had been adopted, and one of them provided that no mention whatever of a member of the royal family should appear in a despatch after the censor had passed upon it. If, by any chance, the correspondent succeeded in securing information and writing it in such fashion that it would pass the censorship, he drove two miles to the telegraph bureau and paid cash at commercial rates for his despatch. It then must wait till all government and commercial business had been cleared from the wires.

Under such a rule, it must be obvious that the business of sending despatches from Russia was impracticable. The mere matter of paying cash, which at first sight would not seem a great hardship, meant that, in the event of some great happening requiring a despatch of length, the correspondent must carry with him several hundred rubles. He could not trust a

Russian servant with this, but must go in person. There are over two hundred holidays in Russia every year, when the banks are closed and cash is not obtainable. The obstacle presented by that fact, therefore, was a very serious one.

Such were the conditions. After my audience with M. Plehve, the case seemed nearly hopeless, and I was delaying my departure from Russia only until I should receive a definite statement that nothing could be done, when the following Sunday morning the American ambassador called me on the telephone and said that I was to be commanded to an audience with the Emperor. The ambassador thought it best to keep in touch with him, since I was liable to be summoned at any moment. During the day I received the command to an audience on Monday.

After seeing M. Plehve I had a talk with the censor. M. Lamscott spoke English perfectly. He said that if his opinion were asked respecting the censorship, he would be very glad to say that he disapproved of the whole thing; but he was not at liberty to volunteer his advice.

I also, by suggestion of M. Plehve, had a conference with M. Dournovo, his chief subordinate, the minister of telegraphs. Dournovo is an old sailor, a hale, roughand-ready type of man. He had spent some time in San Francisco while in command of a Russian vessel, spoke English perfectly, and proved a most progressive spirit. He was ready to do anything that he could, and assured me that by adopting a certain route, via Libau, he would be able to give our despatches the desired precedence. He said he would also issue orders to the trans-Siberian lines, so that we could rest assured that our despatches would not take more than an hour from Port Arthur or Vladivostok to New York.

We were making progress. We had succeeded in securing rapidity of transmission, a satisfactory press rate, and an arrangement to make a charge account, so that it would not be necessary to pay cash. Meanwhile successful efforts had been making for the appointment of an official in each ministerial department who would always receive our correspondent and aid him in his search for information if it fell within the jurisdiction of his department. General Kouropatkin, who at that

time was minister of war, Admiral Avelan, head of the navy department, and M. Pleske, the minister of finance, each appointed such a man. Finally I was commanded to the audience with the Emperor.

A private audience with the Emperor of Russia in the Winter Palace is an honor which must impress one. I was notified upon the formal card of command what costume I was expected to wear-American evening dress, which, in the court language of Europe, is known as "gala" garb. At half-past three on the afternoon of February 1, I presented myself. A servant removed the ever-present overshoes and overcoat, and a curious functionary in red court livery, with long white stockings and a red tam-o'-shanter cap from which streamed a large white plume, indicated by pantomime that I was to follow him. We ascended a grand staircase and began an interminable march through a labyrinth of wide halls and corridors. A host of attendants in gaudy apparel, scattered along the way, rose as we approached and deferentially saluted. In one wide hall sat a company of guards, who clapped silver helmets on their heads, rose, and presented arms as we passed.

I was shown into an anteroom, where the Grand Duke André awaited me. He introduced himself and chatted most agreeably about American affairs, until a door opened and I was ushered into the presence of his Imperial Majesty. The room was evidently a library. It contained well-filled book-shelves, a large work-table, and an American roller-top desk. Without ceremony and in the simplest fashion, the Emperor fell to a consideration of the subject of my visit. He was dressed in the fatigue-uniform of the Russian navy—braided white jacket and blue trousers. The interview lasted about an hour.

I represented to his Majesty the existing conditions, and told him of the difficulties which we encountered, and the desire on the part of his ambassador at Washington that Americans should see Russia with their own eyes, and that news should not take on an English color by reason of our receiving it from London. I said that we felt a large sense of responsibility. Every despatch of the Associated Press was read by one half the population of the United States. I added that Russia and the United States were either to grow closer and closer or

they were to grow apart, and we were anxious to do whatever we properly might to cement the cordial relations that had existed for a hundred years.

His Majesty replied: "I, too, feel my responsibility. Russia and the United States are young, developing countries, and there is not a point at which they should be at issue. I am most anxious that the cordial relations shall not only continue, but grow."

When assured, in response to an inquiry, that the Emperor desired me to speak frankly, I said: "We come here as friends, and it is my desire that our representatives here shall treat Russia as a friend; but it is the very essence of the proposed plan that we be free to tell the truth. We cannot be the mouthpiece of Russia, we cannot plead her cause, except in so far as telling the truth in a friendly spirit will do it."

"That is all we desire," his Majesty replied, "and all we could ask of you." He requested me to recount the specific things I had in mind.

I told the Emperor that the question of rate and speed of transmission had fortunately been settled by his ministers, and that the two questions I desired to present to him were those of an open door in all the departments, that we might secure the news, and the removal of the censorship. "It seems to me, your Majesty," I said, "that the censorship is not only valueless from your own point of view, but works a positive harm. A wall has been built up around the country, and the fact that no correspondent for a foreign paper can live and work here has resulted in a traffic in false Russian news that is most hurtful.

"To-day there are newspaper men in Vienna, Berlin, and London who make a living by peddling out the news of Russia, and it is usually false. If we were free to tell the truth in Russia, as we are in other countries, no self-respecting newspaper in the world would print a despatch from Vienna respecting the internal affairs of Russia, because the editor would know that, if the thing were true, it would come from Russia direct. All you do now is to drive a correspondent to send his despatches across the German border. I am able to write anything I choose in Russia, and send it by messenger to Wirballen, across the German border, and it will go from there without change. You are powerless to prevent my sending these despatches, and all you do is to anger the correspondent and make him an enemy, and delay his despatches, robbing the Russian telegraph lines of a revenue they should receive. So it occurs to me that the censorship is inefficient; that it is a censorship which does not censor, but annoys."

I went over the common experiences of all newspaper men who had been in Russia, and the Emperor agreed that the existing plan was not only valueless, but hurtful. He said that if I could stay in St. Petersburg a week he would undertake to do all that I desired. I asked if it would be of service to make a memorandum of the things I had said to him. He replied that he would be very glad to receive such a memorandum, as it would help him to speak intelligently with his ministers. We then talked about the negotiations with Japan and of the internal affairs of Russia. He said over and over again that there must be no war, that he did not believe there would be one, and that he was going as far as self-respect would permit him in the way of meeting the Japanese in the matter of their differences.

I was then given my leave by his Majesty, who courteously suggested that he should see me at the court ball which was to take place that evening. Three or four hours later I attended the ball, and he came to me and reopened the conversation in the presence of the American ambassador, and was good enough to say to Mr. McCormick that he had had a very interesting afternoon.

During the conversation with the Emperor, to illustrate the existing difficulties, I remarked that on the preceding Sunday we had received a cable message from our New York office to the effect that a very sensational despatch had been printed throughout the United States, purporting to come from Moscow, and alleging that, during the progress of certain army manœuvers under the direction of the Grand Duke Sergius (assassinated February 17, 1905), a large body of troops had been ordered to cross a bridge over the Moscow River, and, by a blunder, another order had been given at the same time to blow up the bridge, and thus a thousand soldiers had been killed. This despatch came to us on Sunday evening, with the request that we find out whether it was true. There was

no way to ascertain. Nobody could get any information from the war department; nobody would be admitted to ask such a question; and I told the Emperor the chances were that, in the ordinary course of things, this would happen: three or four weeks later the false despatch would be sent back by post from the Russian legation at Washington, and there would be a request made on the part of the Russian government that it be denied, because there was not a word of truth in it: but the denial would go out a month or six weeks after the statement, and no newspaper would print it, because interest in the story had died out. Thus nobody would see the denial.

It happened in this case that we knew a man in St. Petersburg who had been in Moscow on the day mentioned, and when he saw the telegram he said at once: "I know all about that story. Two years ago the Grand Duke Sergius, at some manœuvers, did order some troops to cross a bridge, and a section of it was blown up and one man was killed." I said to his Majesty: "In this instance we were able to correct the falsehood; but it is most important that a correction of this sort should follow the falsehood at the earliest moment, while the thing is still warm in the public mind."

He said he recognized the wisdom of that, and he also recognized that obviously, if our service was to be of any value to us whatever, the departments must be open to us and make answer to questions, giving the facts.

Later in the evening, Count Lamsdorff came up and expressed his gratification at the interview I had had with the Emperor. He said that the Emperor had told him of it, and Count Lamsdorff added: "I think it of great value to Russia, and I want to thank you for having told the truth to his Majesty, which he hears all too rarely."

While chatting with the Emperor at the ball I asked how I should transmit the memorandum referred to in the afternoon's interview, and he told me to send it through Baron de Fréedericksz, minister of the palace.

The next day I prepared the memorandum for transmission, and then it occurred to me that it would be befitting the dignity of the imperial office if it were neatly printed, and I set out to find a

printer who could do it in English. I drove to the Crédit Lyonnais, and called on the manager, whom I knew, and asked him if there was a printing-office in St. Petersburg where English could be printed. He gave me a card to the manager of a very large establishment located in the outskirts of the city.

The manager was a kindly old German who spoke French. I told him what was wanted, and he said he would be delighted to do anything for an American: he had a son, a railway engineer, at Muskegon, Michigan. He said he had no compositors who understood English, but he had the Latin type, and, as the copy was typewritten, his printers could pick it out letter by letter and set it up, and then I could revise the proof and put it in shape. He asked me when it was needed. I replied that I must have it by noon of the following day. He said that would involve night work, but he would be very glad indeed to keep on a couple of printers to set it

As I was about to leave, he glanced at the manuscript and said, with a startled look, "This has not been censored."

"No," I replied; "it has not been censored."

"Then," he said, "it must be censored; there is a fine of five hundred rubles and three months in jail for setting one word that does not bear the censor's stamp. I should not dare, as much as I should like to accommodate you, to put myself in jeopardy. But," he added, "you will have no trouble with it. It is now six o'clock. I will have the engineer stay and keep the lights burning, and have the two printers go out to dinner, and you can go and have it censored, in the meantime, very much more quickly than I can. Return here by eight o'clock, and we can work on it all night, if necessary."

I drove at once to M. Lamscott, he being the censor who had passed upon our despatches, and presented the case to him. His countenance fell at once.

"I hope you will believe that, if it were in my power to help you, I would do so," he said; "but, unfortunately, my function is to censor foreign despatches only, and I have no power to censor job-work. That falls within an entirely different department, and my stamp would not be of any use to you whatever. But I may say to

you, as a friend, that it is hopeless. If Minister Plehve, in whose department this falls, sought to have a document like this censored, it would take him a week to have it go through the red tape which would be necessary. And the very thing which makes you think that this should be easy to censor makes it the most difficult thing in the world, because no censor would dare to affix his stamp to a paper which is in the nature of a petition to the sovereign until it had passed step by step through all the gradations of office up to his Majesty himself, and he had signified a willingness to receive it. Then it would have to come back through all the gradations to the censor again; and it would be two or three weeks before you would get the document in shape to print it."

I laughed, and said a petition to remove the censorship required so much censoring that it was actually amusing.

He replied: "The only thing you can do is to write it."

So I took it to the American embassy, had it engrossed, and transmitted it to the Emperor, and then waited for some word from him.

I received an invitation to the second ball, which the Emperor had assured me would be a much more agreeable function than the first, because, instead of thirtythree hundred people, there would be only six hundred present. This second ball was to occur a week later.

On Wednesday I transmitted the memorandum to his Majesty. On Thursday evening, at a reception, I encountered Minister Plehve. He said he knew of my audience with the Emperor and had seen the memorandum which I had left with him; and while he was desirous of doing everything in his power. I must remember that he was responsible for the internal order of Russia, and he could not bring himself to believe that a step of this kind was wise. It was almost revolutionary in its character, and he wanted to know whether there could not be something in the nature of a compromise effected. "All your other requests have been provided for," he said; "the only question that remains is the censorship, and I want to know if you would not be content with an arrangement by which I should appoint a bureau of censors at the central telegraph office and keep them on duty night and day, with instructions to give you the largest possible latitude. I can assure you there would be virtually nothing but a censorship in form so far as you are concerned."

I replied that I was sorry that I could not see my way clear to do the thing he asked. "I am not here, your Excellency," I added, "to advise you as to your duties. That is a question which you must determine for yourself. Neither am I here to say that I think the suggestion you make an unwise one. I do not know. It may not be wise for you to remove the censorship. That is a question which I am not called on to discuss. I am here at the instance of the Russian government, because it desired me to come. It desired us to look at Russia through our own eyes. Obviously we cannot do that unless we are absolutely free. Anything less than freedom in the matter would mean that we should be looking at Russia, not through our eyes, but through your eyes. So, without the slightest feeling in the matter, if you do not see your way clear, I shall take myself out of Russia, and we shall go on as we have done for a hundred years -taking our Russian news from London."

"Oh, no," said he, in a startled tone; "that must not be. I would not have you understand me as saying that your wishes will not be met. I believe his Majesty has given you assurances on the point, and of course it is in his hands, and he will do whatever he thinks best about it."

The minister then suddenly saw, in another part of the room, a lady to whom he desired to speak, and we parted. Later in the evening he drew close to my side and asked in a whisper if I had heard the

"What news?" I asked. It was at a moment when the whole world was waiting breathless for Russia's last reply to Japan.

"The reply to Japan went forward tonight," he replied; "and I thought you might want to know it."

"Indeed," I said; "and when?"

"At seven o'clock."

He then quietly drew away, and I sought out our correspondent and communicated the fact to him. Going to the censor, he had his despatch censored and forwarded it. About an hour later, after twelve o'clock, the French minister said to me: "You know the news?" I regarded Minister Plehve's information as confidential and asked: "What news?"

"I think you know very well, because Plehve told you," he answered.

"Yes," I said; "the answer has gone to

Japan.'

"No, not to Japan," he replied; "but to Alexieff, and it will not reach Baron de Rosen, the Russian minister at Tokio, until Saturday or Monday."

I was naturally startled, because the despatch which had been sent to New York had reported that the answer had gone to Japan. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, there was no opportunity to secure a censored correction, and an inaccurate despatch was certain to be printed in all the American papers the following morning, and I was apparently powerless to prevent it.

Mr. Kurino, the Japanese minister, was anxious to know the news. I did not feel at liberty to communicate it to him, and he turned away, saying: "Well, I think this is a very unpleasant place for me, and I shall take my departure." So he and his wife left me to make their adieus to the hostess.

I also took my leave and drove at once to the telegraph office. Now, they did not censor private messages. I entered the telegraph bureau and wrote this despatch:

Walter Neef, 40 Evelyn Gardens, London:

Howard was slightly in error in his telegram to-night. The document has been telegraphed to the gentleman in charge in the East, and will reach its destination Saturday or Monday.

I signed my name and handed in the message, which was delivered promptly in London to Mr. Neef, the chief of our London office, who at once sent a correction to the United States, and the despatch appeared in proper form in the American papers.

Plehve was a strong, forceful, and, I believe, sincere man—one who felt that all the repressive measures he had adopted were necessary. He was not a reactionary in the fullest sense. He was a progressive man, but his methods were obviously wrong. He felt that "if the lines were loosed the horses would run away." I did not gain the impression that he was an intriguer or that he was sinister in his methods. He seemed direct, sincere, con-

scientious. He belonged to the number who believe that the greatest good can come to Russia by easy stages and by repressive measures. He did not believe in the press; he did not believe that the best interests of the people were to be served by education: but he did believe in the autocracy, with all that it implies. The impression left on my mind was that he was afraid the censorship would be abolished over his head, and he wanted to make terms less dangerous from his point of view.

I received a telegram asking me to go to Berlin and dine at the American ambassador's house, the Kaiser to be present. This was to occur on the night of the 11th of February, and through the good offices of the American ambassador (I having said I would remain in St. Petersburg to await his Majesty's pleasure) I asked leave to go to Berlin, and it was granted.

On my return I was in a dilemma. The war with Japan was on. I had given my word to the Emperor that I would await his pleasure, but I was aware that his mind and heart were full of the disasters that had befallen the Russian arms in the East, and that he probably had had no time to give thought to my mission. There was a fair prospect of waiting indefinitely and without result. Before going to Russia, I had been warned by a number of friends, in sympathetic tones, that my visit would be a failure; that it was well enough to go to St. Petersburg in order to learn the conditions; that the journey would probably be worth the trouble involved: but that any effort to remove the censorship on foreign despatches would be sheer waste of time.

William T. Stead had gone to Russia a year before on the same mission, and had had the advantage of the personal friendship of Plehve. Stead was known as the most active pro-Russian journalist in the world. He had had a personal audience with the Czar at his country place in Livadia, and had signally failed. I felt therefore that these prophecies of evil were likely to be fulfilled, and I determined to leave as soon as I could do so with propriety.

I asked Ambassador McCormick if he would call on Count Lamsdorff and say frankly to him that I knew how occupied the attention of all the officials was, and I thought it perhaps an inopportune time to pursue the matter, and would, therefore,

if agreeable, take my leave. Mr. McCormick called at the foreign office that afternoon on some official business, and, before leaving, told Count Lamsdorff of my predicament, and asked his advice.

Count Lamsdorff replied in a tone of surprise: "The thing is done."

"I do not follow you," said Ambassador McCormick.

"Mr. Stone left a memorandum of his wishes with his Majesty, did he not?" said Count Lamsdorff. "Well, the Emperor wrote, 'Approved,' on the corner of the memorandum, and all will be done. There may be a slight delay incident to working out the details, but it will be done."

"Would it not be well," asked Mr. McCormick, "for Mr. Stone to call on Minister Plehve and talk the matter over with him as to the details?"

"There is nothing to say," said Count Lamsdorff; "it is finished. Mr. Stone has no occasion to see Plehve or any one else. It will all be done as speedily as possible."

Mr. McCormick reported this conversation to me, and I determined at once to depart, leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the authorities. I wrote, and despatched by hand, letters thanking Count Lamsdorff and Minister Plehve for their courtesy and for what they had done, and indicating my purpose to leave by the Vienna express on the following Thursday. Count Lamsdorff made a parting call, and Plehve sent his card. I left St. Petersburg on Thursday evening.

On my arrival in Vienna, I received the following from Mr. Thompson, chief of our St. Petersburg office:

I know you will be gratified to learn that on my return to the office from the station after bidding you adieu, and before your feet left the soil of St. Petersburg, we were served with notice that the censorship was abolished so far as we were concerned. But Count Lamsdorff feels that it is a mistake, and that we shall be charged with having made a bargain, and any kindly thing we may say of Russia will be misconstrued. He thinks it would be much wiser if the censorship were abolished as to all foreign correspondents and bureaus, and desires your influence to that end.

I wired back at once that I fully agreed with Count Lamsdorff's views, and certainly hoped that it would be abolished as to the correspondents of the English,

French, and German press at once; and forty-eight hours after the restriction was removed from the Associated Press, it was removed from everybody.

Since my departure from St. Petersburg, not only our correspondents, but all foreign correspondents, have been as free to write and send matter from any part of Russia, except in the territory covered by the war, as from any other country in the world. We have found ourselves able to present a daily picture of life in Russia that has been most interesting and edifying, and even in the war district the Russian authorities have given the largest possible latitude to our correspondents. They have turned over to us in St. Petersburg, daily, without mutilation, the official reports made to the Emperor and to the war department, and the world has been astonished by the frank character of the despatches coming from Russia. Ninety per cent. of the real news concerning the war has come in bulletin first from St. Petersburg, and later in detail from the field; and there has been no attempt on the part of the government to influence the despatches, or even to minimize their disasters, when talking officially to our correspondents. The doors of all the ministries have been opened to correspondents, who make daily visits to the war, navy, foreign, and interior offices, and are given the news with as much freedom as in Washington.

Until Port Arthur was invested, we found that we were able to receive despatches with extraordinary speed. On one occasion a despatch sent from New York to Port Arthur requiring a reply occupied for transmission and reply two hours and forty-five minutes; and on the occasion of the birth of the son of the Emperor at Peterhof, twenty-eight miles from St. Petersburg, we received the despatch announcing the fact in exactly forty-three minutes after its occurrence.

As a consequence of these arrangements, the Associated Press has been able to usurp in a large measure the functions of the diplomat, and I think it makes for universal peace in a remarkable way. Instead of public questions now passing through the long and tedious methods of diplomacy as formerly, the story is told with authority by the Associated Press. The point of view of a country is presented no longer by diplomatic communication, but in the despatches of the Associated Press.

A striking instance of this occurred some months ago, when a Japanese warvessel went into the neutral harbor of Chifu and captured the Rychitelni, a Russian gunboat which had sought an asylum there. Our correspondent was on the Rychitelni when the Japanese lieutenant and a detachment arrived, and was a personal witness of the occurrence. His story appeared throughout the civilized world, and was made the subject of representations by Russia, through her ally, France. In less than a week the Japanese government prepared a careful defense of their action and handed it to Mr. Egan, our correspondent in Tokio, with a request that he send it throughout the world. It was done, and it closed the incident. They made no effort, and distinctly said that they would make none, to send an official answer to Russia on the subject through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, but chose rather to send it through the agency of the Associated Press.

The authorities of the foreign offices of the different European governments recognize the independence of the Associated Press, and have virtually made choice of it as a forum for the discussion of current questions of international interest. They recognize that a telegram of the Associated Press, published, as it is, throughout the world, unless immediately explained, may arouse a public sentiment that can never be met by the ordinary methods of diplomacy. They recognize that in the end it is the high court of public opinion that must settle international questions, and not the immediate determination of the foreign office of any country.



# THE WORLD-WIDE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

#### BY HENRY R. ELLIOT

ARE we hearing "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees"? So inquire, with a happy light of anticipation in their eyes, many alert souls among us who are sensitive to the phenomena of

religious awakenings.

Whether these Watchmen of the Night are warranted in the announcements they are now making on every side, or whether their predictions are to pass away unfulfilled, it may be conceded that not for many years has the social atmosphere been so charged with spiritual electricity. Wherever we turn, in polite centers or the barbarous extremities of the earth, among all peoples and under every variety of creed and condition, the same phenomena are manifest. As in a conflagration, the fire leaps from point to point, bursting out in a dozen distant spots at once. Now it is Australia and New Zealand that are chiefly affected; then amazing reports come from Korea; next, perhaps, are extraordinary returns from Los Angeles, Atlanta, or Pittsburg.

Just at present the center of interest is in Wales, where scenes are witnessed quite as thrilling as any in the history of revivals. All accounts agree that the Welsh revival is unique for spontaneity and fervor. Its leader, so far as it has any, is a young divinity student of twenty-six, Evan Roberts by name, simple-hearted, sensible, ablaze with zeal. But the movement is far beyond any personality. Religion is the one topic of conversation. Meetings are constant and crowded. The converts are numbered by the tens of thousands, and the ethic results are of so pronounced a sort as to make criticism difficult. It is the uniform testimony that the morals of whole communities have been transformed. A visitor describes a typical ride in a colliery train where he had been accustomed to meet blasphemy and filth; but "the men were as respectable in their demeanor and as clean in their talk as one could desire. Some carriages resounded with Christian song."

This singing, by the way, is the characteristic feature of the Welsh revival. It has been said, indeed, that Wales has been preparing for the outburst, these many years, by the national love for and practice in choral singing, mostly of a religious character. The national singing contests largely turn on proficiency in oratorio work, or at least in themes of serious import, and the whole people are saturated with sacred song. Be this as it may, the singing at the meetings is said to be of the most thrilling description, fully up to the world-wide reputation of Welsh choral work.

Very different in method, but most effective in result, have been the Torrey-Alexander meetings, first in Australia, then in India and Japan, and later throughout Great Britain. Just now these two American evangelists are holding immense meetings in London, where the huge auditorium of the Royal Albert Hall is quite inadequate to accommodate the multitudes. Specially constructed auditoriums, holding six, eight, and ten thousand persons, have been erected in various cities, only to be found utterly inadequate. In London, for the campaign in that city, a guaranty fund of seventeen thousand pounds was quickly raised, and the general committee included some of the highest names in church and state. Dr. Torrey is an uncompromising revivalist of the "old-fashioned" type, but in temperament a hard-headed, unemotional man, a Yale graduate, a "D.D." and a long-time pastor. He drew his inspiration as an evangelist from Moody, and holds fast to the "Moody and Sankey" methods.

As usual, opinions differ as to the permanent value of the hundreds and thousands of conversions made by these meetings. But this at least can be said, that for size, interest, and visible and immediate results, they equal, if they do not surpass, the most famous campaigns of Moody or the earlier evangelists.

In this country, notable revivals within a year have stirred several of our largest cities; among them, Los Angeles, Keokuk, Denver (where one day the legislature adjourned on account of the meetings), Dayton, Louisville, Atlanta, Schenectady, Jacksonville, and Kansas City. In most of these cities the active leadership has been taken by the Evangelistic Committee of the General Assembly (Presbyterian). The chairman of this committee is John H. Converse, the president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who has put into its operations the energy, system, and pecuniary resources which mark the conduct of a great business corporation, with results which have made an epoch in evangelism. His executive genius has beenfitly matched by the spiritual leadership of the chief evangelist, the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., who has evinced an extraordinary aptitude for a national movement of this sort.

An important "awakening"—for such those engaged in the movement choose to call it rather than a "revival"—is meantime gathering force and volume in the Congregational church, growing out of the recent visit of a London nonconformist minister, the Rev. W. J. Dawson. At the National Council (Congregational) at Des Moines, Mr. Dawson spoke with such effect that an Evangelistic Committee was created, with Dr. Hillis of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as chairman, to organize and conduct a national campaign.

This is now in full operation, with Mr. Dawson as the central figure. The distinguishing thought is the value of solid foundations of righteousness, rather than emotionalism. But to this inculcating of a revival of duty and honor is joined a zeal for Christian service. Mr. Dawson expresses it thus: "As we have been sought and found, so it is now our turn to seek and to find." A practical illustration of this "hunger for souls" was furnished during the fortnight's campaign in Boston, when, one night, distinguished presidents of theological seminaries, leading pastors, bankers and merchants, and ladies of high social rank, fell in behind the band of the Salvation Army and marched through the slums, gathering in the outcasts for a midnight meeting in one of the largest halls of the city.

Many additional details could be given to illustrate the general interest, but the above may suffice. It would be quite inadequate, however, to base the claim of a wide-spread spiritual awakening on revival phenomena and statistics. Underneath such symptoms is a profound sensitiveness to religious truth. The distribution and study of the Bible are greater than ever before; the roster of home and foreign missionaries is larger, and is supplemented by workers in social settlements, brotherhoods, deaconesses, Y. M. C. A. workers, and patrons of every variety of public and private charities, to an extent never before dreamed of in human history. The standard of public and of business morality is set at a high level, as witness the sharp and aggressive criticism of "graft," "trusts," "bossism," etc. The zeal for purity and righteousness is wider than sect or zone. It stirs America in one way and Russia in another. It affects the Christian after one fashion and the Hebrew or the Shinto after another. But everywhere the President's motto of "a square deal" is on the people's lives and hearts. May it not be that after a veritable orgy of materialism the world is awakening to realize that character is better than billions, and service than selfishness?



### TOPICS OF THE TIME

#### REMARKS ON READING

SUGGESTED BY A DISTINGUISHED EXAMPLE

THE subject of the reading of books is brought up freshly by the statement in the April number of THE CENTURY as to the extraordinary amount of reading done by the present occupant of the White House. There are others of our busiest men who, likewise, have found solace and delight in snatching from crowded days half-hours of communion with authors ancient and modern. We know especially of certain lawyers and physicians who find their minds refreshed and enriched—by no means to their professional detriment -by their daily, perhaps more especially nightly, readings; though we confess that, so far as our acquaintance extends, the President "holds the record."

It was explained that President Roosevelt is one of those exceptional readers who seem to take in almost whole pages at a glance. Dr. Mitchell says that some people are born readers, as some are born poets. While the habit of reading—and the habit of rapid reading—surely can be cultivated, yet the "lightning reader" is as certainly one who has a special aptitude. The late Rev. Dr. John McClintock turned the pages of a book so swiftly that he seemed not to be reading at all; but he gathered it all in. We know of journalists who read with great rapidity—their aptitude is supplemented, of course, by constant practice. The other day a learned and brilliant journalistic friend of ours was given a newspaper extract—not long, but one which with ordinary eyes would require a perceptible time for an understanding perusal. It was handed back instantly; the person who had brought it to our friend's notice doubted if it had been really read; but examination of the reader proved that its contents had been fully taken in "by first intention." This rapidreading friend of ours was once taken ill with trouble in the eyes, and had to be read to. It was curious to see how he fretted with the ordinary pace of reading aloud. It "bored him to death." The reader, in order to satisfy him, must plunge ahead, enunciating with the greatest speed, and actually omitting all unimportant words.

As an example among public men of much reading the names of Sumner and Gladstone suggest themselves. Gladstone, says Morley, "was no mere reader of many books, used to relieve the strain of mental anxiety or to slake the thirst of literary or intellectual curiosity. Reading with him in the days of his full vigor was a habitual communing with the master spirits of mankind, as a vivifying and nourishing part of life."

Among writers an instance of much reading, and, at times at least, of rapid reading, was Mrs. Browning. She found, she said, that Carlyle "won't be read quick." Writing, in her later years, of a certain book of George Sand's, she says: "I read this book so eagerly and earnestly that I seem to burn it up before me." It is not remarkable that an invalid like Mrs. Browning, - when she was Miss Barrett, - with strong literary tastes and living a life devoid of household or social obligations, should have read much. But, as a highly respectable colored woman once remarked, "nigger is in the disposition"; so the love of reading is in the disposition, and doubtless in all circumstances Elizabeth Barrett Browning, like Macaulay, would have read voraciously. "So you think I never read Fonblanque or Sydney Smith-or Junius, perhaps?" she writes to Horne. "Mr. Kenyon calls me his 'omnivorous cousin.' I read without principle. I have a sort of unity, indeed, but it amalgamates instead of selecting-do you understand? When I had read the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, right through, and was never

stopped by the Chaldee—and the Greek poets, and Plato, right through from end to end-I passed as thoroughly through the flood of all possible and impossible British and foreign novels and romances, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the sorrows of the multitudinous Celestinas." She is very modest about her reading, declaring that it is only useful knowledge and the multiplication-table she has never tried hard at; and that she does not boast of her omnivorousness of reading, even apart from the romances. She thinks she would have been better off if she had not read half so much, and that the habit is too much like "what the Americans call whittling."

Mrs. Browning's reading was probably just the right thing for her, after all. But whether or not she was correct in her judgment as to her own case, of course reading may become a mere indulgence and dissipation, a habit to be corrected. Also, it is very evident that many great, resolute natures have been built up with little reading, or by much reading of a few books, and much pondering,—much reading of men, of opinions, of events, rather than of the printed page. Men like Cromwell and Lincoln, and others who have changed the course of modern history, have been so nurtured. We could even point to a very great and effective modern scientific genius who, with an apparent aversion to scientific literature, gets his learning not so much from books, as from experiments and from the "twenty question" system intelligently applied to friendly experts.

But according to our observation there is vastly too little reading done, rather than too much; and we think it fortunate that President Roosevelt's example has been set forth as an illustration of what can be accomplished, in the most occupied of lives, to broaden the intellectual outlook. His example will serve everywhere as a stimulus. And the slow reader should not be discouraged, but encouraged rather; for if he really has the "disposition" to read, the year's end, under whatever difficulties, will give him, also, a list of readings accomplished which will shame the indifferent and vastly increase his own intellectual wealth.

Reading for the relief of troubled thoughts, as a mere sedative, is immea-

surably valuable, as many an overwrought brain has found; and so is reading for the highest forms of pleasure, for healthy enjoyment as well as for desired information, for new outlooks, for the broadening of sympathies and the correction of narrow views, for culture,—above all, for inspiration.

## HAIL TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME!

THE article in this number of The Century on "The Prize of Rome," by Mr. Hoeber, will be read with peculiar interest at the moment of the announcement that the American School of Architecture in Rome, a result of the Chicago World's Fair, having been transformed in 1897 into the American Academy in Rome, under a New York charter, has been rechartered by the Congress of the United States, under date of March 1, 1905, endowed by private liberality, and made secure by a permanent and attractive habitation!

This newly chartered and handsomely endowed institution is to be conducted much on the lines of the French Villa Medici, whose workings THE CENTURY article describes. If anything, its methods will be more liberal toward the students in the various branches of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music.

It is probable that in the future increasing facilities will be offered to the students of all these arts in America during what may be called their undergraduate courses; but those who are earnestly devoted to their several arts cannot but profit by years of postgraduate study, for which the institution is intended, in Rome,—that city which many believe to be still the "center of the art world,"—and amid "the direct and intimate influences of the world's masterpieces."

The country owes the establishment of this important institution primarily to the disinterested, public-spirited, and energetic action of its architects and artists—men like Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Frank D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, H. S. Mowbray, and others; to the intelligent assistance and good will of the national administration and of Congress; and to the liberality of our men of wealth.

<sup>1</sup> The bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by the Hon. James T. McCleary, and in the Senate by the Hon. George P. Wetmore.

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It was through Mr. Henry Walters that its new home—the spacious building and grounds of the Villa Mirafiori near the Porta Pia—was secured. The enthusiastic promoters of this splendid enterprise, thereupon, in January last, undertook to obtain a million dollars for maintenance; and as we go to press the one-hundred-thousand-dollar subscriptions are announced of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Henry Walters, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, and Harvard University through Mr. Henry L. Higginson, and the indications are that the rest of the million will soon be forthcoming.

What with the new impetus just given to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the activity of museums and academies throughout the country, the noble endowment of the American Academy in Rome, the improvement of our art schools, and the augmenting individual accomplishment of American architects, artists, and musicians, America is destined soon to take a still more important place among the art-producing nations of the world.

One of the necessary steps in this direction is the removal of the tariff on art works; and the men of light and leading in our government should see that, at the first opportunity, this deleterious and idiotic tax is swept away.

THE RECESSION OF THE YOSEMITE
THE FORTUNATE END OF A LONG STRUGGLE FOR
BETTER MANAGEMENT OF THE VALLEY

T was good news to all travelers and all lovers of nature that at the recent session of the California legislature the wonderland of Yosemite, granted to that State in 1864, "in trust," was voluntarily receded to the United States. The whole country, and particularly the State of California, is to be congratulated upon this fortunate and honorable outcome of a struggle of twenty years for the better conduct of the Valley. The victory, which was accomplished against demagogic influences and appeals to a false State pride, is due primarily to John Muir, to the Sierra Club, of which he is president, and to William E. Colby, its secretary, who for years have been at work organizing the movement, which has been supported effectively and almost with unanimity by the press of California. A strong argument for recession was found in the fact that among those who favored it was so influential a promoter of conservative forest policies as President Roosevelt.

THE CENTURY, which since 1889 has realized the overwhelming importance of forest-conservation and has taken every opportunity to advocate a better system of management of the Valley, contained, in this department, as early as January, 1893, an article entitled, "The Proposed Recession of the Yosemite Valley," in which we said:

An additional reason for this action exists in the fact that by act of October 1, 1890, Congress created a new National Park, of which the old grant to the State of California is the heart, and which is almost equal in extent to the State of Rhode Island, but does not include in its jurisdiction the valley which it surrounds. It was the belief of those most active in procuring this legislation that the establishment of the larger park was not only desirable in itself, but would be a steppingstone to reform within the State grant. It is obvious that the two reservations should be under one control.

The faulty system of administration of the Valley by boards of unsalaried commissioners, appointed, too often for political reasons, to do work for which they had no expert qualifications, is now happily at an end. Under the responsibilities which the recession imposes upon the authorities at Washington, who are looking for expert knowledge in every department, there is every prospect that there will be no indiscriminate cutting of trees and underbrush, no clearing of ground for hay-fields, no talk of funicular railways and of multicolored artificial lights on the waterfalls, no arbitrary chopping of vistas, no pig-sties, no pyramids of tin cans, no scandals of politics or graft. (The Yosemite "recessional" must contain mention of these things, "lest we forget.") Not only should the best expert advice be secured toward preserving as far as possible the native and unsophisticated wildness of the Valley, which so enhances its wonderful beauty, but every facility should be afforded the public to gain more comfortable and easy access to it. We bespeak from Congress a liberal attitude toward such appropriations for these purposes as may be recommended by the President; for not only is Yosemite to California what St. Peter's is to Rome, but it is one of the chief treasures

of the whole country, and a day's view of it would repay a visit from the remotest region of the world.

#### MR. IVANOWSKI'S COLOR DRAWINGS

THE frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY, representing "The Joyousness of Spring," is by the Polish-American artist Sigismond Ivanowski, whose pictures

illustrating three of Tolstoi's famous heroines were a feature of the April number. Mr. Ivanowski has the faculty of imparting a decorative feeling to the serious treatment of an imaginative subject, and of using color in a way to evade, as far as possible, the limitations of the color process. The present frontispiece is one of four which will appear in The Century during the year, illustrative of the four seasons.



#### The Century's American Artists Series

HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

JENRY GOLDEN DEARTH, whose " Sunset in Normandy" is reproduced on page 109, was born in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1863. After a brief stay at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, under Hébert, a longer communion with nature out of doors, on the Normandycoast, determined him to devote himself to landscape, though he had begun at the figure in America, with a nowforgotten portraitpainter, Horace Johnson of Providence. In 1893 he was given the Webb Landscape Prize by the Society of American Artists (of which he is a member), and the same year his picture at the exhibition in Berlin was bought by the German government. He received medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and at those of Buffalo, Charleston, and St. Louis. Meanwhile the artist, who passes his winters in New York, in the summer-time remains faithful to the Normandy that first opened his eyes to the possibilities of landscape-painting, and he has a house and a studio at Montreuil-sur-Mer, in the Pas-de-Calais, along the English Channel, where he works several months each season.

The key-note to the work of Mr. Dearth is simplicity. First of all, he obviously puts himself in sympathy with his theme; and, having determined thereon, he proceeds rather by the process of elimination, reducing his masses and tones down to the most simple and elementary principles. I am inclined, too, to think that had Mr. Dearth chosen to devote himself to the figure instead of the landscape, he would have arrived at an equal degree of excellence, for the reason that throughout his work there is a fine quality of intelligent construction. In giving strict attention to the important masses, and thus troubling himself in no wise with the smaller things, he ends by

suggesting detail—a rare thing, and one that makes, as a rule, for great art. Perhaps in none of his pictures shall we find this more apparent than in the "Sunset in Normandy," with its almost naïve arrangement of trees, earth, and sky, the cattle being the merest suggestions.

Certainly the forms of the French poplars are generalized as they stand on either side of the winding road, against the evening sky. But there is no mistaking the fact that they are poplars, for each brush-sweep is significant and shows the artist to have studied the anatomy and construction of this particular growth until he knows it au fond. And the country lies flat. It has the character of such a road in Normandy, as the painter who has been there and looked with intelligent eye will attest. There is a harmonious relation of sky to earth, the tones of the former permeating the latter as in nature; for, of course, it is from the sky that the earth receives its illumination, and the thousand surfaces of grass, growth, stone, and water reflect the light the heavens send out. It is also refreshing to find a man who paints, as the French say, without any parti-pris-in other words, who does not proceed according to recipe, but attacks each new problem according to the necessities of the occasion.

Mr. Dearth has gone through the experiences of most painters, working faithfully before Nature, learning many of her secrets only by the closest observation, drawing seriously until the hand was trained to express, in a brush-sweep, the character of earth, sky, and trees. The process of elimination is slow and tedious, but, happily, sure; and to-day, with much economy of line and a subordination of all not absolutely essential, he evolves pictures that have dignity and poetry.

Arthur Hoeber.



#### The Two Muses

COLLOQUY BETWEEN AN AVERAGE POET AND FINERTY OF "THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH"

Æschylus, the "Father of Greek Tragedy," who died in 456 B.C., aged sixty-nine, is said to have been killed while sunning himself in a field, from having his bald head mistaken for a rock by an eagle soaring with a turtle, which was dropped on the supposed rock in order to shatter its shell. It had been foretold (according to legend) that the poet was not to die until a house should fall on him.

#### POET

OLD Æschylus, with cloak and staff, beneath the waning star,
Engaged with themes of Gods and men,
Went out upon the desert fen
Where self and silence are —

#### FINERTY

Now let me catch yer m'anin'. If I undtherstand yer talk,

Ye're tellin' me that Æschylus wint out to take a walk.

#### POET

- To meet his soul in privacy. It was a votive tour

To court the Muse and let his mind o'erlord the manless moor:

To list the Gods and haply hear some chorus of the whole

Accord response antiphonal unto his listening soul.

#### FINERTY

I think I have yer m'anin'; whin I don't I 'll tip th' wink.

He wint out on a vacant place an' thought he'd take a think.

#### POET

His Tragedies threescore and ten,
A noble theme he still would pen
Of Gods and men, the march of Fate,
The cause of Freedom and the State;
And so he sate him in the fen
To meditate—

#### FINERTY

Just wait now an' be seein' if I catch on what ye say:

This Æschylus, ye 're tellin', was th' bye that wrote a play.

I saw a Thragedy mesilf, an' bate it if ye will:

They had a felly nearly kilt inside a rollin'mill.

#### POET

An eagle winging buoyantly abreast the burning dawn
Soared 'mid the heights of matin fire
With turtle plucked from out the mire,
And scanned the moor in deep desire
Of rock to break it on.

#### FINERTY

Hould on now. Have I got it like ye 're thryin' f'r to tell?

Th' eagle was a-lookin' f'r some way t' crack th' shell;

An' so he 'd drop it half a mile an' break it all apart.

Bedad, who'd think an eagle was a bird that is so shmart?

#### POET

The poet's head, all bald and bare, bright in the morning shone;

Unto the eagle high in air it seemed a rounded stone.

With fateful poise and plummet aim, like discus featly sped,

The turtle hurtling downward came, and smote the poet dead.

#### FINERTY

That was too bad. We little know Th' ind we 'll come to here below.

#### POET

And so the end—more tragic end Than Æschylus had ever penned.

#### FINERTY

An' was th' turtle kilt, d' ye know?

Charles D. Stewart.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

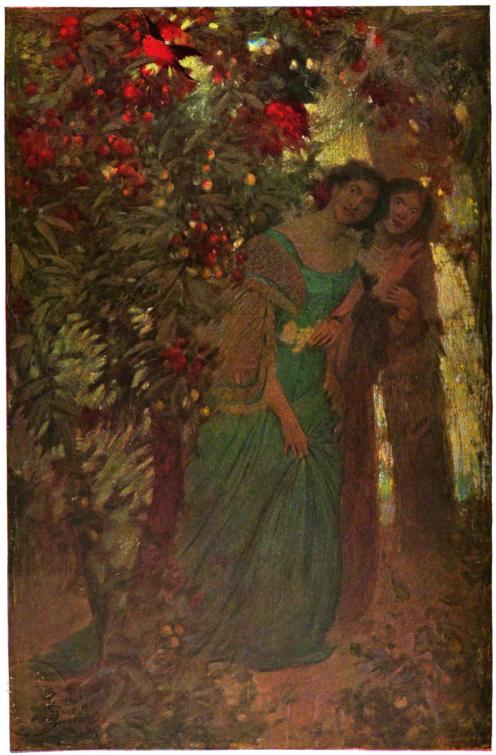


MACMILLAN AND C? L'T'D ST MARTIN'S ST LOND THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE-NEWYOR

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Color drawing by F. V. Du Mond

THE TANAGER

1 scarlet flash to-day"—(see page 204)
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## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. LXX JUNE, 1905 No. 2

# OUR HERALDS OF STORM AND FLOOD

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS ACTIVITIES OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU IN SAVING LIFE AND PROPERTY

#### BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR

Author of "Inoculating the Ground," etc.

THE entertaining and elucidating articles by Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor of "The National Geographic Magazine," on "Inoculating the Ground," in THE CENTURY for October, 1904, and on "The New Method of Purifying Water," in THE CENTURY for December, 1904, have created such a lively public interest that we are sure the announcement will be received with pleasure that Mr. Grosvenor is engaged for THE CENTURY on a series of similar articles having to do with the varied and valuable work of the Department of Agriculture of the United States government. This new series begins with the following article on the Weather Bureau, in which article will be found much that is novel to the general reader.—THE EDITOR.



E Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that

we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer tumbling thirty degrees in almost as many minutes, we have a constant, a never diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen,

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alert mind, the incessant, unremitting energy of our American race. I had asked the talented chief of the United States Weather Bureau, Professor Willis L. Moore, what was the most remarkable feature of our climate, and that was substantially his reply.

When the amazed European asks us what makes the sluggish mind of the immigrant to stir and waken in the United States, and then to climb, at first hesitatingly, but soon with vigor and confidence, to the top round in the ladder of success, we are accustomed to reply, "It's in the air"; and we are right. The spirit which fired our fathers to cross the wide Atlantic, and which in less or equal degree still animates the thousands annually seeking our shores, is fed and fanned by the cold winds from the northwest.

The cold wave is born in the heavens miles above our heads, usually over the Rocky Mountain plateau. Suddenly a mass of bitterly cold air will tumble down upon Montana. It rushes down as though poured through an enormous funnel. As it falls it gains momentum, and, reaching the earth, spreads over the Mississippi valley and then over the Atlantic States, covering them like a blanket. It scatters the foul, logy, breath-soaked atmosphere in our towns and cities, and puts ginger into the air. We fill our lungs with it and live. New waves are always coming, following each other in regular procession like the waves on a sea-shore.

It is fitting, then, that meteorology, the science of the weather, should be a distinctly American product and that the people of the United States should have the best weather-service in the world. The United States government spends \$1,500,000 a year on its Weather Bureau, which is more money than all the governments of Europe combined spend for similar service. It has a staff of many hundred skilled experts and trained observers who in all parts of the country are constantly on the watch to see what the heavens will bring forth.

# A DIVIDEND OF TWO THOUSAND PER CENT.

PROBABLY ninety-nine men in one hundred judge the Weather Bureau by the weather-forecasts which they read at the

breakfast-table in the morning paper. They execrate and ridicule the service when they are caught at their office or at the theater unprepared for an unheralded shower, and, as likely as not, unhesitatingly assume to themselves the credit when the forecast is right. Will it be fair or will it rain? How hot or how cold has it been to-day? They believe the Weather Bureau was created to answer these questions correctly and always correctly for their personal gratification. They do not know that the local weather-forecasts are only a fraction of the work and a very small and unimportant fraction at that.

Some time ago a skeptical insurance company determined to investigate the amount of property saved in one year by the warnings of the Weather Bureau. It was a company of conservative men whose estimate would be under rather than above the truth, but it found that on an average the people of the United States saved every year \$30,000,000 because of their weatherservice. As the people contribute \$1,500,-000 every year to its support, this means that they get annually a dividend of two thousand per cent. on the investment. An investment in which the original capital is paid back twenty times over in twelve months is extraordinarily profitable and well worth investigation. How does the Weather Bureau do it?

As it is impossible in one brief article to describe all the branches of the weather-service, which reaches intimately about one half of our population every day, I shall cite only a few of the more striking phases of its work.

#### WATCHING OUR TURBULENT RIVERS

THE eagle watch kept on our turbulent rivers to see that they do not catch unprepared the people living on their banks, or on the low-lying lands near them, is one of the most dramatic phases of the work of the weather-service. By long experience and close calculation, the weatherman has learned to read the symptoms predicting a rise or fall as accurately as a physician can count the heart-beats of his patient with his finger on the pulse; he has posted hundreds of rain-gages throughout the land feeding each river, which, like sentinels, tell him when the rainfall has been heavy and the exact number of inches

of rain that have fallen. To find the amount of water that will pour into the river is then simply a matter of arithmetic, as he knows the number of miles drained by each river. He knows how much water the river-bed can carry in a given time as nicely as his wife can judge the contents

exact time when the crest of a flood would reach New Orleans, and said that the height of the flood would be 21 feet. Punctually to the hour the flood came, and its crest was 20 feet and 7 inches, only five inches less than the height predicted. The immense ocean of water had started one thousand



From a photograph. Copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

WILLIS L. MOORE, LL.D.

hief of the United States Weather Russau since 1807. President of the

Chief of the United States Weather Bureau since 1895, President of the National Geographic Society

of her coffee-cup. He knows the strong and weak points of the river-banks, so that if the skies send more water than the riverbed can carry, he can predict where the waters will overtop or burst its banks and drown the farmer's cattle, or flood the city street.

One of the most remarkable cases of flood prediction on record was the warning of the disastrous floods of 1903. Twentyeight days in advance of its coming the forecaster at Washington announced the miles away. It had dropped from the skies over a territory six times larger than the State of New York (over 300,000 square miles); but the weather-man knew its rate of march as surely as the engineer, with his eye on the indicator, knows the speed of his locomotive. The people at Memphis were warned that the waters would rise to 40 feet and overtop their levees, and they were given seven days' notice. The people of Cairo were told to prepare for a height of 50 feet; but as they were nearer the start-

ing-point of the flood, they received only four days' notice. Such seasonable warning gave time to the people to prepare for defense. Thousands of men were set to work to raise and strengthen the levees and embankments, to clear the wharves and river-banks, to remove women and children, to drive the cattle to places of safety. When the flood arrived, the people were ready for it. Comparatively few lives were lost, and the damage to property, while terrible, was millions and millions of dollars less than it would have been if the people had had no sentinel to cry out the march of the waters.

The devotion of the dike-watchers of Holland has been the theme of children's stories for generations, but the sleepless watch of the hundreds of Weather Bureau observers when a flood threatens the land passes unnoticed and unpraised. The scientific precision of American science has made the work appear so simple that it has been robbed of its romance.

#### FROST AND COLD-WAVE WARNINGS

Much of the care of the Weather Bureau has been devoted to developing a perfect system of frost and cold-wave warnings. A blighting frost or withering cold wave in early spring or autumn may leave behind blackened orchards, wilted vegetable-gardens, and empty pockets. In a night it may destroy the prospects and hopes of the year. The cunning and tireless perseverance of modern science has found some ways of thwarting the malicious designs of King Frost. The orange-grower of Florida has devised dresses to wrap around his orangetrees; the cranberry-grower of Wisconsin has learned to flood his cranberry marshes and thus keep them warm; the truck-growers of Norfolk cover their early strawberries and late lettuce and celery with spreads of cheese-cloth or screens of slats; the grower of sugar-cane in Louisiana also has his methods of frost protection.

But all these shields against the biting of the frost are worthless unless the farmer is warned in time to prepare for the icy visitation. The Weather Bureau aims to give him this warning at least twenty-four hours in advance, and to this end it has developed one of the most perfect organizations in the world for distributing knowledge. When the weather-observer scents a frost in the

air conditions of a certain region, or sees a cold wave marching to invade a certain section, he immediately telegraphs to the principal town or city in that region. Thence the warning is sent by special messengers, by telegraph and telephone, to every producer in the threatened region. Telegraph, telephone, and railroad companies join hands with the weather-man to help distribute the warning. More than one hundred thousand telegrams alone are sometimes sent within a few hours. Freighttrains are placarded with giant signs which farmers can read far off; in some regions the farmers are warned by a code of whistles from the passing locomotive. In the cold wave of 1898, \$3,400,000 worth of fruits was saved by the weather-forecasts.

### STORM-WARNINGS

UNDOUBTEDLY the features of the Weather Bureau work which yield the highest returns on our investment are the stormwarnings sent to masters of steamers and sailing-craft in our ports. We who live in tight city blocks and but rarely venture on the ocean know little of the terrors of a storm. The wind that whistles down the street, snatching off our hats, or that rattles our blinds most provokingly at night, may mean a gale at sea of from forty to sixty miles an hour. Between October and April our coasts are swept repeatedly by mighty storms which are hungry for victims, while often during August and September a West Indian hurricane may tear up the coast. The captains of the hundreds of sailingships, coal-barges, and coastwise craft that carry ice, coal, fruit, and lumber from port to port, know too well the dangers of being caught in such a storm, for our coast-line contains more than one Cape Fear, pointing like a dagger at every passing vessel. The Weather Bureau learns from its outposts as soon as a storm enters the horizon of the United States, and sends warning to the ports in the threatened region. Stormsignals are hoisted on the watch-towers. The seamen and ships keep snug in harbor while the tempest rages outside. An idea of the commercial value of the warnings may be gathered when we remember that during every year not less than seventeen thousand vessels, most of them small, and many of them easy prey for storms, leave our ports between Portland and New Or-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AT THE COUNTRY STORE—THE SEAT OF HONOR FOR THE WEATHER-PROPHET



From a photograph by H. C. Frankenfeld

WRECKAGE AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, AFTER THE SUBSIDENCE OF
THE KANSAS RIVER FLOOD OF 1903

leans. These storm-signals are also posted in all the ports of the Great Lakes, which are noted for the fury and suddenness of their storms. Formerly seventy-five per cent. of the loss in shipping on the Great Lakes was wrought by storms, whereas now, owing to the efficiency of the storm-warnings, less than twenty-five per cent. of our annual loss can be attributed to the work of storms. Forty-five minutes after the dictation of a storm-warning by Chief Moore at Washington, the warning is placed in the hands of every sea-captain in every lake and ocean port of the United States.

# THE RECORDS-A MURDERER DISCOVERED

THE records of the heat of summer and of the cold of winter kept by the Weather Bureau serve a useful purpose. Builders of giant steel bridges or steel sky-scrapers consult them to see how much they must allow for the expansion and contraction of the steel used. Lawyers consult them to establish or to break down a witness's testimony. Not long ago a man was on

trial in Illinois, accused of murdering an aged woman. He was unable to prove an alibi, and it looked as if he would be convicted. The principal evidence against him was that of a laborer who, on the day of the murder, had been digging a ditch opposite the house where the murder was committed. The laborer stated that he had climbed out of his ditch about eleven to take a drink from his bucket; he remembered the exact hour because he had looked at his watch at the same time to see how near it was to dinner-time. Glancing across the street, he was horrified to see, through the open window, the prisoner striking the woman. Before he could get to the house the assassin had fled, but his identification had led to the arrest and was now threatening to hang the man.

The evidence was straightforward and seemed conclusive. The prisoner's lawyer, however, shrewdly consulted the records of temperature kept by the weather-station, and found that on the day of the murder there had been a cold spell of such severity that if the bucket of water had remained out

all the morning, as it did according to the witness's story, the water would have been a solid chunk of ice by eleven o'clock. This discovery led to the acquittal of the prisoner and subsequently to the arrest of the ditchdigger, who, it developed, was the real criminal.

## CROP BULLETINS, BALLOON RECORDS, ETC.

THE Weather Bureau is doing much work that there is not space to describe. It issues weekly crop bulletins, summarized from the

reports of many thousand

observers, telling how the rain or drought, or cold or heat, has affected the wheat. corn, and other crops. It issues snow bulletins in the West, telling how much snow has fallen in the mountains, and hence how much water may be expected during the summer for the irrigation works. It publishes special rain-forecasts in the raisin districts

of California, which give the farmer time to get his trays of dried raisins under shelter before the deluge. It has recently made plans for the exploration of the upper air by balloons. A self-recording instrument of extreme light-

Mr. C. F. Marvin of the bureau, is attached to a small rubber balloon and set loose. The balloon shoots up four or five miles, getting larger and larger as the pressure of air diminishes, until it finally bursts. The fall immediately opens a parachute, upon which the instrument floats down very slowly, recording the character of the air as it descends. The plan is to liberate several hundred of these balloons simultaneously in different parts of the country. As a reward is offered for their return, and as they make very conspicuous objects in the

> sky, the Weather Bureau hopes to recover most of the instruments, and thus obtain facts about the upper-air currents which are most important and

little understood.

Chief Moore also plans through the development of wireless telegraphy to get weather-reports from steamers in mid-ocean. He has for years urged the countries of Europe

> to take simultane-0118 international observations: for meteorology is not bounded by political geography, but is an international science. He also wages a ceaseless war against the socalled "long-range" weather - prophets. the charlatans who





From photographs

1. A TYPICAL SIGNAL-TOWER OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU. 2. NEW YORK WEATHER BUREAU STATION ON THE ROOF OF THE AMERICAN SURETY BUILDING. 3. RESEARCH OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT WEATHER, VIRGINIA. 4. MAIN BUILD-ING OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

are continually humbugging credulous

people.

Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, entered the service in 1877. He began at the bottom. By hard work, study, and natural ability he won steady promotion, and in 1895 was appointed head of the service by President Cleveland.

We are more interested in, or at least we talk more about, the daily weather—the health of the earth, it might be called—than of any other subject. "It's rather windy to-day, is n't it?" is the salutation of one gracious lady to another at the afternoon tea. "A fine morning," shouts one teamster to his fellow. The weather plays a most important part in our feelings and is very often the key of our high spirits or of our deep depression. All of us recognize this influence of the weather, and this

is probably the reason why every one, of high or low degree, be he savage or civilized, passes a remark about the day to whomever he greets.

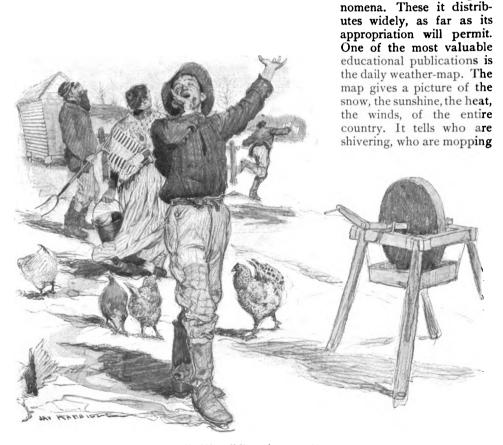
But though the weather is the most general subject of conversation



every day in the year, though we hear more remarks about this topic daily than about any other, most of us are absolutely ignorant of this great, mysterious, fascinating force.

#### EVERY MAN HIS OWN WEATHER-PROPHET

THE Weather Bureau is educating the people to a better comprehension of the weather. It puts forth scientific treatises, of course, but it goes further, and publishes popularly written accounts and interpretations of the weather phe-

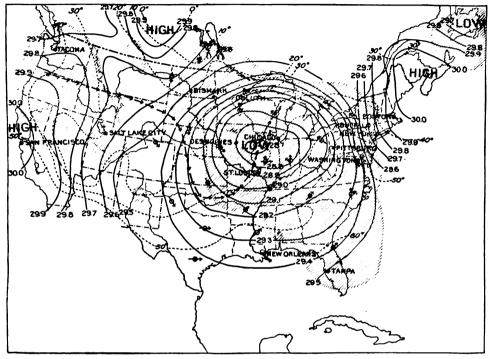


Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins
THE FALL OF A WEATHER-BALLOON

their brows, who are carrying umbrellas. By reading the conditions, the movements on the map, we can tell for ourselves when our turn to shiver or swelter will come.<sup>1</sup>

The weather-map is an instantaneous photograph of the weather of the three

This map or photograph is the basis of all of the forecasts and of all of the work of the Weather Bureau, and knows no Sunday and no holiday. Washington is the central station from which all the principal forecasts are sent out. From six substations,—Chicago, Boston, New Or-



A TYPICAL WEATHER-MAP

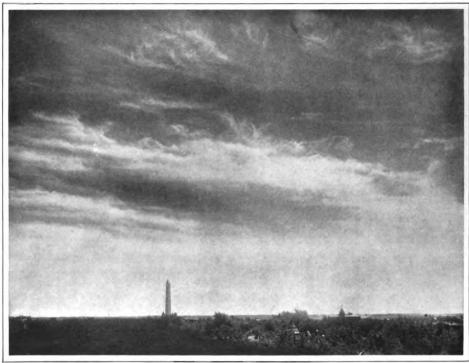
The solid lines are isobars; the broken lines are isotherms. The shaded portion of the map indicates the area over which precipitation has occurred during the twelve hours preceding 8 A.M., 75th-meridian time.

The arrows point in the direction the wind is blowing.

million square miles of our United States. This photograph is taken every morning at 8 A.M. (75th-meridian time) and every evening at 8 P.M. Precisely on the hour an observer at every one of the two hundred stations scattered over our States makes his barometric, thermometric, wind, rain, and other observations, and prepares his report for his section. By half-past eight all these reports are speeding to Washington, with right of way over all telegraphic business. The experts at Washington, on receiving them, at once develop the photograph.

1 The United States Weather Bureau has recently published an interesting little book entitled "Weather Folklore and Local Weather Signs," by Professor E. B. Garriott, which in simple language gives much information about the weather leans, Denver, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon,—local forecasts are issued. The forecasts, made for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, are sent to all the daily papers, morning and afternoon, and are published in every one of our twenty-five hundred daily newspapers. They are also telegraphed to more than two thousand principal distributing-points, whence they are again telegraphed or telephoned or sent on postal cards to thousands of business exchanges, post-offices, public libraries, etc., where they are posted in prominent places. In the Middle West, from Ohio to Ne-

and the means by which the public may forecast the weather. It contains also a collection of weather proverbs. The book may be obtained from the Weather Bureau (Washington, D. C.) for thirty-five cents.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

## CIRRUS CLOUDS MERGING INTO CIRRO-STRATUS

This is a transitional form often seen when rain or snow is approaching. The cloud layer gradually thickens until the sky is obscured.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

BROKEN CUMULUS CLOUDS

These are signals of unstable atmospheric conditions.



CIRRO-CUMULUS CLOUDS

These are typical fair-weather clouds, and are usually seen at an elevation of four or five miles.



From a photograph by Professor Alfred J. Henry

CIRRUS, THE HIGHEST-FLYING CLOUD

Clouds of this nature float at an elevation of from four to ten miles. When they look like plumes with frayed and torn edges, increased cloudiness and rain or snow may be expected.



Prom a photograph by Professor Alexander McAdie
OCEAN FOG POURING IN OVER THE HILLS UPON SAN FRANCISCO

braska, six hundred thousand farmers obtain the morning weather-forecast by telephone thirty minutes after it is issued. The experiment of sending the forecasts to farmers by rural delivery has been successfully begun. Already more than one hundred thousand farmers daily receive the weather-reports in this way in less than six hours after the forecast is issued.

By studying the daily weather-maps distributed by the Weather Bureau, any one can learn a great deal about the weather, and in a short while can become a fairly good weather-prophet. Take the accompanying weather-map as an example. The storm represented on this map was one of the most remarkable that ever swept across the United States. It was born and nursed in the mid-Pacific until it grew to immense proportion. Thence it dashed upon our Western coast, almost simultaneously striking California, Oregon, and Washington. It swept over the Rocky Mountains as if they were a five-foot fence, dashed over



From a photograph by Professor Alexander McAdie

SEA FOG LIFTING AND CHANGING TO CLOUDS, SAN FRANCISCO BAY



From a photograph by Professor Alexander McAdie

A SEA OF FOG OVER SAN FRANCISCO

Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin, and finally disappeared in the Great Lakes four days after its entrance. A storm like this revolves all the time it is advancing. It moves like a spinning plate

flung across the room, or like the top which the small boy shoots spinning across the sidewalk; in fact, the storm is a gigantic top about a thousand miles in diameter and several miles high.

This map illustrates perfectly the differ-

<sup>1</sup> The cyclone revolves in a direction opposite to the hands of a watch.



"THE SUN DRAWING WATER"

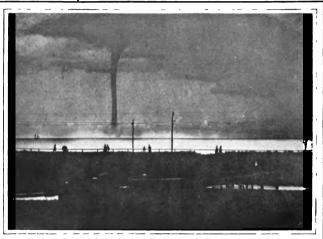


From a photograph by Frank Woodmancy
AN OAK-TREE SHATTERED
BY LIGHTNING

ent kinds of weather that such a great cyclone will bring. As the storm advances, it brings a deluge of rain or snow, but it restores the sunshine before it disappears. The reason is as follows: the wind in the front half of the cyclone is from the south, and as this warm wind comes into colder

cold; as it comes into warmer latitudes, it grows warmer and is able to absorb the moisture in the air, so that we have clearing weather.

Such a cyclone may be generated by the clashing of two antagonistic currents of air, one current coming perhaps from the south and the other from the north. As the two currents wrestle, they are caught by the never-ending stream of atmosphere, which is moving easterly miles above our heads, and are swept across the continent as an eddy is borne along on a river. The Weather Bureau is learning a great deal about these important upper-air currents by studying the different types of clouds,

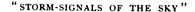


From a photograph by T. V. Chamberlain

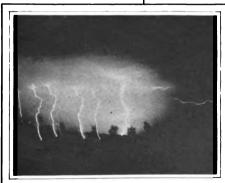
A WATERSPOUT, COTTAGE CITY,

MASSACHUSETTS

and by noting their altitude and rapidity of motion.



It has been well said that "clouds are the storm-signals of the sky." The amateur, by watching the clouds scudding or drifting miles above, can very often make a pretty sure guess of the coming day. The pictures accompanying this article illustrate the principal kinds of clouds and their significance. They are very remarkable cloud photographs, and were taken by Alfred J. Henry, Professor of Meteorology of the United States Weather Bureau, and one of the most successful forecasters in



From a photograph
LIGHTNING-FLASHES

latitudes, it cools, and the moisture in it is condensed, so that we have rain- and snow-storms. The wind in the rear half of the cyclone is from the north, and is thus the government service, and by E. B. Calvert, the chief photographer of the Weather Bureau.

The "highs" and "lows" marked on the weather-map are the life of the weather. A "high" is an area where the air presses with such weight on the barometer that the mercury column stands high, while a "low" is an area where the pressure of the air is light, so that the mercury column falls low. The expert who makes the weather-map connects all points of equal pressure, just as the draftsman of a topographical map connects all points of equal height. The isobars of the weather-map correspond to the contour-lines of the or-

dinary map. "Highs" and "lows" are thus aptly called the mountains and valleys of the weather-As air seeks its level just as water does, the air from the "high" is always flowing to fill up the "low." The wouldbe weather-prophet, as he consults his daily weather-map, should remember that the "lows" as they advance from the west bring warmer weather and sometimes rain or snow, while the "highs" following in their tracks bring cooler and probably fair weather. So long as the center of the predominating "high" is north of the prophet's latitude, the weather will be cool; but as long as the "high" is south of his latitude, it will be warm.

Just as a stone rolls downhill fastest where the grade is steepest, so the wind is swiftest where the difference in pressure, the barometric gradient, is most marked. Therefore, when the isobars are close together on the map, we know that the wind is rushing with greatest violence. The smaller the diameter of a storm the more violent do the winds become. A cyclone is usually about 1000 miles in





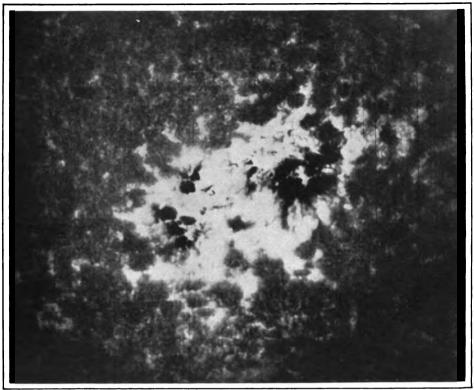
From a photograph

THE JUMPING CHARACTERISTICS OF A TORNADO, LOUIS-VILLE, KENTUCKY—THE BUILDING IN THE CENTER OF THE BLOCK IS SHATTERED, WHILE THE AD-JOINING BUILDINGS ARE BARELY TOUCHED

From a photograph

BUILDINGS BURST OPEN BY THE EXPLOSIVE EFFECT OF A TORNADO, LOUISVILLE, KEN-TUCKY—THE WINDOWS AND WALLS FLYING OUTWARD

diameter. West Indian hurricanes have a diameter of from 100 to 500 miles, while a tornado, against which forests and brick walls are helpless, is measured not in miles but in feet, and is from 100 to 1000 feet across. The fury of a tornado is so great that it drives straws and chips into trees, buries spades in tree-trunks, and plucks the feathers off a chicken. The center of the tornado is a partial vacuum.



From a photograph by Dr. George E. Hale, director, and Mr. Ellerman, Yerkes Observatory

#### THE GREAT SUN-SPOT OF OCTOBER, 1903

In the usual photograph of the sun, a sun-spot appears as a dark blotch on the bright sun-field. In taking this photograph, Dr. Hale, by an ingenious use of the spectroscope, switched off all the rays except those due to hydrogen gas, and then took the photograph with hydrogen rays only. As a result, the sun-spot appears very bright, which supports the hypothesis that sun-spots are caused by great outbursts of hydrogen from the interior of the sun. The area shown in the picture is approximately one tenth of the diameter of the sun.

Sometimes in its curious jumping motion the tornado swoops down in such a way that a house is caught exactly in this vacuum center; the house bursts open, the windows and walls flying outward. The pictures illustrate some of the freaks of tornadoes.

#### THE BREATHING SOIL

LET us imagine that two men, carrying equal loads, are to have a race, and one is to pass through a "high" area (with an average barometric reading of 30 inches) and the other through a "low" area (with an average barometric reading of 29 inches). The man traversing the "high" area will have to carry a load about half a ton heavier than the man passing through the "low" area, because the air pressing upon him in the "high" is more than 1000 pounds heavier than the air pressing on his rival in the "low" area. But the "high" man, instead of being handicapped,

really has the advantage, and, everything else being equal, should win the race. This seems a strange statement, but the fact is that the air of a "high," though heavy, feels light. It is cold, crisp, and bracing. It seems charged with electricity and imparts a portion of its own energy to every animal within reach. On the other hand, the air of a "low," though light, feels heavy and is apt to be most depressing, being muggy and moisture-laden. The air in a "high" is condensed and contains the elixir of life, while the air in a "low" is thin, rarefied, and partly emptied of its life-giving qualities.

"Highs" are always chasing "lows," for a "high" abhors a "low," just as nature abhors a vacuum. But the energy of a "high" is usually soon spent. It melts under the rays of the sun.

The soil breathes like a human being: a change of air in the soil is as essential to its plant life as it is to human lungs. When a "high" rests over the land, the

earth is filling its lungs with pure, sweet air; while in a "low" it expels from its breast the devitalized air which has passed through its lungs.

#### STUDYING THE SUN

Not a single storm has swept across the United States or up or down its coast-line within many years that has not been heralded hours or days in advance by the Weather Bureau. Nor has the service allowed a cold wave or a flood to catch us napping. But the Weather Bureau is ambitious to do more than this. It feels that its present knowledge is too much like that of a man who sees a wild engine tearing down the track and telegraphs ahead for everything to keep out of its way. It desires to know why these great cyclonic storms are conceived and the processes of their conception. But before it can get this knowledge, it must obtain a better understanding of the sun, which is the initiating cause of all movements of the atmosphere affecting the weather.

The sun is the prime cause of every change of weather. The sun determines whether the earth shall be hot or cold, just as our hand turns on or off the register. Absence of sun's rays makes the North Pole a continent of ice; plenty of sun's rays makes the equator a furnace. The sun's rays, by heating one land more than another, cause winds,

the sun is so terrible that our iron ores, gold, silver, copper, and diamonds, exist as gases there. The rays of this heat travel at the rate of 11,600,000 miles a minute and reach us in eight minutes. Such speed is inconceivable. The swiftest cannon-ball is motionless compared with such rapidity of motion. There are storms on the sun compared with which our Galveston hurricanes and Mont Pelée eruptions are like the breathing of an infant. Are the storms periodic? Do they follow some sequence, some law?

The sun is much brighter and hotter at certain periods than it is at others. Professor S. P. Langley tells us that during 1904 there was a notable decrease in the amount of heat received from the sun. The same report comes from Italy. Why the sun has been stingy of late we do not know; whether its generosity is periodic or incidental is a riddle to us. If we did understand its moods and their reaction upon us, we could predict the weather for a season in advance. Now, the sun is the creator of all life, of all force and motion on the earth except the tides. Every act of it is so orderly and systematic that we must believe that the processes going on within it are also systematic; that the changes we think we see in it follow each other in regular succession as our spring follows winter, but probably at much longer intervals. Solve the order of the changes on

the sun, and we can predict the character of the seasons.



The heat in

hurricanes, and cy-

clones.





From photographs

FREAKS OF TORNADOES

A spade driven into a tree — Straws driven into trees — A splinter driven into a log.

Strange as it may seem, the sun has rarely been studied in its relation to weather. As a rule, astronomers have paid little attention to the weather, while meteorologists know little about the sun.

Realizing that the further development of our knowledge of storms and of weather generally depends in large measure upon a better understanding of the sun and its relation to the meteorology of the earth, Congress recently, on the recommendation of Secretary Wilson, gave the Weather Bureau a sum of money to found a meteorological solar observatory. The constant procession of storms that sweep across the United States makes our country a particularly good place to study the relation of sun and weather. The site chosen was an unnamed peak in the Blue Ridge, sixtyfive miles from the national capital. The weather chief christened the peak by the fitting name of Mount Weather. Substantial buildings are being erected there, equipped with telescopes, magnetic instruments, bolometers, and every appliance man's brain has yet devised to catch the secrets of the sun, and here the meteorologists will study the sun and try to find out how it governs our rain and sunshine. Speculators in wheat and cotton may find it to their profit to watch the observations of the Mount Weather Observatory and thus perhaps anticipate dollar wheat and sixteen-cent or six-cent cotton months ahead of the market.

Without question the plan of the Mount Weather Observatory is the most important ever undertaken for the advancement of meteorological science. The sun holds the key to the weather. The Weather Bureau will search for this key, and with it, we hope, unlock the mysteries of cyclones, of droughts, and of torrential floods, and thus foretell the years of plenty and of famine.



# A PUPIL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON

BY THOMAS M. SEMMES



HE name of General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson is so generally associated in the minds of men with the deeds of a great strategic leader of armies that

his life as a civilian has almost fallen into oblivion.

In the summer of 1842 the cadetship at the United States Military Academy at West Point became vacant through the refusal of the appointee to accept the position, and it was suggested to Jackson that he apply for it. He caught eagerly at the idea, with the result that he obtained the appointment and proceeded at once to West Point, matriculating in July, 1842.

The following extract is taken from a

letter to the writer from General Dabney H. Maury, a classmate of Jackson at West Point:

About July 10, 1842, Birkett Fry, George Pickett, A. P. Hill, and myself were standing under the stoop of the old South Barracks at West Point, when the cadet sergeant in charge of the newly arrived cadets came by, escorting an awkward-looking young fellow to the quarters assigned him.

The boy seemed older than he really was. He was a sturdy fellow, clad in gray woolen homespun garments, wore a broad-brimmed wool hat, coarse, heavy shoes, and had a pair of weather-stained saddle-bags over his shoulder. He tramped along by the sergeant's side with an air so determined that I said: "That fellow has come to stay."

Upon learning that the youth in question

was Cadet Jackson of Virginia, I felt drawn toward him and sought him to endeavor to be kindly and sociable, and to explain to him what my experience had taught me was to be expected and encountered. It was all thrown away. He looked at me with his leaden eyes, and I left him with a doubt in my mind as to whether he distrusted my motives or was simply devoid of sense.

His performances in the riding-school were painful to him and fearful to see. With less aptitude for equitation than any of us, he would still venture the most desperate feats in the most awkward and fearless way. In cutting at a head on the ground with his saber, he would fling himself almost off his horse and make us hold our breath; but he would strike the head and manage somehow to scuffle back into his saddle.

Young Jackson soon proved that lack of sense could not be imputed to him, for by hard work and patient industry he climbed slowly but surely from the bottom of his class to the grade of seventeen. With this grade he was graduated July 1, 1846. He was appointed brevet second lieutenant of artillery, and soon thereafter was ordered to join Captain John B. Magruder's light battery, then serving in The distinguished gallantry of Jackson in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec procured for him an almost unprecedented promotion, and in September he was breveted a major of artillery.

His course in Mexico had brought his name prominently before the country, and naturally excited the pride of all Virginians in the career of their gallant young fellow-citizen. It is not surprising, therefore, that when his name appeared before the board of visitors of the Virginia Military Institute as one of the nominees for the chair of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery, the board unanimously selected him to fill the chair, notwithstanding the fact that such men as George B. McClellan, J. L. Reno, W. S. Rosecrans, and G. W. Smith appeared as contestants.

Jackson was appointed professor on March 28, 1851, and entered upon the duties of his chair on the 1st of the following September.

His form was tall, gaunt, and angular. His feet and hands were large, and his walk was singularly ungraceful. He always spoke quickly, in short sentences devoid

of ornament, but to the point. A habit of "batting" his eyes added no little to the peculiarity of his appearance. His eyes were gray and ordinarily dull and expressionless; but when excited by drill, which always seemed to rouse him, especially when charges were fired, the whole man would change, as if he were transported by the roar of the guns to the exciting scenes of an actual field of battle.

Upon one occasion, during a rest at artillery drill, as a number of us cadets were gathered about him asking questions concerning his campaigns in Mexico, one of our number said:

" Major, do you like to fight?" After pausing a moment, he replied: "Yes, Mr. —, I love to fight; but I

am principled against it."

His posture in class was always stiff and apparently uncomfortable—bolt upright, his back rarely or never touching the back of the chair, his feet close together, and his eyes ordinarily gazing straight to the front. This position was so rarely changed that the writer does not recall having seen it altered for a moment. His voice was peculiar and was pitched upon a somewhat high key. In calling upon a cadet to recite, he invariably accented the last syllable of the word "Mister."

He would hold a lead-pencil in his left hand, and whenever a recitation was made by a pupil he would gently slide his hand downward about half an inch for each mistake, so that the pupil could estimate approximately what mark to expect by the length of pencil above his hand. Idlers claimed that no allowance was made by him for accidental slips. When asked for explanations as to the drift or meaning of a question, he invariably repeated the original form, and no amount of coaxing or pumping could induce him to alter it. He was faithful and laborious, strict and unswerving in discipline, yet incapable of fixing the attention of his classes or of preserving order in the class-room. His deafness, with a consequent difficulty in determining the exact direction from which sound proceeded, was one cause of this.

The writer remembers having seen a cadet stand for fifteen minutes before Major Jackson while reciting, and slowly turn the cylinder of a small music-box concealed beneath the cape of his overcoat. The boy maintained his gravity, and it was amusing to see the major's efforts to discover whence the sound proceeded, without for a moment suspecting the culprit.

Some of his peculiarities were marked, as will be shown by the following anecdotes.

The class being engaged upon the subject of electricity, the major asked:

"Mr. —, if you wished to send a telegram from here to Staunton, how would you do so?"

The pupil answered by telling all he knew of the generation of electricity, the processes of establishing and cutting off the current, etc. The major listened attentively to the end, and then replied:

"No, Mr. —; you would n't do that."
"Well, major," answered the cadet, "I

don't know what I would do, then."

The major said slowly:

"You would put up a telegraph line first, Mr. —."

When at drill or on military duty, his ideas of soldierly decorum were peculiarly rigid. The writer has more than once seen mischievous boys throw small pieces of sod at him when his back was turned—on one occasion a small sod struck him exactly on the back of the head. He merely shook his head, did not turn around, and showed no consciousness of having been struck. But woe to the varlet caught flagrante delicto. Nothing availed; no excuse, however plausible, however humble, was accepted. He was immediately turned over to the tender mercies of the superintendent and punished accordingly.

To show his ideas as to the strict observance of military duty, it is remembered that once at artillery drill a thunder-storm suddenly arose and burst upon the battery before he was aware of it, so much absorbed had he been in the duty of the hour. He immediately dismissed the battery to barracks, but, intending to resume the drill as soon as the storm had passed, took his stand under a tree situated on the parade-ground, and there remained, although invited to take shelter in the house of a professor not fifty steps distant. There he stood like a statue during the entire storm, much to the amusement of us boys, comfortably housed. As soon as the storm was over he ordered out the battery, and finished the drill in his saturated clothing. Doubtless he had considered himself on duty the whole time, and it did not comport with his idea of discipline to seek the shelter of a roof.

If he once detected a pupil in what he supposed to be an attempt to trifle with him or to impose upon his good nature, he never forgot it. One who has since become a most useful man in the walks of science, having read the work of "John Phœnix," and wishing to have some amusement at the major's expense, asked him:

"Major, is Aries the hydraulic ram?"

"Where did you get that idea, Mr. ——?" said the major.

"From a book I have been reading recently," replied the cadet.

"And what book is that?" asked the

major.

The pupil, fearing to incur the displeasure of the major, hesitated; but as he paused a humorous classmate arose and said with great volubility: "Major, I happen to remember the name of the work: it is 'Phœnixiana,' by John Phœnix, alias Squibob, who says that Aries is the hydraulic ram; Taurus, the Irish bull; Gemini, the Siamese twins; Leo, the great African lion; Capricornus, the billy-goat."

The major lost his gravity and for once laughed heartily; but never afterward would he answer a question put by either of these boys.

A short time afterward the former of the above-mentioned cadets asked him to explain why a blue spot painted on a red ground on a card seemed to vibrate when the card was rapidly shaken.

"All your imagination, Mr. —; all your imagination," replied the major.

"But, major," said the cadet, "it is a fact. I have tried the experiment and know it to be true."

"All imagination, Mr. —; all imagination."

This terminated the discussion for the time; but the pupil, an excellent draftsman, after leaving the class-room drew a small red mouse on a blue ground, and the following day carried it to the major to prove to him the truth of his assertion. The major would not even look at it.

"All your imagination, Mr. —; all your imagination," he declared.

From that time neither of these boys ever obtained an answer to a question, even after one of them had been appointed an assistant professor and sought information for class purposes. Upon the occasion of the execution of John Brown, December 2, 1859, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were ordered by the governor of Virginia to repair to Charlestown in order to form part of the military force assembled at that point to preserve order and to prevent any attempt at rescue. The corps of cadets was divided into an infantry battalion, under the command of Major William Gilham, and an artillery detachment, commanded by Major Jackson.

For some reason not now remembered, the artillery detachment took a route that compelled it to spend a night in Washington, D. C.

It happened that the writer and another cadet occupied the same room with Major Jackson and another officer of the institute. As we were retiring, the major said to the officer mentioned, "Captain, what do you do with your watch and purse when spending the night in a hotel?"

"Well," said the captain, "I have no fixed rule; but ordinarily I put my waist-coat, in which I carry them, under my pillow."

"I can tell you a much better way than that," said the major. "I always place my watch in one sock and my purse in the other, and lay them on the floor as if they had been thrown there carelessly. No one would think of looking into a pair of soiled socks for valuables."

We were up betimes next morning,—before daybreak, if I recollect aright,—and, having breakfasted, started for the wharf to take the boat. We had marched, possibly, a couple of squares when we were surprised to hear the major's voice giving, with his peculiar intonation, the command: "Detachment, halt. Place rest." Turning to see what was the matter, we perceived the major trotting briskly toward the hotel. He soon returned, and marched us to the boat.

Suspecting the cause of the stoppage, I approached him as soon as the boat had started, and said:

"Major, I was much struck by your method of concealing your watch and

purse last night, and think I shall adopt it hereafter."

A broad smile crept over his face as he replied:

"Well, Mr. ——, if you do follow the plan, don't put on clean socks the next morning, and forget the soiled ones, as I have done to-day."

Just before the secession of Virginia, the young men of the school, like all hotheaded and thoughtless boys, were eager for secession, and inclined to condemn all who held contrary opinions. Many of the citizens of Lexington were at that time strongly Union in sentiment, and, to show their attachment to the government, raised a Union pole in the main street of the town.

This not coinciding with the ideas of the cadets, they determined to pull it down; but better counsels prevailed, and by the earnest persuasion of Governor Letcher and others they were induced to relinguish the plan and to return to barracks. Upon reaching the institute, the corps assembled in the hall and various speeches of a pacific character were made by the officers. Just before dispersing, vociferous calls were made upon Major Jackson for a speech. He hesitated for a time, but finally rose and said: "Young gentlemen, it is not the part of a soldier to talk much. Your State has not seceded. She has made no call upon you. When she does call for you to draw your sword, draw it and throw away the scabbard."

This was the only speech the writer ever heard him make.

On April 27, 1861, Major Jackson was appointed a colonel of Virginia forces, and ordered to take command at Harper's Ferry. This severed forever the ties existing between professor and pupil. With feelings of wonder and of pleased surprise we watched his upward course, and as each (to us) new and brilliant characteristic of the man burst forth under the pressure of action, we took no small shame to ourselves for our lack of penetration, and acknowledged gladly how greatly we had mistaken and underrated his endowments.



# MISS SALLY AND THE ENEMY

# BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN CASSEL



HREE young women sat in a green and secret place by a spring, and sewed at a flag. About them were overwoods of straight pines and underwoods of laurel, aza-

lea, and jasmine. Under these again was a fine texture of wild strawberry plants and trailing arbutus. Looking straight up, you saw a round patch of pale-blue sky, in the midst of which was suspended, as if by a string let down from heaven, a perfectly contented buzzard with fringy wings. The arbutus, the azaleas, and the jasmine smelled to heaven; the strawberry plants and the laurel and the azaleas and the arbutus were pink. The strawberry blossoms were white with yellow centers. The jasmine was yellow and looked as if it liked to be yellow. It seemed also of an affectionate disposition, for it had delicious arms to twine about everything. The buzzard was a dirty gray. And of the three young women who sewed at the flag, two were black. There is no use denying it. They could not have denied it themselves. Their names were Polly and Sue. The third young woman was between peach-color and white. Her name was Sally, and she had blue eyes and black eyebrows, and brown hair, and a resolute little chin with a dimple in the middle of it. She had also a dimple in her left cheek (in exactly the right place); and she had a pair of red lips that said, "You must, because you can't help yourself," but a calm of blue eyes that said, "You would best not."

How long the three young women had been sitting in that secret flowery place, beside the sunken nail-keg full of sweet water, stitching at a flag (which was not the Stars and Stripes), I am unable to say. Suffice it that the last stitches were going in, and the flag was pretty large.

"Honey lamb," said Miss Polly, "yo'

pa gwine t' ca'y dis flag hisse'f?"

"I 've tol' you twenty times," said Miss Sally, "that cunnels doan't ca'y they own flags. Color-bea'ers ca'ies them, an' they goes fust; then comes the men ma'chin' by fo's, an' then the cunnels on they black wa'-horses swingin' they naked saybahs, 'n' then—'n' then comes victo'y o' death!"

"Behin' all dey udders?" asked Sue,

with wide eyes.

"No, chil'," said Miss Sally, "victo'y o' death comes after they gets tha. Now spread it out smooth till we see how it looks."

The flag was spread out and admired. Suddenly Sally scooped it into her arms, crushed it hard against her breast, and kissed it over and over.

"Oh, you precious—you precious!" she said.

Polly and Sue rolled their eyes and, negro-like, were prepared to laugh, cry, scream, yell, dance, sing, or act in whatever way should seem most tactful. But Miss Sally disembraced the flag and spread it out again.

"Chilluns," she said, "I 'm goin' ter paddle. Who loves me follers me."

In less than a minute she was without shoes or stockings, and her pretty feet were delighting in the ribbon of water that trickled from the nail-keg down a favorite little valley of its own.

Polly and Sue, having been without pedigear of any kind since the breaking up of winter, hitched up their calico petticoats and joined her immediately. Delectable laughter arose, as when Nausicaa and her maidens, sporting on the beach, aroused

many-willed Odysseus where he lay asleep under a wild and a tame fig-tree.

Presently was heard a movement among the underwoods, and the petticoats went down and the laughter ceased. Silence. Again a sound of stealthy moving. Miss Sally left the water and sat down (with her back to the noise) and began to put on her shoes and stockings. Polly and Sue gathered up the flag.

"Must 'ave been—" began Miss Sally. And she finished with a gasp. For not two hundred yards away there was a sudden detonating crash of musketry, and the scream of a hit man. After that there was more firing, but the sounds of it receded until they became like the popping of corks. After a long time there was again complete silence. Miss Sally, who had not moved since springing to her feet at the first crash, now looked to right and left, and found that, like those of Casabianca, her companions had fled. Faithful to death, but not valiant, Polly and Sue, squealing and making great time, had disappeared from the face of the wood.

Presently Miss Sally did a bold thing. She raised her voice and called as loudly as she could:

"Is anybody hu't?"

She listened intently and thought that she heard a groan. She marched straight for it. She nearly trod upon a rabbit. A quail thundered up from her nest. The groaning was very plain now.

An enemy in blue lay on his back in the wood, staining the strawberry blossoms red. He had a jovial, tanned face that twitched with pain and emitted groans. Miss Sally knelt beside him.

"My dear young lady," he said, "believe me, I would n't have groaned if I had known that anybody was listening."

"Where are yo' hit?" said Miss Sally.

"The hit is nothing," said the enemy, who was now smiling; "and I am happy to say that it is in front, somewhere or other. But when the order was passed to advance, I regret to confess that in rising to my feet I was so gauche as to sprain my ankle."

"Have yo' still got the bullet in yo'?" asked Miss Sally, "'cause yo' sholy are bleedin'."

"Am I?" said the enemy, and he sat up and looked down at himself, as a person looks who thinks to have spilled food; and as he looked he turned very white and swayed a little. But he turned his eyes to Sally and smiled a brave, friendly smile, and fainted dead away.

Sally had a pair of scissors slung to her belt, and she made quick work with the friendly enemy's tunic. She brought to light a greatly muscled breast as white and silky as her own, save where it was furrowed with a deep blackish furrow that bled copiously.

"That's what paw calls a scratch," said Miss Sally; and she stuffed her handkerchief into it. "It 'pears to me mo' like a gully. The po' man wants water." She was up and away on swift feet, calling as she ran:

"Po-o-lly! Su-u-ooo! come hee-ah!"

11

"'PEARED like I heard some one scream," said Miss Sally. The enemy's wound had been made to stop bleeding and his "po' sick foot" was coolly wrapped in leaves cold with spring water.

The enemy blushed.

"I told you I did n't know that anybody was listenin'," said the enemy.

"Then yo' did it?"

"Even so. And you despise me for it, don't you?"

"I don't know," said Miss Sally; "I never was hu't."

"Do you live far from here?"

"Not very."

"Do you think your people could be persuaded to take a man"—he touched his uniform—"of my color in for a few days, 'twel his po' sick foot can be stood on'?"

"They sholy would," said Miss Sally, totally unconscious of the enemy's mocking mimicry, "but my folks is scattered. There 's paw marchin' with Lee, an' Fred marchin' with Lee, an' maw—she 's dead. What 's yo' name?"

"Carrington," said the enemy—"first name Richard. What 's yours?"

"Sally May—middle name Calvert," said Miss Sally.

"And how about a roof to go over poor Carrington's head, Miss Sally?"

Miss Sally dimpled and mused.

"Fus' place," she said, "I 'm all alone excep' fo' oua niggahs. Second place, yo' 're my enemy."

"True, my friend," said the enemy.

Miss Sally laughed and mused and

dimpled.

"Yo' could stay heah in the woods, an' I could sen' you a niggah to fetch yo' breakfus' in the mo'nin' an' heah yo' prayers at night. I could let you have a book to pass the time, an' I could let yo' stay heah an' catch mala'ya, an' chills an' fevers. But since yo' 's my enemy, my friend, I won't. 'Pears to me yo' better res' heah while I runs an' fetches a cyart. Is yo' po' foot mo' easy?"

"Good-by, Miss Sally—God bless you. It's much mo' easy. You come back, won't you? Don't send any old

nigger.'

There remained, when she had gone, the sun and the flowers, the arbutus and the jasmine, and the singing of the birds; yet the wood was less sweet, the spring less jubilant.

Carrington crawled off into the underbrush,—ten yards, twenty, thirty,—groaning as he went,—a hundred. Almost in his face a great gray bird rose flapping heavily and perched upon the lowest limb of a tree. The bird looked down at the man with selfish, cruel eyes.

A man in gray, old, stern, and gray, lay face up in the spot which the bird had quitted. The man had the shoulder-straps of a colonel in the Confederate army. A bullet had smashed his knee—hence the scream; one more merciful had broken his heart. Carrington went through the man's pockets. No papers, no date, no nothing, only a leather case containing a daguerre-otype. Carrington looked a moment at the face in the picture, and as he looked something mightily like a sob shook him. The face was that of Miss Sally.

Carrington placed the case in the dead man's pocket, then he looked upward:

"Almighty God," he said, "have mercy upon me for having shot this man! But I could n't know, could I—could I?" And he broke down and began to cry.

"Yon he is."

Carrington crawled behind a thick hollybush and effaced himself. Four soldiers in gray came quietly through the forest. Each walked at a corner of a stretcher. They halted by the dead colonel, and set the stretcher down. One of them knelt by the body. "Hit two times," he said. "Ketch a-hold."

They lifted the dead man upon the stretcher.

"No hurry," said the man who had knelt.

They lifted the stretcher and moved away quietly.

Carrington crawled back to the place where Miss Sally had first found him.

"HAVE yo' rested since I left yo', Mistah Ca'ington?"

"Yes, Miss Sally; don't I look rested?"

"No; yo' look mighty sick. Thomas Jeffe'son, take this po' gen'l'man's shoulders; John Randolph, yo' take his feet—an' don' yo' hu't him. Yo' heah what I say, niggah?"

111

"But supposing this particular enemy was responsible for the death of somebody very near and dear, Miss Sally? Suppose she did n't know and he did. He could n't go ahead and make love to her, could he? He 'd be all sorts of a wrong kind of a man if he did."

"I don't know anything at all about it,"

said Miss Sally.

"I know of such a case," said Carrington: "the man—not a bad sort; the girl everything that is charming. In a battle the man killed the girl's father. He did n't know it was her father, of course, but he killed him. That was before he knew the girl. Afterward he met her and loved her, and she cared about him—and just then the man found out who it was he had killed, and he had to tell her—and—and then, of course, he had to go away."

"Of co'se," said Miss Sally.

Miss Sally was singularly silent that lovely morning; indeed, a kind of spring lassitude possessed them both. Carrington, still very weak, reclined in a big chair and looked out upon a space of roses inclosed by box. Miss Sally sat on the steps at his feet and looked beyond the flowers—deep into her mind's eye. I think that what she saw there was herself and Carrington simply going on and being happier and happier together. Miss Sally was sixteen.

Every now and then Carrington looked from the roses to Sally. He could see a pink cheek, the tip of a nose, the shadows about an eye, the tilt of a chin, and the



"THREE YOUNG WOMEN SAT IN A GREEN AND SECRET PLACE BY A SPRING, AND SEWED AT A FLAG"

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warm, soft brown hair. She seemed much sweeter to him than the roses. And the sweeter she seemed, the more he tried to steel his distracted heart, the more he tried to make up his mind to go. Sally he saw, and the roses; also he saw the man in gray. He looked at Sally, and saw only Sally.

"Miss Sally," he said, "is it true—what we believe up North—that you young ladies of the South are made love to from the time you are born till the time you die?"

Miss Sally smiled mockingly over her shoulder.

"You mus' judge for yo'self," said she; "yo' 've had the privilege of contemplating me fo' six weeks, and yo' can bes' say if anybody has made any love to me."

Carrington bit his lip and laughed. But the laugh was hollow, for he felt that he must not make love to Miss Sally. And he wished to very much; for it seemed to him that it would be very sweet to marry such a girl and be happy forever.

"Miss Sally," he said, "did you ever hear of Nausicaa?"

Miss Sally never had.

"She was the daughter of a king," said Carrington, "and she went with her maidens to the mouth of a river to wash her purple and fine linen, and there she found a man named Odysseus, who had been shipwrecked and cast up by the sea. And she took him to her father's house, where he was made much of by everybody, and clothed and fed and given presents. And poor little Nausicaa fell in love with him and would have liked to follow him to the ends of the earth, but she could n't because Odysseus was a married man and had a wife, Penelope, at home in Ithaca; and although he had a tenderness for Nausicaa, he was faithful to his wife. And after a while he went away."

"What did she do?" asked Miss Sally.

"She? The book does n't say—but you know, because she was so sweet and good that she did n't break her heart, but just went on doing her duty and being kind to everybody, and by and by, I suppose, a better man came along and she married him and made him happy."

"Did Odysseus know that she loved him?"

- "Yes, Miss Sally."
- " How?"
- "He just knew."

"Did n't she let on?"

"I don't remember if she told him in words or not, but she let him know somehow."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"PRESENTLY WAS HEARD A MOVEMENT AMONG THE UNDERWOODS"

"Can men always tell if a girl loves them?"

She had turned so that Carrington could look straight into her calm eyes.

"Yes, Miss Sally," he said.

Her glance never wavered, but her eyes seemed to dilate as they looked into his.

"Well?" she said.

It was Carrington's glance that fell, his cheek to which the red mounted, his heart that began to go like a trip-hammer. Out of the storm of emotion that had suddenly possessed him he wrenched by strength of will a kind of calm. His eyes wandered to the roses.

"Miss Sally," he said, "one thing is sure: I'm not doing my duty staying here, and I'm well enough to go. Can I have the gray horse? I will send him back to you. And—oh, Sally, you've been so good to me that words are no use at all."

"But you can't go," said Miss Sally.

"No?" said Carrington.

"No," said she; "yo' 're my prisoner." Carrington thought for a moment, and as he thought he smiled at her very tenderly.

"But if I'm strong enough to break my

"If yo' are strong enough," she said, "yo' can sholy go."

"I must, Sally."

"Then yo' may have the gray, Richard."
"Thank you."

There was a silence.

"Tell me one thing," said Miss Sally.
"Was—is it true about the—the wife—about Penelope in—in Ithaca?"

Carrington did not answer at once. He was weighing the two answers that it was possible to make.

"Yes, Sally," he said cheerfully; "it 's quite true."

IV

THEY sat side by side on the steps of what Sally called "the po'ch." The gray horse was being brought from the stable.

"This girl's father," Sally was saying, "owed a lot of money which he could n't help owing—it was n't his fault—to an old skinflint that everybody hated; so that if the money was n't paid, the girl's father would be ruined and disgraced. And he could n't pay up, noway. But the old skinflint said if the girl would ma'y him he would let the debt go. An' the girl was so little an' young that when the ol' skinflint told her the fac's she said she would ma'y him. And she gave him her word an' never let on about it to her father. But as she got older an' bigger, an' got to know about love, it 'peared to her she could n't keep her word to ol' skinflint, even if she could n't ma'y the man she loved with all her po' heart an' soul."

"And what did she do, Sally? Did she keep her word?"

"Ought she?"

"No," said Carrington; "she ought

"But it was her word—her word of honor; and she gave him her picture to ca'y in the wa', an' she said she would ma'y him when there was peace."

"She gave him her picture to carry, and he was old, and in the army. Was he a colonel, Sally?"

"He sholy was a cunnel."

Carrington's heart was leaping as it had never leaped before.

There was a sound of a horse galloping. A tall man in gray, mounted on a sorrel stallion, came thundering up the road. At the gate the horse stopped in his tracks. The man slipped to the ground, vaulted the gate, and came running up the path. Sally bounded to meet him, and the man cried in a great voice, "Sally! Sally!" And the girl cried in a shrill voice:

"Thanks be to Gawd, here 's paw!"

They met with something like a shock, and in a moment Sally's feet were swinging clear of the path and her head was buried in the man's shoulder. Then they held each other at arm's length, then came together again. When the rapture was over they stood with their arms about each other and both began to talk at once.

It did not seem possible, but when the colonel came to Carrington he seemed possessed of all the circumstances of the latter's case.

"Captain Ca'ington," he said, "do you feel well enough to join me in drinking a julep to our future amity?"

Thomas Jefferson was already bringing mint from the garden.

The gentlemen left Sally and stepped

into the cool dining-room.

"Colonel May," said Carrington, "before we go further there is something on
my mind." And he told about the man
whom he had shot in the wood, and the
number of the man's regiment, and the
look on the man's face, and the fashion
of his hair. He went further and told
about the skinflint to whom the girl had
given her picture and the promise of her
hand.

The colonel turned quite purple when he heard that.

"And he had a picture," said Carrington, "and the picture was of Sally, and—God help me—I thought it was you that I



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MISS SALLY SAT ON THE STEPS AT HIS FEET"

had shot. And, of course, I would have gone away, but I—I could n't. I came down with fever and was very sick, and I thought your death was on my conscience, your blood on my hands; and Sally was so good to me that—that there were times when I thought I would shoot myself."

"It was old Cunnel Skinflint Skimms," said the colonel; and something like a smile played about his mouth. "Old Skimms gone to squa' his accounts befo' Almighty Gawd. Captain Ca'ington—let us drink to oua country."

"Our country!" Carrington could not help ejaculating.

"Yes, suh—" A shade of bitterness crossed the old man's face. "It was Gen'l Lee's desire when he laid down his arms that we gentlemen of the South should lay down oua animosity to yo' gentlemen of the No'th. To oua country: May Almighty Gawd bless her and heal her wounds."

"SALLY, your father tells me that Lee has surrendered—surrendered a month ago.

And we never heard off here in the woods. We 're not enemies now, are we?"

"But you 'll be going home, I suppose —to—to Ithaca."

She tried hard to be cheerful and brave. "Sally, I have two pieces of news that may interest you."

"Two?" mockingly.

"Yes, Sally"; and, very gravely, "Colonel Skimms is dead."

She said nothing.

"Your father has just told me."

"And the other news?"

He took her two hands in his and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Penelope is also dead," he said—" and always has been."

Whether Carrington was using force or whether Sally was moving of her own volition, it is impossible to say. One thing is certain: she came closer to him.

"'Pears to me," she said, "that yo' 're lookin' mighty pert—considerin'."

A moment later she proved that a blue shoulder is just as sweet for a happy little face as a shoulder of gray.





CHÂTEAU OF AMBOISE-VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE LOIRE

# THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

THIRD PAPER: BLOIS—AMBOISE—CHEVERNY

## BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," etc.



CASTLE on the summit of a hill, overlooking a river in the distance, and a town at its feet —a town now big enough to

invest the castle at need: that is Blois. The difference between present and past is that once the town lived for the castle, and now the castle lives for the town. In spite of its manufactures, and of its headship of a department, Blois might find it hard to maintain its present air of prosperity without the château. The visitors come to the place from all parts, and the hotels manifestly live by them. The motor-cars are housed, after a fashion, in the old, narrow courtyards where once the berlins and the diligences of earlier travel used to stand. There is more bustle, probably, than ever before, and no doubt quite as much chatter in that fine old-fashioned French of Rabelais, which makes every peasant a sort of classic in spite of himself.

The old town,—the upper one,—like so many places that lie at the feet of these châteaux, seems to have changed but little in the course of centuries. The streets are still built at all sorts of elevations and at all sorts of angles. And, just for the sake of old association, they still keep themselves badly lighted where they fail to catch the gleam from the leading thoroughfares, for, of course, they are now intersected by fine streets. As I sat one evening, taking my coffee out of doors, I was greatly edified by a process of shutting up shop in which a druggist was engaged on the other side of the way. He heaved ponderous planks into their places, clamped them with solid bars, fastened these with the most massive padlocks, and all for what? Surely a man whose stock is in pills and poisons may whistle in the face of the thief! It was a survival, like so much else here.

The château is the dominating fact for the tourist. There it is, with its immense front facing the town, with the bold sweep of its topmost galleries, the pillars of which bear the roof, and with all its gargoyles on the grin at mankind below. It is an aspect of Blois that suggests old Martin's pictures of heaven—or the other place. The best part is the great wing of Francis I; but there are older bits. Of course the fortress started with a donjon in the middle ages, but of this, I believe, no trace remains. At any rate, I saw nothing of it. One Thibault, the trickster,—that was their way of putting it,—an old Norman bandit, built something here to make good his hold on the Loire. A later period has left its trace in a chapel which Joan of Arc must have entered for the consecration of her banner. There is a beautiful interior court, built by Louis XII, the predecessor of Francis, with the founder's equestrian statue over the porch. It is not, of course, the original statue, -that was smashed on general principles during the Revolution, but it appears to be a faithful copy. The latest part is the one built by the architect Mansard, at a time when French taste had purified itself into mere rigidity. When people had grown tired of windowless walls they copied Francis. When they had grown tired of that, they followed Mansard in the style that was exclusively his own, omitting all boldness of detail, all riotous felicity of ornament, and trying to reduce an entire stone front to a simper of decorum. And the dreadful thought is that, but for an accident, this mere emphasis of balance might have taken the place of the great wing. There is still a rugged line of masonry between the two, which marks the advance of Mansard, creeping catlike on his prey, the glory of the Renascence. But Providence bestirred itself, though only in the nick of time.

It has been largely restored within, and why not? Successive occupations, not all of them friendly, had left it in piteous state. This gives offense to some who like their architecture moldy. For others it has the interest of a restoration of social conditions. It shows how the place looked to those who lived in it. We must remember that they built for newness, and for the delight of newness, just as one does to-day. The freshness was part of the charm. No doubt,



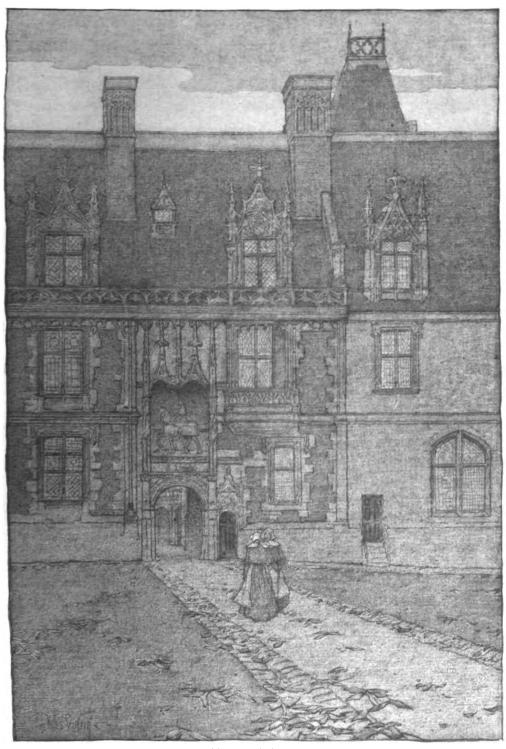
I rom a photograph by A. Giraudon

#### COURT OF THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS

On the left is seen the wing of Francis I, with the famous staircase; at the corner the ancient Salle des États; at the back the Galerie Louis XII, through which is the entrance to the castle (see the opposite page), and on the right the chapel.

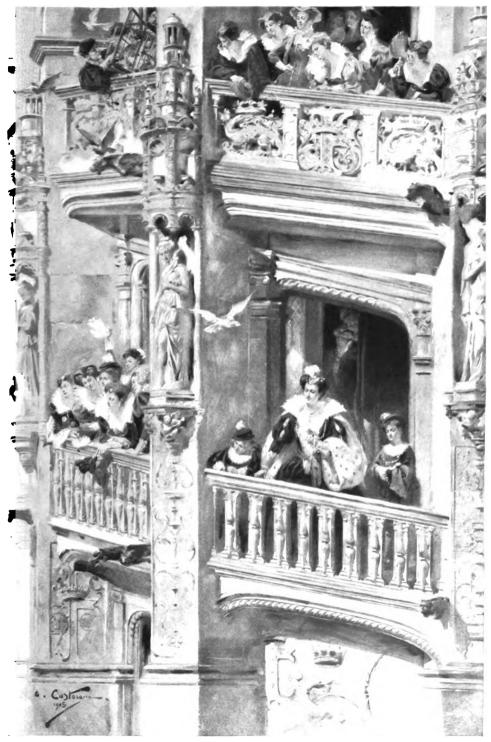
How describe that wing of Francis 1? Well, to put it in a word, it seems to be a wing in good spirits. It is that much-misunderstood thing the joy of living expressed in stone. It contains implicitly no small part of the personal history of the king who built it and of the artists who worked under him. They were all happy, as with the sense of a new time and of new and greater opportunities. The thing is, all over, an efflorescence of the most beautiful art. It is carved as exquisitely as a cameo, manifestly for the pleasure of an opulent and a splendid court.

if the people who worshiped in Gothic cathedrals could see them as we see them, with their stone of any color but that of a clean face, and much of their ornament chipped out of all recognition, they would instantly complain to the local authority. For them, at least,—and they ought to have been good judges.—one charm of a building was in its stainless perfection, in the lines of arches that never swerved by so much as a hair's breadth in their passage from column to ro-f. in the gem-like nicety of ornament, the exact geometrical fit of all the parts. Violact-le-Duc's restora-



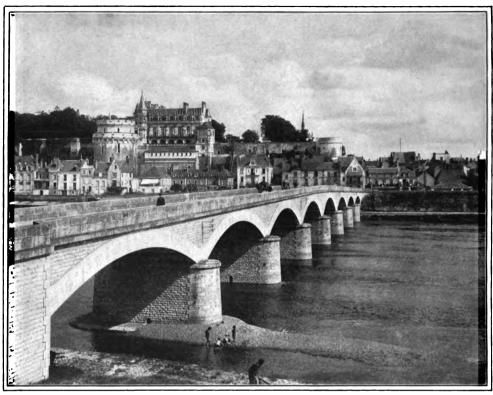
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ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS (FAÇADE OF LOUIS XII)



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE OUTSIDE STAIRCASE OF BLOIS—A SCENE IN THE TIME OF HENRY III: "THE KING IS COMING!"



From a photograph by A. Giraudon

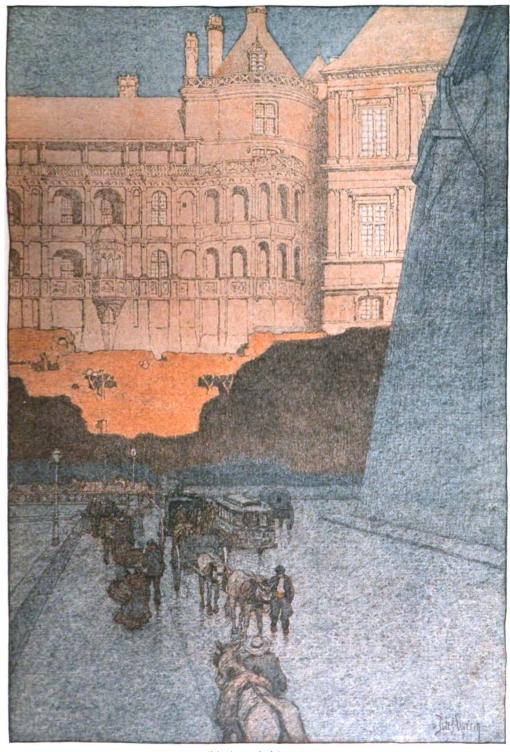
THE CHÂTEAU AND TOWN OF AMBOISE, AS SEEN FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE LOIRE

tion of an ancient fortress, a marvel of exact knowledge of the work of a bygone epoch, chills and repels us because it looks like something of to-day. But exactly like this it must have looked—and to their very great satisfaction—to the people who lived in it, and who had to defend themselves against the assaults of their enemies. The crumbling stone and the rubbish in the moat would have had no charms for them. So the halls of Blois now glow in blue and gold; and as this was certainly one of their beauties in the eyes of Francis and the Medici, it need not be a blemish in ours.

New or old, Blois is an amazing achievement of the human brain and the human hand. The great staircase in the courtyard, an outside one, forming an essential part of the elevation, is, of course, the masterpiece of wonder and delight. There is nothing like it in the world, and probably there never will be. The staircase of the Paris Opéra—an interior one, by the way—would have everything to fear in the comparison. The other is a mass of the richest and of the purest ornament, with a

beautiful proportion between its shadows and its lights. It is characteristic of the spirit in which such work was done that it is not always easy to give due gratitude to architect or to stone-carver. Mr. Cook, in his admirable "Old Touraine," shows good reason for the suggestion that Leonardo, who was certainly in France at the time of building, may have invented the structural scheme. And he believes that Jean Goujon, or nobody, did the two canopied statues above the door. He also points out that the spirals of the staircase follow the lines of a beautiful shell.

As for the ornamental detail, one cannot help returning again and again to that; for, in spite of the fine general proportions, it is still the supreme charm. The staircase and the whole wing are decorated with a nicety that here and there warrants the use of a magnifying-glass. The fireplaces are not mere places to burn wood in; they are positive fire-temples, with façades and massive superstructures, and unimaginable wealth of carver's work. In the king's and the queen's courts they vary not only



Color drawing by Jules Guérm

CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS, VIEWED FROM A STREET OF THE TOWN (WING OF FRANCIS 1 ON THE LEFT)

from one another, but sometimes even from themselves. In the care that has been taken to avoid mere repetitions, while still preserving the general balance, one or two of them might almost have been the lifework of a man. We cannot do that now, or, at any rate, we do not do it. It "won't run to it" in time and money, or in both, in the palaces of kings, or even in the palaces of millionaires. The mere emblems dotted all about—the porcupine for Louis XII, the ermine for Anne of Brittany—are studies in natural history. One of the porcupines is particularly fine in freedom, every quill on end, as if he had just heard of the latest murder up-stairs. Even the salamanders look as genuine as the rest. You might advertise for one as a pet. A door of the queen's court, though small, has an elevation worthy of a great building, and is picked out all over with ornament that might have been wrought with an etcher's point.

The wickedness of Blois pits itself against the wickedness of Loches. Henry III seems to stand forth in the narratives of the guides as even more of a moral derelict than Louis XI. There is probably nothing worse in all human history than his murder of the Duc de Guise, the great show memory of Blois. They take you to the rooms in which it was done, to the rooms in which the people prayed before doing it, and prayed after; and are altogether proud, as guides should be, of the sheer unsurpassable infamy of the whole proceeding. Henry III was jealous of the Duke of Guise, and with good reason. The duke was fast becoming a sort of king de facto, by the popularity he had won as head of the Catholic League for the extirpation of the Reformed religion. The king de jure naturally wanted to stand at the head of the league, and, in any case, he had an equally natural wish to be master in his own house. There was a memorable sitting of the estates of the realm in a great hall, which is one of the sights of the castle, where the duke quite o'ercrowed the king, and, when the business was over, made no secret of his contempt for him. It was all true: Henry was an utter noodle; he spent most of his time in toying with pet animals; and he had all the spite and vindictiveness belonging to the poltroonery of his nature. The last drop in the cup of his impotent wrath was Guise's headship of the Catholic League.

So he saw nothing for it but that Guise must die. He set about getting him killed in the most matter-of-fact way. All was ready about Christmas-time of 1588. A body of the king's friends were in it, each one with his part to play. Henry got up at four on that fateful winter's morning to give a last look round the scene of the coming murder. Every man had his post, and nothing was wanting at last but the victim. He came in the ordinary course of business, walking over from his own apartments in the château, and nibbling sweetmeats as he stood warming himself at the fire. The conspirators quietly closed around him, as yet without giving a sign. But signs were not wanting, if he had known how to read them. He had received warning after warning. He had paid not the slightest attention to any, feeling sure, no doubt, that he had the whole game in his hands, and that he would very soon be able to give a new dynasty to France. Even as he entered the councilchamber a paper was thrust into his hands, but he crumpled it up and threw it away with the rest. When the king had finished his little tour of inspection, he retired to his cabinet, probably for the sake of being out of the way of the actual scuffle. He then sent lying word to the duke that he wished to see him in another room.

The duke walked out of the councilchamber, turning at the door to bow to his butchers, and, with one or two of them following him, went through the narrow passage which led to the shambles. Then and there he got his first stroke, a fearful dagger thrust, which made him gasp forth one of those deep chest sobs that usually mark the infliction of an unexpected wound, and that, once heard, are never forgotten. As the weapon lets the light of truth into his very vitals, the pride of life fades out of the bravest, and he says "a plague o' both your houses" to all the pomp and glory of the world. Guise was run through with a sword; and other blows rained thick and fast, until, not knowing which way to turn, he fled to the bedchamber of his deadly enemy. The king was now ready to come and kick him, as he lay propped up there in his white suit, with his head resting against the bed, and the room all in confusion. And, as his Majesty kicked, he said something opprobrious and disgusting about the size of the carcass. While this

was doing, the duke's brother, the cardinal, was being done for in precisely the same way—in another chamber, likewise on the guide's list of attractions. It is a gloomy little cell, with the holes of the oubliettes that led to the moat still visible. The cardinal—who had been arrested—was summoned forth like his brother; and, as he stepped over the threshold, he found the slaughtermen waiting for him behind the door. They made a clean job of it: the bodies were taken into the courtyard and burned, and the ashes thrown into the Loire.

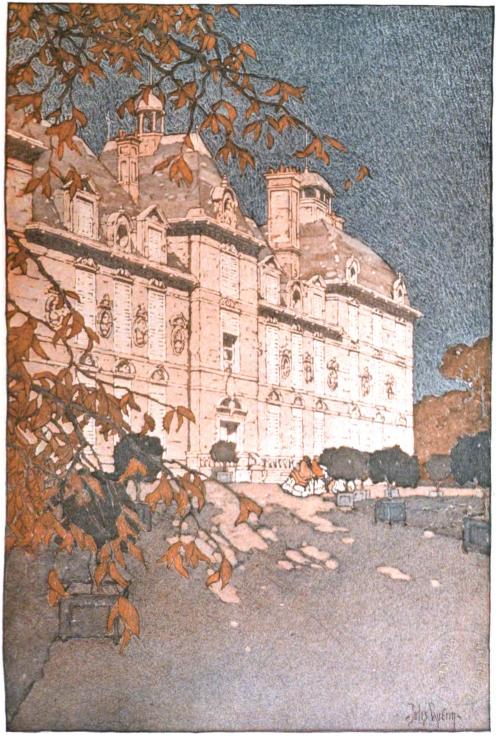
We know what happened afterward when Henry III went to besiege Paris, which was holding out against him in the ultra-Catholic interest. He was stabbed by a monk, in a sort of modest imitation of his own masterpiece.

The council-chamber, and the narrow passage leading to the king's bedroom, divide the honors of curiosity at Blois with the apartments of Catharine de' Medici, the queen-mother, whose connivance in the murder of Guise may be said to have been her last exploit. These form a suite of bedroom, dressing-room, oratory, and study. If mere apparatus could do it, anybody might be good in such a snuggery. There is a place for everything tending to the culture of the spirit, including an altar and improving books, with hangings of price, and painted windows to keep out the cold lights and the cold winds, which sometimes put the mind out of sorts. The library is a masterpiece in oak paneling, all covered with devices delicately carved. One of the panels opens secretly, and this was for the queen's poison-pots.

My visit to Amboise was a day of "fine confused feeding" in nature, art, and history. The old château stands magnificently, as nearly all do, perched on a hill, and the views—in such a region as Touraine, in summer-time-may be safely left to the imagination. It is a specially quiet, sleepy old place, and not all of them are exactly that. You may, if you are lucky, fancy that you have it all to yourself. It has been restored, but restored without desecration. One of the bastions is magnificently crowned with the chapel of Charles VIII, a gem of art worthy to rank with the best in the world. Here lies Leonardo: he died at Amboise. There is a bust of him in the grounds, done in his old age, and with a sadness in the expression which seems to speak of a certain sense of failure. It could hardly have been otherwise with one touching the life of the mind at all points. The bits of fine Renascence workmanship are simply endless. Parts of the structure belong to the best period, when France was not altogether under the intellectual dominion of Italy, but was interpreting the new discoveries of the new spirit in her own way.

The mere doorway of the chapel is massed out in compartments, each a decorative scheme. The main thing here is the legend of St. Hubert; but, after all, that is only a sort of beginning of it, for, in the spaces above, there are other exquisite compositions, just as delicately done. And inside, in a limited space that still suggests ample distances by reason of its multiplicity of fine things, there is a detail of a sort of lace-work which is, in its way, altogether beyond anything else ever done in stone. I am not sure that it is a very good way. It may have marked the beginning of the passion for verisimilitude in trifles to which we owe the futilities of the cheap Italian sculpture of to-day. The chapel stands at an angle of the battlement, on a height of masonry giving a sheer fall into the moat, with not a twig to clutch at on the way down. Amboise is all delight—château and town. The interior of the main building culminates, in stately restoration, in a hall in which the Algerian chief Abd-el-Kader was confined as a prisoner of state under Napoleon III.

But this is only one of the "memories": a far more gruesome one is the massacre of Amboise. The massacre is another bloody incident of the long struggle between Catholic and Protestant, and one of the landmarks of history. It marked an earlier stage of the troubles than the murder of Guise, when the Huguenots hoped they might do something by constitutional agitation. Francis II was king, with Mary of Scots for his wife, and the Guises ruled him with a rod of iron. His weakness made him a sort of plaything in their hands. The Huguenots were foolish enough to think that if they could secure his person, in a tender, care-taking sort of way, they might rescue him from this evil tutelage, and put a stop to the persecutions that threatened the country with ruin. There was a plan for seizing Guise, but



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF CHEVERNY-FROM THE GARDEN

Guise got wind of it, and seized the others instead, first luring them into the castle by a solemn promise of a safe-conduct, to which one of the princes of the blood swore on "the damnation of his soul." Of course. when once they had passed the gates, they were seized and thrown into limbo. Then their unhappy followers, lurking in the neighborhood to carry out the patriotic plot, were killed at sight in woods and byways, in a hunt that lasted a whole month. When this was over, Guise turned on his prisoners, and had them brought out for execution on the banks of the Loire. Stands were put up, tier upon tier, to make as brave a show for a deed of death, no doubt, as the lists of Palamon and Arcite:

That swich a noble theatre as it was, I dar wel seyn that in this world ther nas.

The whole country-side came to look on: the trembling king, Mary Stuart, Catharine, and the entire court had places of honor in the gallery above. You may walk in that gallery now and enjoy one of the finest views in all France. On that day what a scene! The leaders, men of the highest position and personal character, came with great dignity to their death, singing their Huguenot psalms, and generally making a most beautiful end. But imagine it as a sort of spectacular performance for the woman who was afterward to rule Scotland as queen!

Cheverny, another day's holiday, is easily reached from Blois as a center. So is Amboise, for that matter, only you must take the train. Cheverny is an easy drive. You pass the great bridge over the Loire, and revel once more in the everlasting repetitions of what may literally be called the local color—the white villas, the blue stream with its sands of golden bronze, the blue sky above, flecked with white clouds. With such omnipresent suggestion, the tricolor, as a national emblem, was inevitable. You find its red, white, and blue everywhere. In Paris, for instance, the names of the streets are written in blue and white; so are the names of the shops, except in the leading thoroughfares, where the gold is almost obligatory.

The country on the far side of the Loire is a good example of rural France at its best. Its landscape is nothing like so trim as the English; it has not that peculiar air

of having been brushed and combed every morning; but it breathes prosperity everywhere. There is an all-abounding cultivation, as by profitably busy persons who have no time for finishing touches. Fields. fences, and hedges are sometimes ragged, but the root of the matter is there. To pursue the comparison with England, I should say that the great difference is in the signs of growth in the villages. In England, as a rule, the village cannot grow; it is denied that luxury. Its population is limited as by unwritten law, for the landowners have only to keep down the number of houses to keep down the number of residents. Even the child as it comes into the world has a sort of notice to quit, in the very circumstances of the case. As soon as it is old enough to be packed off to one of the great towns, it will have to go, for sheer want of house-room. The landowners will give no facilities for the rise of simple industries. Any kind of manufactory is quite out of the question; the village remains just what it was when first its natural growth was stopped. It is now but an item in the decorative scheme of an estate held by persons who make their money elsewhere, or have made it, by mine and ranch and railroad, and who want their domestic landscape clean and pretty to the view.

It is all so different here. Rural France is also, in its spare time, manufacturing France. Hundreds of industries are carried on in the villages during the long winter, and in other times of leisure, by men and women and children. They turn out everything, these farming folk, from celluloid combs to fancy knitting and fine lace-work, and their earnings as manufacturers add considerably to their earnings as tillers of the soil. They can get water-power when they want it,—steam-power, too, for that matter; in some instances even electricity,—and their work makes a huge fraction of the national wealth.

The château came in view presently. It is the inhabited house at last—the house built for nothing but shelter and the joy of living, without a thought of defense. It was a sort of second chance for Mansard, for he built it; but, having no temptation to rivalry with a masterpiece, he made a better job. It is not too big for virtue. Beyond this scale of the mere country-seat,—it is hardly more, though once a seat of kings,—you must run into danger by aspir-

ing to the lordship of the race. There is no reason why a resident of Cheverny should regard mankind as natural enemies or as creatures to be brought to heel. The interior is delightfully habitable in its tapestries, panels, fine old fireplaces, and the foolish nothings of taste and fancy that no doubt lie all about when the family is in residence. There is fine carving everywhere, and plenty of color, though much

of it is too manifestly the work of the modern paint-brush. It is all so peaceful in suggestion, so urbane, that the occasional armor looks out of place, even in the guard-room. For the guard-room is now a place to live in, like the rest. Some of the pictures are good: of the "Don Quixote" series in the gallery and diningroom, the less said the better, as works of art.



## THE TANAGER

BY ISABEL McKINNEY

[SEE FRONTISPIECE]

I SAW a scarlet flash to-day;
Was it a poppy blown away
Into the cherry-tree?
Was it a bird?—that sprite of fire,
Drop of sun's blood, heart of desire—
Summer's epitome?



# UNDER ROCKING SKIES

### BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS

17



ETTY had spread a shawl on the forward end of the house, and, with her arm resting on the slide of the companionway, sat with an unopened

book in her lap and looked out across the shining sea. It was three bells or more, and the morning sun was warm upon her face, and painted with rainbow hues the spray that the fresh northwest wind clipped from every toppling wave. The brig was sliding down the seas like a boy let loose from school, now dipping her nose into a long roller with chuckling hawse-pipes, now sinking into the blue hollows, sending the sheeted spray outward for yards as her counter came home with a jarring thud. The spars whined unceasingly, but the sails, bellying in the steady breeze, made scarcely a sound, save when a sudden lurch spilled the wind from the canvas, and it snapped like a great whip.

The scene, with the vividness of its new sensations, now for the first time experienced, impressed itself upon Drew's mind as something wholly mysterious and strangely moving. After the first night, when there had been no sea, he had remained steadily below, too ill to rise; but the sickness had now passed, and it was with only the uncertainty of gait of one not yet accustomed to the motion of the vessel that he had made his way to the deck and looked out over the watery world.

With a sense of aloofness, of absolute separation, from all that he had ever known, he gazed about him. The words,

"Look'd at each other with a wild surmise, Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"

flashed through his mind: the perfect poem seemed strangely interpretative of his mood. Then his gaze came back from the notched and leaping horizon to the silent figure of Hetty, and with the lifting spirit of a mind released from the oppression of a strange and portentous solitude, he clumsily made his way to her side, glad for companionship.

She looked up brightly.

"Oh," she said, "I was wishing for some one to enjoy it with. I tried to get my mother, but she would not come up. She said she could feel it; that was enough for her. I hope it is not enough for you."

"No," he answered; "there is more in seeing it: it is strange and overwhelming. I am inland-bred, you know: I feel as if all known things had passed away."

"To me it is like coming home," she declared. "I cannot remember when it was not familiar. Now it is like lifting the latch of the door at home after a long absence."

He shook his head, smiling.

"I cannot imagine any one thinking of it as companionable, as a part of actual experience. I need hills and old trees and remembered turns in roads to feel the intimacy of the world. This is strange and beautiful, but leaves me an alien. It is like a kaleidoscope: nothing is twice the same."

"I do not care for things that are twice the same," she told him. "Here something is always likely to happen. The only certain thing I know of to-morrow is that we shall have plum-duff." She laughed.

He looked at her, gravely smiling.

"A certain noble discontent—you know the thought—is well; but—" he was thinking of her mother's concern, and her words carried him toward it; yet he hesitated, doubtful if it might not be too soon to speak—" but constant change means lack of purpose, does n't it? If you set your heart on something,—something vastly different from anything you have ever known,—it will be fruitless of good unless persisted in—unless it wears grooves in your life. A mere impulse for change is to be distrusted." He smiled and added: "Don't think that I cannot give over preaching."

"I know what you mean," replied the girl, looking seaward with troubled eyes. "I suppose mother has told you what I wish. But it is n't a mere desire for change, and everybody's disapproval only makes me more eager to go. Is n't that a proof that the desire is something to be obeyed—a real call? How can I be sure that it is not, unless I try? Do you think me a silly person?" She looked at him with a suggestion of defiance, but smilingly, too.

"I should be the last one to think that," he told her. "Only look at it from all sides—that is all your friends can ask."

"Not father," she answered laughingly.

"If I can be made to look at it from his point of view, he will willingly spare me the rest. Poor father! But let's not speak of it," she went on. "Look! the Mother Carey's chicken!"

She pointed to the bird, the black-and-white little creature which always seems to be hurrying home, wherever it may be. Far to the southeast a trail of smoke from an unseen steamer blotched the white sky. On the main-deck the second mate and a sailor were patching a topsail; from the galley drifted aft the cheerful whistling of the steward, like a flock of blackbirds, and the homelike sound of rattling pans. Only the man at the wheel was aft, now bending to the spokes, now glancing at the binnacle, and now turning his eye aloft to the luff of the mainsail. It was the morning of the third day out.

Drew was silent so long that she turned a troubled face to him.

"You must not think that I do not care for your advice," she said gently; "I do shall, some day. Just now I cannot bear to speak of my disappointment. It was n't a sudden impulse; it was a part of my life, and it must be given up, perhaps. After a little, when I can collect my scattered forces, if you can help me—" She smiled uncertainly.

"I know, I know," he hastened to say.

"But I was really thinking of something quite different—that three days ago I had not even seen you; now our lives seem intimately near. Only at sea could that

happen."

"Yes," she agreed; "people grow into friendship quickly at sea—and grow apart as quickly. I have heard my father say that it is a reason for the cruelty and harshness on shipboard—that men's tempers become warped when they cannot escape from one another and they find no common ground for companionship. He says there have been times when he fairly hated a mate of his. On shore they might have been intimate for years without an unpleasant thought."

"Let us hope that we may escape that

disaster," he said, with a smile.

He wondered if Medbury had been in her thoughts. They had scarcely spoken, he had observed. He himself had seen little of the younger man, and he was quite prepared to rate him her inferior, in spite of his physical attractiveness. He seemed a mere boy in his impulses; he doubted not that he would keep his boyishness to the end of life. Certainly, he told himself, he was lacking in her capacity for growth.

Meanwhile his own first opinion of her beauty had not changed; it was as apparent as ever, he told himself, and had taken on an added grace with his widening knowledge of her many changing moods. As he gazed at her now he had an impression of distinction, but distinction united with a certain gentleness that, he told himself, was rare. Her face was in profile, and the mouth, clear-cut and undrooping, had the softness of outline that he associated with good temper. Her eyes, though now sad, had the same gentle look. He liked her thick brown hair and the clear oval of her face: they gave him the impression of harmony. In spite of his first feeling of attraction for Medbury, he felt that the girl hesitated wisely; he could see no road by which the two could travel as equal companions. That Medbury's hopes seemed destined to be shattered did not move him greatly; for rarely to the masculine onlooker is the disappointed lover a tragic figure. One has seen him play his game and lose; now let him bear the loss manfully.

They did not speak of her desire again that day; indeed, eight days passed before he ventured to refer to it. Meanwhile they had become great friends. The pleasant weather had held, and they had rolled down the long, smooth seas, which daily seemed to grow bluer, under a sky that remained cloudless.

It was morning again, the morning of the eleventh day out, and they sat in the same place, with much the same scene about them, though now with a tropical softness flooding the world, and less heeded as their thoughts turned more to themselves. He had been reading aloud while she worked at some trifle, but suddenly he closed the book.

"That is enough of other men's dreams,"

he said. "What of yours?"

She did not even look up as she replied:
"Mine are poor enough; I prefer those of others. Besides, I have scarcely thought of them for days."

"Are they less insistent?" he asked.

"Don't!" she appealed. "Don't! I am not yet ready to face them. I have lost my courage."

"I will say no more," he said; "but I had thought that you seemed different—ready to surrender. I had hoped so."

She looked up now.

"Are you against me, too?" she de-

"Can you believe that?" he asked. "I had thought that I was for you—as we all are."

She smiled.

"You are all making it very hard for me," she told him.

A step sounded on the forward companionway, and Medbury appeared. He glanced past them to the man at the wheel, looked aloft, then walked slowly to the break of the deck. Suddenly he came back and seated himself on the corner of the house near them. Apparently he had wearied of self-suppression.

He was manifestly trying to appear wholly at ease, and he began to talk at once, and very rapidly, like one repeating a speech that had been learned by heart. He spoke of the wind and the run of the

vessel, and he told them that they had not touched a sheet for more than sixty hours. He said he hoped that it would last, though he added that he doubted it.

"When ought we to get out, Tom?" asked Hetty. She bit off her thread as she spoke, and, spreading her work on her lap,

examined it absent-mindedly.

" If the wind holds, in four or five days," he answered; "but I 'm afraid it won't. The sea 's beginning to look oily now; the snap has gone out of the wind. We'll be slatting and rolling in a dead calm by the middle of the afternoon. I noticed the change in my bunk, and could n't sleep."

"I thought sailors could always sleep." This was Hetty's contribution to the conversation as she still studied her work.

"Well, I could n't," he answered.

"Then we may be three weeks going out," said Drew. "It seems like a long time."

"I was a hundred and twenty days on my last voyage—from Singapore," said

Medbury.

"I am beginning to grasp the reason for the sailor's rapt, far-seeing look," said Drew. "It is not strange that he never loses it, with his constant study of invisible signs and meanings. But a hundred and twenty days! What changes may take place in that time!"

"We find changes enough," Medbury answered. "Sometimes I think we sailors are the only things that do not change, except to grow older and sadder. We always hope to find everything just as we

left it, but we never do."

Hetty looked steadily seaward, and a fine flush came to her face; but Drew was struck with the philosophy of the situation.

"That surely ought to be true," he acquiesced—"that the sailor is the most unchanging of men. One should come back wiser in sea-lore, but solitude and the singleness of his purpose should keep him untouched by all the distractions that change other men. I 've noticed in Blackwater the freshness of spirit, almost boyishness, of old men."

Hetty's face was turned forward, and now she leaped to her feet.

"What is that, Tom?" she exclaimed. "We are running on a sand-bar!"

A hundred yards ahead of them stretched a great golden-brown field that looked like a salt-meadow in April. Above it wheeled a flock of sea-birds.

Medbury scarcely turned his head.

"Sargasso weed," he answered, and grinned. "It's always waltzing about in these latitudes."

The girl walked to the main-rigging, and, leaning across the sheer-pole, watched the yellow plain with wondering eyes. A moment later, as they plunged into it, she caught her breath; it seemed incredible to her that there should be no shock.

Instantly the sounds of the sea were hushed; there was only the soft hissing of the weed as it swept past the side of the

"Come up to the forecastle-deck and see it pile up on the bow," Medbury said to the girl.

She did not stir.

"Won't you come?"

"No," she answered.

He leaned across the sheer-pole with her a moment in silence. The bell forward struck four sharp strokes; it was like a cry in the night. Then a sailor came lurching aft to relieve the man at the wheel.

"Is it always going to be like this, Hetty?" Medbury asked her in a low

voice.

"I suppose so."

"You want it so?"

"I said, 'I suppose so.'" "It 's the same thing," he remarked drearily, and sighed.

The sigh seemed to irritate her, for she

turned upon him suddenly.

"Why did you speak like that—before a stranger?"

"Like what?" he asked in astonishment. "About coming home unchanged, and finding nothing as you had left it. Of course he knew what you meant. And it was n't true, for I have not changed. I could have sunk through the deck for shame."

"Oh, that," he replied. "He did n't understand; he thought it was a text."

"A text!" She turned away in scorn.

A moment he stood looking outboard with unseeing eyes; then he stooped and drew a boat-hook from the slings beneath

"Would n't you like to have a piece?" he asked, pointing to the seaweed.

She hesitated a moment, and then came back to his side.

"Yes," she said.

He drew in a great bunch and spread it

at her feet, and she picked up a bit with dainty fingers.

"It's no longer beautiful," she said in disappointment, and dropped it on the house.

"No," he answered soberly, and tossed the weed back into the sea.

V

THE wind died out, as he had predicted, and all the afternoon the brig rolled on the long swells, which hourly grew heavier. They leaped against the horizon, swung onward beneath the keel, and swept past with the unrelenting persistency that seemed the embodiment of vindictive hate. A gale can be combated, but, in the grasp of a calm, man is helpless. Every part of the vessel cried out in protest. The canvas slatted and flapped like the wings of a huge bird vainly trying to rise from the waves; every block rattled and croaked; the main-boom, hauled chock aft, snatched at its sheets with a viciousness that threatened to part them at every roll and made their huge blocks crash; from the pantry below came the constant rattle of crockery; and the blue sea, dipped up through the scuppers, swashed back and forth across the main-deck. By eight bells every stitch of canvas had been furled or clued up to save it, and the brig lay rolling in the dark hollows like a drunken sailor reeling home.

At dusk Hetty made her way to the forward companionway, and seating herself on the sill, with her hands clasped about the guard-rail, looked out across the watery waste. The line of her eyes, parallel with the deck, saw the stars fly downward till they seemed to vanish in the sea, which suddenly seemed to tower like a huge black wall above the brig; then suddenly it dropped away, and the stars flew up again, and she saw them fairly overhead. Out of the swashing flood of the main-deck, in a momentary lull, Medbury appeared.

"Is that you, Hetty?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. "It 's awful, is n't it?"

"It 's a nasty roll, and no mistake. There 's dirty weather knocking about somewhere."

"You mean a storm?"

"Yes."

"Shall we get it?" she asked.

"We may and may not," he answered.
"It's hard to say."

"Could it be a hurricane coming?" she asked with awe.

He laughed.

"Have n't you ever heard the sailors' rhymes about hurricanes in the West Indies?" he asked.

"' July,
Stand by;
August,
Look out you must;
September;
Remember;
October,
All over.'

That anchors March squarely in the middle of the safe months; so we're all right, you see. No, it is n't a hurricane."

He seated himself on the deck, and leaning against the door-jamb, braced himself to the roll. For a while they sat in silence, and watched the long rollers infold them—three great ones, then a succession of lower ones, in an ever-recurring sameness that moved the girl with a growing nervousness. At last she turned to him and said:

"I wanted to explain to you that I had no reason to be ugly this morning. But what is the use? Father would always oppose; besides, I am not sure myself. I want to be friends, nothing more."

"Well! that is a wooden tale," he said

disappointedly.

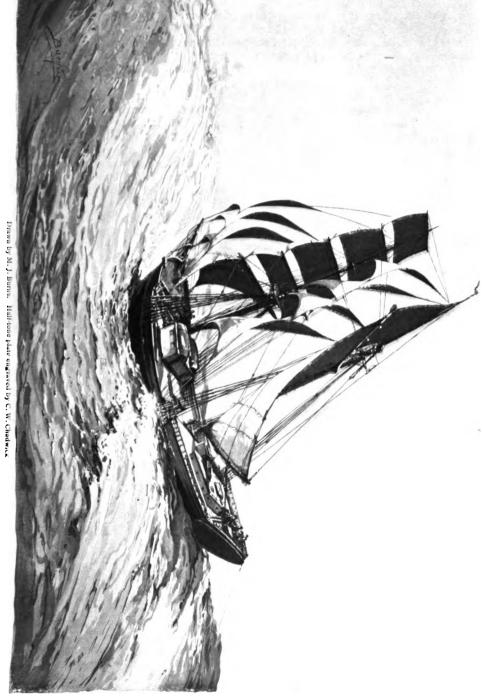
"I never said anything different at any

time, Tom," she protested.

"Oh, I know. You always had a pair of skittish heels, Hetty." He turned his face to her suddenly. "Is there any one else?"

"No," she said.

"All right," he answered; "I'll hope on. I've been doing that a long time; I'm not going to stop now." He was silent a moment, and then he said: "Do you know how long that's been, Hetty? Fourteen years. We were in school then, and it began the day of that big snowstorm, when I drew you home on my sled. You wore a red jacket, and your cheeks were almost as red. I can see you sitting there now, and smiling whenever I looked back. You were the shyest little thing! When we reached your gate, you just



slipped off and ran into the house without turning."

"Oh, do you remember that!"

"I 've thought of it under every star in the sky, I think. I guess that 's the way it will always be with you—slipping away and not looking back." He laughed a little dolefully.

"I'm not like that," she said in a low voice. "I may go away, but I shall look back. I am no longer a child."

"Then don't go away," he said eagerly;

but she stopped him.

"Don't, Tom!" she pleaded. "Don't speak of it any more—now. Just be friends."

"All right, Hetty. It will be as you say. I don't nag my—friends." He smiled forlornly.

In silence they watched the swells racing in. They were like living things, of incredible speed, insatiable, pitiless, rushing on to infold them. As the brig rolled in their grasp, the girl instinctively moved her body against the roll: it was as if she thought to lessen the awful dip of the deck with her puny weight; and whenever the great rollers passed, and the vessel, like a tired thing, lay for an instant almost at peace in the lower levels of the sea, an involuntary sigh of relief escaped her. Medbury heard her and looked up.

"You're not afraid, Hetty, are you?" he asked. "It's disagreeable; that's all."

"No, not *really*, I think," she answered; "but I wish it would stop."

"It 's a regular cradle—as peaceful as that," he assured her. "Only we 're a little old for cradles, I guess," he added.

"I am," she said.

Over them the stars raced back and forth; for there were no clouds, only a soft haze that made the stars seem large and near, but without brightness. Close down to the sea a whitish film seemed to spread, making the curtain of the night above it intensely black. Once, as they dipped to port, Hetty's eyes caught sight of a deepred glow suffusing the lifted wave near the bow. She clutched at Medbury's arm.

"What is that, Tom — there — like

blood?" she gasped.

"That? Why, the reflection of our port light. You poor thing!" he said pityingly. "Had n't you better go below? It 's queer, but on a night like this, or in thick weather, if you once lose your nerve, you

see the queerest things. Come, you 'll be all right below."

She dropped her face to her hands and laughed.

"No," she said; "now I will stay. There!"—she straightened herself and looked at him smilingly,—"now, I 'll be sensible. Why do you look at me like that?" she asked abruptly.

He turned his face away.

"Can't I even look at you? A friend could do that."

"But that was different," she answered.
"It was—" The look of yearning love upon his face moved her strangely. She felt the impatient tears flood her eyes. Meanwhile he hastened to speak of other things.

"Do you remember how you used to tie your hair up in two tight little braids?" he asked—"always tied with red ribbon?"

"Mother did that," she answered promptly. "I hated it. I used to tell her they made my head ache. I 've forgotten now whether they did or not. But it was n't always red ribbon."

"Was n't it?" he asked. "That's what

I remember."

"Some things you 've forgotten, you see," she told him. "It is easy to forget, after all."

The door of the passage below them opened, and some one stumbled toward them. It was Drew. Medbury slipped away, vexed at the interruption, but Hetty turned a relieved face to the newcomer. In this difference lay the measure of their love.

Reaching the deck, Drew almost dropped in the place where Medbury had been sitting. He removed his cap from his head, and passed his hand across his forehead. From the forecastle floated aft, above the jangling noises of the brig, the faint strains of an accordion.

"Just at this moment I have no higher ambition than to sit out there and play like that," said Drew, turning his head to listen.

"It sounds rather nice at sea," said the girl. "Maybe it 's because I 've always heard it there that I like it."

"Oh, it is n't that," he replied. "It 's the care-free touch I envy. Care-free—with all our fixed beliefs tumbling about us! See those stars! And we have been taught to call them steadfast!"

She laughed, and looked at him mischievously.

"You 're seasick again," she said. "I knew it by the way you dropped to the deck."

"I am," he promptly admitted.

"Well, you 're honest; you ought to be proud of that," she told him. "Most men refuse to confess to seasickness until the fact confesses itself." She laughed.

"I might be proud of being honest if I were not too much ashamed of being ill. The lesser feeling is lost in the greater."

"You would feel better if you would not watch the rail. It is the worst thing you can do."

"You are watching it," he said.

"But I am never affected," she replied.
"Besides, I 'm feeling reckless to-night."

He turned and looked at her smilingly. "You reckless! You are self-control itself," he declared.

It is strange, but there are times when to be called self-controlled is like an accusation.

"That sounds like calling me hard and unfeeling," she said.

"Rather say it 's calling you happy. I think there is no happiness without self-control," he replied.

"Do you call it happiness," she cried—
"rolling like this? I think it is dull."

"All happiness is more or less dull," he declared. "It 's the price it pays to discontent, which is supposed to know all the ups and downs of life."

"I should not like to think that," she said soberly.

"Then I hope your whole life may prove it false," he answered.

In the silence that followed, his eyes, searching the night with the fascination in the thought of discovery that the sea gives even to the sighting of a sail, came back to her face and lingered there. For a moment he looked at her with the intent, impersonal gaze that he had directed toward the horizon. She was leaning against the guard-rail, with her hands clasped over her knees, and her eyes turned up to the stars. Her head was uncovered, and her hair looked black above the gleaming whiteness of her face, which wore the intense look of abounding vitality that pallor sometimes gives in a larger measure than vivid coloring. As he watched her face in the dim light he became distinctly alive to a new impression—the impression that he was becoming strangely drawn to her. The knowledge came upon him suddenly, like a ship looming above him in the night.

It was inevitable that his first thought should be of Medbury; but whatever he might later come to think of his own ethical implication, in this first moment of self-discovery the thought was little more than that he should have a care. In a rush of mental restlessness he rose to his feet and walked to the rail. He could hear the second mate as he tramped steadily back and forth on the quarterdeck, passing like a shuttle from darkness to light as he crossed the glow from the binnacle-lamp. The thump of the wheel jumping in its becket was almost continuous; it irritated him as the louder noises of the sea and the vessel had not done. In the east a red light shone and vanished; again it appeared for a moment. He called Hetty's attention to it, but she did not rise. When it appeared again it was farther to the north.

"It's a steamer going home," she said.
"It's like your happiness—just a dull light moving uncertainly through darkness."

"You must n't think that," he said gently.

"Oh, it 's true," she persisted; "I can see it 's true. I wanted to go away, but it was only discontent. If I had gone, it would have been the same. I should have been broken in the first struggle."

"To-morrow the wind will blow again, and you will see things in a different light. Nothing will matter then," he assured her.

"Do you think I should have succeeded if I had gone?" She turned toward him sharply while she waited for his answer.

He had seated himself again, and he paused a moment before he replied.

"I think you would have put your whole heart into your work," he said at last. "When we do that, we need not think of results—or fear them—need we?"

"I shall always feel that it was right for me to go," she said, after a pause. "The regret will remain."

"It is hard to say what is right, we owe allegiance in so many ways. A week ago your going was simply an interesting thought to me. Now I cannot bear to think of it."

She caught her breath sharply.

"There 's your steamer again," she exclaimed. "It 's almost gone."



"'YOU WILL NEED THE PATIENCE,' SHE SAID"

It came to him vividly, with her conscious refusal to follow his leading, that he was not having a care; and he added in haste: "I can see the tragic significance of such a decision, now that I am no longer a stranger—this putting away of all your old life—your father and mother. Think what it means to them! Life has many facets: we 've got to look at them all."

"Yes," she said slowly, as if she were looking at them all in turn; then she continued: "But if we study them too closely, is n't there danger of being simply irresolute and accomplishing nothing?"

"To crown the present hour—might that not be the hardest, and therefore the noblest, task?" he asked smilingly. "A nature that is overwhelmed by its first dis-

appointment will not be likely to succeed in any path. That is not yours, I am sure."

"It is easy for you to say that," she answered with a touch of impatience; "you have found your chosen work; I must stay at home. What can we women in seaports do? We tremble through storms, and then wait in fear for the marine news." She laughed at her own exaggeration.

"It makes strong, hopeful women," he

declared stoutly.

"Is that all you ask of your work—to be made strong and hopeful?" she demanded. "It makes me think of life as a gymnasium."

"No," he answered frankly; "but I have not found my chosen work, or, rather, my

chosen field.'

"May I ask what that is? Do you mind

telling me?"

"I shall be glad," he replied. "It is simply to work among the poor in a large town or city. I cannot go among the little children of the crowded streets without a heartache. That is where my work calls me. I love the people of Blackwater, and I can be happy there when I can forget for a time; but I am not needed. Sometimes I feel that no one is needed, they are so firmly fixed in their beliefs, so hopelessly certain of themselves. But the little children of the crowded streets!" He broke off suddenly.

They heard the bell forward ring out sharply. Both counted the strokes in silence.

"Eight bells," she murmured as it

The forecastle door opened, and a shaft of light flashed like an opening fan along the wet, shining deck. Shadowy forms began to move about, and vanished in the darkness. Then the door was shut, and the deck was dark again; only the clamor of the rolling vessel and the sea about her went on unceasingly.

"I am glad you told me," Hetty said at last in a low voice that had in it a tremor of exaltation. She did not turn to him as she spoke, but kept her eyes fixed upon the lines of whitened waves glimmering in the dark.

"It was little to tell," he said, with a laugh.

"It was much to know," she answered gently.

He wondered at the touch of feeling in her tone, for he could not know that, having condemned him for a seemingly Laodicean contentment with life, with as little reason she was now prepared to exalt him unduly, seeing in his desired course a form of martyrdom at once moving and heroic. It was in the line of her own desire, and the thought flashed upon her that here was something even she might be permitted to do.

They had come tremblingly to the heights of emotion: a little thing might send the streams of their life together, or bear them farther and farther apart.

VI

DAY was breaking when Drew came on deck the next morning. The noises of the vessel, which had clanked and whined all night through his broken sleep, seemed to him to take on new life as he reached the deck; but the brig, as she lay rolling in the trough of the sea, had the gray, tired look of ships coming home from long voyages. There were no clouds in the sky, but the stars had faded out, and even as he gazed the rim of the sun appeared above the sea, flattened out on the horizon, then rose in an elongated ball. For an instant a red pendant seemed to cling to the far edge of the ocean; then it vanished, and the sun, round again and red, had broken free. Day had come.

The ocean had the glassy aspect of the preceding day; as far as the eye carried not a cat's-paw darkened the surface. In every direction the white sails of the Portuguese men-of-war rose and fell on the long blue swells. Fifty yards astern the triangular dorsal fin of a shark moved slowly across their track. Drew watched its silent progress with the fascination that the landsman, seeing it for the first time, bestows upon it as the embodiment of the cruelty and mystery of its abode.

He turned at the sound of a footstep, and seeing Medbury beside him, greeted him, and then nodded astern.

"It 's a shark, is n't it?" he asked. "I never saw one before."

"Yes," replied the mate. "It's queer, but everybody seems to know them right off. Sort of natural dislike, I guess."

Medbury watched it a moment and then looked aloft to where the fly hung limp.

"It beats all," he muttered; "there is n't air enough to float a soap-bubble." He walked to the pennant halyards, and, untying them, jerked the fly free from its staff.

"It has n't lifted an inch in fifteen hours," he said. "Confound it! I believe the world has died overnight!" Then he laughed at his own ill-nature. "It gets on my nerves—weather like this," he explained to Drew.

He turned and walked to the other side of the vessel as Captain March came on deck. He also looked aloft, glanced at the binnacle from mere force of habit, and then swept the horizon with half-shut eyes. His face was inscrutable, and absolutely without emotion. "It's going to be hot," was his only remark. Then he walked to a camp-chair, and, drawing it to the rail, sat down, and began to whistle softly.

A moment later Medbury crossed over to where he sat.

"I guess I 'll rig up the triangle this morning and scrape the mainmast," he said. "It's a good chance."

The captain squinted aloft, but said nothing.

"I 'll start at the foot," continued the mate, as if in answer to unspoken criticism. "Maybe it 'll breeze up before the men get much above the deck."

"All right," said the captain, and went on whistling.

"There is n't a breath of air," said Medbury. "I believe everything's dead."

"Nothing dead about this roll," replied Captain March.

"Well, it ought to be," replied the mate, and walked forward.

"I don't know as the crew's going to rise up and call him blessed when he orders them aloft on that job in a swell like this," said the captain to Drew; "but then, as I said, I don't know."

Then the barefooted crew came aft with buckets and brooms to wash down the decks, and he and Drew went below. When they came back to the deck, after breakfast, two men were at the grindstone sharpening their knives, and a third was scraping a bright pin-rail forward. Medbury sat on the forward end of the house, making double-crown knots in the ends of new man-ropes. He did not look up as Hetty and the minister came and stood over him, watching his work. Captain March came by in his morning walk.

"You're not going to scrape the mainmast, eh?" he said as he went by. His eyes twinkled.

Medbury did not look up as he answered:

"No; I guess I'll keep them on deck."
Hetty looked aloft at the mast thrashing through a wide arc.

"I knew you would n't," she said. "It would have been—unlike you."

Medbury glanced at her with a shamefaced smile, but he made no reply.

Drew laughed.

"Do you know, I had heard so much of the harsh treatment of sailors by their officers that I came on this voyage prepared for something of the sort, and dreading it," he said in his slow, deep voice; "but I have seen nothing but consideration."

Medbury's mouth twitched with scornful amusement; it almost seemed to him that Drew had unknowingly called him pusillanimous. He was by no means a hard man, and was popular with his crews; but he was young and a certain amount of swagger seemed amusing, while, in addition, he had all the contempt of the American sailor for the stolid alien creatures who more and more were finding their way into the forecastles of ships that carried his country's flag.

"I don't believe in being a brute," he

began; "but—"

"Yes," broke in Hetty, eagerly; "it is only a brute who will take advantage of his power. I have been going to sea all my life, but I have never seen cruelty. All the sailors I know are the largesthearted of men. I hate the tales that blacken them."

"I have known them only ashore," said Drew, "and I certainly never knew a more joyous, open-hearted people—hardly the sort to make tyrants of." He turned to Medbury: "But you were going to say—?"

Medbury sharply drew the strands of his rope through the outer walling of the knot as he replied:

"Oh, nothing."

"I fancy," began Drew, "that sailors are too practical a race, too constantly surrounded by danger, not to know the value of self-restraint. It is wise to keep far from one the passion that fires the mind beyond the point where the every-day work of living is accomplished with the least friction."

Medbury looked up as he spoke, and caught the look that Hetty fastened upon the speaker. There was nothing in the quiet gaze beyond interest and the sympathy of kindred convictions, but it gave

Medbury the curious sensation of standing apart from them, of being irrevocably alone. He turned away with a new pain about his heart. He was still thinking of Hetty's look when Drew, busily erecting his card-house of the sailor's life upon a foundation of calm philosophy, asked him if he had ever seen cruelty on shipboard. His tone was the confident one of the philosopher who, having formulated a theory, calmly awaits the facts that will establish it.

"You two might call it that," Medbury answered, not without a touch of resentment in his voice; "I should n't. It 's easy enough to talk about self-restraint, but when it means letting things go to the dogs, and maybe putting your vessel in danger—" He thrust his fid between the strands of his rope with an energy that seemed to him adequately to complete his meaning.

Drew was dimly aware that the situation had somehow become charged with feeling, and remained silent; but Hetty, with clearer instinct, recognized the cause of Medbury's heat, and resented it, while she recognized its potential force, feeling that she had unwittingly been drawn from the calm current of broad discussion into an inner vortex of personal emotion. That she had become unduly interested in Drew -she clearly saw that the thought was in Medbury's mind—she indignantly denied to herself. She turned toward the sailor with resentment shining in her eyes; but at the sight of his head bowed above his work, there flashed over her a strange revulsion of feeling. It was not tenderness, though compounded of tenderness, pity, and the memory of many things. His loyalty to her, which had lived on through long years in spite of varying encouragement, had sometimes provoked her vexation, sometimes her complacency; at this moment it suddenly appeared to her to be a beautiful thing. His hair waved a little about his brows; his face, though sad, showed the old fine courage. She saw his close-shut lips held nothing of harshness. His hands, brown and sinewy, revealed strength and skill, and were as yet uncoarsened by hard contact with hemp and canvas in cold and wet and sun. "After all, he's a man," she thought, with tears welling in her eyes. She turned and looked out across the shining sea, feeling its immensity, its power in the moving waves,

to be somehow strangely like the life that inclosed her and swept her on without the power of volition. She did not turn as Drew spoke.

"Shall we finish our book?" he had asked her.

From time to time in the last few days he had read aloud from the "Idylls of the King" while she worked at some trifle, or sat with hands clasped in her lap and watched the waves in a pleasurable emotion to which his fine, unaffected voice had contributed quite as largely as the words of the poet. At this moment his question, in its abrupt withdrawal from the general interest, seemed tactless. For an instant she made no answer.

"No, not now," she said at last. "Just at present it seems too unreal, too far away, to move me. I don't believe I am an imaginative person; life appeals to me too strongly."

She had turned to watch Medbury's work while she was yet speaking, and Drew, lingering a moment, had gone away with the impression of dismissal. This she felt, and was troubled by it, and vexed at finding herself troubled. Her vexation had the effect of bringing her nearer in spirit to Medbury.

"I believe I could do that," she said as she watched him.

He looked up with a flush of pleasure.
"Want to try?" he asked, and jumped
to his feet. "I'll get a piece of manila
and teach you."

He brought her a seat, and together they sat down and laughingly began the lesson.

"I always envied the things boys did," she said. "I know how I used to watch them, but was too afraid of being called a tomboy ever to attempt anything. It's hard to be ambitious and sensitive, too."

"I know you could run when you were a child," he said, smiling. "Do you remember the time you snatched my hat and I did not catch you till you got to Martha Parsons's gate? Then you turned and looked so serious that I did not dare to take it."

"Yes," she answered, with a laugh. "And I remember how frightened I was when you followed me. I thought I had done the boldest thing. And when we stopped and just looked at each other I was sure that you thought so, too. Finally I said, 'Here's your hat,' and you said, 'Oh,' and

took it. I don't remember now how it ever ended."

"I do," he said promptly. "I took it and went away; afterwards I went back, but you had gone. Then I thought of all the things I ought to have said and done when it was too late."

"Well, it was silly enough," she said.
"I don't know what made me do it."

He had unlaid the strands of the rope while they talked, and now, placing it in her hand, he showed her how to make a bight with one strand and pass a second around the first, and a third around the second, and up through the bight of the first, forming the wall.

"Now you try," he said, and, undoing

the knot, passed the rope to her.

In a moment she held it up triumphantly.

"What do you do next?" she asked.

"Now we will put on the double crown."

"It is hard," she said after a moment more. "It looked simple enough while you were doing it." She held the rope in her hand and looked at him in smiling despair. "I shall never learn."

"Yes, you will," he assured her. "You

only need a little patience."

"You will need the patience," she said.
"Have n't I always had it with you?"
he asked in a low voice.

"Is that right?" she demanded, hold-

ing up the knot.

"Yes; now run the end—no, this end—through the bight. That's right; now pull it taut. You have n't answered my question, Hetty."

"You have n't asked any," she replied quickly; and then added: "What next?"

"Pull it tighter," he answered, and, leaning forward, drew it taut, for an instant covering her hands with his own.

She drew hers away quickly and dropped

them in her lap.

"It 's no use," she told him; "I shall never learn."

"Try!" he urged.

"No; I cannot even try." She looked about her with restless eyes. Something in her face stirred his foreboding.

"Do you mean, Hetty-"

"Oh, I mean nothing," she cried. "I wish the sea would go down. It's dreadful."

She sprang to her feet, and, moving to the rigging, leaned against the sheer-pole and watched the blue sea rise almost to the line of the deck, then fall away with appalling swiftness. Medbury followed her there.

"What 's the matter?" he demanded.

"Why don't you whistle for a wind?" she asked him. "Why don't you? I think I 'll go below until you do."

"Is n't it pleasanter here?" he said.
"You would call it a beautiful day at

home."

"Yes, I should," she acknowledged.
"It seems like April—April at home. I can shut my eyes"—she shut them—"and see just how it looks: the big willow by our gate growing green in a night, and the grass, and the surflight on everything—or rain; only that makes the grass greener, and you don't mind the rain at all, as you do at other times."

He had watched her while she stood with eyes closed, but when she opened them suddenly and looked at him with a smile, he turned away in confusion, as if he had been caught watching her when he knew she would not care to be seen.

"That's the way your face always looks to me," he said with the boldness of em-

barrassment.

"What do you mean?" she asked. Her lips parted as if to smile, but closed again in a neutral line that was neither smile nor frown, but might easily become either when she had heard his explanation.

." Like April—your face is like that. It's always changing. I like it always, but best

when you smile, of course."

"I cannot smile at that speech," she said, and turned a serious face from him.

For five minutes he kept his eyes turned from her, and then looked to see if her April face had changed again. It had not, and a sigh escaped him.

At the sigh her face had become severe, but almost immediately he saw her lips twitch, close firmly together, then part in

a laugh.

"There!" he cried triumphantly, and

laughed with her.

"Oh, Tom, you 're ridiculous!" she cried, and struggled against her laughter. But her face became serious again at once, and she added: "I do not like such speeches. They sound silly."

"All right," he replied, but not in the

tone of one cast down.

Captain March's keen eyes, as he walked the deck, looking aloft, saw a slightly frayed spot in the maintopsail-halyard. Crossing the deck, he stopped by the side of his mate.

"Looks as if that halyard would n't stand much strain," he said. "Better look at it before long, Mr. Medbury." He pointed to the place as Medbury looked up. "I will, sir," answered Medbury.

"Hawkins never did look after the little things," the captain went on, with gentle grumbling. "Good man, but did n't seem to have any eyes sometimes. Still, I was sorry to have him go ashore sick. He can't afford to lay idle long. Same with John Davis. I thought he 'd jump at the chance to take Hawkins's place. I did n't think it so strange in Bob Markham's backing out: he 'd promised his wife to stay ashore. But Davis-I don't understand about him. I never knew folks to act so. Davis seemed pleased when I asked him, and hurried right off to get his things; but before I'd hardly turned my head, back he galloped and said he 'd changed his mind. It made me a little provoked; and when I asked him why, he just winked. Well!" He walked away, still grumbling.

Medbury had not lifted his eyes from his work as the captain had talked, but now he glanced up, to find Hetty's eyes watching him keenly. Something in the intensity of her look stirred his foreboding. He was not wholly unacquainted with the intuitive divination with which women often flash upon the secrets men would withhold from them, and now he braced himself for the question that he knew was coming.

"Do you know why they would not come?" she asked. Her voice was tense. He tried to show surprise at the question, but knew that he failed.

"I suppose they did n't want to," he answered.

"Don't you know?" she demanded.

He hesitated, and she sprang to her feet. "You need n't tell me," she cried with suppressed passion. "I know. I know you got them to. They 'd do it for you. You seem to have obliging friends. Oh!" She turned away, but came back immediately. "And now I suppose everybody in Blackwater is laughing over the story. And laughing at me! I did n't want you to come; but if I'd known this, do you think I would have set foot on this vessel

while you were aboard? I'd have died first." She walked to the rail, but came restlessly back. "Well, it's over now. Do you think I could go back home and have people know that your-your trick had succeeded? There have been times when I have thought that I could care for you in the way you wish, but I could n't be sure. If my face is like April, as you say, I think my mind is, too. I cannot be sure. Sometimes I think I do not care for anything; I think I have no heart. And then, when I see you watching me, and I know what you are thinking, I almost hate you, and want to go away from everything I 've ever known. But now, after this, it is ended. Oh, you make me ashamed!"

He had heard her in a tumult of contending emotions—shame and sorrow for hurting her, pity, remorse. Heartsick, he rose to his feet.

"I did n't mean to hurt you, Hetty. Good Lord! you know that! You must know it!" he exclaimed. "And no one will know. You need n't care."

"Oh, need n't care!" she cried in scorn. Then, manlike, because he was sorry, but had no answer, he became angry.

"You are a hard woman," he said in a sudden letting-go of all self-control—"a hard and heartless woman."

She shrank from him as if he had struck her, and her face grew white.

"I wish you would n't," she whispered passionately—"would n't speak to me. You hurt me."

He did not understand, and his face hardened, and his eyes grew hot with impotent anger. It was as if all the conventions had dropped away from him, and he had become the primitive man. He could crush her with one hand, he blindly told himself; yet she mocked him and his strength. All his life he had loved her, followed her in devoted service, but to what end? To be shunned, eluded, mocked, and scorned. He gripped his hands tightly together in his revolt against his enforced inaction because she was weak and a woman. But for once he would speak.

"You 've hurt me for many a long year," he answered hotly, "but you 'll.hurt me no more." With that he walked away as Cromwell must have gone from the Long Parliament.

(To be continued)

# A TRAGEDY OF THE SNOW

### (STORIES OF JULES OF THE GREAT HEART)

### BY LAWRENCE MOTT

HEREWITH begins a group of stories giving incidents in the life of Jules, a "free" trapper in the Hudson Bay region in the early days. Jules's outlawry is somewhat of the Robin Hood type, he looking upon the "Company's" servants as the real intruders, and waging a fierce warfare with them, a price resting on his head. His expertness, his prowess, and his magnanimity are traits that give cumulative interest to these fresh studies of the wild by a young writer who since childhood has been thoroughly familiar with the ground.—THE EDITOR.



ANOU stopped on a snow hill, and looked back over the way he had come; then, steadying himself against the heavy north-

west wind, he took off his snow-shoes. The little steel-like particles of crust, eddying about with the force of the gale, stung and bit him, and his six "huskies" crept under the lee of the sledge and huddled together.

He chafed and pounded his aching feet, untying the thongs that bound the moccasins, his face drawn with pain; then he sat down beside the dogs and shoved his feet among their warm furry bodies. growled and snarled, as if resenting this attempt to take some of their precious heat from them, but he paid no attention. Continually his head turned to the back trail, and he watched eagerly in that direction. Nothing but snowy wastes met his eye, undulating on and on into the distance; not a sound could his ears catch but the crisp rustle-rustle of the frozen snow as it scurried over the ice-bound surface. The cold was metallic in its fierceness; drops of ice clustered under the edges of his fur cap, where sweat had congealed as fast as it appeared, and his breath froze on his lips as it came into contact with the bitter wind. He looked again at the back trail. "Ah-h-h!" he muttered. A black dot was coming over a distant ice ridge; it seemed strangely distorted in the snow haze, now looming up to the full figure of a man, now dwindling to a dark speck against the whiteness of everything.

He drew on his over-moccasins and fastened his snow-shoes. "Mush! Mush!" he shouted to the dogs, cracking the long whip with pistol-like effect. Away they went, the bone runners of the sledge creaking sharply over the uneven surface as he strode beside it. He did not stop to look back now, but urged his team to top speed with whip and voice: "Musha! Ar-r-rr! Musha!" Obediently the leader swung into an ice ravine. It was downhill, so the man threw himself on the sledge. His weight added to its momentum, and the dogs seemed not to touch the ground as they raced ahead, striving to keep the traces taut. "Musha! Ar-r-ha!" The leader turned sharply to the left, and the man hung far out on the flying sledge to keep it from upsetting. At a steep decline now, he used the braking-stick, as the hind feet of the nearest dogs were rattling on the curved runners, though they were doing their best.

Back on the hill where Manou had rested was another man, keenly examining the scratches of the dog's nails on the crust. He was tall and gaunt, but with sinuous strength showing in every limb. At his feet were three dogs and a light sledge. He stood up, and, shading his eyes from the sun-glare, looked ahead and saw Manon hurrying onward.

"Ah-h-h!" he growled, "seex dog, hein? Sacré dam'! He t'ink he goin' get mes skins sauf to de compagnie, an' dat me, Jules Verbaux, let heem do heet sans bataille? We see! Mush! Allez!" The dogs leaped to their work, and he followed swiftly after, his snow-shoes sliding in long, easy strides.

Jules Verbaux was a "free" trapper in the Hudson Bay Company's territory. He was a thorn in the factor's side, as he stole fur from the traps of the Company's Indians, and they could never catch him to send him over the "long trail." Manou, a half-breed Indian, had heard of Jules's cache, where there was a lot of fur, and he had taken his dogs and sneaked off, hoping, for his own profit, to break the cache and get into one of the Company's posts, where he would be safe to sell the skins.

Jules came up on a drift and saw Manou going, going. "Ah, diable," he muttered; "he goin' win avec seex dog! V'at you t'ink me do? Jules, Ah have vone leet' plan; dat miserab' he not know exactement la place; Ah goin' fool heem! Musha! ai-i-i-ii!" His voice trailed off in a nasal whine, and the dogs whirled about to the right and raced on.

Manou was so far ahead that he thought it safe to stop again; he put his dogs under the shelter of an ice clump while he climbed up on it. He could not find his pursuer on the back trail, and he chuckled for a moment. "Toi, Verbaux! Manou goin' show to toi 'ow to mush." Then he caught sight of Jules working off to the right. "Qu'est ça?" he muttered, and after fumbling about in his pockets he brought out a soiled and crumpled piece of paper. "Nor'ouest to ze hol' trail, den directement nor' to ligne two, den sud'est; cache marrke, cross hon piece of wood. V'y for he go dat chemin?" he asked himself, and looked again.

Sure enough, Jules was now far off to the right, and going on fast. "Zat dam' femme! She no tell to Manou correctement! Ah go now cut heem hoff zis chemin." He slid and tumbled down the clump. "Mush! ai-i-i-i!" and away he went in the direction calculated to bring him across the other's trail. As he traveled he pulled out an old pistol and examined the cartridges carefully. "Ah feex dat Verbaux, den le facteur he mak' me vone big gif'—mabbe five dollaires—eef Ah breeng hees head cut hoff to la poste!"

Meanwhile Jules passed over the snowbarrens with tireless speed. Regularly his snow-shoes clicked as he lifted them, and unceasingly he plied the lash. "Allezallez! Ho-o-o-p!" He shook his fist at the other when he saw that Manou had fallen into the trap and was trying to head him off. "Viens, scélérat! Ah goin' lead you in la territoire du diable!" He shouted aloud. The sound of his voice was whisked away even as his lips moved; he shook his fist again. "You know, garcon, zat Jules he have no gun; mais he have somme t'ing for you, Manou!" And he felt for the knife that rested in his belt. "Now, Ah go fas' et leeve ze beeg trail. You come, Manou, bein? You come!" And he darted on at even greater speed.

An hour later Manou came to Verbaux's trail. "C'est bien ça. Ah go fas' now; an' to-night, v'en he stop, Ah get heem." He caressed the pistol. "Mush! mush!" he screamed to the dogs, and twined the lash about their heads. "Musha!"

Manou had forgotten his aching feet, forgotten his direction, forgotten everything but the lust of gain and his hatred of the man he was now pursuing.

On and on he went, cursing the dogs, and lashing them till the blood oozed through their fur. Over ridges and across drifts, down gullies, and through ice ravines, following Jules's broad trail, like a bloodhound he flew, now and again getting a glimpse of his man ahead. Sometimes Jules slowed up and breathed his dogs, and Manou's eyes would snap when he saw him so close at hand; again Jules would put on an extra burst of speed, and Manou would curse horribly as he appreciated that the distance between them had increased.

The arctic day began to wane; the sun was pale and orange-colored as it sank toward the snow-bound horizon. Jules sped on through the long twilight; finally he stopped. "Now, Ah goin' feenesh you, diable! Ah, Jules Verbaux, goin' do it!"

He took off the dogs' harness and lashed the biggest of the team firmly about the body with the broad back-thongs; this done, he fastened the light sledge strongly on his own back, and then slung the wriggling, snarling animal between the runners; he took off his snow-shoes and hung them over his shoulder, and then pounded the remaining two dogs into a semblance of docility and picked one up under each arm. "Viens donc, Manou! Ah see you to-morrow, mabbe." Shod only in his light moccasins, he turned to the left and disappeared like a shadow, leaving not the slightest track on the hard crust.

Manou came to the end of Jules's trail; it was almost dark, but he got down on his hands and knees, and, with his face close to the snow, searched for the continuation of it. Finally he stood up.

"Night—dam'!—she protec' you, Jules Verbaux; but to-mor' Ah fin' ze track, an' den Ah come!" And he cursed again.

His dogs were nearly finished; they stood with drooping heads and half-closed eyes before the sledge, their hollow sides working like bellows as they panted hoarsely. Manou kicked and dragged them into a semicircle, then he turned the sledge sidewise for a wind-break, and, pulling out a blanket, curled up among the tired brutes. He was too frenzied by disappointment to eat anything, nor did he give the dogs any food. The sleep of utter exhaustion soon stopped his mutterings, and the huskies lay inert about him.

The stars twinkled and blinked in the dark-blue heavens; the wind had died away; everything was still. Manou slept, and the dogs did not move. The stars suddenly seemed to lose their luster; a little breeze sprang up, eddied about, and sank again. Another came—this time a stronger one; it ruffled the bushy tails of the huskies; it stirred the fur on the blanket; then it, too, sank. The stars seemed to recede into the farthest heavens, grow dim there and disappear. The breeze grew into a steady wind, the snow particles rustled again on the crust, and still neither the man nor the dogs moved.

The wind strengthened into a strong blow, and the particles began to huddle about the sleeping forms, covering them with a thin white sheet. One of the huskies lifted its head, sniffed a moment, and then whined—a long-drawn whine. Manou slept on. The blow increased to a gale, droning over the sharp ice-edges on the hills; the drift came fast and thick, threatening to cover man and dogs completely. Another husky awoke, sprang to its feet,

and howled dismally; Manou stirred, cursed the brute, and went to sleep again.

The gale grew into the awful Northern hurricane; it shrieked through the ravines, and hissed away among the sharp peaks; it grew wilder and stronger, and, dragging the fur blanket from the sleeping man, drew it to itself and carried it over the snow hills out of sight. The dogs were huddled in a solid mass, yelping and howling. Manou felt the cold and heard the raging of the wind. "Dieu! la tempête du Nord!" he cried in terror, and groped for the blanket; and, when he could not find it, began to sob and to scream curses at God and the storm.

He rose to his feet; the wind upset him; he rose again, and again the gale threw him. Then he started on his hands and knees to find the blanket. He crawled up the slope of the hill near by, thinking that it would have lodged on the side, but it was not there. He crawled farther on to the top. Here the wind was doubly strong; it seemed to shriek: "I got the blanket out of the valley! I have you here!" It buffeted and beat him along ahead of it, turning him over and over, Manou fighting and cursing all the way. He could not get back to the dogs; he dug his fingers into the crust until the blood ran and their ends were split. In vain! Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, the wind pushed and hurtled him along. The frightful cold ate into his heart, his liver, the nerve-centers of his spine; he gave up fighting, and the wind rolled his body to a little precipice. He fell over its edge, down, down, until, with a soft thud, he struck a deep drift, and sank in. The white mass closed over his body like water, and filled his nose and his ears, choking him into insensibility.

Overhead the storm raged on for hours, until finally it sank as gradually as it had come, the gale dying to a strong blow, the strong blow into a steady wind, the steady wind into a breeze, and the breeze into little drafts that also died away. The sun rose from the snow-haze, and marveled not; it was used to these things—used to going down at night and, on rising the next morning, to seeing the barrens changed, a hill here where it was flat yesterday, a ravine there, where yesterday stood a hill.

About noon a figure appeared in the distance; it grew, and as it approached



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SHOOK HIS FIST AT THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE HORIZON"

LXX. 28

the tall, gaunt form of Jules Verbaux was recognizable. He came directly, unerringly to the spot where he had broken his trail the night before, and he laughed as he looked on the changes that had been wrought.

"Ma foi, garçon! La tempête du Nord

she get you, hein?"

He prodded about in the drifts with his sledge-stick, and struck something hard; he dug in, and found Manou's sledge. He prodded farther, and found the bodies of the dogs buried deep.

"Seex chiens, poor beas'! Mais Manou,

Ah vondaire vere ees he?"

He searched round, and dug in several

places, but with no success. "Ah ben, he ees feenesh. Ah no have to faire dis!" and he drew out the long knife that glittered in the sunlight. He pried the bone runners from the other's sledge, and fastened them to his own, on top of the load of fur it now carried, where yesterday it had been empty.

"Mush! Allez! Mush!" and the dogs

scampered on.

"Manou!"—and he shook his fist at the four quarters of the horizon,—"you took my wife, you vant steal my skins, and now le diable he have you! Ah'm satisfy!"

And he followed on after the sledge

with the same old easy stride.



# VICTORIA FALLS

### BY THEODORE F. VAN WAGENEN

T was on the 22d of November, 1855, that the friendly natives with whom he was traveling brought Dr. David Livingstone

for the first time within sight and sound of the wonderful cataract on the Zambesi River now known as the Victoria Falls. Before finding it, the good missionary had journeyed for nearly two years, and from his point of departure at Kuruman in Cape Colony had traversed quite four thousand miles of hitherto unknown country.

To-day, one takes the train at Cape Town on Wednesday, passes through Kimberley on Thursday, reaches Buluwayo on Saturday, and late in the afternoon of Sunday begins to see in the distance the rising pillar of mist from the great cataract.

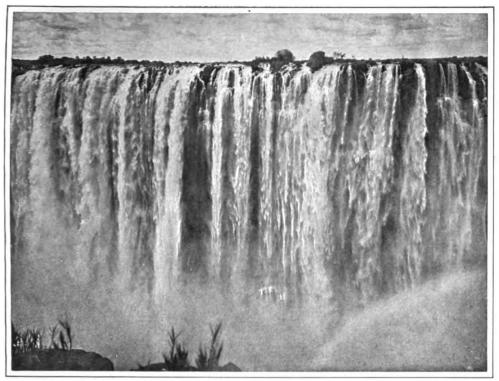
The natives call it "Mosi-oa-tuni," meaning "the roaring smoke." Twenty miles away the spray thrown back from the depths of the tremendous cavern into which the river tumbles appears like a column of smoke rising from a burning village, and during the last mile of the railway journey the roar of the falling water becomes noticeable. Finally, when the edge of the chasm is reached, if the

river is in flood, the eye and ear are assailed by a combination of phenomena that probably cannot be duplicated as marvels

anywhere else on the planet.

The first question that is asked of an American who has seen this African wonder generally is, "How does it compare with Niagara?" There is no possibility of comparison. The two are as different as day and night. Niagara is a perfect picture in a lovely natural framework. Every point and line and curve of motionless rock, trembling verdure, and gliding water is a touch of majestic beauty. Victoria is simply a phenomenon, a terrific gash in the floor of an apparently unending plain, which, as one gazes, simply swallows a river in a manner that produces almost a thrill of horror.

After one sees Niagara it is a temptation to conclude that nothing more perfect in the way of a scenic panorama can exist, that by no possibility could any finer sensations of eye and ear and nerve be excited than by it. But to the traveler who has seen both falls there comes the certainty that life would have been quite incomplete without the double experience,



From a photograph by L. Pedrotti

#### VICTORIA FALLS

The photograph was taken in August, 1904, with a wide-angle lens, from a point on the eastern edge of the chasm just opposite the center of the falls. The Victoria Falls are 3000 feet wide and 360 high: Niagara is 4750 feet wide at the brink of the falls, the American Fall being 164 feet high, and the Horseshoe Fall 150.

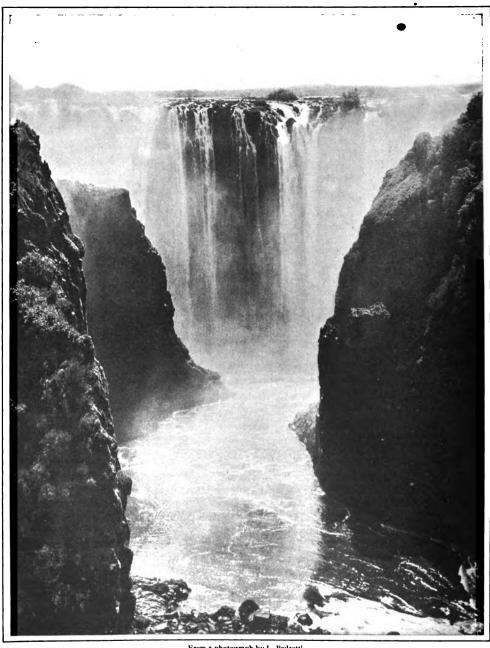
that there are elements of wonder and amazement in the African falls that are totally lacking in the American.

The Zambesi valley, for a hundred miles or more in every direction from the cataract, is a rough and broken plateau, covered with low brush and stunted trees. with here and there an outcrop of somber basaltic rock, all thoroughly uninteresting. The herbage is but faintly green, and the tropical sky only faintly blue. It is a hazy half-tone landscape, wanting in clear-cut lines in every direction, and lacking above everything else that element we always unconsciously seek in a nature-picture life. The absence of this produces in the mind a feeling of loneliness and often of fear. Across this solemn scene appears a river that in flood-time is perhaps half a mile wide. If a deaf man were following down one of its banks, he would notice little but the quiet water and the oddlooking column of smoke ahead. As this column was approached, he would expect to see the river-banks bending, and the

water flowing away to one side of the conflagration, and might glance to the right and left to note the direction taken. But the panorama changes as he gazes. The river is no more. And there, where it should be, is only the brown plain, as lonely, brush-covered, and monotonous as ever. One must go twenty miles farther before the vanished water and the surface of the land again commingle, before it will be possible to walk along the bank in company with the river. So sudden and startling is the transformation.

Meantime the pillar of smoke has resolved itself into a dense mist forced upward in terrible puffs from a yawning gash stretching directly across the bed of the river. This fearful abyss is every second swallowing thousands of tons of greenand-white water, and belching up blasts of mist that rise hundreds of feet into the air and hurry away with the winds as if rejoicing at their escape from the inferno below. And somewhere, nearly four hundred feet below, the entrapped river is

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From a photograph by 1.. Pedrotti

#### VICTORIA FALLS

The photograph was taken in November, from a point on the south wall of the discharging gorge just opposite the exit from the chasm

fighting its way between sheer walls of black rock toward a narrow cleft in the eastern wall, whence it escapes, foaming and boiling, through the zigzags and curves of a deep gorge leading off to the eastward. One goes to an edge of this delivering chasm, and looks down upon the tossing waters, ever pressed from behind by other floods struggling out of the narrow black gateway, and perhaps the most prominent mental sensation is that of thankfulness that even in such a grim and ghastly



From a photograph by Ellerton Fry

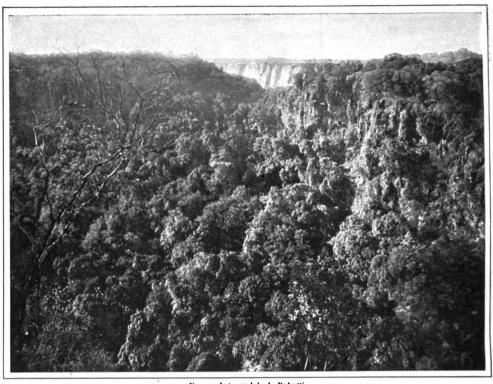
THE FIRST ZIGZAG OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER BELOW VICTORIA FALLS

The water approaching on the left side of the picture flows away on the right side

way nature has provided a means by which the fearful slit of a throat above that has swallowed the stream can disgorge it again without causing an overwhelming catastrophe.

The Victoria cataract should be visited at least twice before one is competent to

pass an opinion upon it. When the river is in flood (July) the scene is simply terrible. One sees nothing but an enormous sheet of water disappearing into the bowels of the earth, with a noise as of mountains falling upon one another, while from the awful gash comes back in fierce gusts and



From a photograph by L. Pedrotti

#### THE EDGE OF VICTORIA FALLS AS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE

swirls the foaming breath of the tortured element below. But in December, when the water is low, the edge of the cataract shows as a long, creamy film of lovely lace; the rising mist flows softly away through the little rain forest below the cavern's lip; the gigantic vault itself becomes a wonderful spectacle, a dream of neutral tints, a cave of beauty. Far down in its dark depths the waters, gliding along the rocky walls, and bending gracefully around the corners toward the narrow outlet, pass gaily and laughingly to freedom. For a time the demon of the cataract is sleeping.

The rock of the vicinity is a dark and lusterless basalt that weathers, when exposed above the thin soil, into rough hummocks and unshapely ridges. There is nothing but this for miles in every direction. What caused the great rent in its heart that is now the cataract, and in what way the twenty-mile gorge from its bottom was cut out, are questions not easily answered. Next year it is promised that the British Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its annual meeting in South Africa. If so, the falls will undoubtedly be most carefully studied by the geological section of the society.

At the present time a steel railroad bridge is being thrown across a narrow point of the gorge just below the cataract, from which, as the trains pass over it, the finest possible view will be obtainable. This bridge is expected to be open for traffic during 1905. Its length, in one light and graceful span, will be six hundred feet, and the height of its floor above the water something over four hundred. Already the continuation of the line is laid out for three hundred and fifty miles northward toward the foot of Lake Tanganyika, and grading has begun. Slowly . but surely the "Cape to Cairo" route is coming into visible being. Perhaps by the end of the present decade the dream of the great empire-builder who lies sleeping in the heart of the Matoppos may be nearly realized, for in these days the world moves fast.



# IN THE VIRGINIA ROOM

### BY ARLO BATES



HEN she pushed open the door and entered the Virginia Room in the Confederate Museum she thought herself alone. The heavy

April rain kept most people away, and left the place almost deserted. In her yearly visits to Richmond, to come to this spot as to a shrine, she had once before been spared the presence of strangers, and with a quick sigh she remembered how great had been the relief. Now she threw back her heavy widow's veil with the free, proud motion which belonged to the women of her race and time—the women bred in the South before the war. She was an old woman, though by several years under sixty, for pain can age more swiftly than time. The high-bred mien would be hers as long as life remained, and wonderful was her selfcontrol. Again and again she had felt unshed tears burn in her eyes like living fire, yet had been sure that no stranger had had reason to look upon her as more than a casual visitor to the museum; but to be able to let her grief have way seemed almost a joy. She felt the quick drops start at the bare thought. Life had left her no greater blessing than this liberty to weep undiscovered over the memorials of her dead.

At the instant a man came from behind one of the cases, so near that she might have touched him. Instinctively she tried to take her handkerchief from her chatelaine, and in her confusion detached the bag. It fell at the feet of the gentleman, who stooped at once to pick it up. As he held it out she forced a smile to her fine old face.

"Thank you," she said; "I—I was very awkward."

"Not at all," he responded. "Those bags are easily unhooked."

She raised her eyes at his tone and spoke impulsively, the bitterness of the old time coming over her like a wave. The room had carried her into the past, and after almost twoscore years she spoke for the first time as of yore.

"You are a Northerner!" she exclaimed. She felt her cheek glow as, almost before the words were spoken, she realized what she had said. The stranger smiled, then grew grave again.

"Yes. Do not Northerners visit the museum?"

She was painfully annoyed. To be lacking in politeness was sufficiently bad, but to seem rude to one from the North was intolerable.

"I beg your pardon," she forced herself to say. "To come through that door is to step into the past, and I spoke as I might have when—"

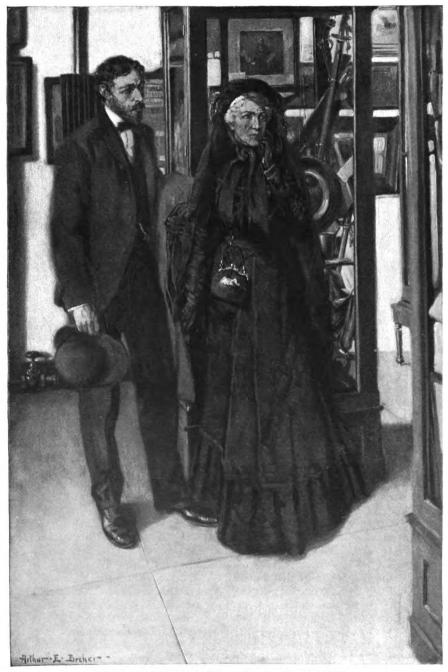
"When a Yankee in the house of President Davis would have required explicit explanation," the stranger finished the sentence she knew not how to complete.

Even in her discomposure she appreciated both the courtesy and the adroitness of the words. Her instinct not to be outdone, least of all by one of his race, made her speak again.

"I was rude," she said stiffly. "To-day is an anniversary on which I always come here, and I forgot myself."

"Then I must have seemed doubly obtrusive," he returned gravely.

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Drawn by Arthur E. Becher. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE . . . FIXED HER GAZE ON THE PATHETIC COAT OF GENERAL LEE"

He looked and spoke like a gentleman certainly, and he had good hands; but the North had all the wealth now, she reflected, while so many of the descendants of old Southern families were forced to earn their bread by occupations unworthy of them. Their hands could not be well kept like those of the man before her.

"The museum is open to the public,"

was her cold reply.

She expected him to bow and turn away. Not only did he linger, but she seemed to see in his eyes a look of pity; no, more than pity, of sympathy even.

"Will you pardon my saying that I, too, came here to-day because it was an anni-

versary?"

"An anniversary?" she echoed. "How can an anniversary bring a Northerner here?"

"It is n't mine exactly. It is my son's. His mother is a Virginian."

She began to be aware of a growing excitement. She would have persuaded herself that it was anger against this man who had taken away a Southern girl, or that she was moved by pity for the Virginian mother who, like her, had so been robbed of her daughter; but she knew that deeper than all this was the passion of motherhood crying out for the child she herself had cast off for such a marriage. She could not shape the question which was in her heart, but she felt that it spoke from her eyes.

"We live in the North," he explained, "but she has long promised the boy that when he was eight he should see the relics of his grandfather that are here. She was not well enough to come, and as she wished him to be here on this special day, I brought him."

The Southern woman felt her heart beating, and it was almost as if another spoke when she said in a manner entirely conventional:

"I hope that her illness is not serious."

"I should not be here myself if it were," he answered.

"But the boy?" she asked, looking around.

The man's face changed subtly.

"My father," he replied, "was an officer in the Union army. I wanted to see this place first, to be prepared for Desborough's questions. It is n't easy to answer the questions of a clever lad whose two grandfathers have been killed in the same battle, fighting on opposite sides."

It seemed to her as if her limbs would fail under her at the name. She leaned for support against the corner of the nearest case, and fixed her gaze on the pathetic coat of General Lee behind the glass which showed her a faint wraith of the reflection of her own face. It was her husband's name, and it was the anniversary of his death; but she said to herself that these were only coincidences, and that this could not be her daughter's husband.

"Have you decided what to tell your son?" she heard her voice, strange and far off, asking amid the thrilling quiet of

the room.

The stranger seemed struck by the note of challenge in her tone. He regarded her earnestly as he answered: "What I have always told him—the truth, as far as I can see it."

"And the truth that you can tell him here—here, before the relics of our dead, of our Lost Cause—"

She could not go on, but broke off, fear-

ing lest her voice falter.

"He has never been taught anything but that the men of the South fought for what they believed, and that no man can do a nobler thing than to give his life for his faith."

She was sure now that she was talking to her son-in-law, although the ground of her conviction was no more than the one she had just rejected. The whole thing was simple. Her daughter knew that always on this day she was to be found here, and had meant to meet her, the son with his grandfather's name by her side. The question was whether the husband knew. Something in his air, something half-propitiatory, certainly beyond the ordinary deference offered to a lady who is a stranger, gave her a vague distrust. She was not untouched by the desire for reconciliation, but she had resisted that before, and least of all could she tolerate the idea of being tricked. The possibility that her son-in-law might be feigning ignorance to work upon her sympathy angered her.

"Do you know who I am?" she de-

manded abruptly.

"I beg your pardon," he replied, evidently surprised, "but I have never been in Richmond before. I suppose you may

have been the wife of some Confederate officer so well known that a Virginian would recognize you; but I do not."

"Yet you seemed to wish to explain

yourself to me. Why?"

"I don't know," he began hesitatingly, searching her face with his straightforward gray eyes. Then he flushed slightly, and broke out with new feeling: "Yes; I do know. You came just as I was going away because I could not endure the sadness of it; when every one of these cases seemed to me to drip with blood and tears. That sounds to you extravagant, but the whole thing came over me so tremendously that I could n't bear it."

"I do not understand," she returned tremulously. "You have such collections

at the North, I suppose."

"But here it came over me that to all the sorrow of loss was added the bitterness of defeat. I felt that no Southerner could come here without feeling that all the agony this commemorates had been in vain; and the pity of it took me by the throat so that when I spoke to you, you were a sort of impersonation of the South—of the Southern women; and I wanted to ask for pardon."

She drew a deep breath and raised her

head proudly.

"Not for the war," he said quickly, with a gesture which seemed to wave aside her pride and showed her how well he had understood her triumph at the admission seemingly implied in his words. "I am a Northern man, and I believe with my whole soul that the North was right. I believe in the cause for which my father died. Only I see now that if he had lived in the South, the same spirit would have carried him into the Confederate army."

"But for what should you ask pardon,

if the North was in the right?"

"For myself; for not understanding—for being so dull all these years that I have lived with a wife faithful in her heart to the South and too loyal to me to speak. We in the North have forgiven, and we think that the South should forget. It has come over me to-day how easy it is for the conquerors to forgive and how hard for the conquered to do it."

"You do not understand even now," she said, her voice low with feeling. "Because we are conquered we can forgive; but we should be less than human to forget."

The room was very still for a little, and then, following out her thought, she said as if in wonder: "And you, a Northerner, have felt all this!"

He shook his head, with a little smile.

"It is perhaps too much to ask," returned he, "that you Southern women should realize that even a Northerner is still human."

"Yes, yes; but to feel our suffering, to see-"

"It has always been facing me, I understand now, in my wife's eyes—the immeasurable pathos of a people beaten in a struggle they felt to be right; but she has been so happy otherwise, and she never spoke of it."

"In the heart of every Southern woman," she said solemnly, though now without bitterness, "is always the anguish of our Lost Cause. We cover the surface, we accept, and God knows we have been patient; but each of us has, deep down, a sense of the blood that was poured out in vain, of the agony of the men we loved, of how they were humiliated, and of the great cause of liberty lost—lost!"

For long, bitter years she had not spoken even to her nearest friends as she was talking to this stranger, this Northerner. The consciousness of this brought her back to the remembrance that he was the husband of her daughter.

"Has your wife no relatives in the South who might have made you understand how we Southern women must feel?" she asked.

He grew instantly colder.

"I have never seen her Southern relatives."

"Pardon the curiosity of an old woman," she went on, watching him keenly; "may I ask why?"

"My wife's mother did not choose to know the Yankee her daughter married."

"And you?"

"I did not choose to force an acquaintance or to be known on sufferance," he answered crisply. "I was aware of no wrong, and I did not choose to ask to be forgiven for being a Northerner."

She knew that in her heart she was already accepting this strong, fine man, alien as he was to all the traditions of her life, and she was not ill pleased at his pride.

"But have you ever considered what it must have cost the mother to give up her daughter?" "Why need she have given her up? Marriages between the North and the South have been common enough without any family breach."

She was convinced now that he knew neither to whom he talked nor what lay behind her casting her daughter off. She had a sort of wild inner exultation that at last the moment had come when she might justify herself.

"If you have patience to listen," she said, feeling her cheeks warm, "and will pardon my being personal, I should like to tell you what has happened to me. My husband was a colonel in the Confederate army. We were married when I was seventeen, in a brief furlough he won by being wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. I saw him, in the four years of the war before he fell at Five Forks, less than a dozen times, and always for the briefest visits poor scraps of fearful happiness torn out of long stretches of agony. My daughter, my only child, was born after her father's death. Our fortune had gone to the Cause. My father and my husband both refused to invest money abroad. They considered it disloyal, and they put everything into Confederate securities even after they felt sure they should get nothing back. They were too loyal to withhold anything when the country was in deadly peril."

She paused, but he did not speak, and with swelling breast and parching throat she went on:

"At Five Forks my husband was killed in a hand-to-hand fight with a Northern officer. He struck his enemy down after he had received his own death-wound. I pray God he did not know the day was lost. He had gone through so much, I hope that was spared him. On the other side of death he must have found some comfort to help him bear it. God must have had some comfort for our poor boys when he permitted the cause of liberty to be lost."

She pressed her clenched hand against her bosom, and as she did so her eyes met those of her companion. She felt the sympathy of his look, but something recalled her to the sense that she was speaking to one from the North.

"It is not the cause of liberty to you," she said. "I have forgotten again. I have not spoken of all this for so long. I have not dared; but to-day—to-day I must

speak, and you must forgive me if I use the old language."

He dropped his glance as if he felt it an intrusion to see her bitter emotion, and said softly: "I think I understand. You need not apologize."

"After the war," she went on hurriedly and abruptly, "I lived for my daughter. I worked for her. She—she was like her father."

She choked, but regained the appearance of composure by a mighty effort.

"When she was a woman—she was still a child to me; over twenty, but I was hardly twice her age—she went North, and there she fell in love. She wrote me that she was to marry a Northerner, and when she added his name—it was the son of the man who killed her father."

"It is not possible!" the other exclaimed. "You imagined it. Such things happen in melodramas—"

She put up her hand and arrested his words.

"This happened not in a melodrama, but in a tragedy—in my life," she said. "I need not go into details. She married him, and I have never seen her since."

"Did he know?"

"No. It was my wedding gift to my daughter—that I kept her secret. That was all I had strength to do. You think I was an unnatural mother, of course; but—"

She saw that his eyes were moist as he raised them in answering.

"I should have said so yesterday without any hesitation; to-day—"

"To-day?" she echoed eagerly, as he paused.

"To-day," he answered, letting his glance sweep over the pathetic memorials so thick about them—"to-day at least I understand, and I do not wonder."

She looked at him with all her heart in her eyes, trying to read his most hidden feeling. Then she touched his arm lightly with the tips of her slender black-gloved fingers.

"Come," she said.

She led him across the room, and pointed to a colonel's sash and pistols which lay in one of the cases under a faded card.

"Those were my husband's."

"Those!" he cried. "You Louise's mother? It is impossible!"

"It may be impossible, but, as I said of the other thing, it is true."

"The other thing?" he repeated. "That my father and he—it cannot be true. I must have known it!"

"It is true," she insisted. "They were for the moment surrounded by our soldiers, and his own men probably did not realize just what happened. But I—I know every minute of that fight! One of my husband's staff who had been at West Point with them both told me. He saw it. Your wife married you, knowing you to be the son of the man who killed her father."

"Poor Louise!" he murmured, rather to himself than to her, it seemed; "how she must have suffered over that secret!"

"You come here," she said, feeling herself choke at his words, but determined not to give way to the warmer impulse of her heart, "and even you are moved by these sacred relics. What do you think they are to us?"

"They do move me," was his response. "They move me so that they seem to me wrong. I confess that I was thinking, before you came in, that if I were a Southerner, with the traditions of the South behind me, they would stir me to madness; that I should feel it impossible ever to be loyal to anything but the South. The war is over. The South is understood. She is honored for the bravery with which she fought for her conviction. Why prolong the inevitable pain? Why gather these relics to nourish a feeling absolutely untrue—the feeling that the Union is less your country than it is ours?"

"Because it is just to the dead," she answered swiftly. "Because it is only justice that we keep in remembrance how true they were, how brave, how noble, and —O God! — what we of the South have suffered!"

He shook his head and sighed. She saw tears in his eyes.

"Would you have it forgotten," she demanded passionately, "that the grandfather of your son was one of God's noblemen? Would you have him remembered only as a beaten rebel?"

He put out both his hands impulsively. She did not take them, and they dropped by his side.

"It must be as it is," he said sadly. "Even if I blamed you women of the South, I could not say so here. Only," he hesitated, "can you not see that the women of the North suffered too? I grew up in the shadow of a grief so great that it sapped the very life of my mother and killed her in the end. I did n't mean, though, to speak of myself, now that I know who you are. I will not intrude on you; but my little son, with your husband's name and his mother's eyes, is certainly guiltless. I will not come with him, but may I send him with my man to see you this afternoon, so that I may say to Louise that you have seen him? Sorrow has taken away his other grandmother."

It seemed to her that she could not endure the speaking of one syllable more. Her whole body trembled, and she raised up her hands impulsively in a gesture which implored him to be silent. He looked at her with pity and sadness in his face.

"Then," he said, "I can only say good-by."

But she threw herself upon his breast, the agony of the long, bitter past bursting in a torrent of hot tears.

"O my son! My son!" she sobbed.



# TO-DAY

### BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

THE Morning spake unto the sleeping Form:
"Step forth, O Soul, into my crystal light;
The undone deed of yesterday perform—
To-day's swift dream make real before the night."

# A NIGHT REVERIE

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

DARKNESS and silence and the breath of peace! Then, lo! a faint flush on the mountain peaks That broadens, deepens, till the full-orbed moon Soars in majestic splendor up the sky, Blotting the stars out!

Be thou still, my soul!
We who revere the mighty men of old—
Sages and seers, and lords of high degree
Who woke the harp and lyre, martyrs who died
Defenders of the faith, and they who gave
Their life-blood gladly on the battle-field;
Kings who ruled grandly for their people's weal,
Wearing high crowns by right unchallengèd—
We roam o'er land and sea to tread the paths
Their feet have hallowed, and to kiss the sod
That was their birthright. What their hands have touched
We fain would touch; and what their eyes have seen
We joy to look upon.

Yet every man

Of woman born since first the world was made,
O fair white moon, hath gazed upon thy face,
Awed by the splendor of thy loveliness!
Poet or painter, priest or king or clown,
Noble or beggar, lover, peasant, slave,—
All have rejoiced beholding thee so fair,
Thou peerless wonder of the adoring skies!
Yea, every eye hath seen thee, even His
Who knelt in lone Gethsemane what time
His own forsook Him. Be thou still, my soul—
What the Lord Christ beheld thou seest this night!



# TWO PENSIONERS

### BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS



OW thar is er nigger with er hist'ry, right!" said my new acquaintance of the dusty highway, from the little cottage porch to which he had courteously

invited me. His lazy drawl was fascinating, and his tipped-back chair and suspended pipe were suggestive of sublime peace. "Ef you are lookin' for somethin' to put in er picture, you won't find nothin'

better 'n Silas. Thar he sets, white-headed, able-bodied, more sense than er mule, 'tot'ly incapacit'ed,' as his papers say, an' drawin' ninety-six dollars er year from the gover'ment!" Mr. Sperry laughed in his whiskers, with half-closed eyes, and indicated his humble neighbor near by with a faint motion of his pipe hand.

My eyes sought the direction indicated, and, sure enough, there he sat, whiteheaded, able-bodied apparently, and cer-

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tainly with more sense than a mule, for he was in front of a comfortable log cabin studying the print of a weekly paper through a pair of ancient spectacles, while his mule, visible in the pasture behind, merely stood in a fence corner and tried to knock deer-flies from his ears with an automatic but inefficient tail.

"Tot'ly incapacit'ed," repeated the speaker, his shoulders shaking gently. "You know what made him so?" This

with a degree of earnestness.

"No." There was something in the speaker's attitude, humor, and communicative friendliness that demanded consideration. I awaited the climax politely.

"Pension! Ef I made er mistake when I swore he was tot'ly incapacit'ed befo' he got the pension, I quit worryin' soon as they give hit to him. He ain't been worth a continental damn sence."

"Was n't he entitled to a pension?"

"Of course; of course. Any man in this country is entitled to er pension as can git one. He got one, an' he was entitled to er pension." Mr. Sperry again shook with emotion. I unslung my camera, leaned my gun against a post, and settled back in my cane-bottom chair. Evidently history was awaiting record.

"How did he manage it?" I asked with genuine interest. "How in the world could a negro in the backwoods of Georgia get

a pension from the government?"

"Oh, he did n't. You see, I sold him the little house and rented him the farm behind it, and Silas was havin' er hard time cuttin' cord-wood back in the creek swamp. Used ter come over at night an' tell me erbout his troubles. Silas always was er good nigger; that is, he used ter be: but when Sherman come erlong he got crazy, like all the balance, and run away. It war n't long befo' they had 'im drivin' er army wagon, an' thar he stuck tell the s'render, when they turned him loose. Like all niggers will, he drifted erlong back home an' struck hyah broke. But that don't count much with er nigger. He worked eroun' tell one day, seein' him put out erbout er place to live, I made er contrac' with him. He put up the house yonder, an' I let him live thar tell he pays fer hit on the enstalment plan-so much er'quarter. Hit's been nigh on to twenty years now, an' he 'd er been out o' debt by this time ef he war n't so blame extravagant. Thar war n't no chance for Silas tell one day he let out he 'd been swore in while in the army, an' then we did erbout an' got him some pension papers. Hit took friendly swearin' to git Silas in line for er pension, but what with a dew-sore on his leg an' er chill or two, which we prove' by er young doctor come out o' wagonin' by night in '65, we got him th'ough. An' from then tell now he's been gettin' er pension of eight dollars er month. Hit was sho er good streak o' luck, for he was gittin' pow'f'ly behind with his enstalments an' terbacker."

"And does he still farm?" I asked, swallowing my smile.

"Oh, yes. Say, thar is the finest farm in Georgia." Mr. Sperry with animation waved his hand toward the rear. "Old Colonel Smith's land used to come down to the creek on one side, an' old Judge Johnson's come down on the other. The creek was the line; but you can't fence er creek ergainst hogs, 'cause the blame thing wanders roun' an' splits up. Colonel Smith he had hogs, an' Judge Johnson he had hogs, so they jus' drapped back an' run their fences outside the swamp, leavin' er ramblin' strip o' lan' erbout er mile long an' erbout two hunderd vards wide betwixt, with the creek wanderin' eroun', goin' out now an' then ter the colonel's hogs on one side, an' now an' then to the judge's on the other. The patches were good, and I says to the judge one day, says I, 'Judge, ef you'll sell me yo' share of the swamp, the colonel says I may have his; an' maybe I can clear up er corn-patch hyah an' thar.' 'Sell!' says he. 'Ef Colonel Smith can give erway lan', Judge Johnson can, too. Take it, Mr. Sperry, an' welcome; an' I 'm glad to have you for er neighbor.' An' I says to Colonel Smith, says I, 'Colonel, Judge Johnson has done give me the lan' erlong the creek on his side, an' ef you 'll sell me yourn, I can maybe have er patch hyah an' thar for corn.' 'Sell!' says he-'sell! Ef Judge Johnson can give erway lan', so can I. Take hit, Mr. Sperry,' says he, 'an' keep up the fences!' An' that 's how come I to have the long farm. Got ermatch? Thank you. Silas—come erlong -then," continued Mr. Sperry between puffs, as he held the lighted match, "an' I rents to him, he to keep up the fences an' pay me one third of the corn. We been er-gettin' erlong ever sence.

"But the magnet man; hances he man; bones! See Mr. Speer andr. See gell take advance of the gree 1 his . To done for him. the are turned to have the I wonder of I had a least of the proverment know have he a death at the tall a erbout the penace. Such as after as a times finish person on the name. But I have reckon I william in in man a man a se a se se a grant neighbor: as I were et es ment majors ter to me. As he is the water in eit him to tell visa sinne i us war lets Lives bleeve that market he treated man mban with Wheeler's water in an article to Savannah an efe mai e mai e yard wide all the war Sometimes I think narbe hit ame titter mate it living men ven But then than s them ensurements H. w s that? You had do not senter or make should be given amery-ax 3. Las penso c an'er Confed a syliner sear diver that there but the Vankee gover ment pars the affects sir an' the State pays the fifty, and him 5 better that way. I reck a for an 's easter on Georgia, an the moet all comes hval. anyhow. Silas needs hat 100, more it me. Lain't got nobody but myself to lok 👊 for, an' Silas has been married ev'v two or three years sence the war, seems to me, an' he has er flood o' chillun scattered eroun'. some big an' some little. But orgrateful! Well, hit 's natchul, for he 's er nigger th'ough an' th'ough! Let 's go down to the spring an' git some water. Then you go an' talk with Silas erbout the war.

"That nigger," continued Mr. Sperry, leading the way, "would fool anybody 'cep'n' me. Ter look at es ole gray head an' heah him laugh an' say, 'Yes, sah!' you'd take 'im for er persidin' elder raised behind Judge Johnson's chair. Get him to tell you'bout the battle of Swimmin' Creek."

"Swimming Creek?"

"Yes, hit 's er wash-hole 'twixt hyah an' Savannah. Silas says thar was er fight thar betwixt Hardee an' Sherman; lasted er week, an' ninety thousan' Yankees an' ninety-eight thousan' Confed'its was killed an' wounded. Somebody told him that thar war n't that many Confed'its in Georgia then, an' o' late years he 's been cuttin' down the dead to fifty-eight thousan'. Long erbout ev'y June Silas an' me," continued Mr. Sperry, dipping up a gourd of water, "goes down an' camps erbout the mouth o' the creek an' fishes. Silas is er good cook an' forager an' the best chow-

the state of the s 医乳糖 医细胞 医皮肤 化二烷二甲基 HE SE THERE AS MAN SENSE SELECTION AND ASSESSMENT OF THE PERSON OF THE P Matter 1 Sectional Court Sept of the BOLL IN A MICHES PRINT THE TANK A PRINT . me pieur er mit geften gie im Spein THE ARE BUSY- BE CORD IN THE EX DEAD - STORY LATE - STORY - CALL NO THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY CONT. mint is min his was a sm -15 ( an beating to which Database in a probability of MR KRITTE IN DIT THE YEAR OF THE INC THE LABOR COURSE WORK : \* \* . \* maket a treate to some

"YES SAN Sing my name, san Son ame. King by honge hander at his na leker charar me na belle lieba. e man directly faced a chair for me mie no union a tree and seated himself materick nearly "Yes sub. We special is my neighbor, sub-un owns dis house ceptul unat I pari im on de extershun plan, so much er quarter an so much de nex quarter, an intrus. I am' never quite work hit out yit des how much is between us, but Mr. Sperry sets de ngures down Young marster, is you good on figures "

"Tolerably so, Uncle Stass"

With more alacrity than could have been expected from one totally incapacitated, the old man vanished into his cabin and preently emerged with a thumb worn memo randum-book the rounded corners and defaced leaves of which bore evidence of a long life and a ripe old age. With his assistance in translation and his explana tions, I finally ascertained that Silas had paid somewhere between two and three hundred dollars on the log cabin, inde pendent of land rent. It seemed enough, even to my untrained business instinct.

"I ain't never got hit all straight vit," said Silas, when we had funshed our labors. "Judge Johnson an' Colonel Smith threw out the creek an' let Mi. Sperry have the run of hit ter his cows, ef he 'd keep up de tences Sperry he lets me have de patches fer et third ter keep up de fences. An' den he sells me de house on de quarterly extor shun plan atter I done build hit. I ooks ter me like I done pand ernough ter own hit by now, an' hit looks fer me like I ain't goin' ter own hit atter I gits done payin' But Mr. Sperry says hit 's all right, dat hit takes er long time ter own er house in dis State, whar de law es partickerlar. But, chile, er little thing like er house don't count 'twixt Mr. Sperry an' Silas. I ain't sayin' how much o' his war stories I 'm believin'. but dev is good stories. Him an' me tek in er stock er pervisions erbout de middle er June, when de crap is laid by, an' we go down ter de mouf er de creek at de river an' camp an' fish. I does de cookin', des like I did in de yarmy, an' rastle roun' an' gather roastin'-ears, onions, pertaters, an' de like, an' cleans fish, while Mr. Sperry lays back'an' tells erbout de war up yonner in Virginny an' de times he had wid dem Yankees!"

Silas laughed gently. "You know," he went on, "he ain't never been outer Georgia in es life, an' outer de county mighty few times. He got one story he do love ter tell." Silas most accurately mimicked Mr. Sperry's drawling voice: "'I was er-keepin' gyard on de Rapperhannock one day, an' Gen'l Lee come erlong erbout de time two deer was swimmin' down de river. Gen'l Lee says ter me, says he: "Sperry, wonder ef you could hit one o' them deer." Says I, "Gen'l, I can do better 'n that; watch me!" I let them deer git in line an' killed 'em both with one shot. "A good shot," says Gen'l Lee, "a magnifercent shot, Sperry, but er awful waste o' meat." "I reckon not, gen'l," says I. An' erbout that time the two deer lodge on er san'-bar. I went out an' wave my hat, an' er Yank come out on t' other side the river. "How's that fer er shot, Yank?" I says. "Bully!" says he; "er wonderful shot!" "Come ercross, Yank," says I, "an' git one deer, an' I 'll git the other." He come an' went, an' we got our deer; an' the las' thing Lee said ter me when he was on his way ter s'render, was, "Sperry, that was the fines' shot an' the fines' piece er venison I ever saw. Good-by; an' write ter me sometimes."'"

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Silas?" I asked, after the old man had wiped his horn-rim glasses forty times or more and was still silently shaking.

"Somebody tole Mr. Sperry one day thar war n't no deer 'long the Rapperhannock; that it mus' er been two geese what come down; an' now hit 's er goose that Gen'l Lee got. An' one day, when we was er-campin' by de creek, my dog treed er coon an' kep' him up thar tell atter daybreak. Mr. Sperry took res' in de crotch of er sweet-gum an' shoot at him tell nine o'clock widout wakin' 'im up. He said ef he 'd er had es army gun he 'd er pizened 'im de fus shot; but dese hyah newfangled things ain't worth er continental damn!" Again Silas sank into silent laughter. "But," he continued, getting back to seriousness, "Mr. Sperry has sholy been er good neighbor ter me. Oncet, when I was sick, he come an' sot up ev'y night fer er whole week. An' many er time, when I was broke an' de quarter not come roun', he let me have terbacker an' flour an' syrup, an' I don't know what-all. Yes, he keeps my money fer me. You see, young marster, I got so many gran'chillun, an' so many people want help, I des leaves hit wid Mr. Sperry an' keeps broke ter save hit. Mr. Sperry says folks don't borrow from a borrowin' man."

"Was Mr. Sperry wounded in the war? I suppose he gets his pension from the State!"

Silas indulged again in his soundless laugh and cut his eyes toward the sha-

dowy swamp.

"Yes, sah; he gits hisn f'om de State—fifty dollars er year. Dey pays 'im fer bein' er wounded Confed'it soldier; but he war n't no mo' wounded in de war dan dat ar rooster dar. De skyar on es arm was made by er kickin' mule de year atter de s'render."

"Why, how in the world could he get a pension on that?"

"Well, sah," said the old man, "I dunno, I dunno. He he'p me git mine, an' when dey fotch me er paper ter sign fer him, I was des natchully 'bleege' ter tech de pen. I did heah as how he claim ter be hit by a shell down erbout Savannah, in de home gyards. Ever be'n kick' by a mule, young marster?"

"Never."

"Well, I is. An' I seen a man hit by er shell, too. Did n' look ter me like dar was much diff'unce. Mebbe Mr. Sperry thought hit was er shell come up ergainst him; but ef hit was, hit was sholy er long time 'twixt de firin' o' de las' gun an' de comin' o' dat shell. Mus' er gone plum' roun' de worl' fust. Hyah he come now. Reckon we better talk craps erwhile."

When I left the scene Mr. Sperry's hornhandled knife was impartially dividing his plug tobacco between the two pensioners, and they were chatting amicably.



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### EASTER SUNDAY—BRABANT FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

### JOHN EDWARD'S FRIEND

### BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY



ARY JOHN had not been asked to sing in the Memorial Day chorus. To add sting to her disappointment, Lucilla Starr

was to occupy a seat in the front row. But then Lucilla was an only child, while Mary John was merely the youngest of Lucilla was Mary John's "twin cousin," and concentrated in her small person all the advantages which in Mary John's case were of necessity distributed among a whole family. Lucilla was always a sovereign State in the decorated car which was a never-omitted feature of the Gordonville Fourth-of-July celebration. Mary John had seen her on two consecutive Fourths, with her crimped hair, her bright blue sash, and her gilt paper crown with "Illinois" lettered on it, and the car of States was a Juggernaut chariot before the wheels of which Mary John cast her fondest hopes.

Mary John was commonly considered too young to take part in such ceremonies. Sister Ellen was three years older, and Mary John would succeed to her honors in time. There might have been some comfort in this if it had not been for Lucilla's triumphant presence. Mary John felt that she would always be left out of things. She had come to accept it as almost a matter of course.

She knew that Aunt Fanny had asked to have Lucilla chosen as a Memorial Day singer. It was Aunt Fanny's way. Lucilla announced her ambitions, and Aunt Fanny saw to it that they were gratified. The simple expedient of following Lucilla's example never once occurred to Mary John. An unconquerable shyness kept her from open appeal. She wished on the new moon and on loads of hay, and picked up

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pins for luck. She even searched the "branch" diligently to find a perfectly round "lucky rock." All these things seemed to her much easier than confessing to her mother her desire to sit by Lucilla's side. In the language of her State, Mary John was "shut-mouthed."

At seven experience contends but feebly against hope. Mary John was playing with her paper dolls in the sitting-room when Mrs. Berry came to engage sister Ellen for the Memorial Day chorus.

"What a lot of babies for one little

mother!" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," murmured Mary John, politely. It was not for Mrs. Berry to know that Mary John's relation to her dolls was not maternal. Mrs. Berry could not guess that the child was dramatizing the court of a prince at which a Cinderella, who had always been left out of things, was presently to receive universal homage. Mary John never took anybody into her confidence. Reticence had been bred in her by association with brothers and sisters who flayed with careless laughter.

"Ellen sings so nicely," Mrs. Berry was

saying.

Mary John went on playing with her dolls. She seemed quite absorbed in her game, but with every fiber of her small body tense she was praying over and over:

"O God, please let her ask me to be in it! O God, please let her ask me to be in it! O God, please don't let me be left out this time!"

"Ellen will be very glad to take part,"

said Mary John's mother.

Mrs. Berry looked at the paper dolls again.

"How fond she is of dolls!" she said.
"I wonder if she 'd like to take part, too."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill "MARY JOHN DID NOT STIR"

Mary John did not stir.

"Oh, no," she heard her mother say; "she 's 'most too little. She 's so shy she never cares for things like that, anyway."

Mary John went on playing with her

"O God," she was saying, "why can't you let me die right now?"

Lucilla Starr and Ellen stayed after school every afternoon to practise the Memorial Day songs. Mary John committed to memory every word of "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." There was always the possibility of a miracle. She dramatized the scene that might occur. The principal would come into the First Reader room and say:

"The ladies want one more little girl for the Memorial Day exercises. Is there any little girl here who knows the songs?" Mary John's hand would flutter up and the dream of her heart would be realized. Memorial Day came, however, and there had been no mircele. Mary John had no beyond the pasture lot back of her home, and the girls in white would march behind the old soldiers. Then the graves would be decorated. She did not remember what



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

. . . AND TROTTED OFF, BAREFOOTED, ACROSS THE PASTURE LOT TO JOHN EDWARD"

very clear idea of the meaning of the day, but she knew there would be music by the band, and speeches from the stand in the square, with girls in white to sing patriotic songs. Afterward there would be a slow procession to the cemetery, which lay just "decorated" meant. The observance of the day was new in Gordonville at that time, and she did not like to ask questions.

Mary John was fond of the cemetery. She liked to walk there on Sunday afternoons, and she made a confidant of the smallest headstone in the family lot. There was a small bird of indeterminate species on it, and she had long ago spelled out the inscription:

JOHN EDWARD GORDON, BORN FEBRUARY 18, 1850; DIED DECEMBER 23, 1861. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mary John felt that John Edward had been left out of many things. His grave lay on the very edge of the lot, quite by itself, and by small attentions she had tried to make up to him for the slight of this isolation. Beneath the headstone she had sunk the stem of a broken goblet in which slips of "wandering Jew" flourished, and beside the tiny footstone she had planted "live-for-ever." She had felt sorry for John Edward when the monument to Uncle Silas, who fell at Pittsburg Landing, was set up. It was a broken column of brown granite, beautifully polished, with gilded letters on it, and John Edward had only a small white stone. John Edward had even missed Christmas by dying when he did, and Mary John felt that he could sympathize with her in her successive disappointments.

She played with her paper dolls while sister Ellen's tightly braided hair was unbound into a crimped torrent suitable for so solemn an occasion as Decoration Day, and sister Ellen's blue sash was adjusted. She had not evinced the slightest desire to go down to the square, and it was considered that the exercises would not interest her. For once her family was in the right. She did not want to go to the square. She wanted to be free to go and talk to John Edward.

The child mingled with the crowd about the cemetery gate as the procession entered, and presently found herself with Ellen and Lucilla. She discovered that they carried baskets of flowers and handfuls of small flags, and as they walked toward the family lot they stopped here and there to bestow a few roses or a flag on a grave. This, then, was what decorating meant.

Uncle Silas's broken column had a large flag draped about it, and a tall bunch of roses in a vase at the foot of it. John Edward's grave had nothing on it but the goblet of wandering Jew. Mary John's hands were empty. "Ain't you going to decorate this grave?" she asked.

Ellen and Lucilla exchanged glances of

pitying superiority.

"Of course not, silly," said Lucilla. "He was n't a soldier. They don't decorate anything but soldiers' graves."

Mary John's eyes turned toward home. There, just beyond the pasture lot, were endless flowers. John Edward should not be left out.

"Where are you going, Mary John?" her mother called as the child started toward the gate.

"I want to get some flowers," said Mary

John.

"There won't be time for that," said her mother. "We 're going to drive out to Uncle Henry's to dinner, and he 's ready to start now."

Mary John knew just how John Edward felt.

"It would n't take me a minute," she said.

"There is n't time," her mother repeated.
"Come on, children. You don't need any flowers. All the soldiers' graves have been decorated already, and how pretty they do look!"

Ordinarily Mary John liked driving out to Uncle Henry's. The way lay through the woods, and passed the fearsome hollow where Aaron Scott killed Larkin Todd, or Larkin Todd killed Aaron Scott, she could never remember which, but she knew the murderer had been hanged. Then, too, there was a small green island cut out between the main road and a branch which returned to the beaten track a little farther on. Aunt Kate had told her that it was a giant's grave. There was also the mysterious covered bridge over the creek, and the blue house where Aunt Kate said the hermit lived. Mary John was filled with curiosity concerning him. No one but Aunt Kate ever called him a hermit, but Mary John did not know that. Aunt Kate was going out to Uncle Henry's, too, and Mary John talked almost freely with Aunt Kate when she was sure there was nobody to overhear and laugh, but to-day even Aunt Kate's presence did not lighten her heart. John Edward had been left out again, and every turn of the wheels took her farther from the possibility of making up to him for it.

It was quite dark when the spring-wagon

drove up to Mary John's home again. Aunt Kate was going to stay all night, and Mary John's wish on the first star that she might be allowed to share the "spare room" with her had been granted.

Mary John went to bed alone. A plot had formed itself in her mind on the way home, and she was glad to be in the spare room, where Ellen and sister Malinda could not interfere. She lay wide-eyed in the dark till their talking in the next room ceased. She could hear the voices of the grown people down-stairs; but they were in the parlor, and the back stairs opened into the kitchen. She crept out of bed and stole down the stairs. The moon made black bars on the kitchen floor through the slats of the shutters, and she carefully avoided stepping on them. The kitchen door was fastened, and a chair-back set under the knob, but she knew how to open it without making a noise.

Out in the garden she gathered roses, sweet peas, portulaca, and bleeding-hearts till her hands could carry no more. Then she opened the gate and trotted off, barefooted, across the pasture lot to John Edward. The headstones in the family lot were white and ghost-like in the moon-

light, and the trees strewed the grass with mysterious shadows, but the intensity of her purpose made her forget her usual fears.

She knelt beside John Edward's grave, and with one forefinger burrowed little holes in the sod to hold the nosegays of short-stemmed flowers. They made a brave show in the moonlight above the sleeping lad who had been left out of so many things. When she had disposed the flowers to her liking she scrambled to her feet. The decorations still lacked something. She took a small flag from Uncle Silas's footstone.

"I know you would n't want John Edward not to have any at all," she whispered. "You won't miss this one. You've got the big flag, and I 've left you two little ones. There, now, John Edward; you 're all fixed."

A moment later the moon looked down on John Edward, alone with his tardy honors, and on Mary John, scudding homeward across the pasture lot. Courage had deserted her when her task was finished, and terror lent wings to her feet; but she was content. John Edward had not been left out.



### THE RUSSIAN COURT

### BY HERBERT J. HAGERMAN

Formerly Second Secretary of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg



ERY few foreigners, except those in official positions, are presented at the court of Russia. Americans, ambitious for invitations to court festivities in Eng-

land, Germany, or Italy, have at least a chance of gratification if they are socially prominent, very rich, or very clever. At St. Petersburg, on the contrary, it is very seldom that any foreigners, except diplomats, are seen among the guests at the few brilliant entertainments given annually at the Winter Palace.

Of course no one is invited to a court ball without being first presented to the

Emperor or Empress, and such presentations, in the case of foreigners, are made only on rare occasions, upon the Emperor's own initiative, or, very occasionally, at the request of an ambassador or minister. The presentations are sometimes made at the balls themselves, before the dancing begins. There have been instances in recent years where all foreigners were excluded on the ground that the presentations to their Majesties would consume too much time, and it is safe to say that annually not more than six or eight étrangers de distinction have the honor of attending any of the functions at the Winter Palace. If the lines are closely drawn in regard to foreigners, they are fully as severe to the Russians themselves. A full list of those who have the right to attend an ambassador's official reception or a court ball in St. Petersburg would involve a thorough examination into the origin and nature of the Russian hierarchy and even the whole political system. This can only be touched upon here; indeed, it is so complicated that none but a Russian born and bred in the system can thoroughly understand it.

In the first place, it may be said—and this no doubt will astonish many Americans -that, with the exception of the members of the imperial family, birth and title guarantee absolutely nothing in regard to court rights or official position. The Russian aristocrat certainly still exists, but, as an institution, aristocracy has almost nothing to do with the government of the empire. First, the autocracy,—that is, the Czar, then the bureaucracy, with so much of his power as the Czar may see fit to delegate to it, are the two great divisions of the Russian government. Supreme and above all is the Emperor, the only real autocrat of the civilized world to-day; and, beneath him, to assist him in carrying out his will, is that vast body of office-holders, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, - ministers, senators, councilors, generals, lieutenants, ensigns, and many more lofty or humble members of the army of bureaucrats,—by which the machinery of the great empire is carried on. Any of these may or may not be aristocrats, members of ancient and illustrious families. In fact, many of the men in high military and court positions belong to aristocratic families. It is possible and very natural that men born to social position and influence and the bearers of famous names should be first looked to as candidates for posts of high honor under an empire. We know, however, that in recent years many of the highest offices in the Russian empire have been occupied by men of humble origin. If we see a Witte the right hand of the Emperor, and looked upon with fear and jealousy by the proud descendants of Rurik, it is not because the latter have had no chance of filling the posts in which we should expect to see them, but because, in spite of education and ability, they have, through lack of energy, allowed the peasant and stranger to outstrip them.

The complicated institution of the tchin

was grafted on the Russian people in virtually its present form by Peter the Great. By tchin is meant rank in the public service; and as it was Peter's theory that every one should in some form serve the state, the ambition of nearly every Russian was, and is, to rise as high in the table of ranks as possible. This table of ranks, originally consisting of sixteen, is now composed of fourteen tchins, or grades; and every title, civil, military, or ecclesiastic, carries with it a certain tchin. The following table shows the various tchins as now constituted:

М	ILI	TARY SERVICE CIVIL SERVICE
Tchin	No.	t. Field-marshal Actual privy councilor, first class.
**	**	2. General-in-chief Actual privy councilor.
**	**	2. General-in-chief Actual privy councilor. 3. Lieutenant-general Privy councilor.
**	**	4. Major-general Actual councilor of state.
**	**	S Councilor of state.
**	**	5 Councilor of state. 6. Colonel Councilor of college.
**	**	7. Lieutenant-colonel Councilor of the court
"	**	<ol> <li>Lieutenant-colonel Councilor of the court.</li> <li>Captain of infantry Assessor of the college. Captain of cavalry</li> </ol>
44	**	9. Staff captain Titular councilor.
**	"	10. Lieutenant Secretary of the college.
**	"	II Secretary of the government class.
**	**	12. Sub-lieutenant
44		
**	**	13. Ensign

It will be noticed that some grades are vacant in each column; so, in fact, there are only eleven grades in the military service and twelve in the civil service. The peculiar titles in the civil list were arbitrary names created by Peter the Great or borrowed by him from the German. A "councilor of the court" has no official advice at his disposition, nor do "privy councilors" or "councilors of state" have anything to do, as such, with the government deliberations. The lowest civil rank may be acquired by graduation from a university, and it takes many years of public service to climb up the rungs of the ladder to the fifth or sixth tchin, where one begins to feel important.

Although the tchin depends on work and merit, and seems, at first glance, a most praiseworthy and democratic institution, it is the opinion of those who have made a study of Russian institutions that tchinovnism is now a detriment to the best interests of the empire. It certainly tends to the discouragement of any kind of occupation except the public service, with the result that all departments of the government are crowded with young men of splendid education and fine ability, en-

gaged frequently in clerical duties requiring very ordinary intelligence. Naturally but few of them can reach high positions in the state. If manufacturing, commerce, law, and business in general were considered as honorable as they are in America, Russia would not lack men of brains to push her forward to the industrial position to which her natural resources entitle her.

Tchin originally conferred hereditary nobility. Under Peter the Great any one belonging to any of the sixteen classes was by right a noble, but the privilege was gradually curtailed until, under Alexander II, it was open to members of the first four classes only, and, under Alexander III, ennoblement by grade in the public service was abolished entirely. It is true that, under the present reign, men eminent in science and the arts sometimes have high rank conferred upon them, even though they are not actually in the service of the state; but, as a rule, it is only those in the public service who expect or receive advancement in the table of ranks.

The nobility formerly possessed a good many privileges and exemptions, but now it is difficult to see that they have any, except, as above remarked, somewhat greater facilities for entering and advancing in the public service.

Outside the rank and position acquired by the tchin, there are various court positions, mostly honorary, which are much sought after. These-indeed, this is the case with all positions in the empire—are conferred by the Emperor at his pleasure. They are called "court charges," and consist, first, of the grand charges, including the grand chamberlain, the grand masters, grand marshals, grand écuyers, grand veneurs, and the grand master of ceremonies-all positions of great honor; secondly, of masters, écuyers, and veneurs of the court, chamberlains, gentlemen of the bedchamber, and masters of ceremonytitles held in great number, sometimes by people of little social prominence, but often by men of position who would not otherwise be entitled to court rights. There are few of them who ever exercise the functions which the uninitiated would think attached to their picturesque appellations. The full-dress costumes of these gentlemen are very expensive, the coat alone costing about a thousand dollars; and, as they are worn but once or twice a year, the petit uniform being generally used, their possession is occasionally dispensed with.

Other honorary court positions, irrespective of tchin, are "ladies of honor with portrait" and "maids of honor of their Majesties the Empresses." The Dowager Empress Marie and the reigning Empress have each attached to their persons a few maids of honor who actually "do the work ": these other classes have rarely any arduous duties to perform. The former wear portraits of the Empress Elizabeth, surrounded with brilliants, and the latter the *chiffre* of the reigning Empress in the same precious stones. The positions of maids of honor to their Maiesties are considered highly desirable. Besides giving ladies the entrée to the court balls for life, it extends that privilege to their husbands when they marry. In this way there are at the present time princes bearing most illustrious names whose only right to go to court is derived by marriage to an ancienne demoiselle d'honneur.

The grand dukes and grand duchesses have their own courts, and the ladies and gentlemen of their households are entitled to imperial court rights, whether they happen to be sufficiently high up in the table of ranks or not.

With the exceptions noticed and one or two other minor ones, the much-coveted court rights are confined to persons of the first four tchins.

The attainment of this goal, no doubt, involves much heart-burning, jealousy, scheming, and other torments and passions more or less prevalent in any society; and exactly what it means, when attained, may be difficult to determine. St. Petersburg society is broken up into many cliques and factions. Some of the most exclusive members of what our society editors would call its "smartest sets" are not very high up in the way of tchin, while many functionaries of the highest ranks have no position whatever in chic society. Sufficient tchin for court rights is, however, a sine qua non, a stepping-stone, if you please, to the gratification of other ambitions of a social nature.

An ambassador, being the personal representative of a sovereign or of a sovereign people, is a very important personage, and soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg tenders a reception to Russian official society. To this are invited only the people of the first three tchins. As

these are the very cream of Russian official life, it will be interesting to examine and classify them more particularly.

Sixteen ministers, including the ministers of foreign affairs, war, marine, interior, public instruction, agriculture, finance, justice, ways of communication, minister of the imperial household, procurator of the Holy Synod, and controller-general.

Sixty-six members of the council of the empire, a legislative and consultative body, appointed by the Emperor.

One hundred and twenty-four senators, forming an advisory and judicial assembly,

named by the Emperor.

Six secretaries of state of his Majesty; 10 honorary curators; 16 grand charges of the court; 61 masters of the court; 50 écuyers of the court; 28 veneurs of the court; 182 chamberlains; 260 gentlemen of the bedchamber; 30 masters of ceremony; 54 members of the military household of the Emperor, including 22 generals aide-de-camp, 8 generals of the suite, and 24 aides-de-camp of his Majesty; 23 members of the household of the dowager Empress, including 2 grand mistresses, 18 ladies of honor with portrait, and 3 maids of honor; 5 maids of honor of her Majesty the reigning Empress; 194 maids of honor of their Majesties the Empresses; 65 members of the households of the grand dukes and grand duchesses; 42 generals; 131 lieutenant-generals; 6 admirals; 21 vice-admirals; 9 actual privy councilors; 177 privy councilors; 129 former maids of honor; 262 ladies who have been presented to their Majesties; 32 unmarried ladies who have been presented to their Majesties; 395 ladies deriving their rights from father or husband; 32 men deriving their rights from their wives.

In this number there are 115 princes, 124 counts, and 85 barons; 132 princesses, 138 countesses, and 41 baronesses.

The following are among the names occurring most frequently: Princes and princesses: Galitzin, 30 times; Ourousoff, 27 times; Obolensky, 9 times; Gargarine, 21 times; Dolgorouki, 10 times; Wolkonsky, 9 times; Troubetskoi, 11 times; Bariatinski, 13 times; Shakovskoi, 7 times; Belloselsky, 4 times. Counts and countesses: Hendrikoff, 6 times; Ignatieff, 7 times; Tolstoi, 15 times.

The princely names mentioned are mostly of families descended from the ancient Russian rulers, the *kniazes*. Kniaze, or prince, is the only strictly Russian title. As it is transmitted to all the children, the great number of Russian princes is easily

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accounted for. The title may mean much or little. Those princes who trace their ancestry to the houses of Rurik and Guedemin have every reason to be proud of their lineage. On the other hand, there are innumerable princes of Tatar and Georgian origin, and many of their titles signify very little.

Some families, such as the Galitzins and Obolenskys, have many collateral branches, some prominent and others virtually unknown. Other families, like the Narishkins, pride themselves on their absence of title.

Baron and count are titles imported by Peter with his other Western improvements. He himself created a good many counts, and since his reign many barons have been added to the Russian nobility by the acquisition of the Baltic provinces. There are, too, many German, Swedish, and Polish noble families resident in Russia. It is a matter of constant irritation to some of the real Russian nobles that many posts of high honor are in the hands of "foreigners."

There is nowadays not a great deal of gaiety at the Russian court. The Emperor is a very busy man; he probably has more to do, even in time of peace, than any other man in the world. Combine the responsibility of the President, the cabinet, Congress, the governors of States, State legislatures, and mayors of the principal cities in this country, and you will begin to form an idea of the load on the shoulders of Nicholas II. There is no finality below him, except as he permits it; and the mass of details that actually reaches him is astonishing. If President Roosevelt had to grant permits to operate mills in Texas, erect buildings in New York, or form mining companies in California, before any such operations could be begun, even his giant energy would be taxed. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the Emperor of Russia examines into myriads of similar minutiæ, besides attending to the great affairs of state. He would be more than human if, in addition to the stupendous labor he so conscientiously performs for his country, he spent much time in amusement and entertainment.

But the few great functions which are given at the Winter Palace are, without doubt, more magnificent than any others in the world, especially the grand ball which opens the St. Petersburg social

season. This ball generally takes place toward the middle of Russian January, (about February 1, our style). The suite of enormous rooms on the second floor of the palace, part of them overlooking the Neva, and adjoining their Majesties' private apartments, are used. The palace is so large that probably not one fifth of its available state apartments are used on this occasion, in spite of the fact that about four thousand people are entertained.

The guests, entering by various entrances as indicated on their invitations. are escorted by heralds through halls and anterooms to the Salle Nicolas I. During this long and interesting progress one is constantly astonished at the beauty and variety of the liveries and uniforms. At every corner is stationed a palace servant clad in some gorgeous costume of immaculate neatness,—chasseurs, footmen, postilions,—and guarding each doorway, two cavalrymen, in the splendid uniform of the guards, are standing with drawn swords, as motionless as bronze. At various intervals are squads of soldiers, who from time to time flash their sabers in thrilling unison as a salute to some illustrious personage.

In the Salle Nicolas I, under the blaze of thousands of electric lights, the guests are assembled around the huge crystal candelabra which rise from the floor and border the room. Every man among them, with one or two exceptions, wears a more or less brilliant uniform—military, naval, civil, or diplomatic—glittering with gold lace, grand cordons, and decorations. The diplomats are assembled near the entrance of the Salle des Concerts, through which room the Emperor and Empress must pass to reach the ball-room. Toward this door is directed the gaze of all in eager anticipation of the entrance of the imperial party.

Suddenly the doors are thrown open from behind, and the orchestra, hitherto silent, bursts forth in the regal polonaise of Glinka. His Majesty Nicholas II and the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, proud and beautiful, appear. They pause for a moment while the whole assemblage, actuated by a single impulse, bow low in respectful homage.

After the polonaise of the imperial party (nothing more, in fact, than a stately walk once or twice around the room), the Emperor and Empress speak for a few minutes to the chief diplomats, and the dancing begins. The Empress herself cannot enjoy it very much, as conventionalities require her to request the ambassadors to accompany her in the contra-dances. Sometimes these gentlemen, however aristocratic or powerful, are neither young nor graceful, and, as they frequently know little or nothing about the dance, the result cannot be entirely pleasing either to themselves or to the Empress. She occasionally calls upon some young officer to dance the deux-temps with her, but even then she must dance quite alone: the wands of the masters of ceremony tap the floor and all other dancers immediately retire.

Just before supper, as at all Russian dances great or small, is danced the mazurka, that fascinating and peculiarly Russian dance so popular among all classes. It requires considerable skill to dance it gracefully, and it loses much of its charm if not accompanied with the military click of the spur. In Russia our regular three-step waltz is known as the "Boston," and is little danced. What we call the two-step is virtually unknown, their deux-temps being quite another dance. Besides these are danced various difficult steps never heard of in this country.

After supper there is a short cotillion, with few favors except flowers, which, however, are, without much exaggeration, worth their weight in gold at that time of year. It requires a person of unusual energy and presence of mind to lead the complicated movement of the cotillion at this ball, and the young officer who does so richly deserves the personal thanks of the Empress, which she very cordially renders him.

There is no lack of refreshment at any Russian function, and this is especially true of the court balls. The ball-room itself and two adjoining rooms open on a long corridor, the whole length of which, probably six hundred feet, is occupied by a buffet covered with "zakuski" (corresponding to hors-d'œuvre), cakes, and wine. This buffet is one of several. After the first dance the champagne corks begin to pop with astonishing rapidity, but such a thing as any one showing the effects of too much of that beverage at dances is virtually unknown.

The supper itself is most astonishing. It is by no means a light repast, and is

served, with four or five wines, to every guest, all seated at table. With five or six courses and four thousand people, the amount of porcelain required is enormous. It is all beautiful, of peculiar Slavic designs, made only for the Emperor's private use at the imperial factory near the city. In the magnificent Salle des Armoires is laid the Empress's table, a round one on a raised dais, for the grand dukes, ambassadors, and persons of the first rank about thirty in all. The service for this table is of gold. Two semicircular wings in this room accommodate other diplomats and Russians of high rank. Besides this room, four adjoining ones are filled. The candelabra and service throughout are of massive silver, and all the tables are covered with flowers and laid with remarkable richness and beauty. There is a servant to about every four guests, and the supper is conducted with such precision and excellence that all the guests are simultaneously served and all have finished when the Empress gives the signal to rise.

To the second ball of the season, called the first concert ball, are invited only about seven hundred and fifty guests. The feature of this ball is the supper, which takes place in the Salle Nicolas I, the dancing being in the Salle des Concerts. During the week intervening between the two functions the great room has been transformed into a veritable garden. The floor is covered with a thick green carpet to imitate turf, the supper being served at small tables, placed around huge palms that rise nearly to the ceiling. The walls are covered with climbing rose-vines, through which are scattered thousands of cut roses. It is difficult to realize, while seated in this fairy garden, the bleakness of the Russian winter without, and that the thermometer is registering some twenty degrees below zero. At the supper at this and subsequent concert balls (of which there are generally three in all), the Emperor, with quite delightful informality, walks about for some time among the tables, conversing with his guests, and seats himself wherever his fancy dictates.

There is a delightful little theater in the Hermitage end of the palace, where occasionally are given plays and ballets to small audiences. It was here that, a few years ago, a notable presentation of "Hamlet" was given. The Grand Duke Constantine, who had translated the play into Russian, took the part of Hamlet, and the other rôles were filled by society people of St. Petersburg. The scenery and costumes for this presentation are said to have cost over \$100,000, and the play was given only twice.

During the Emperor's summer sojourn at the Peterhof and Tzarskoë Zelo palaces, open-air ballets are occasionally given, especially for the entertainment of visiting royalties. It will be remembered that, on one of these occasions in honor of the Shah, when, after much trouble and expense, everything had been prepared to give the performance on an island in the lake, his Majesty of Persia, at the last moment, said that he did not like the open air, and requested that the whole affair be moved indoors. This was done.

Nothing has been said of the official religious ceremonies in St. Isaac's Cathedral, the palace chapels, and elsewhere. These are almost barbaric in their splendor, and, through their appeal to the senses, very impressive even to one unacquainted with the Slavic ritual. Color, incense, and music, combined in gorgeous harmony, smother the intellect and, at the same time, satisfy the superstitious and impressionable. In her religion, as in some other respects, Russia is still almost medieval, and, in spite of foreign wars and internal dissensions, she is likely to remain so for several generations.



RUSSIAN IMPERIAL COAT OF ARMS-FROM A PALACE MENU

### THE PIERCING OF THE SIMPLON

### THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

### BY DESHLER WELCH

I



HEN the railway line through the wonderful tunnel of the Simplon is completed, one of the most picturesque mountain passes in the world will be aban-

doned by the yellow diligence of the Swiss government. The great engineering feat will be the means of establishing through the Alps the rapid transit that Napoleon sought to accomplish a century ago. Hannibal of Carthage made the passage with an army and all its material, but left no record telling how the remarkable expedition was carried out. The problem had long before puzzled Roman conquerors, but it was Napoleon who took the first steps for a substantially built highway, and in 1800 appointed M. Céard to take charge of the construction of the Simplon route.

It was an undertaking fraught with tremendous difficulties, but money, and the man that ruled it, accomplished it without a halt. Within five years the Alpine road into Italy was completed—forty miles long, nine yards wide, with 613 bridges and 8 tunnels, and costing 18,000,000 francs.

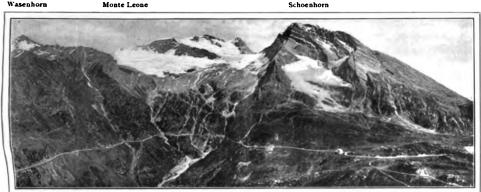
Napoleon declared that the route might be useful to more than sixteen million people, but was useless unless commerce could be transacted with safety. In order to put an end to the anarchical condition of the country, and to cut short the pretensions of one part of the population to sovereignty over the other, he peremptorily decreed that the region be united to the empire.

Fifty years later it was proposed to pierce the Simplon. It was a momentous question in the politics and commercial relations of the two chief Latin nations, Italy and France. At this period the Mont Cenis tunnel was begun, but was not ready for traffic till twenty-four years after.

Then Germany wanted her defile. So, under Bismarck's rule, the St. Gotthard tunnel was driven through within nine years after its beginning in 1872. The great utility of this line was speedily demonstrated. The question of the Simplon underground route now became a serious matter with France; concerted action between Italy and Switzerland began in 1893, and actual operations on the tunnel began November 13, 1898. An agreement was made that the tunnel should be handed over ready for service in 1904, but this period was finally extended to April 30, 1905, with a fine of 5000 francs for every day over the time that the tunnel remained uncompleted, except in the case of force majeure, the contract specially naming two contingencies, an earthquake or a war between Italy and Switzerland.

Now, at the opening of the Simplon service, France has begun to realize that her position is another mistake, in spite of the St. Gotthard lesson. The Simplon brings Paris about sixty-five miles nearer Milan, and will become the natural route into Italy; but, in the face of all this, France has not yet chosen her lines of access, and has made no preparations for this enormous physical change that will affect her internal interests.

THE Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been finished in the face of tremendous difficulties, most of which were entirely unexpected, and many of which presented new problems for engineers. It extends from Brieg in Switzer-



PANORAMA OF MONTE LEONE, SHOWING THE ROAD OVER THE SIMPLON PASS

land to Iselle in Italy, the total length being a little over twelve and one fourth miles -21,576 yards in fact. In comparison with other great tunnels, the following table will be interesting:

From a photograph

The Simplon					121/4	mile
St. Gotthard				٠.	934	66
Mont Cenis					7 1/2	"
Arlberg						
Hoosac (U. S.	)				434	"
Severn						

The Simplon lies a little west of the Napoleonic road. The contract price was \$15,700,000, and the work was undertaken by the firm of Brandt, Brandau & Co., formed in Winterthur. The partnership in this important organization consisted of Alfred Brandt of Hamburg; Charles Brandau of Cassel; Colonel Locher of Zurich, belonging to the firm of Sulzer, machinists in Winterthur; and the Winterthur Bank. The engineering force was composed of

Hotel Simplon Kulm



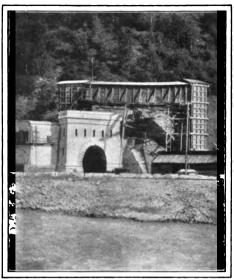
From a photograph by A. Krenn

THE SWISS APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL AT BRIEG The arrow at the left indicates the entrance

Alphonse Zollinger, as the chief of the Federal Railways; of Baron Hugo von Kager, as the acting engineer for the Swiss end; and of Konrad Pressel, the chief for the Italian end. Unfortunately Mr. Brandt lost his life in his great work, dving in 1899 from inflammation of the lungs caused by the heated air in the tunnel.

The enterprise thus splendidly organized has excited the admiration of the scientific world —first, in the hu-

mane arrangements for the welfare of the men; second, in the extraordinary results obtained by the scientific conditions of every examination and every inch of prog-



From a photograph
THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT BRIEG

ress, and in the rapidity of the drilling, which has been of incalculable value in determining the thermal condition underlying the surface of the earth: for, in spite of the fact that the Simplon is itself an abnormal excrescence. the penetration into its center develops the same characteristics obtained below the sea-level. The maximum depth of the tunnelbelow the summit of the Alps is 7005 feet, a much greater depth than any previously attained.

One of the first surprises produced by the rotation of the hydraulic drill was in the difference between the experimental and the actual phases of the daily ad-



From a photograph

A HALT AT SIMPLON VILLAGE IN THE JOURNEY OVER THE GREAT NAPOLEONIC ROAD

vance. In formulating the contract, a large piece of rock had been taken to Winterthur, where it was shown by the operation of the drill that it could be pierced at the rate of a yard in from twelve to fifteen minutes; but afterward it was found that this rate was diminished at least twenty per cent. in the actual working on the stone in the tunnel, demonstrating that the enormous pressure had caused a compression that

into the sides, in which was inserted a permanent thermometer. As the piercing progressed to a greater depth under the mountain, the temperature rose until directly under the watershed, where, at 7005 feet from the surface, the highest was recorded at 130° Fahrenheit; it then sank gradually as the work continued southward. Within four miles of the Iselle entrance it fell to about 55° under a depression of 2500 feet.



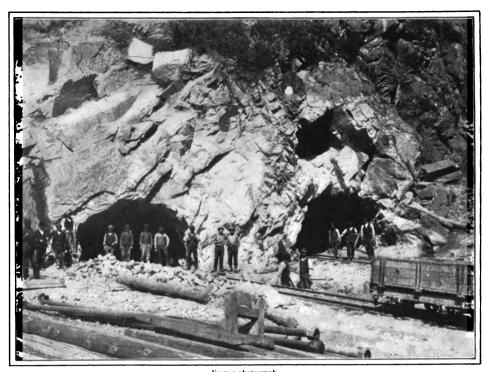
From a photograph by A. Krenn

### SOUTHERN APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL AT ISELLE, ITALY

had not been anticipated, and was even then scarcely to be believed. However, as it was, the drill made a daily advance of eighteen feet for months at a time, this rate ceasing only when the unexpected took place, as will be narrated later on.

There were some curious features of the distribution of temperature in the tunnel. In laying down any definite law there were many disturbing factors. Much depended on the inclination of the rock, whether horizontal, inclined, or vertical, synclinal or anticlinal. The tunnel itself consists of two parallel galleries, and, as these advanced, the temperature of the rock was ascertained by a series of little holes bored

Much of this rapid change was due to a great cold spring, the amount of the flow in two cascades reaching 10,564 gallons a minute under a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch. These springs, and the hot-water burst (40° Centigrade) just south of the point of the watershed, were two very serious incidents in the building of the tunnel; and so prodigious was the embarrassment, and so desperate did the struggle become, that at one time it seemed as if the work would have to be abandoned altogether. But the indomitable will, the ingenuity and scientific deduction, of the engineers finally overcame the obstacles with which they had been confronted. On



From a photograph

SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AT ISELLE
The gallery on the left at some future time will become a second tunnel

these occasions some extremely interesting observations were made in calculating earth temperature. In general it was reckoned that the increase of heat amounted to one degree for 67½ feet, rather slower than previous averages of one degree in 64 feet, although it accorded with observations made in both the Mont Cenis and the St. Gotthard tunnels.<sup>1</sup>

It was in May, 1904, that hot springs of enormous power staggered the work, and it was then discovered that a very large zone of the mountain was almost a liquid mass, a sort of pliable chalk, necessitating tremendous iron and oak bracing and a special interior structure in order to permit the men to work, their brave and heroic struggles exciting the admiration of their employers. At this period there were further spouts, some from the roof so overwhelming and difficult to manage that the force of men was changed in the struggle

<sup>1</sup>A point of some difficulty to ascertain is the temperature which is to be assumed as existing near the surface of the high Alps. Where perpetual snow prevails it doubtless acts as a protection and prevents radiation; and where snow lies during the long months of winter, the same re-

every twenty or thirty minutes. In the tunnel on the north side, a little beyond the highest point, work was abandoned. The water rushed through in crushing masses down the southern descent, and it was impossible to pump it out. For some weeks previous to the final opening, over 1800 cubic meters of water was forced into the short distance between the highest point and the gallery end, and was fastened up by an enormous iron door. By an ingenious arrangement this was at last drained off through the south tunnel. The galleries had been brought to a stand, as it were, one under the other. The top of the south gallery touched the bottom of the north gallery; and so, when the last shot was fired to open up the galleries, the water ran off to the south side, into a bed that had been constructed to receive the flood. This all necessitated much inconvenience, but the company met it as com-

sults obtain to a modified degree. Probably at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet below the surface the temperature remains nearly uniform—probably at 32° Fahrenheit (Francis Fox before the Royal Society, and communicated by him to the writer).

placently as they did all other demands, and the strictest attention was paid to the decent comforts of the men; one of the most expensive departments of the whole business being the cleansing- and dryingrooms for the men and their garments. During the six and a half years of construction there were only twenty deaths among the three thousand employees. Up to November, 1904, there had been 1,530,000 explosions of rock, and seventyfive tons of dynamite had been used. It may be of interest to note here that there were generally eight or nine insertions of dynamite cartridges at a time. When the fuse was lighted, two minutes was allowed to seek shelter. The unskilled laborers were mainly Italians, who were found to be better adapted for the work than the Swiss peasantry.1

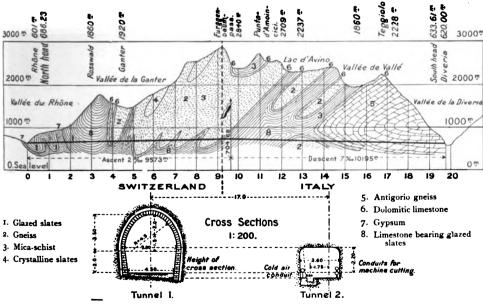
The tunnel is one of two that will eventually be in use. The second tunnel is only partly made, and is called "the gallery." It will not be completed for a sec-

ond track until the first one is earning 2000 francs per kilometer. This gallery has been of great service in providing for the circulation of air, and in the water shifts and the hydraulic pumping.<sup>2</sup>

For present convenience there is a large divergence, about midway in the tunnel, for the passage of trains. The tunnel itself runs almost in a straight line. The gradient is but slight, the greatest incline, and that only for a very short distance, being one in forty-much less than the Mont Cenis, St. Gotthard, or Arlberg tunnel. The approaches to the Simplon are wonderfully good. The Swiss Federal Railway, which travels along the Rhone valley from Lake Geneva, and which also reaches it from the valley of Zermatt, enters the tunnel at Brieg almost on a dead level. Travelers through the St. Gotthard will recall the marvelous snake-like ascension of the railway before reaching Geschenen. On the Italian side of the Simplon the Italian-Mediterranean Society has built the Milan-Arona,

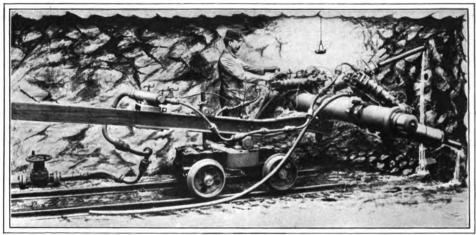
1 The last remaining obstacle of any formidable nature appeared on December 22, 1904.

<sup>2</sup> It is interesting to note that all the power was supplied by the Rhone River on the Swiss side and by the Diveria on the Italian side.



PROFILE MAP OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

The geological study of the Simplon Pass has been no small matter, the principal geologist being Dr. Hans Schardt of Neuchatel. The depression of the Simplon Pass is the geological limit of the Pennine Alps range on the east, where Monte Leoreaches its lofty eminence. At the southern base of the Simplon, where the great gorge of the Gondo has cut through 1, there is a broad vault of Antigorio gneiss. In the core of Monte Leone there is much of this, both of slate and granite quality, and on the southern side are large deposits of cypoline marble. In this stratum of contact occur the Gondo gold-mines. On the northern slope of the vicinity of Berisal, through which the diligence passes, are some ancient iron-mines, and also here are found the exquisite titanite crystals. Old metamorphic mica-slates form a zone that rises to 13,000 feet, forming the Fletschhorner, which rises to the majestic height of Leone. The basin of the Simplon Pass lies in this. The geological conditions of the Simplon give it a wealth of minerals and a peculiar flora.



From a photograph by A. Krenn

### A BORING-MACHINE AT WORK

Domodossola, and Iselle connection. Thus the great Lake of Geneva district is directly connected with Piacenza and Milan, and Italy is given a shorter route to France and Great Britain.

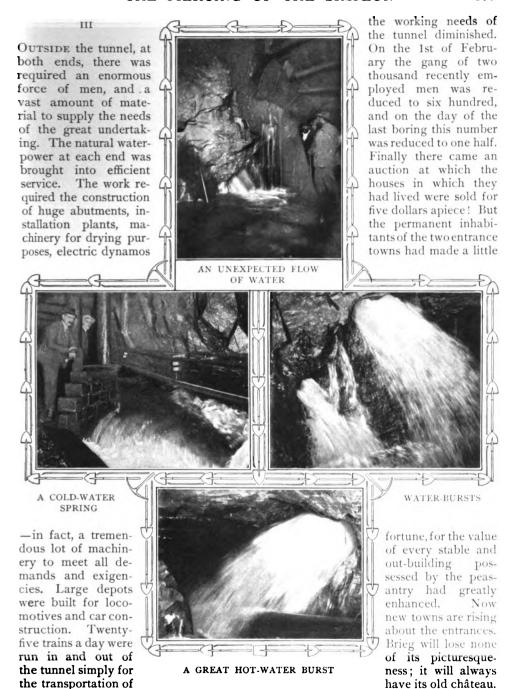
Before opening the Simplon tunnel for railroad traffic, several installations are necessary. The railways will require the

laying of five cables for telegraphic purposes and for blocking trains; the roadbed will need a large amount of work; and the appearance of a new spring or movement of the soil under the naturally exerted pressure of the mountain—which trouble is not unexpected—will necessitate expensive reinforcement.

<sup>1</sup> On Sunday, April 2, the tunnel was formally opened, though not ready for traffic. Trains from the Italian and the Swiss entrances met in the middle of the tunnel, and, after the iron door which marked the boundary line had been removed, proceeded together to Iselle, where inaugural ceremonies took place. M. Zollinger expects that the tunnel will be opened for traffic in October.—EDITOR.

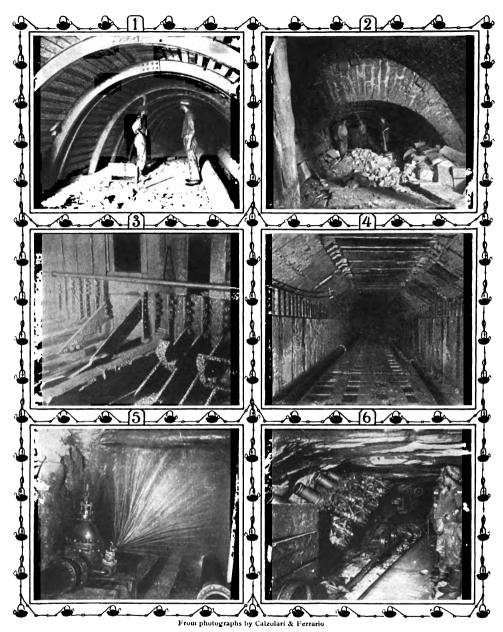


From a photograph by Calzolari & Ferrario



the miners. Then all the working people had to live: hundreds of small houses were built for them and their families, and of course supplies had to be provided. Hotels and saloons sprang up just as they did in Oklahoma; and as most of these were built on rented ground, they were deserted as

have its old château. It was in this historic residence that Baron von Kager and some of his assistants lived during the construction of the tunnel; and here in 1680 lived the great Kasper Stockalper, who in his day controlled the Simplon traffic, protecting himself with a large guard of armed men. If he could look



A PORTION OF THE TUNNEL.
 GALLERY FOR VENTILATION.
 BRACES IN A
TREACHEROUS SPOT.
 WHERE A SHIELD WAS NECESSARY.
 COOLING
THE TEMPERATURE.
 THREE DRILLS WORKING TOGETHER

upon the splendid new railway-station at Brieg, and know of the great tunnel, he would indeed be surprised.

The total cost of the Simplon has been much less than that of any of the other tunnels—being, without the cost of installations, 3520 francs a meter. The Mont Cenis cost 5878 francs a meter; the St. Gotthard, 3940; and the Arlberg, 3975. The St. Gotthard diverted over 40,000,000

francs' (\$8,000,000) worth of business a year from the Mont Cenis route; doubtless a considerable amount of this will now go to the Simplon.

IV

THE Simplon performance has been intensely interesting to the thoughtful beholder. It has at times carried with it a glamour that has been theatrical. The very

name of the tunnel has a dramatic significance, and the bulletins concerning its progress frequently occasioned excitement through all the contiguous cantons. When the last piercing was telegraphed from one end of the world to the other, the poster was gazed upon by every Swiss and Italian citizen with a thrill; and Jean, who has a little auberge of his own, and Dufour the advocate, shook hands together over it as they excitedly read:

### LA PERCÉE DU SIMPLON!

GONDO, le 24 Février. Rencontre effectuée 7 heures 20 minutes ce matin!

ENTREPRISE SIMPLON.

Cannon were fired from gorge and acclivity; and when the last gangs of miners and borers came out of their great hole in the ground and gazed upon the sunlight that had risen that morning with a golden halo over the Simplon, their faces presented a study for the painting of an allegorical dream of the apotheosis of labor—a realization of the blessing bestowed years before by the good bishops of Sion and Iselle on the first rotation of the hydraulic drill.

They had battled well. They had dug, hammered, and bored, and had suffered. There were times when it seemed as if the whole solid substance of the mountainrange above them had determined to seek escape below and surge through the drilled vaults. The intrepidity and bravery of that army of men, the indomitableness of the engineers, have constituted a record of achievement in this department of effort greater than the world has ever known.

The building of the Pyramids of Egypt required no more strenuousness, no more mental strain.

V

But the piercing of the Simplon will, unhappily, bring with it the final effacement of one of the most romantic and grandly historical paths in human expedition—the closing curtain in the most picturesque drama Europe has afforded. The Napoleonic spectacle was full of surprises; its argument narrates the complications of society and war; its complexities detail the enthralment of personal magnetism and force.

The superbly built road over the Alps has remained one of the most fascinating diversions for the thoughtful tourist, and has been fraught with memorable experiences. From the moment of embarkation in the yellow diligence, when the whip was cracked over the heads of the post-horses at Brieg, until the arrival in the gorge of the Gondo at Iselle, it was a continuously unfolding tableau of grandeur and charm. The overture had begun back in the Rhone valley with the castles of Sion and Sierre, the towers of Louëche, and Martigny, at the foot of the Great St. Bernard. But when the ascension of the Simplon began it became a long series of windings through fortified defiles leading around terrifying abysses and through the wildest of mountain recesses. One was awed by the splendor and stirred with conflicting emotions. It was indeed a refuge—the hospice of the Augustine monks. Who that has experienced it will ever forget the welcoming hospitality of the four secluded brethren in that desolate spot?

### "WHAT IS A LYRIC?"

### BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

WHAT is a lyric? Bring Pan's reedy flute,
Bring the melodious measures of the lute,
Bring eagerness and ecstasy and love and youth,
Bring boyhood's passion and bring manhood's truth!
Sing low, sing high, and let the woods resound
To the intense vibrations of the sound!
The smile, the tear, the laugh, the sob, the sigh,—
All blent in the transcendent lyric cry.

### WHAT A BOY SAW OF THE CIVIL WAR

### WITH GLIMPSES OF GENERAL LEE

### BY LEIGHTON PARKS



HOSE who are familiar with the Cumberland Valley need not be told that it is a rich and smiling landscape, and that no part is more beautiful

than Elizabethtown.

It is like the land the Psalmist loved: "The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." When I knew it as a boy, in the time of the Civil War, over the mountains in every direction stretched the white pikes leading to the outside world, and on them the heavy "Concord" coaches rolled at the rate of six miles an hour. For half a century life had moved on peacefully. Why should there ever be a change?

Then suddenly great trains of army wagons with their shining white covers began to file through the quiet streets, and soon all the fields near the town were white with tents. There was drilling, marching, and shooting at marks; bands played every morning and evening.

As soon as lessons for the day were over I betook me to one of the camps. The soldiers always welcomed children, and many happy days I spent in listening to their stories, eating hardtack, watching the drill, and learning the manual. But the great delight was to visit the cavalry, for the good-natured troopers would often let us boys ride their horses. My mother had charged me never to say what my opinions were, but that if I were asked I must tell the truth. The first time I nearly fainted with fright, but the announcement that I was a "Confederate" was met with a shout of laughter that was reassuring, if not flattering. And when I was asked why, and answered that my mother was one, there was a murmur of approval, which, I fear, led me more often than was good for me to announce my faith, that I might hear the soldiers say, "That's a good boy." They were most of them decent, seriousminded men, who said but little and were anxious for the war to close that they might go home. But some of the younger officers were a disgrace to the service, rioting, drinking, and a terror to all decent people.

Of course in a town on the border there were people who held communication with the enemy, and, as a consequence, the innocent suffered as well as the guilty. A large number of the best men in the town, who were entirely innocent, were arrested and sent North on the charge of holding communication with the enemy. But the worst of all was that information was often given against men by their private enemies, and debtors took that way of getting rid of their creditors; for a suspected man was a condemned man. All this of course led to retaliation later, and served to increase the bitter feeling among neighbors, already bitter enough.

How well I remember the night that news came of the battle of Bull Run, and the horror, the rage, the fear! All the loyal people were then for flight. After this the troops poured in faster than ever, and people began to talk of a long war. When Banks was defeated in the Shenandoah Valley, his broken troops came pouring back through our town. It was pitiful to see the sad, tired faces of the poor fellows who had marched out so bravely such a little time before.

The months rolled away, and the news

that came was chiefly of Union reverses; and while no Northern man yet said openly that the war was a failure, many began to fear it, even among the soldiers, and specially after the dreadful disaster of the second Bull Run. It was not long after this that it began to be rumored that Lee was about to cross the Potomac. The horror that fell upon the loyal people when the rumor proved true was dreadful. Those who had been most active in the persecution of "Southern sympathizers," as they called themselves, or "Copperheads," as their enemies named them. fled.

But Lee showed great wisdom in his moderation. The western counties of Maryland had been settled largely from Pennsylvania, and a majority of the plain people were attached to the Union; and it would not have done to have had an actively hostile population in his rear. When the news came that Lee was on the Maryland side, the Union troops that were left in Elizabethtown quickly took their departure. Then one warm and beautiful day in September the whole population of the town assembled on the "Hill" and intently watched the Frederick pike.

About nine o'clock in the morning their patience was rewarded. First a little cloud of dust was seen, and then, galloping over the hill, came the advance of Stuart's cavalry. Some who had sons at the South wept with joy. Men who had welcomed Patterson now cheered the enemy, but the greater part watched in silence while the streets of the little town filled with the men who had done brave deeds in Virginia.

I had supposed that the Southern soldiers were in every way different from their Northern brethren—that they were dashing cavaliers, all of them "gentlemen" and creatures of beauty whom it would be a delight to see. They were the dirtiest men I ever saw, a most ragged, lean, and hungry set of wolves. Yet there was a dash about them that the Northern men lacked. They rode like circus-riders. Many of them were from the far South and spoke a dialect I could scarcely understand. They were profane beyond belief and talked incessantly. There was a great deal of laughing and good-natured banter. But, like soldiers the world over, they were kind to children,—indeed, to every one. I shall always think it wonderful that, considering what these men had undergone,

they should have borne themselves so gently in the enemy's land.

Soon after the town was in a ferment of excitement: Lee himself had ridden over to confer with Longstreet, who commanded the troops in Elizabethtown. All the town went out to see him. Lee made his headquarters in a beautiful grove near the town. I did not see him, for I was ill, but of course I heard him graphically described. At this time his hair was scarcely gray, and he appeared like a man in the prime of life. He had lately met with some accident, and one arm was in a sling; I am not sure that both were not injured. But in spite of this disadvantage all were impressed with the dignity and gentleness of the great soldier. He received many invitations to the homes of the people who sympathized with the South, but in every case declined them, saying that he feared, after the town should be evacuated. it might fare badly with any one who had entertained him.

When Lee arrived, the older people feared, and the boys hoped, that a battle would take place at Elizabethtown; but there was none. One Saturday afternoon the troops began to march, and by Sunday afternoon the Union troops were back again, and pouring down the Sharpsburg pike. That Sunday morning was a memorable one to me, for the church was filled with Southern troops, and the question which every one was asking was, "Will the clergyman read the prayer for the President of the United States?" There should have been no doubt in the mind of . any one who knew Mr. Austin, for he did not fear the face of man. He was a Northern man, and his whole heart was with the Union. And so he said his prayers without regard to the enemy, and prayed for the President. Some of the officers left the church, others stood up till that prayer was ended, but no one, I fancy, thought worse of the man who did his duty.

The next day news came that a battle had been fought at Boonsboro, and that the rebels were in full retreat. Then it was said that only a part of Lee's army had been engaged; that he himself was now at Sharpsburg with Jackson, where Longstreet had gone to meet him; and that, when they were united, the army of McClellan would be destroyed and Washington taken in the rear.

Those were breathless days, specially for the boys. I knew a number who went to Boonsboro the day after the battle and returned with bayonets, pistols, and cartridge-boxes. One boy told me that he sat on the fence and watched the fighting going on in the field! I believed him, and made an engagement to go with him the next day to Sharpsburg to see what I might of the coming battle. But, alas! the plan was discovered by my mother, and I was forbidden to leave our dooryard. As my assistance would have been given to the rebels, perhaps it is as well that I did not succeed in my plan!

Idly swinging on the gate, and waiting for something to turn up, I saw a cloud far away to the southeast. My first thought was that somebody's barn was on fire, but older heads than mine knew what it meant: it was the smoke of battle. Soon the hill was swarming with men, women, and children, and when the wind changed there came to us the far-off roar of cannon. It was a dreadful day. There were men and women there who had sons on both sides; for which could they pray? How beautiful the country looked in the soft haze of that September morning, with that awful cloud spreading over it! But underneath the cloud who could picture what was going on—the charge, the shout, the cry of agony, and the dying moan? Boy as I was, that cloud sobered me. The very silence of the people as they looked away southward was oppressive. Toward night the wind rose and rain began to fall, and women talked of the wounded on the field; and I feared to go to bed when I thought of what had been done on the banks of the Antietam, where I had often fished and bathed.

Late at night word came to the house that a soldier had come from the field and reported that the Union army was destroyed and Lee was marching to Washington; that he was one of the few who escaped; and that all was lost. No one thought of doubting the fellow's tale. I saw strong men weep when that news was told, and even those who had wished the South success grew serious as the full meaning of the awful calamity to the nation began to dawn upon them.

Of course the truth was known the next day. "A great victory!" cried the men who had trembled with fear the night before. "A drawn battle," said the Baltimore "Gazette."

Before night the ambulances began to come with their dying loads, and churches, halls, schools, and the court-house were soon filled with the wounded of both sides. Every child was set to picking lint, and the people of the town did all that could be done. I went every day to one of the great hospitals. It was a fearful sight. Day by day the shrill fife and muffled drum told of one more who had survived the battle to succumb to the deadly fever of the hospital.

After this the tide of war rolled away to the west and the south, and we began to think that we had seen the last of great armies. What we had seen was only an advance-guard compared with what we were to see.

Before the year was out we learned that the Union troops had again been driven back to Washington, and, soon after, that Lee was crossing the river at Williamsport. The report proved true. First came the cavalry. I had never supposed so many horses were to be found in the world as I now saw slowly passing through the street of Elizabethtown. They kept straight on to the north. I asked many of the soldiers where they were going. The poor fellows knew nothing; many of them were too ignorant to know what it meant to have crossed the Potomac. Had they not crossed many rivers? What was one more than another? But the officers laughed gaily and said: "New York." Why not? What could prevent them? Was not the Army of the Potomac huddled about the defenses of Washington? "Had not Bobby Lee stolen a march on the commanding general, whoever that might be at the moment?" they added with a laugh. Indeed, the darkest hour of the war had come to the North.

So the troops passed on, thousand after thousand. The artillery followed the cavalry; then came the infantry. The impression made by the sight of so many horses was repeated by the hosts of men. It was not only the multitude that impressed those who saw that march; it was also the splendid discipline of the army. They were different from the corps we had seen the year before. These men were well clad and shod, and they came through the town with flags flying and bands playing "Dixie," "Dixie," all day long, with

now and then a change to "Maryland, my Maryland" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag. We became as tired of these as we had of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star-Spangled Banner." (But both armies marched to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me.") They had the air of men who were used to conquer; they believed in the men who led them, and they did not doubt that when they saw the enemy they would drive them before them again. It was a sight such as few have seen even of those who took part in the war. Sixty thousand men, it is said, passed through Elizabethtown on the way to Gettysburg, and I can well believe it. Day after day an unbroken line passed on due north, and at night the rumble of the wagons made sleep impossible for nervous people. And who was not nervous?

Soon after the Confederates began to enter the town I met a friend of mine, the son of Dr. Doyle, who told me that his father had just been sent for to see Lee, and that I might go too if I hurried. It is needless to say that I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and we found the doctor just starting. Dr. Doyle was a man who had been in communication with the enemy from the beginning of the war, but had so far managed to escape the fate of many innocent men. Two of his sons had been arrested a short time before, and were lying in the jail when their friends arrived and set them free.

The doctor was in his old gig, and, being an immense man, left no room for any one else in it, so we two boys sat on the springs behind. It was on the Williamsport pike, about half a mile from the town, that we met General Lee. He had dismounted and was standing by his horse, a small sorrel mare, which, I was told, it was his custom to ride on the march. His staff was brilliant in gold lace, but he was very simply dressed. No one could have seen that man without being greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing and the beauty of his face. His hair at this time was almost entirely white, and those who had seen him the year before said he had aged greatly in the short space of time which had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. I could not help thinking of Washington as I looked at that calm, sad face. It has been said since by those who were near him that he had no expectation of conquering the North, and that, at the most,

he only hoped to win a great battle on Northern soil in order to affect public opinion in Europe, and lead to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. However that may be, there was nothing about his bearing which looked like a great hope.

Dr. Doyle drove straight to where he was standing and announced himself as one who was sure of his welcome. General Lee came at once to the gig and thanked him politely for having come so promptly, and began at once to ask about the roads. I was astonished at the familiarity which he showed with the country, and yet he evidently wished to have his map, which he held in his hand, confirmed by an eye-witness. His questions were like those of a lawyer to a witness. What roads ran into the Lightersburg pike? Did the Cavetown pike cross the mountain? What sort of crossing was it? Could cannon be easily brought over it? His right flank, then, was protected by the Blue Ridge until he reached Gettysburg? And on his return should he come that way? Were there good roads running to the river west of the one on which he now stood? Could artillery be moved over them? Was the valley well wooded and watered all the way to Gettysburg? To all of which the answer was "Yes."

Lee had been speaking in a low tone, leaning on the shaft of the gig, with his head under the hood of it, so that we, looking in through the curtain, could see and hear everything. Suddenly Lee saw us and said: "Doctor, are these your boys?"

"One of them is," said the doctor.

"The other is the son of Dr. Parks. You must have known his father in the old army."

"Is it possible!" said Lee.

Then we were called down and made our bows, and Lee said something that I could not hear; but the doctor answered, "No danger," and then added something at which Lee smiled and said, "Would you boys like to get on that horse?" pointing to his own little mare.

Of course we said, "Yes," and each in turn was lifted by General Lee up to the horse's back. I suspect that that attention was suggested by Dr. Doyle in order to divert our minds from what we had just heard. When we got back to town, he said to me: "Now run home, my boy, and

tell your mother that you have seen General Lee and all that he said to you—in fact, all that you can remember to have heard him say. It will interest her."

So home I ran, swelling with importance, and told my mother all the questions that General Lee had asked and what Dr. Doyle had said. Of course my mother saw at once the importance of the conversation, and charged me to keep it perfectly quiet. Which I did.

A day or two after this a friend of the family who had been very kind to me asked me if I should not like to go out to General Lee's headquarters? "To-morrow," he said, "you will see a sight that you will be able to tell of as long as you live, for Lee's generals are to meet him, and the army is to move."

I boldly asked if he would lend me his horse, and he laughed and consented. So the next morning, dressed in white jacket and trousers, I started off on a brown horse, carrying a basket of raspberries to one of Lee's staff whom my mother had known since he was a lad. I remember my costume from the fact that some of the berries melted, and before I was aware of it they had made a stain on my trousers which no amount of rubbing would remove. This troubled me a good deal because I thought General Lee might think I did not know how to ride; and as I had made up my mind to ask him to let me accompany the army in some capacity not very clear to me, this gave me considerable anxiety. However, I reached the camp without further accident and found Colonel Taylor, to whom I was accredited.

Lee's headquarters were in a hickory grove about three miles from Williamsport. The grove was on the top of a small hill, and near enough to the pike for the general to see the troops as they marched by.

When I reached the camp, Colonel Taylor told me that General Lee was away, but that he would probably return before long. Indeed, it was not many minutes before we heard the trampling of horses and the guard turning out, and, on going to the door of the tent, I saw a splendid sight. First there was Lee himself riding a superb iron-gray horse, and with him were Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill. Colonel Taylor led me to General Lee and said: "General, this gentleman has brought me some raspberries, and I have asked him

to take snack with us." Lee's back was toward me when the colonel spoke, and I was startled to see how severe he looked as, wheeling sharply, he glanced quickly to right and left and then looked down. Then he smiled very pleasantly and remarked: "I have had the pleasure of meeting your friend before." And then, to my great surprise, this severe-looking man stooped down and, lifting me, kissed me. After this the generals and Colonel Taylor and I went into a large tent for "snack."

I do not remember anything that was said during the meal, nor what we had to eat. I suppose I was a good deal excited, and I know that there was a deal of laughing—I fear at my expense; for they—not Lee, but the others—asked me a great many questions, and then laughed at the answers. I suppose it was a relief to these men, who were carrying such a heavy burden, to have a child to chaff.

After luncheon we went to Lee's tent, and the general took me on his knee and talked to me until, some one having taken his attention, Hill beckoned me to come to him, which I did gladly; for, though Lee was gentle, I could not help standing in awe of him in a way that I did not of the others. When I had been with him for a little while, Longstreet said: "Come, Hill, you 've had him long enough; pass him over." So I was dragged over to Longstreet's knee and had my face well rubbed by his great brown beard. And he whispered in my ear that he had a pony he thought would carry my weight, if I should like to join his staff. But before I could express my joy, Lee suddenly said, "Well, gentlemen," and immediately Colonel Taylor made me a sign. So I got up and said good-by; and I thought then, and think now, that they were sorry to have me go, for I suppose I brought a new element into their life. One of them—Hill, I think -called to a servant to "bring the captain's horse," at which the man grinned and untied the horse from a tree near by and led him to the front of the tent. This placed me in a most embarrassing situation; for while I could ride very well for a boy. I was in the habit of mounting my steed by the aid of a fence. Still, I determined to do my best, and, stretching up my leg as high as it would go, managed to touch the stirrup with my toe; but, alas! when I attempted to mount into the saddle

I descended to the ground, with my feet very wide apart and my jacket somewhat marked by contact with the horse's flanks. This was greeted with a good-natured laugh, which determined me to mount or die in the attempt. But I was saved either alternative, for before I had time to try again I was lifted lightly into the saddle by Lee himself, who smiled and said: "Give him time, and he 'll do for the cavalry yet."

So I rode away home again, full of pride at the company to which I had been admitted, and of admiration for that great and good man who led the armies of the South in that hopeless struggle. I looked back after a moment, but they had forgotten me as, gathered around a table, they gazed intently on a map. Before these soldiers took counsel again the battle of Gettysburg had been lost and won.

After that there fell a great silence on the valley. I do not remember that a single soldier was left in Elizabethtown. We were now a part of the Southern Confederacy. There was no communication with the North, and no one could tell when it would be reopened. Many thought that the next news would be that Washington had been abandoned and the government ready to conclude a peace.

Was there ever a day as hot as the second of July in that year! I seem to feel the stillness of it now. Before noon the same mysterious cloud that had appeared during the battle of Antietam was seen again, slowly, silently mounting up to heaven, far away to the north. It was more awful than the one before because of the silence. No sound could be heard. The ever-growing cloud went up in mute significance to God. The cool breeze that blew when the battle of Antietam was being fought suggested conflict, action, some heroic human effort; but this was as silent as a sacrifice; it was not like the work of man, but of God.

No one spoke; the very children were hushed at the solemn sight. Who could fail to think of all it meant? No one thought of charges as possible that day; it seemed as if men must simply be standing still to die. Of course we learned later of what was being done while the great sun was baking the white pikes and burning the overripe wheat that should have been cut a week before.

The next day was like the one before. No sound was heard, only the overspreading cloud hung still in the burning air. It was a great day in American history—a day in which it would be felt, when the cloud had lifted, that Pickett's charge showed what America could dare as truly as Hancock's resistance showed what America could bear.

The third day, the Fourth of July, came in with wind and pelting rain. How much the significance of the day entered into the thoughts of people!

That night we went to bed knowing nothing; yet how much there was of probability! Was it likely that that great army could be defeated by anything that the North could collect on such short notice? Yet why did no word come? To those who were too far from the field of battle to feel its subtle influence no words can convey what the strain of those days was to us.

Before daybreak the town was waked by the roar of wagons, the tired horses urged to a spasmodic gallop now and then by the whip and the frequent curse of the panic-stricken driver. Those who lived on the lower street, through which the ambulances passed, heard the groans and curses of the wounded and more than once an awful cry as some soul parted from the body in agony. No one dared to stop those men to question them. Those who hoped for the Confederate cause said that Lee was sending back the wounded of the first day's fight in order that he might not be delayed in his advance. That theory received confirmation as the day went on and no more came. How near that guess came to being true will probably now never be known.

So the day dragged its slow length to evening—worse than the last in this, that now even the cloud had departed and absolute silence settled again upon the valley. At last night came, and with the night the same ominous roar of wagons the grinding roll of provision-trains and then the clanking of the artillery. No one could longer doubt what had happened. I rose with the sun, and, going to the front gate, saw a sight that I shall never forget. Thère was a man leaning over the gate whose head was tied up with a bloody cloth; his face was colorless, and I trembled as I looked at him, for I had never seen death. Presently he moved, and,

seeing me, mumbled: "Well, Bud, I reckon I don't look putty this mornin'." If I had been horrified before, I was turned to stone now, for I could not believe that any human being could look like that and live. But worse was to come, for, removing his handkerchief, the lower jaw fell down, and I saw that it had been completely shattered by a ball.

"Well, Buddy, what do you think of that?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," I cried. "Come in, and my mother will give you something for it."

"I reckon yo' ma ain't got anythin' fo' that," he replied; "but if yo' is got any milk, I 'd love a taste of it."

So I brought him into the kitchen, not daring to touch him for fear he would fall to pieces. He managed to pour the milk down his throat, and then said he must move on: he reckoned the Yanks would be coming along that way before long. But of the battle he could tell nothing; he had been shot the first day, and had started to the rear. He had been passed by the ambulances and had received only the laconic statement that Lee's army had been blown to h—! He inquired anxiously how far it was to the river, and started off to the woods with more milk in his canteen. It was not long before we saw a great cloud of dust to the north, but could see no troops. As well as we could tell, it was moving away to the west, which puzzled us more than ever; for if Lee was retreating, why did he not keep straight on through the town? It was not till long after that we learned the secret of those masterly movements which were taking place under our very eyes. Then we learned that Lee, being perfectly acquainted with the roads, and knowing that he had behind him the splendid pikes for which this part of the country was famous, instead of moving due south and having his army blocked by its own numbers, turned to the west just before reaching Elizabethtown, and, throwing up breastworks, quietly moved his army over the Potomac without the loss of a gun. In the meantime the rear-guard attacked so vigorously that Meade debouched to the east and intrenched also; so that we were exactly between the two lines.

Our house was the last on Hill street, which was, indeed, a cul-de-sac. Soon after the wounded man had left I again mounted the gate-post and saw a troop of perhaps a dozen Confederate cavalrymen riding like mad across the bridge. When they reached our house they saw there was no thoroughfare. The officer in command told me to open the gate, which led into a large field next the house, and when they had ridden through I pointed out the road at the bottom of the hill, which ran into the Williamsport pike. "Now fasten that gate and don't open to any one." I pushed the staple through the hasp and again mounted guard on the post. I had not long to wait. A squadron of blue-coated soldiers came thundering down the road. "Open that gate," cried the officer, as soon as he spied me. For a moment I hesitated. I saw as in a dream Lee and Longstreet and Hill. What would they say? Might not the issue of the war depend upon me? I said—but surely it was not my voice but that of a much littler boy I heard—"The gentleman that just went through told me—" But a revolver was pointed at my head, and a voice of thunder ordered, "Come down off of there, you d-d little rebel!" And I came down.

That day passed like a dream. All night we could hear the ring of the axes and the crash of the trees felled by the Confederates for their breastworks. There was no firing. In the morning we could see with the glass the guns in position and the flags flying on the earthworks. I do not remember how long this continued, but I know that one morning my mother looked out the first thing, as usual, and saw the guns in position and the flags flying, but no movement of any kind; and then, on closer scrutiny, the guns did not look natural, and at last it began to dawn upon us that the troops were gone, and so it proved. While all that felling of timber and erection of earthworks was going on, Lee was silently moving his men across the Potomac, and the guns were painted logs, and the flags were colored rags; and when the boys of the town poured into the earthworks there was not a bayonet or a cartridge-box to be found. The great strategist had taken his broken army safely away in the face of a powerful enemy.

### MISS VIOLET OAKLEY'S MURAL DECORATIONS

### BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

HE capitol building of the State of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg having been destroyed by fire, a new and costlier edifice was planned. There were competitive designs and a failure to agree, and finally the work fell into the competent hands of Mr. Joseph M. Huston, an architect whose dignified structure, well fitted for a rich and populous State, is nearing consummation. I believe it is due to Mr. Huston's loyal initiative that the artistic decorations of this massive building were assigned to artists of Pennsylvania birth; and when Edwin A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, George Grey Barnard, W. B. Van Ingen, Henry C. Mercer, and Violet Oakley are named it will be plain that there has been no sacrifice of quality to local pride.

To Miss Violet Oakley a commission was given for thirteen decorative panels, forming a frieze of heroic size for the governor's reception-room. They impressively celebrate "The Triumph of the Growing Idea of True Liberty in 'The Holy Experiment of Pennsylvania.'" Of the series six panels are now complete.

The dawn of the idea of religious tolerance is embodied in an unequal diptych, thirteen feet by eight, which represents the printing of William Tyndal's Bible at Cologne, and the smuggling of the New Testament into England. The second panel deals with the burning of the books at Oxford, and with the martyrdom of Tyndal. The third panel pictures Henry VIII granting permission for the sale of the complete translation, and the persecution of Anne Askew. The culmination of these events leads to a fourth large panel, undivided, and occupied by figures of charging

knights who embody the spirit of the Civil Wars. They gallop with impetuous speed toward a dawn just visible at the horizon. The march of enlightenment is carried onward in two smaller panels, seven feet square, which represent George Fox on his mount of vision, and William Penn in his study at Christ Church, Oxford—the college of Tyndal.

These six designs have been on view in the One Hundredth Anniversary Exhibition of Miss Oakley's Alma Mater, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. They have won for her a special gold medal from the academy, and have met with a reception which gives unmistakable evidence of a wide appeal. The treatment is simple, unaffected, original. It is as free from dependence on prescription as were the events it celebrates. The painter has found devices—not entirely new with her, but novel at least in application—for using men and women as accessories to design. No sacrifice of character or of action has been needed to bend the human figure into its subordinate place as a unit in a work whose aim is decoration, and whose every element must express that idea. The essential of mural decoration is flatness. The design must not make a hole in the wall. but must ornament it. Here the flatness is gained by no straining, no violence, but by simplicities of adjustment which escape the untrained eye and delight the elect.

The color of Miss Oakley's series is an added grace which in itself would mark them for enduring admiration. The rich reds, greens, and golden yellows flow onward and interweave in an opulent harmony which arrests the attention even before the subject is asked or apprehended.



# WILLIAM TYNDAL PRINTING HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH, AT COLOGNE, 1525

SMUGGLING THE FIRST VOLUMES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO ENGLAND, 1526

Tyndal points to the passage, "Yea, the time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." He was the first to supply England with the printed English Bible. He writes in his preface: "I perceived that not only in my Lord of London's palace, but in all England there is no room for attempting a translation of the Scriptures." The cost of arms in the corner of the design is that of Magdalen College, Oxford, where Tyndal is supposed to have studied the original Hebrew and Greek, from which his translation was taken direct.

and a first market and an

THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS AT OXFORD IN THE FUTILE ATTEMPT TO STOP THEREBY THE "NEW LEARNING," 1526

The coat of arms in the left-hand corner is that of Oxford University, "Deus illuminatio mea."; in the right-hand corner is that of Christ Church College, where the burning of the books took place (afterward William Penn's own college).

### MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM TYNDAL AT VILVORDE, 1536

Tyndal's last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eies."



## THE MARTYRDOM OF ANNE ASKEW

Henry VIII granting permission that the complete translation is "to be sold and read of every person without danger of any ordinance hitherto granted to the contrary." Followed by the persecution of all who read and began to think for themselves, exemplified by the martyrdom of Anne Askew, a type of the women who also were ready to die for the truth, saying, "Rather deathe than false to faythe." 1547.

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THE ANSWER TO TYNDAL'S PRAYER

### BOYS IN THE UNION ARMY

### BY GEORGE LANGDON KILMER



HE war was fought by boys,"
is a remark often heard at
Grand Army camp-fires. It
usually falls from the lips of
veterans with whom time ap-

pears to have dealt kindly. Another form of expression is that the ranks were filled with young men the majority of whom had never cast a vote. This last is very close to literal truth, and the first is not an extravagant claim.

There are ample data to prove that the average age of the Union soldiers upon enlistment was not beyond the period commonly called boyhood. Of course this term is relative. A young man of twenty-two or twenty-five, doing man's work,—and soldiering is man's work,—is, by courtesy, spoken of as a boy. The compliment tends to ennoble his deeds. Trustworthy tables of averages show that the mean age of the soldiers of the Union army upon enlistment was twenty-five. This figure may be too high by half a year.

In fixing the average at twenty-five the ages of those recorded as eighteen and twenty-one upon enlistment were assumed to be correct, yet it is evident that tens of thousands, perhaps during the whole war over one hundred thousand recruits, gave in their ages as eighteen when they were not seventeen, many not even sixteen. The legal age was eighteen, and whenever an applicant swore to a paper giving that as his age, there were no questions asked, as a rule, by the mustering officer, provided the stature and general appearance of the youth gave color to the statement.

Statistics relating to the ages of Union soldiers were prepared during the war under the auspices of the Sanitary Com-

mission, and the results were published ina memoir by Dr. B. A. Gould. From the tables in Dr. Gould's work the above average is taken. The matter of false ages stated by boys under eighteen seems to have escaped the attention of the statistician, although he noticed and explained the unusual proportion of ages set down at twenty-one. Boys of twenty and strapping lads of nineteen were desirous of being classed as men, and so in all rolls and in all aggregations of ages from various sources those put down at twenty-one greatly outnumber those at twenty and twenty-two. This is significant when the tables of ages from eighteen upward to twenty-five and thirty are considered. The numbers at twenty and twenty-two are about equal; those at twenty-one stand a third higher than either. Probably 200,000 recruits overstated their ages a year or more, and from 250,000 to 300,000 years should be deducted from the grand aggregate of ages in order to reach the correct average.

Dr. Gould's statistics resulted from the examination of the records of a little over a million soldiers. No selection was made of the rolls; they were taken up one by one, until the War Department refused the examiners further access to the files. The records examined covered every year of recruiting, and included those of regiments from every State and in all arms of the service. They were fairly representative of the 2,800,000 enlistments recorded during the war. They show over 400,000 soldiers enlisted at twenty-one and under in 1,000,000, or about 1,100,000 for the entire army. (The number recorded at eighteen and under in 1,013,273 was 143,-888. That percentage, applied to the whole

1 Sometimes a recruit much under twenty-one—even two or three years—stated his age as twenty-one, in the belief that otherwise the consent of parent or guardian would be exacted. If the applicant appeared to be not less than eighteen, the recruiting officer would record the age given in.

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army, gives, in round numbers, 460,000 recruits who were boys in the limited sense of the term.)

However, granted that there were 1,100,000 soldiers enlisted at twenty-one and under, nearly forty per cent. of the total enlistments, did the boys face the hardships and the fighting as sturdily and as gallantly as their elder comrades in arms? A close scrutiny of the rolls under various classifications shows that the boys were evenly distributed among all the regiments raised from 1861 to 1864, the · famous fighting regiments having their due proportion. Furthermore, the boys served long and well, and suffered wounds, death, and imprisonment. I have found these conclusions supported, in addition to the evidence furnished by Dr. Gould's tables, by my examination of the individual records of one hundred and nine infantry companies—eleven regiments selected by chance—and twelve cavalry companies of one regiment, the First Maine, which served four years. The average in the hundred and nine companies was sixteen per cent. for soldiers at eighteen and under. The average in the whole army, according to Dr. Gould's figures, was over fourteen per cent.

There were no "boy" regiments, strictly speaking, to swell the total of youth on the army rolls. Nor were there any "boy" companies. A near approach to one was in the Twenty-seventh New York, Colonel H. W. Slocum's first command. It was raised in 1861, responding to Lincoln's first call. Principal Adams of the Lyons Academy raised a company composed largely of his pupils. Out of a hundred and five enrolled, twenty-six, or about twenty-five per cent., were set down as eighteen. Those at nineteen numbered ten, and those at twenty but five. The percentage of those aged eighteen was exceptionally high; also that of the number at twenty and under, being thirty-nine per cent. The Twenty-seventh served in the field two years, and Company B was among the best in the regiment. The Eighth Vermont, also organized in 1861, had three companies which mustered about twenty-five per cent. of boys, eighteen and under, on the first enrolment. The four companies cited stand out among the hundred and nine for high percentages in each class, those at twenty and under and eighteen and under. Both regiments represent the enlistments of 1861, when boys are supposed to have been at a discount.

Three of the infantry regiments in the list which I examined, also the cavalry regiment, are included in Colonel William F. Fox's list of commands which suffered exceptional losses in battle (see The Century for May, 1888); and nine of the twelve examined are among those classed as "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments" in a work on regimental losses by the same author. Should one wish to prove by these records that there is no exaggeration in the pathetic story of

Little Giffen of Tennessee, Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen,

the task would not be difficult. There were thousands in the Union ranks whose recorded ages were seventeen and sixteen. In the Second Vermont, Company I enlisted ten fighters at seventeen. In that same company there were fourteen put down at eighteen and the same number at nineteen. The war record of the ten seventeen-year-olds is significant: killed, 3; reënlisted, 3; promoted, 2; died, 1; discharged, 1.

The Forty-eighth New York was a fighting regiment with a peculiar personal history. It was raised by the Rev. James H. Perry, who left the pulpit to take up the sword. Many of the officers were ministers, and it was said that the boys of their congregations gained parental consent to enlist because their captains were to be Christian gentlemen. The nickname "Perry's Saints" clung to the regiment throughout the war. Some of the individual records on its rolls are suggestive. H. T. Garaghan enlisted at eighteen, and passed through four non-commissioned and commissioned grades to the rank of captain. Thomas W. Van Tassell enlisted at eighteen, and was wounded in the assault on Fort Wagner, 1863, and again at Petersburg, 1864; was promoted to sergeant, then to lieutenant, and served his time out. In Company K, out of twenty-seven enlisted at eighteen, sixteen served their term out, and the others were killed or died in service. J. Van Sant, aged eighteen, was one of the hundred and forty who helped to hold the captured bastion of Fort Wagner in a hand-to-hand fight over the parapets lasting several hours; he was finally wounded and taken prisoner there, and died in Andersonville. Azariah Horton enlisted at eighteen in January, 1864; was wounded at Cold Harbor in June, 1864; and in August, 1864, died in Andersonville.

With startling frequency, while running over these rolls, one finds in the column of remarks opposite the figures "18" in the age column the closing entry, "Killed at —"; or, "Wounded and captured at —; died in Andersonville." A parallel case to that of Horton's is found in the record of W. W. Dutton of the Tenth Vermont. Dutton enlisted December, 1863, at seventeen. It was the rule to record the age at the nearest birthday. If the rule was observed in this instance, Dutton passed through the terrible battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold

Harbor, and was killed at Monocacy, Maryland (July, 1864), before he reached eighteen.

It will be noted that some of the regiments in the following list fell below the average in both of the classes here considered. The average at twenty and under for the army was a little over thirty per cent.; at eighteen and under, a little over fourteen per cent. These estimates do not accord strictly with Dr. Gould's, for the reason that he discarded all under eighteen and over forty-six years of age, the military limits. His tables show that there were 10,413 of the former class among 1,012,273 recruits.

The following are percentages of enlistments at twenty and under, also at eighteen and under, in one hundred and nine companies of infantry—eleven representative regiments:

	ORGANIZED	ENLISTED AT 20 AND UNDER	ENLISTED AT 1	
		Per cent.	Per cent.	
27th New York	May, 1861	34	115	
5th Vermont	1861		16	
2d Vermont	1861	24	10	
1st Massachusetts (9 companies, E's age rec-		•		
ords being incomplete)	1861	16 <del>1</del>	5	
48th New York	1861	27	114	
125th New York	1862	24	11	
8th Vermont (in 1009 original members)	1861	341	20	
" (in 744 recruits enlisted 1863-65)		31	17	
37th Massachusetts	1862	25	12	
24th Michigan	1862	31	15	
16th Vermont	1862	30	14	
17th Vermont	1864	34 <sup>1</sup>	24	

1 One of the boy soldiers recruited for the Twenty-seventh New York was born in September, 1845, and was under sixteen when the regiment was organized. All of the able-bodied students at the seminary where he was studying enlisted, compelling the institution to close its doors. After several vain attempts to follow his schoolmates to the war, he succeeded, by collusion with a recruiting officer, in enrolling early in 1862, when he was a few months over sixteen. The United States mustering officer at Elmira rejected him on three points. His age, size, and weight were under regulation limits. Having been uniformed, he clung to the squad and by collusion again evaded the rules. The officer in charge was entitled to transportation and subsistence for a servant while traveling on duty, and the young recruit was entered upon the transportation roll as an "officer's servant." In that guise he passed unchallenged to the bivouac of the regiment in front of Yorktown, and took his place in the ranks with a musket on his shoulder. At the first muster of the command, which, owing to the activity of the army in the campaign toward Richmond, did not take place until late in May, a proxy stepped out when the name of the young recruit was called. While the eyes of the mustering officer were fixed upon the roll, the two exchanged places, and the deception thus passed unnoticed. His name was then legally upon the army rolls.

Eight battles were placed to the credit of this soldier in the Twenty-seventh. He was wounded at Fredericksburg Heights, May 3, 1863, and discharged a few days later. His wound prevented him from reënlisting until January 4, 1864, when he joined the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, giving his age, as in the first instance, as eighteen. He served in the ranks as private and non-commissioned officer from the beginning of the campaign in the Wilderness until the evacuation of Petersburg, and soon after Lee's surrender was mustered out at his own request to secure a commission in another regiment. He finally left

The Seventeenth Vermont was one of the regiments formed at the eleventh hour. when, as might be supposed, the boys were gathered in in heavy proportions, comparatively. It saw but ten months of actual campaigning, yet in that time suffered greater loss in battle than three fourths of the regiments in the Union army. Out of 1137 men borne on the rolls, 146 were killed and 229 wounded. The percentage of boys was high, and of those enlisted at eighteen and under exceptionally so. An analysis of the losses shows that while the regiment, as a whole, lost ten per cent. killed, the ranks of the boys, taken separately, lost fourteen per cent. Taking the total of killed and wounded, the regiment lost thirty-three per cent. So far as can be definitely ascertained, the boys lost twentyseven per cent. of their numbers. In the individual records there are ten boys reported "missing" on the final rolls. If that description is taken to mean "killed," then the losses among the boys were still greater than I have indicated. The word "boys,"

the rule. The First was an old militia regiment that had been reorganized and filled up with fresh musters in 1858. In 1861 its boy recruits of 1858 were from twenty to twenty-three years old. This is borne out by the muster-rolls of 1861. The percentage of boys in service during the war was very low.

In the Fifth Vermont there were thirtytwo boys recruited for Company I. On the muster-out rolls twenty-two of that number were accounted for as follows: 1 promoted to captain; 3 killed in battle; 1 wounded; 6 died in service; 6 discharged during the war; 5 reënlisted.

The Sixteenth Vermont was a militia regiment which served nine months in the field. It was one of three, under General Stannard, engaged in repelling Pickett's charge.

The following is an exhibit condensed from the company muster-out rolls of the First Maine Cavalry, organized in 1861 and recruited by fresh enlistments during 1862, 1863, and 1864:

	COMPANY					TOTAL ENROLMENT	ENLISTED AT 18 AND UNDER	8 ENLISTED AT 19	ENLISTED AT 20	TOTAL ENLISTED AT 20 AND UNDER
A						266	50 (19%)	17	19	86 (32%)
В						264	28 (10%)	16	14	58 (22%)
C						234	40 (17%)	23	10	73 (31%)
$\mathbf{D}$						220	36 (17%)	25	14	75 (36%)
E						233	35 (15%)	14	13	62 (26%)
F						251	36 (14%)	20	13 6	62 (25%)
G						260	31 (12%)	24	13	68 (26%)
H						215	40 (18 $\frac{1}{2}$ %)	20	22	82 (38%)
I				:		221	49 (22%)	27	11	81 (36%)
K						247	23 (9%)	16	19	58 (23\frac{1}{2}\frac
L						223	37 (15%)	21	17	75 (27%)
M	•	•	•	•		230	37 (15%)	21	17	75 (30%)
	T	'ota	ls			2864	442 (15½%)	244(81%)	175 (6+%)	855 (30%)

in this connection, means those enrolled at eighteen and under. Moreover, since the regiment was new in 1864, they were all under nineteen throughout that ten months of terrible fighting from the Rapidan to the James.

The case of the First Massachusetts is cited as being an exception which proves

the service before he reached the age of twenty, having passed through fourteen battles, besides several skirmishes and bloody affairs of the trenches. He was twice wounded, but never lost a day from duty for any cause other than wounds. In the certificate of discharge granted to this sol-

This exhibit is a fair example of the results obtained by subjecting the several rolls examined to the same analysis. Of the total number enlisted at twenty and under usually more than one half are eighteen and under.

A few instances cited from the records of the First Maine Cavalry will show that

dier in 1863, the age is stated at eighteen; in that granted in 1865, it is also eighteen. These figures do not indicate the age at the date of discharge, but were taken from the muster-roll record, which in turn had been copied from the original enlistment-papers.



boy troopers also made valiant soldiers. In Company C, William Farwell enlisted at sixteen; was wounded and discharged; reënlisted, wounded, and captured; promoted to lieutenant at eighteen. In Company D, J. E. Stayner was recorded as eighteen, yet was only seventeen, and the youngest, puniest lad in the company. He served three years and reënlisted; was promoted to sergeant, then lieutenant, and was killed at Dinwiddie Court House, his first battle after receiving a commission. Albert R. Johnson, aged eighteen, passed through all the grades to a lieutenancy. In Company E. John Heald, aged eighteen, passed through all the grades to captain of that company, and was killed leading a charge April 6, 1865, the last campaign. W. S. Collins, of the same company, passed through all the grades to a lieutenancy, and was killed in a charge before Petersburg. In Company I, Joseph R. Curtis: enlisted at sixteen, served three years, was a prisoner of war, and was discharged at the expiration of his term. Attempting to reënlist in the same regiment, he was debarred because the ranks were full, but he joined it without muster and pay, and served to the end of the war.

The First Maine was engaged in thirtysix battles. The total loss of the regiment killed in battle was one hundred and seventy-four, the highest of all the cavalry regiments in the Union army. Among the killed were fifteen officers, including a colonel, two majors, and six captains.

The good showing made by the boys upon the rolls of the army renders it easy to explain some apparent anomalies that have long puzzled those who try to think kindly of the veterans as a class. There is a large percentage of men in the ranks of the Grand Army, and among the pensioners as well, who, judging by present appearances, must have been mere boys during the war. Some of the older veterans have felt humiliated over this state of things. It is of frequent occurrence that the "youngsters," as they are called, are challenged on the score of age as illegal wearers of the G. A. R. button.

Fortunately, there are data accessible to prove that the boys have kept their relative place among survivors. In fact, many of them have grown relatively younger by a year or more. When a veteran applies for a pension or seeks admission to the Grand Army he may fearlessly state his Bible-record age. He has no temptation to write a number upon a slip of paper, and, standing with it in the sole of his stocking, declare that he is "over —."

It would be outside of the scope of this article to introduce at this point a discussion on the health and longevity of the Civil War veterans. Figures already given, and others to follow, suggest a wide range for speculation. Statistics obtainable from Grand Army records and the United States Pension Bureau at Washington afford trustworthy evidence bearing upon the subject. For the last twenty years the death-rate among Grand Army members, as officially recorded each year, has been generally a little below the normal rate for men in the same class with respect to age and health.<sup>1</sup>

In these calculations the average age of soldiers, as established by the official War Department records, has been applied to Grand Army men, it being a fair presumption that since the death-rate was about normal in a body numbering from 300,000 to 400,000, the average age would be maintained year by year. The mortality rate in the Grand Army has been lower than among soldier pensioners as recorded by the Pension Office. The Grand Army carries upon its rolls the pick of the active veterans, and the pension-rolls include the very old and the enfeebled; hence among pensioners in the mass the death-rate would naturally be higher than in the Grand

The Pension Office estimate of the number of survivors of the Union armies of the Civil War in 1904 was 870,000, about one half of the total surviving in 1865.8 The average age of veterans on July 1, 1904, was sixty-five, and there were 435,000 then living under that age and 150,000 under the age of sixty. Further estimates,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The "normal rate" as confirmed by the observations of life-insurance actuaries.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> On July 1, 1903, the soldier pensioners numbered 691,850, and the deaths in 1903-4 were 30,071, about 4.3 per cent., a little above normal. The Grand Army rate for the year was under 4 per cent., and slightly below normal.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> A careful computation of the number of honorably discharged survivors in 1865, made by a statistician of the War Department and completed in 1895, placed the total at 1,727,353.

promulgated by Pension Commissioner Ware, give the number of veterans who will be living July 1, 1905, as 820,000, and in 1910 there will be 625,000 survivors.

Looking forward to 1915, the semi-centenary of Appomattox and the centenary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans, there will remain upon the stage to give spirit to the ceremonies over 400,000 veterans. one half as many soldiers as the North had under arms at any period of the war.

Not until 1925, sixty years after the war ended, will the ranks fall below 100,000, a number almost equal to the largest Union army ever assembled on a single battlefield. In 1935, if the mortuary rate follows the precedent of the past, there will be 6200 survivors; five years later there will be 340 living, and in 1945 none.

Taken together, the War Department estimates and the Grand Army records lead to the conclusion that the muster-roll figures were in the main correct and the average age of recruits very low. Furthermore, the very young soldiers did not succumb at an abnormal rate during the campaign nor in the period immediately following the war. The number of survivors is now greater than is popularly supposed, and the ranks do not diminish so rapidly as has been predicted. Hence the large muster of active men on reunion occasions, as veterans who fought their country's battles forty years ago, should not awaken the stranger's incredulity.

It is properly said that the veterans are disappearing rapidly, but this applies chiefly to officers, whose ages averaged higher by five years than those of the enlisted men; that is, thirty at date of first muster. Again, the deaths of the veteran officers, who, as a rule, were active in public affairs, are chronicled in the columns of the newspapers, and, taken together during the last few years, the names of those deceased have occupied a large space in the obituary records. An illustration of this is afforded by the mortality among the contributors to the war papers printed in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE from 1884 to 1888. The contributors to the series, as it appeared in book form under the title, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," who were veteran officers of the armies, numbered one hundred and sixtynine, including Southern writers. Since the beginning of the publication in 1884,

more than half of them have died, of whom the following is a nearly complete list.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CENTURY WAR BOOK WHO HAVE DIED SINCE THAT WORK WAS BEGUN

Name Opdycke, Emerson Greene, S. Dana Grant, Ulysses S. McClellan, George B. Cheatham, Benjamin F. September 4, 1886 Stone, Charles P. Eads, James B. Jones, Samuel Gillmore, Quincy A. Hunt, Henry J. Ericsson, John Hill, Daniel H. Hartranft, John F. Schenck, Robert C. White, Julius Frémont, John C. Snead, Thomas L. Porter, David D. Sherman, William T. McAllister, Robert Johnston, Joseph E. Hamilton, Charles S. Lockett, Samuel H. Rodgers, C. R. P. Ransom, Robert, Ir. Irwin, Richard B. Pope, John Owen, W. Miller Doubleday, Abner Locke, Frederick T. Beauregard, G. T. Smith, E. Kirby Walker, John G. Morgan, George W. Crittenden, Thomas L. Fairfax, D. Macneill Early, Jubal A. Kershaw, J. B. Slocum, H. W. Shepherd, Oliver L. Fry, James B. Paris, Louis Philippe, Comte de Browne, John M. Ellet, Alfred W. Warley, Alexander F. Carr, J. B. Cooke, P. St. George Dawes, E. C. Elliot, Gilbert Imboden, John D. Kautz, August V. Poe, O. M. Keyes, Erasmus D. Jordan, Thomas

Date of Death April 25, 1884 December 11, 1884 July 23, 1885 October 29, 1885 January 24, 1887 March 8, 1887 July 31, 1887 April 7, 1888 February 11, 1889 March 8, 1889 September 25, 1889 October 17, 1889 March 23, 1890 May 12, 1890 July 13, 1890 October 17, 1890 February 13, 1891 February 14, 1891 February 23, 1891 March 21, 1891 April 17, 1891 October 12, 1891 January 8, 1892 January 14, 1802 April 26, 1892 September 23, 1892 January 10, 1893 January 26, 1893 February 4, 1893 February 20, 1893 March 28, 1893 July 20, 1893 July 27, 1893 October 23, 1893 January 10, 1894 March 2, 1894 April 13, 1894 April 14, 1894 April 16, 1894 July 11, 1894

September 8, 1894 December 7, 1894 January 10, 1895 January 12, 1895 February 24, 1895 March 20, 1895 April 23, 1895 May 9, 1895 August 15, 1895 September 4, 1895 October 2, 1895 October 11, 1895 November 27, 1895

Stone, Henry Gibbon, John Walke, Henry Stevens, T. H. Smith, Gustavus W. Colston, R. E. Walker, Francis A. Thomas, Henry G. Couch, Darius N. Pleasonton, Alfred Fullerton, J. S. Lee, S. P. McLaws, Lafayette Taliaferro, W. B. Rosecrans, W. S. Ammen, Daniel Waring, George E. Buell, Don Carlos Greene, George S. Johnston, Wm. Preston Averell, William W. Cox, J. D. Porter, Fitz John Powell, W. H. Stamley, David S. Harnpton, Wade Sigel, Franz Cist, H. M. Smith, W. F. Franklin, William B. Hamilton, Schuyler Johnson, Bradley T. Douglas, H. Kyd Longstreet, James Johnston, J. D. Breckinridge, Wm. P. C. Bartlett, John R. Wallace, Lew Hawley, J. R. Allan, William Kennon, Beverley Mitchell, John K.

January 18, 1896 February 6, 1896 March 8, 1896 May 15, 1896 June 23, 1896 July 29, 1896 January 5, 1897 January 23, 1897 February 12, 1897 February 17, 1897 March 20, 1897 June 5, 1897 July 24, 1897 February 27, 1898 March 11, 1898 July 11, 1898 October 29, 1898 November 19, 1898 January 28, 1899 July 16, 1899 February 3, 1900 August 4, 1900 May 21, 1901 November 16, 1901 March 13, 1902 April 11, 1902 August 21, 1902 December 17, 1902 February 28, 1903 March 8, 1903 March 18, 1903 October 5, 1903 January 2, 1904 May 9, 1904 November 19, 1904 November 22, 1904 February 15, 1905 March 17, 1905

With but two or three exceptions, the great commanders of the war, on both sides, were considerably above the average for officers. Grant was 39 when the war began; McClellan was 35; Sheridan, 30; Meade, 46; Burnside, 37; Hooker, 46; Sherman, 40; Thomas, 45; Rosecrans, 42; Buell, 43. Robert E. Lee was 54 in 1861;

Albert Sidney Johnston, 58; Joseph E. Johnston, 54; "Stonewall" Jackson, 37; Beauregard, 43; Bragg, 45; Hood, 30; Stuart, 28.

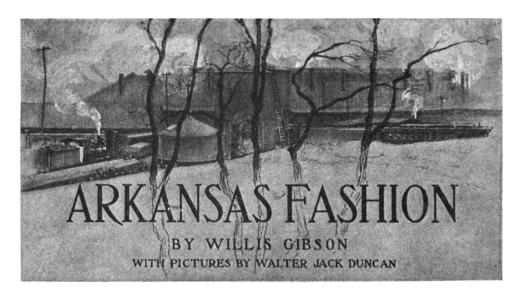
In the appointment of officers for the volunteer regiments some of the Northern governors discriminated against very young men. Nelson A. Miles was refused a captain's commission in 1861 on the score of youthfulness. He began as a lieutenant at twenty-two, and four years later was a major-general.

George A. Custer earned his spurs the first year of the war, at the age of twenty-one, and was the youngest of the quartet of dashing cavalry leaders which included James H. Wilson, twenty-three, and Judson Kilpatrick and Wesley Merritt, both twenty-five.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur (now a major-general in the regular army) won a medal of honor for bravery by carrying the flag of his regiment ahead of the charging line on Missionary Ridge, at the age of eighteen. He afterward commanded the regiment in several battles, notably Kenesaw Mountain and Franklin, before he was twenty years old. There were several regimental commanders in the Union army who were familiarly called "boy colonels" because of their youth. The death of one of these, Colonel James B. Foreman, is mentioned in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." Colonel Foreman was twenty-one years old when, with eighty of his Kentuckians, he fell in defense of the "cedar brakes" at Stone's River.

Usually the great naval commanders have distinguished themselves in action while very young, but it is proper to recall in this story of youthful fighters that William B. Cushing was only twenty-two when he destroyed the *Albemarle*, and Colonel Charles Rivers Ellet the same age at the time of the passage of the Vicksburg batteries by his wooden vessel, *Queen of the West*.





N the brink of Minnesota, - officially, 6.2 miles short of the line,—on a little knoll parted from the farm of one Stephen Landon, the engineers of the I. & I. Railway posted sundry pine stakes. Arriving with the grade and the rails and a piledriver, the contractors of the North Division sank piles into the little knoll, on the west hand of the grade, and atop them set a depot. Within, they gave this depot a waiting-room, a freight-room, an office with rectangular bay-window; without, clapboards, two coats of standard green, sanded shoulder-high to discomfit whittlers, a long platform of new-sawn plank, a 300-foot spur for visiting box-cars, and a 1000-foot passing siding. Then the I. & I., personally, in white capitals, blazed upon the north wall and the south wall SAINTS REST. a christening after the township wherein the depot sat, - established in the freight-room coal and oil, in the waiting-room glistening benches and a bracket-lamp, in the office a stove, a clock, another lamp, a table,officially, a desk, - the telegraph, clean supplies, and an excellent youth named William Cook, and by advertisements spread abroad the word:

"Here where was nothing shall gather a town."

And this town of Saints Rest gathered not at all. By the same ancestry—to liven a route that met farms, roughly, from the limits of St. Paul to the limits of Chicago near to fourscore green depots thus had

been sown—a host of towns gathered to the content of the I. & I.: stores, one or two, a grain-house, a creamery, or a lumberyard. A number achieved arc-lights and Additions. Saints Rest gathered not at all. The little knoll, the depot, William Cook—that was the sum of it.

There were twelve like towns. youths attached thereto were plucked forth. The depots thereof were sacked of their belongings and their window-panes and their spurs and sidings. The sun beat upon the depots silently and gnawed at their green coats. Three and Four, passengers, and Ninety-one and Ninety-two, wayfreights, that in the beginning had tarried at their platforms, and afterward had whistled and tarried on flag, no longer took notice of them. Of the twelve was Sumac, next station to the north of Saints Rest. Likewise of the twelve was Harrison, next station to the south. In view of this the casting-out of Saints Rest spelled twenty miles naked of telegraph office or passing siding, which upon the one-track I. & I. did not rhyme with good operating. Saints Rest was billeted for maintenance.

Thereupon the excellent William Cook repaired to Powderly,—which was down in Iowa, distant forty miles, and North Division headquarters,—heavy-laden with satchels and melancholy narrative.

"First thing," he related, "while the morning's an ink-pot yet, Hulda—Hulda's old man Landon's slavee, and Landon's is where you put up—routs you down to

ham and eggs with the old man and the hands. Does the old man have anything to say? Yes; he says, 'We need a leetle rain.' Does he say any more? He does not. Do the hands converse? No; they feed. Does Hulda? Hulda don't handle the English.

"Second thing, you foot to the depottwo miles. Then you set you in your baywindow. And you view the landscape to the east. It 's Landon's wheat to the east, Landon's wheat to where the blue dips down: like a lake you can't see the far shore of. Once in a while it stirs, the wheat, the least bit. It 's full of crickets, all the time purring, purring, soft and sleepy and lonesome-like. And there 's a road out there. Maybe by and by a wagon with a granger aboard 'll go mooching along it, horses dragging their feet, wagon rattling a trifle, little puff of dust a-floating on behind. Then you inspect the track and the poles and the right-of-way fences and the little heat spider-webs asquirming on the gravel. South you follow the track—she 's a plumb-line—two miles, to where she climbs a swell. North you follow her farther; swell that way is four miles. Then you get outside and look at the west. West's another lake—short grass. Landon's pastures. Moolies scattered over it munching, all the time munching, quiet 's Quakers. Once in a while a rooster sings out—'way off. Landon's buildings are west, ye see, in a gully. You can sight the tip of the windmill.

"At noon pork and potatoes and pie. Landon says, 'We need a leetle rain.' Hands feed. Hulda looks—just looks.

"Then you set you in your bay and view the landscape some more. And you listen to the south wind—always is a south wind after noon—a-brushing and a-brushing up from Ioway, soft and sleepy and lonesomelike, never letting up. And pretty soon, like as not, along comes old Landon's rain, dripping, dripping, dripping—an all-nighter.

"At six ham and eggs. Landon says, 'We need a leetle sun.' Hands feed. Hulda just looks.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'DO THE HANDS CONVERSE? NO; THEY FEED'"

"Then, minute ham and eggs is down, bed. There ain't a thing, ye see, to wait

up for."

"But. Bill." demanded one of the headquarters clerks who made the audience, "what about the railroading? There 's railroading at Saints Rest, is n't there?"

"Huh!" observed William Cook. And

"Huh!" he observed again.

For the routine at Saints Rest hinged rather upon attendance than upon activity. The reporting of the weather and the trains, -smoke, singing rails, din and cinders, singing rails, smoke,—once or twice daily a train order, the switch-lamps, the shipment of Stephen Landon's products, an occasional grain- or stock-buyer, Stephen Landon's married daughter from Dubuque —those were the responsibilities.

Well, after William Cook fifteen excellent youths repaired to Saints Rest. And fifteen excellent youths, with more satchels and melancholy narrative, shortly repaired back to Powderly.

And after the youths was "Grampa" Foster, who nowadays had small concern in the matter of whereabouts. He held his

ground a winter and a spring.

Then from Three, pleasantly and without haste, stepped down a stranger — a lankish body, long legs, long arms, all in neat black clothes; lean cheeks, clean-shaven lip and jaw, and gray eyes under a black slouch-hat. He was, perhaps, forty. He was, perhaps, thirty. He drawled.

"Kyirby Hawbin," he made himself known, "fo'merly agent and operateh fo' the Cotton Belt an' the I'on Mountain an' otheh railroads trave'sing the State of

Awkansaw.''

With long, keen sweeps of the gray eyes he comprehended what was about, this Kirby Harbin, then, while still he grasped the hand of the sympathy-stricken Grampa Foster, observed:

"A right attractive place, this hyeh Sain's Rest. I am going to take comfo't hyeh."

"You—you—*mean* it?" stammered.

Grampa.

"Why, I do," returned the newcomer. "I am a peaceable so't of fellow, you see, seh. An' you' Sain's Rest seems a mos' peaceable place. I cannot recollect eveh to have seen a mo' peaceable one. Yes, seh, I am going to take comfo't hyeh."

Softly, pleasantly, with no mistakes, with

no commotion, the Arkansan—for son of Arkansas he was, "bawn in Li'l' Rock," and "the Arkansan" was the brand the North Division set upon him-wrought reconstruction about the green depot. The desk, that had been wont to consume the bay-window, he moved back. With lumber drafted from the extremities of the platform he carpentered in its stead, extending all the length and breadth of the rectangle, a seat. With lighter lumber—he levied upon the coal-bin there—he ran about the three blind walls of the office a shelf. Landon's Hulda at the needle and the scissors, he dissected and kneaded a mattress, jacketed it with black cordurov, -all this obtained from Leroy, where Stephen Landon marketed,—and mounted it, a cushion, upon his window-seat. Pillows he gave red corduroy and added to the cushion. By one day's Three he welcomed a cat he called "Tom Sawyer"—the biggest and silkiest and lordliest tiger-Thomas the Division had ever eved—and trunks. Out of one trunk he lifted to his shelf storybooks-Dickens, Cooper, Marryat, Mark Twain, and, too, odd histories and reminiscences, weather-beaten old fellows, secondand third-handed. Out of another he lifted pipes, choice tobacco in tins, a coffee-pot, a stew-pan, and a banjo. At the back of the office he pitched a cot. At the front he disconnected the clattering sounder of the telegraph and depended upon the chittering relay. "Such a noisy li'l' rapscallion," he explained. Out of doors, he mowed the little knoll, and decked it with six sapling maples transplanted from a grove by Landon's buildings. On the north and on the south of the depot he made a bed of asters. About the underpinning he planted woodbine.

Then, as he had promised he would do, the Arkansan took comfort. In his window-seat, Tom Sawver by, he steeped himself in sun and story. He smoked. He ruminated. He picked his banjo. He surveyed with mellow eye the peace and quiet that encompassed. He tilted his head and rejoiced in the clouds, forever drifting, up-piling, dissolving. He harked, smiling, to the drowsy crickets, the drowsy south wind, the drowsy rain. He put forth his arm-for there alongside was his deskand with trustworthiness and discretion administered that railroading which came within his province. Evenings he minded

his horticulture. He dangled legs from the platform edge and feasted upon the sunset. At elbow Tom Sawyer sat dignified and watchful, his tail curled primly about his cuddled paws. Afterward the Arkansan cooked over the stove black coffee and, in his stew-pan, what he termed "messes." He did not sleep at Landon's:

length upon the cushion. Opposite, Tom Sawyer reposed, his legs outstretched, chin upturned, eyes tight shut, and gave himself to a purring that was a very rumble.

The Arkansan admired, a space, the miles of Stephen Landon's wheat, which lay opulent and gold in a crystal sunshine of August. He admired the clouds, which



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"IN HIS WINDOW-SEAT, TOM SAWYER BY, HE STEEPED HIMSELF IN SUN AND STORY"

he turned to his cot. He did not attend there for his three meals: by arrangement Hulda conveyed them across-pasture.

I

HAVING extinguished and sheltered his switch-lamps, the Arkansan, in his office, at leisure breakfasted. Having breakfasted, he moved to a corner of the desk and tidily overspread with a napkin the emptied dishes, and, rising, made a round of his long shelf. Therefrom he drew a pipe, tobacco, and, after consideration, "Huckleberry Finn." Then he ascended to his window-seat, his back to the narrow north window and pillows, his legs outstretched their

were snow-white and mountainous. He bent ear to the chant of the crickets, which rang surpassing clear in a stillness idyllic. After a while he put match to his pipe, opened "Huckleberry Finn" at the beginning, and addressed himself. Soon a little smile of relish entered his face. His puffs, slow and deep-drawn, cried of content. Tom Sawyer a little more upturned his chin. His mouth seemed to curl. Steadily he purred.

Out of the south, soft and sweet and far away, drifted the wails of a chime-whistle — Woooo-wooo-woo-woo — a highway call for the Leroy road. Smiling, the Arkansan read. Tom Sawyer yawned.

The chime bellowed, rapid, bullying,

miles nearer—highway for the Wood road. The Arkansan raised his eyes and leveled them, attentive and mildly wondering.

He wondered because this August was August, '99. In its every corner save the depots the I. & I. was in state of strike. This day a week ago, at midnight, train crews had sought the sidings nearest, there stored trains, and proceeded on engine to division termini. Since then on the North Division nothing had stirred. Since then the Division telegraph had been disabled; the Arkansan's chittering relay was this morning still.

Down-line, - south, - on the crest of that swell that lifted two miles distant, showed now a little hurricane of leaping, tumbling white smoke. The hurricane flung higher, abruptly uprose the black body of a light engine, coming tender first and very fast. The black body grew; on the tail of the tender the Arkansan read 900, and knew the engine: a glorious big Richmond, passenger type; stub-stacked, giant-cabbed, a race-horse boiler towering on 70-inch drivers, six of them—one of the pair that hauled the Chicago night-limiteds One and Two north of Powderly. He discerned further. Thrust from the right-hand window was the hatchet-face of Horace Ford, a striking engineer. In the gangway loomed the huge beard and huge shoulders and huge paunch of Tom Magruder, a striking engineer. At his back, huddled, were Hugh Corcoran, a quick, wiry little fireman, freight conductor George Latham, and two freight brakemenstrikers all.

The 900 neared. On a sudden the white hurricane whirling on her stub-stack ceased, gave place to a thin, lifeless scud of gray. Yellow sparks rained from her driver-brakes. Horace Ford was stopping.

He brought the Richmond to stop fair at Saints Rest depot, the tail of her tender abreast the Arkansan's bay-window. Before the engine was still, Magruder and the four at his back alighted. Ford followed.

They crossed the depot platform, these strikers, pushed wide the door of the waiting-room, and came in. They came roughly, hurriedly, with a great scuffling and clumping. Thence, not pausing for invitation, they pushed wide the door of the Arkansan's office and entered.

Magruder was in the van; he made himself spokesman. "Turn out yer red flag—on the jump," ne said. Better, he roared.

"Turn out yer red flag," he roared, and directly spied the flag furled and tucked in a bracket of the ticket-window ledge, and helped himself, and without further speech departed, clumping. His fellows clumped after, leaving the doors wide. With the flag unfurled, Hugh Corcoran, the quick little fireman, ran up-line over the ties to a point beyond the switch of the passing siding. Magruder and the rest, before the baywindow, stripped off their coats and cast them violently and without aim to the planking. Then they stood there muttering and shuffling, and glowered redly into the north. The Arkansan twisted about and contemplated that quarter.

Up-line, on the face of that swell that lifted four miles away, was crawling thitherward a long gray thread smutched at the fore with black. Slowly the smutch constructed into smoke and a little wizened switch-engine, a four-wheeler, old-time and red-rusted, wheezing and jiggling and racking herself. The bulk of the thread changed to white refrigerator-cars, cumbersome, top-heavy creatures, laboriously rumbling and pounding, and lastly a caboose. From the right-hand window of the switch-engine cab fluttered lazily in the breeze of the crawling a red skein, like a red tippet. On the cupola of the caboose appeared three black dots. Something about each dot winked, mirror-like, in the sunshine. Presently the tippet fluttered a beard, red and waist-long. The black dots stood forth three men seated out of the path of the smoke, partaking of the air and the scenery. On the breast of each winked a nickeled badge.

Through the open windows of the bay the Arkansan accosted Magruder.

"Might I know what-all is afoot, seh?" he ventured.

"Why, it 's them refrigerators that 's afoot," roared the huge man. "Them 's superchyce Orygon peaches fer Chicagoway, twenty-three cars on 'em. T' other night when the boys said good-by to their trains, Ed Thorp an' Horace Ford here stowed them peaches quiet an' comfortable on siding at Selby." Selby was a way-station twenty miles up-line. "But Powderly's worrited. 'Pears the ice in the cars has petered down, an' Powderly 's afeard no ice an' ba'my days ain't a-goin' to agree

with the Orygoners. So this mornin' they ups an' rousts out ol' Jonas Conkey-the one engineer on Division that did n't strike, an' the contrariest ol' pill livin', which is why he did n't - an' his ol' 2 switch-enjyne at Shannon Quarries. They sends him three Comp'ny slewths—viay buggy an' the West Central and s'more buggy-an' a booby to fire. An' Jonas an' his outfit they ups an' bustles down to Selby an' ties to the peaches. An' here they come with 'em. Them red whiskers a-coquettin' out the enjyne windy, them 's ol' Jonas's. They got an idee, ye see, Jonas an' his outfit have, of takin' them peaches into Powderly. Middle an' East Divisions ain't stalled like this 'n'. If they can get 'em to Powderly, Comp'ny can ice 'em an'. chances are, put 'em through."

"An' you-all?" the Arkansan pressed him.

"Why, us boys have come from Powderly," vouchsafed the engineer. "When word of this peach-movin' got around, some scabs had this nice 900 enjyne out experimentin' to the north o' the yard; us boys sort o' borrowed her. Ye see, we got an idee, too, us boys have."

In deference to Hugh Corcoran's flag and the 900 towering black and stolid on the main line, Jonas Conkey halted his train likewise at Saints Rest depot, the foot-board of the 2 scarce a step from the 900's tender.

Before him Magruder at once paraded the idea of the striker delegation.

"You ol' pill, Jonas," he said, "you just face to the right-about."

Then he proceeded, his fellows at his heels, up-platform past the refrigerators to a station by the caboose, and paraded the idea before the I. & I. detectives.

At this the detectives rose and advanced to the hither edge of the caboose roof. Jonas Conkey descended from the 2, and with him led his fireman, him whom Magruder had classed a booby — a youth grown and overgrown, in proper engine garb, but in manner sulky and reluctant, like one barren of enthusiasm. Leading the youth, Conkey, as befitted a commander, marched up-platform to the feet of his cohorts. So arrayed, the peach-movers—save the overgrown youth, who stood, glum and scowling, aloof—put at the strikers with argument. They talked with chins out-thrust. They gestured with doubled fists. They waxed red in the face.

And the strikers closed in and with argument put back. They talked with chins out-thrust. They gestured with doubled fists. Their red faces waxed to scarlet.

Pleasantly the Arkansan swung himself up, returned "Huckleberry Finn" to its niche, laid down his pipe. Pleasantly he donned his black slouch-hat, sauntered outside, and with apologies elbowed to the thick of the debate.

"Misteh Magrudeh an' Misteh Conkey an' the rest of you gentlemen," he stated, "I am right distressed about this hyeh. Sain's Rest hyeh is pow'fully fond o' peace. It is no so't of place fo' having hostilities. If you-all would not have any hostilities, I would ce'tainly thank you-all."

Magruder for the strikers, Conkey for the peach-movers, replied nothing by word. Merely, with small pleasantness, they grinned. The debate resumed. The clamor of it lifted and lifted like the roar of a coming freight-train. The gesturing fists flayed the morning. Then amid a sudden silence Jonas Conkey bestirred his fireman.

"Come aboard, bub," he said, "and we'll be stepping on. You, Mr. Green,"—he hailed the caboose top,—"just mind the switches, and we'll go by this 900 engine b' way of the siding."

Returned to the 2, Conkey threw his reverse-lever. The overgrown youth sulkily coaled his shovel. The detective Green shinned down-ladder and made for the north switch.

And then the peace of Saints Rest was set upon in earnest. Magruder and Ford clambered into the cab of the 2, by inches pushed and pried Jonas Conkey to the depot platform. There Magruder and Conkey grappled. They fell down and rolled over and over. They rolled against the depot, and bruised much woodbine. Ford reboarded the 2 in quest of the overgrown youth. The youth fled, bawling, "You lemme be. You lemme be." Hugh Corcoran made after the detective Green. Latham and the brakemen seized coal from the switch-engine, and pelted Green's brothers. Many lumps fell upon the Arkansan's knoll. Green's brothers answered with pistols. They scathed no man. Out of strike times they were wont to barter yarns and tobacco with these coal-pelters. But in other directions they were not so nice. One bullet entered the Arkansan's bay-window, powdered the stem of that pipe he had laid down. Another whisked among the breakfast dishes, and bisected the ham-and-egg platter. Tom Sawyer, disgusted, stalked to the shadows beneath the Arkansan's cot. Stephen Landon's cows lifted scandalized faces. The Arkansan, pleasant, sauntered hither and thither, expostulating, dissuading, protecting—bootlessly.

Magruder straddled Jonas Conkey's chest and squeezed out the breath of him. Ford shook the overgrown youth. By the coat-tails Hugh Corcoran drew Green from the north switch. Latham and the brakemen pursued Green's brothers, their pistols emptied, over the refrigerators and under the refrigerators.

At eleven o'clock Magruder broke the seal of the first refrigerator, swung wide the doors, and transferred to the tender of the 2 a dozen crates of the Oregon peaches. Into the chill space thus created Magruder's fellows deposited Jonas Conkey, the overgrown youth, and the detectives, swung to the doors, and made them fast

Then Ford took the right seat of the 2, Corcoran the left. Magruder shifting the 900, they switched Conkey's engine to the tail of the caboose, coupled, and set the peach-train laboriously pounding and rumbling northward.

"Take them peaches right back to Selby—right back to that there siding." Those were Ford's and Corcoran's instructions. Until the departing train had dwindled to a long gray thread crawling on the face of the four-mile swell Magruder and Latham and the brakemen, on the depot platform, shouted after it derisively. On the 900, Magruder the engineer, they wended Powderlyward, shouting. Until they gained the two-mile swell their hubbub was wafted back on the rising south wind.

Softly, pleasantly, the Arkansan put Saints Rest to rights. It took him until twilight.

Which was of a Monday.

H

On Tuesday morning, having looked to his switch-lamps, the Arkansan, in his office, at leisure breakfasted. Breakfasted, he moved aside and tidily overspread the dishes, and, rising, made a round of his shelf. Therefrom he drew a pipe, tobacco, and "Huckleberry Finn." Then he ascended to his window-seat, his back to the north window, his legs outstretched. Opposite, Tom Sawyer reposed, his legs outstretched, and purred.

The Arkansan admired, a space, Stephen Landon's wheat, which lay opulent and gold in a crystal sunshine. He admired the clouds, which were snow-white and mountainous. He bent ear to the crickets. After a while he kindled his pipe, and opened "Huckleberry Finn" at the beginning. "I reckon," he confided to Tom Sawyer, "we had best staht oveh again." He addressed himself accordingly. Soon a little smile of relish entered his face. His puffs, slow and deep-drawn, cried of content. Tom Sawyer a little more upturned his chin. His mouth seemed to curl. Steadily he purred.

Out of the south, soft and sweet and far away, drifted the wails of a chimewhistle—highway for the Leroy road. Smiling, the Arkansan read.

The chime bellowed—highway for the Wood road. The Arkansan raised his eyes, attentive and mildly wondering.

Up from down-line, over the two-mile swell, came again, tender first and very fast, a white hurricane on her stub-stack, Richmond engine 900. Thrust from the right-hand window was the face of Horace Ford. In the gangway loomed the huge parts of Tom Magruder. At his back were Hugh Corcoran, George Latham, and four more strikers. Crouched upon the tender were four more.

The 900 neared. On a sudden the hurricane ceased, gave place to a scud. Sparks rained from her driver-brakes.

Again Ford brought the Richmond to stop fair at Saints Rest depot. Forthwith all on board alighted and made, clumping, into the waiting-room. Thence they made into the Arkansan's office.

"Red flag," roared Magruder.

"Red flag," he roared, and helped himself and departed, his fellows after. With the flag Hugh Corcoran ran up-line. Magruder and the rest, before the bay-window, stripped off their coats and cast them, violently and without aim, to the planking. Then they stood there and glowered into the north. The Arkansan twisted about and contemplated that quarter.

Up-line, on the four-mile swell, were

crawling thitherward smoke and the little rusted 2 switch-engine and white refrigerator-cars and a caboose. From the right-hand window of the 2 lazily fluttered a red beard. On the cupola of the caboose were four black dots. Upon the roof of the final refrigerator were four. Something about each dot winked in the sunshine.

"Them peaches is afoot again," roared Magruder to the Arkansan. "Powderly sent ol' Jonas s'more slewths last night. Lucky 'nough, us boys concluded not to hand this nice 900 enjyne right back. We stopped at the mouth o' that spur this side o' Powderly that leads to the ol' 'bandoned brick-yards. An' we just sperited the 900 out the spur an' in among them woods an' them ol' sheds, where the Comp'ny would n't be like to locate her first off, an' where she 'd be handy in case us boys should have need for her again. Lucky 'nough!"

Again Jonas Conkey halted likewise at Saints Rest depot.

"You, Jonas," Magruder directed, "you just about-face."

Then he proceeded, his fellows at his heels, up-platform to a station by the caboose, and directed the detectives.

Pleasantly the Arkansan swung himself up, returned "Huckleberry Finn," laid down his pipe. Pleasantly he donned his black slouch, sauntered outside and to the debate

"Misteh Magrudeh an' Misteh Conkey," he stated, "this hyeh is no fair. Two ructions in two days—no, seh, it is no fair. Sain's Rest is no so't of place fo' hostilities. I have got to ask you-all not to have any hostilities hyeh."

Magruder and Conkey merely grinned, with no pleasantness whatsoever. The debate resumed.

And then shortly the peace of Saints Rest was rent and shattered and trampled underfoot. From the 2 Magruder and Ford and Latham ejected Conkey through his window heave-ho fashion, like baggagemen handling a trunk. About the depot Conkey and Magruder and Latham wrestled and pommeled. They stamped twice through an edge of the Arkansan's north aster-bed, then sat heavily in the center of it. Bawling "You lemme be," the overgrown youth scrambled into the Arkansan's bay-window, and caught up club-wise his banjo. Tom Sawyer, outraged, stalked

beneath the cot. Coal strewed the knoll. One bullet pierced the Arkansan's inkwell. Another found rest in "Midshipman Easy." Another snipped the string by which the stew-pan was hung; the pan descended hideously. Tom Sawyer, dignity cast aside, flashed through window, up a telegraph pole, flashed thence to the ridge of the depot—eyes blazing, back and tail bristling. Stephen Landon's cows took themselves off, tossing their heels.

Later Magruder straddled Jonas Conkey's chest. Latham sat upon his head. Ford shook the overgrown youth, and smote his legs with the banjo. By the heels Hugh Corcoran drew Green from the north switch. Green embraced a sapling maple. It came out of the knoll and accompanied them. The remaining strikers pursued Green's brothers over the refrigerators, under the refrigerators, and in and out and around the depot.

At twelve o'clock the strikers stowed the people of the peach-train into the first refrigerator.

Then Ford and Corcoran again switched the 2 to the tail of the caboose, and set the peach-train laboring northward.

"Right back to that there siding"—those were their instructions.

Magruder and Latham and the others, on the depot platform, shouted after the departing train and danced an Indian dance. On the 900 they wended Powderlyward, shouting and casting coal at Tom Sawyer. After they had disappeared their hubbub was wafted back on the south wind.

Softly, pleasantly, the Arkansan put Saints Rest to rights. He finished at midnight.

Ш

On Wednesday morning, having looked to his switch-lamps, the Arkansan, in his office, at leisure breakfasted. Breakfasted, he moved aside and tidily overspread the dishes, and, rising, made a round of his shelf. Therefrom he drew a pipe, tobacco, and "Huckleberry Finn." Then he ascended to his window-seat, his back to the north window, his legs outstretched. Opposite, Tom Sawyer reposed, his legs outstretched, and purred.

The Arkansan admired, a space, Stephen Landon's wheat, which lay opulent and gold in a crystal sunshine. He admired the clouds, which were snow-white and mountainous. He bent ear to the crickets. After a while he kindled his pipe, and opened "Huckleberry Finn" at the beginning, and addressed himself. Soon a little smile of relish entered his face. His puffs, slow and deep-drawn, cried of content. Tom Sawyer a little more upturned his chin. His mouth seemed to curl. Steadily he purred.

Out of the south, soft and sweet and far away, drifted the wails of a chimewhistle—highway for Leroy road.

Attentively the Arkansan raised his eyes. The chime bellowed highway for the Wood road. Over the two-mile swell came, tender first and very fast, Horace Ford driving, engine 900. In the gangway were Tom Magruder, Hugh Corcoran, George Latham, and four more strikers. On the tender were twelve more.

Significantly the Arkansan twisted about. Yes, on the four-mile swell was crawling thitherward the 2 switch-engine, the red beard of Jonas Conkey out the right window, and the peach-train. Atop the caboose cupola were five black dots. Atop the final refrigerator were five. Atop the refrigerator next ahead were five. Something about each winked in the sunshine.

"Tom Sawyer," stated the Arkansan,

"they-all are triflin' with us."

Pleasantly he swung himself up, returned "Huckleberry Finn," laid down his pipe. Out from the bracket he took the red flag and placed it, conspicuously, on a window-sill. Then he ascended again to his seat, and ruminated.

As always, Horace Ford stopped the Richmond fair at Saints Rest depot.

Corcoran ran with the flag. Magruder and the rest, before the bay-window, stripped off their coats and cast them, violently and without aim, to the planking.

As always, Jonas Conkey stopped fair at Saints Rest depot, the foot-board of the 2 scarce a step from the 900's tender.

"'Bout-face," Magruder directed him. Customarily, then, Magruder—and his band—proceeded to a station by the caboose.

The detectives, customarily, advanced to the edge of the caboose roof, to the edge of the roof of the final refrigerator, to the edge of the roof next ahead. Jonas Conkey descended from the 2, and with him led the overgrown youth. Leading the youth, Conkey marched up-platform

to the feet of his cohorts. So arrayed, the peach-movers—save the overgrown youth—put at the strikers with argument.

And the strikers with argument put back. Pleasantly the Arkansan rose, donned hat, sauntered outside. In passing, he made fast the windows of the bay and the office door. Pleasantly, on the platform, kneeling here and there, he piled upon his arm the coats of Magruder and his fellows. With a deft pitch he elevated them to the summit of the 900's tender. Pleasantly he sauntered toward the debaters.

His eye, traveling over them critically, paused upon Jonas Conkey,—a ferment of rage and language not good,—and traveled on. It paused upon Jonas Conkey's fireman—and rested. The overgrown youth, as was his habit, stood, glum and scowling, aloof. Him the Arkansan approached.

"Will you come with me, seh?" he invited. And he linked arms with the youth, and led him down-platform, past the refrigerators, to the breach between the 2 and the 900. The debate continued oblivious. The clamor of it lifted and lifted.

"I take it," the Arkansan ventured, "you are not ovehly pa'tial to staying on

hveh.'

"Say, I ain't lookin' fer any fight," proclaimed the youth. "I wants to be let be, that 's all I wants. First thing Magruder was fer havin' me quit m' job and fight the Comp'ny. Then Mr. Webb,"—superintendent of the North Division,—"'cause I happened to 've fired the yard switch-enjyne fer a week once or twice, he comes int' the roundhouse and says, 'Bullock, you go up an' fight with ol' Conkey. You go or you quit.' I never wanted to come. I wants to be let—"

"Then," concluded the Arkansan, "you have not got a right smaht acquaintance with enjyne running?"

"Why, regular, I 'm wipin' at Powderly roundhouse," lamented the youth. "'Cause

I happened to 've fired-"

"I had hoped you had acquaintance," regretted the Arkansan. He stepped down on the main line into the breach between the 2 and the 900, and selected from the foot-board of the 2 a coupling-link and pins. "But of co'se," he pursued, "we cyain't expaict to have everything go to please us." He inserted the link in the draw-head of the 2 and locked it with one pin. The other he balanced in the draw-



Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

### "THE STRIKERS CLOSED IN AND WITH ARGUMENT PUT BACK"

head of the 900's tender. "And," he pursued further, eying the opposing drawheads, "I 'm ce'tain you can manage this hyeh." And he drew the youth Bullock into the breach and placed his hand on the link.

He himself sauntered down-platform to the gangway steps of the 900,—the glorious big Richmond, the hauler of One and Two,—scaled the steps, and stood alone in her buzzing, sputtering, steam-fragrant cab. He surveyed the steam-gage—the pointer trembling at 190. He surveyed the reverselever, which was shifted to back. Then he raised hands to the throttle,—level with his chin,—pressed the latch, and tugged ever so little. The 900, unburdened, moved. The Arkansan closed. In the stack a feeble exhaust lapsed and died.

Gently, with impact that but faintly jarred the first refrigerator, the 900 and the 2 met and coupled. Plainly the Arkansan heard the *chink* of the dropping pin. He stepped to the gangway. Bullock emerged from the breach and nodded

sourly. The Arkansan beckoned; befogged, the youth shambled aboard the Richmond.

In silence the Arkansan shifted the reverse-lever. He meditated upon the bristling boiler-head, desisted, presently pulled lightly at the brass handle that entered through the cab front. Craning from the gangway, he inspected the mouth of the sand-pipe. Sand was flowing thinly. The Arkansan pulled the handle wide. Then he climbed to the engineer's leather-bound seat, and folded his legs as comfortably as might be betwixt the seat and the cab front.

"Now, seh," he informed Bullock, "I'm lookin' to you to mind the snackin'—the coal an' the water an' the injecteh an' thatall. And," he finished, as, making no move, the youth scowled from the coal-hammer and the shovel to the gages, "I expaict you betteh snack just about as spry as you know." And he drew forth the throttle the breadth of a man's hand. Elbow on the arm-rest, he thrust his head out-window and rearward.

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Steam snarled in the race-horse boiler. The cab lifted, jolted. The 70-inch drivers gritted in the sand. A long black exhaust rushed in the stub-stack, soared, boiling and tumbling, into the morning. Another followed close upon it. Behind, uprose the rapid *chug-chugging* of slacked couplings tightening. South from Saints Rest the Arkansan started the borrowed 900, the 2 switch-engine of Shannon Quarries, the Oregon peach-train, and the I. & I. detectives who debated from the roofs thereof.

And those who debated on Saints Rest platform—Magruder and his band and Jonas Conkey—a jiffy they stood openmouthed, their arguments expired in mid-saying, and gaped at the trundling refrigerators and the detectives gaping back and the Arkansan's lean, cleanshaven face and black slouch thrust from the 900's window; then of themselves made essay to depart. By the front and rear steps of the caboose they gathered, trotting, then, as the Richmond assumed a diligent puffing, at a run, and so fast as ensued accommodation, embarked.

One alone adopted other tactics. Hugh Corcoran ran down-platform. On the 900 the engineer's seat was, beneath the seat proper, a tool-box; the Arkansan half rose. lifted the seat proper, and extracted a wooden-handled wrench. Corcoran passed refrigerator after refrigerator, passed the 2, came abreast the gangway of the Richmond. Saying nothing, he folded the fingers of one hand about that gangway grip which was set on the cab. Bullock, still scowling from hammer and shovel to gages, retreated against the boiler-head. The Arkansan reversed the wrench and held it by the jaws. Saying nothing, he leaned low, and with the wooden handle cuffed the folded fingers. Corcoran halted upon the depot platform rueful, rubbing the fingers on his trousers-leg. The Arkansan replaced the wrench and resumed his rearward observation. Sulkily Bullock tried the water-cocks, reached in front of the Arkansan's knees and gave life to the injector. Sulkily he put at the coal. Rearward, Corcoran straightened and swung on the front steps of the caboose. With which all were embarked save Magruder.

Elbowed aside by those others who had clustered about the rear steps, Magruder thudded in the wake of the caboose, the

fat fingers of one straining hand falling short by inches of the platform rail. His mouth was open; strange little groans of distress came out of it. The paunch of him quaked. He passed the end of the depot platform, floundered over the gravel of the main line. Groping, the Arkansan found the throttle, closed it. Groping, he found the air-cock, shifted it, a hissing moment, center to right to center, noted the grind of brakes. Slightly the train checked. The caboose rail touched the tips of Magruder's fingers, brushed along his fingers, along his palm. Triumphantly he clutched it, described a sprawl through the sunshine, and sat upon the bottom step. The Arkansan withdrew his head, for the first time faced the front. He shifted the air-cock to left, noted the whistle of emptying cylinders. Again he drew forth the throttle the breadth of a man's hand.

"We must n't reckon to leave any one behin'," stated the Arkansan.

He leaned over the quadrant, and studied it. Just in front of the center he marked two notches that contact had polished. Very delicately he unlatched the reverse-lever and slipped it back to the second of the notches. Also, he tugged at the throttle. Then he waited, speculative, brows lifted. The puffing of the Richmond turned soft and fast—and faster. The lift and jolt of the cab changed to a jig, a breakdown. A cheery hum and tinkle began underfoot. The white empty track streamed up from the south briskly. The two-mile swell neared. And the Arkansan beamed.

Bullock did not. He sulked, yet he observed things, did the overgrown youth. He stepped to the right of the cab and, tiptoeing, shouted into the Arkansan's ear.

"Say," he shouted, "who are you, anyhow? You're the feller who kind of argued with Conkey an' Magruder yesterday an' day afore, but who are you? I'm thinkin'," he accused, "you're the agent back there."

The Arkansan clasped the whistle-pull and blew a careful highway—the two long bellows, the two short—for the Wood road.

"You are thinking right, seh," he answered.

"An' you," continued the youth, "was askin' if I had got 'quaintance with enjyne runnin'. Now I asks you—have you got 'quaintance?"

"Down on the I'on Mountain," re-

sponded the Arkansan, "I have had a ride now and then."

"An'," Bullock reproached, "you never handled an enjyne afore?"

"Why," parried the Arkansan, "we cyain't expaict to have everything go to please us."

"But look a-here," Bullock protested, "I don't know about this job o' mine. I only fired once or twice, I tell you. Say, this enjyne 's liable to climb with us. An' there 's the switch-enjyne. Her fire was slow, an', seems to me, her injector 's a little open; but if they ain't!"

The crest of the two-mile swell and the Wood road streamed under the pilot; the white cattle-guards of the Leroy road mounted to view, and beyond, at the track-side, a gaunt gray bulk, the depot of forgotten Harrison town. Scrupulously the Arkansan whistled highway.

"If we step right along," he averred, "maybe we can have our ride befo' they go to actin' up."

Lips pursed, head shaking, like one confronted with a banquet for thought, Bullock subsided. He scowled at the gages hard. Then he wielded hammer and shovel hard. Some sulkiness fell from him. Presently he scrambled for the summit of the tender to break a jam in the coal.

"An', while you are up thyeh," the Arkansan requested, "just you reconnoiteh. I expaict our passengers will be takin' measures about now." A little swerve in the track encountered, the Arkansan, himself a moment enabled to look back along the train, projected his head.

For space and observation Conkey and Magruder and Magruder's fellows ascended to the caboose cupola, and emerged thence upon the roof. The detectives thereon, for a council, mingled with them. Those upon the refrigerators, for like reason, wended back.

"Say," announced Ford, "he 's run off with our engine, that Arkansas chap has."

"And he's towing off my engine," fumed Jonas Conkey.

"These here peaches," decreed Magruder, "ain't no business traveling this a-way." Magruder's fellows nodded.

"I ain't intending to ride after any station agent," asserted Green. Green's brothers nodded.

Hugh Corcoran rubbed his fingers on his trousers-leg.

In Indian file, with harmony admirable to see, daintily balancing, rope-walker fashion, along the narrow walks that ran the lengths of the unsteady roofs, with carefully judged steps spanning the three-foot chasms that yawned between cars, strikers and peach-movers—Magruder leading, then Jonas Conkey, then Corcoran, then Ford, then Latham, then Green—set off engineward. The Arkansan, reconnoitering, sighted the column as Magruder put foot on the second from the final, or twenty-first, refrigerator.

Bullock also sighted the column then. Sliding, stumbling, bawling a warning, he descended the coal.

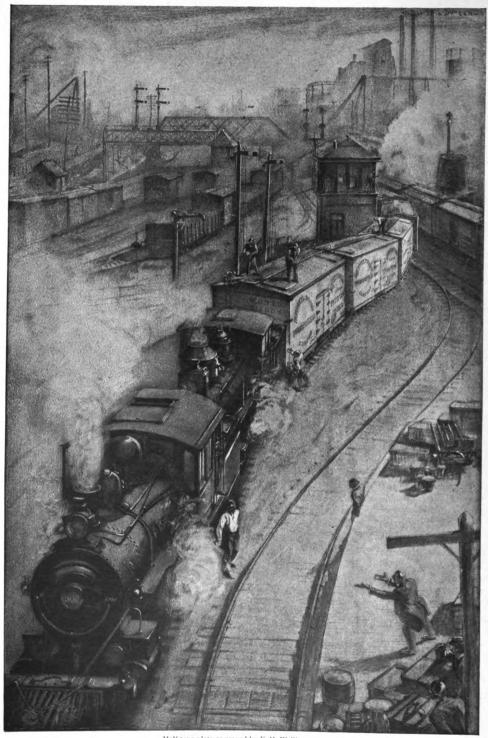
The Arkansan withdrew his head.

"We have got to hindeh that-all," he announced. He reached down and gave Bullock the shovel which he had left leaning against the boiler-head. "Just you keep a-snackin'," he encouraged. His eye sought the steam-gage—its pointer trembling at 195. His arms straightened, his fingers closed about the throttle. Gently he opened a second hand's-breadth.

The puffing of the Richmond waxed, waxed, beat out the stack incessant, like a drummer's long roll. The cheery hum and tinkle underfoot swelled to clamor. The cab rioted. Windows rattled a chivaree. Without, the wind, rising, swept an unending blast. The white track streamed up from the south in haste, forward of the boiler front became misty. Gaunt Harrison depot grew and shaped. Another swerve encountered; the Arkansan made a second reconnaissance.

Of that Indian file, roughly, a half was come to a halt and seated upon the roof-walks of refrigerators twenty and nineteen, holding firmly, with hands, to the edges of the same. The remaining half, which included Magruder, Conkey, Corcoran, Ford, Latham, and Green, the six who led, advanced on hands and knees. For the refrigerators, the cumbersome, top-heavy creatures, were rolling. The roofs of them slanted into the east, reeled into the west, bucked bronco-like. The ledges by the three-foot gaps between laughed at foothold. And, too, there was the wind.

Harrison depot hastened by, hurling back roaring echoes. Hastened by the farm fences that bestrode the Iowa line. Into view hastened, billowing, the beginning of that hummock country which



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"HE WAS ENTHUSIASTIC, WAS MR. WEBB"

houses the I. & I. near to Dubuque—and the first of the curves therein contained. Thereabouts the engineers forswore cuttings and accomplished economy, for which they were instructed. Also, they accomplished levelness. But curves! The first wound to hand; the Arkansan remarked upon them.

"Seems a so't of unlikely track," he said, with no flavor of mirth.

Bullock peeped.

"Gee, yes!" he agreed.

And with eye on the steam—195—the Arkansan's fingers closed about the throttle and coaxed it.

"Gee!" said Bullock.

Of that half of the Indian file which had continued to advance all save the six who led now sat down upon the roof-walks of refrigerators eighteen and seventeen, and held on. The straw hat of a detective hurtled, whirling and dodging, into the north—and another. No man raised a hand of succor. The six advanced along the walks on belly, as a boy rides his sled. At the gaps they waited until both ledges chanced to leap in unison, then swiftly threw forth arms.

Curves zigzagged up, whipped and slued beneath the Richmond's pilot. To left and right hummocks billowed up and past. Approached a curve that looked no curve at all, but, instead, a square corner. The Richmond shivered, a second tipped, tipped—sank upon her springs with a racking crash and whang. The oil-can toppled and fell from its shelf silently.

"I thought she was goin' on her back that time," gasped Bullock from a brace.

Agreed the Arkansan, again with no mirth: "I had that same notion."

And with eye on the steam—190 now—his fingers closed about the throttle and coaxed it.

"Gee!" said Bullock. Then he wielded his hammer and shovel very hard indeed. Sulkiness altogether fell from him.

Rearward, some of those who sat rose and essayed to twist brakes, and again sat. Some thought of air-brakes, and remembered that in the flurry of the day before the strike the refrigerators had been made up with three non-airs in the lead. The six gave over effort in the curves. In the straightaways they wormed on sluggishly.

On the right of the grade the white sign-board

MAPLE CITY

ONE MILE

approached, fled by. The Arkansan whistled highway.

From behind a hummock Maple City—green depot, stores, grain-house—debouched, and, roaring, fled.

The Richmond's puffing beat a long roll. Curves and curves whipped, slued. Hummocks and hummocks, gold with wheat, green with corn, green with pasture-sward, billowed past. Behind, the six wormed on in the straightaways. The Arkansan, head out from time to time, regarded them critically.

On the right of the grade the sign-board

**CLENDENNING** 

ONE MILE

approached, fled. The Arkansan whistled

highway.

Clendenning—green depot, stores, grain-house—debouched; roaring, fled. The six pulled themselves, one by one, upon refrigerator twelve. The Arkansan withdrew his head definitely. His eye sought the steam, his arms stretched toward the throttle, and relaxed. The pointer marked 180, and falling. The Arkansan unfolded his legs and slid to the cab floor.

"Fo' a spell," he shouted in Bullock's ear, "I reckon I will hammeh."

In the fore of the tender, feet braced, the Arkansan swung the hammer with long, slow strokes, and broke the coal. Bullock shoveled it into the white hole before him. Regularly the fire-door banged open, shut, open, shut. Intermittently Bullock straightened to start the injector, intermittently to still it. The six wormed over refrigerator twelve—eleven—ten. The steam-gage pointer crawled, trembling, upward, passed 180-185-190.

The sign-board

CURTIS

ONE MILE

approached, fled. The Arkansan sought the cab and whistled highway.

Curtis—green depot, stores, grain-house, lumber-yard—debouched; roaring, fled.

The Arkansan hammered. Bullock shoveled. The door banged open, shut, open, shut. The six crossed three more refrigerators. The pointer passed 195—200—205.

The Arkansan put aside the hammer, climbed to the engineer's seat, and folded his legs as comfortably as might be. Delicately he slipped the reverse-lever into the first of those notches which contact had polished. Then he fingered the throttle, and coaxed it, coaxed it.

"It will come no fartheh," he announced.

The Richmond began herself to roll, and, rolling, jerked and jumped and plunged and shivered. The puffing of her beat out the stack a fury, hammered at the ears like the spanking of barrel-staves. The crash of flattened springs dinned always. The gangway apron clanged, clanged. Bits of coal coasted from the tender to the cab floor, danced there like popping corn.

The wind, rising, lashed and slapped, sang in the cracks of the hinged windows. Bullock, stoking, in the strife for balance, hopped to and fro, a jumping-jack.

And the refrigerators, the cumbersome,

top-heavy creatures!

"Remi-minds you," commented the Arkansan from his rioting seat, "of a sto-sto'm at sea. Twenty-five sto'ms, countin' in the li'l' engine an' the caboose."

"I can't l-look at 'em," chattered Bul-

lock. "G-gives me the jimjams."

Rearward, those who sat now laid themselves belly down upon the roof-walks, in the very likeness of their leaders, save that they did not advance. Intermittently hats—straws, derbies, felts—hurtled into the north. Ahead, Latham came to stand. Green, behind, could be seen in argument with him. Latham shook his head. Magruder, Conkey, Corcoran, Ford, and Green got to refrigerator five.

The sign-board

ELMER ONE MILE

sped up, flashed away. The Arkansan vented a succession of highways.

The sign-board

YARD LIMITS
20 MILES PER HOUR

sped up, flashed away. Switch-stands darted by. Elmer—arc-lights and Additions—engulfed. Elevator, green depot, freight-house, coal-sheds, stock-yard, oiltanks, close at hand, box-cars on siding, closer, came and went shrieking—warr, warr, warr. Dust of street crossings blanketed. Switch-stands darted by. Again the white, empty track streamed up from the south.

"We are d-doing betteh than twenty miles," observed the Arkansan.

Rearward, some few adjacent to brakes raised arms, and lowered arms. Horace Ford halted.

From the northwest curved the West Central Railway and streamed at the elbow of the I. & I. On the West Central a train appeared. It grew and shaped: a three-coach passenger, likewise proceedingsouth. Its engine was puffing busybodily; dust eddied from beneath the coaches. It drifted abreast. The fireman came to the gangway and stared. The engineer quit his seat and stared over the fireman's shoulder. Silently it drifted astern.

Green halted. Magruder, Conkey, and Corcoran made the third refrigerator. The vomit of the Richmond's stack raked them—a blizzard of soot and cinders.

The sign-board

COLE ONE MILE

sped up, flashed away. The Arkansan whistled highway.

Cole—green depot, stores, grain-house, creamery, red West Central depot—debouched; shrieking, departed. The signboard

R. R. CROSSING 400 FEET STOP flashed up, flashed, a blur, away. The track of the West Central curved to the east, crashed beneath the Richmond, beneath the 2, rubadubbed, thundering, beneath the refrigerators.

Corcoran came to stand. All alone Magruder and Conkey wormed to the second refrigerator, and to the first. They gained the head of the first.

By inches Magruder manœuvered his huge beard and huge shoulders and huge paunch into the side ladder, hugging the car, by inches shinned down. On the bottom rung he halted, and, holding himself out from the car, considered the gap between him and the 2 switch-engine.

On her four little drivers the 2 raced, a mere blur. One saw in quivering outline adozen 2's. Her tender foot-board quivered by the rails a yard beneath and a yard and more in advance of Magruder's rung. On the tender's corner quivered a boardinghandle a bit bigger than a napkin-ring. Beyond quivered the tender's slant-built back, smooth, bare of steps or cleats. Magruder held himself a little farther out and forward, removed one foot from the bottom rung, and extended it shyly into the gap. Hugging the car, he climbed the ladder, and on the roof-walk prostrated himself in a manner of exceeding meekness; moveless and earnestly flattened, his cheek pressed against the boards. Conkey wormed past Magruder, into the ladder, shinned down. On the bottom rung he halted, and held himself out. His waistlong red beard lay over his shoulder horizontal, as straight as a yardstick. Suddenly his jumper, unbuttoned, whipped open and up, flapped about his ears madly. Hugging the car, Conkey climbed the ladder. In Magruder's wake he prostrated himself.

The sign-board

# WEST LONDON ONE MILE

flashed up, away. The Arkansan whistled highway.

West London—green depot, stores, grain-house—debouched; shrieking, denatted

The Richmond rolled and lurched and shivered. Her puffing beat a fury, ham-

mered at the ears. The wind slapped and sang. Up from the south the white track streamed and wound. Wheat, corn, pasture-sward, hastened by. Bullock stoked, a jumping-jack. The Arkansan sat the rioting engineer's seat.

Up from the sky-line mounted a white dome. About it rose slim steeples, many roofs. In the midst of them showed the upper works of a grimed coal-chute and the cornice of a red brick roundhouse.

"That yondeh is Powde'ly?" inquired the Arkansan.

e Arkansan.
"That 's Powderly," assented Bullock.

On the west traveled a grove from which projected hazily shabby sheds. A spur led from this; the switch of it clashed underfoot.

"That thyeh," inquired the Arkansan, indicating, "is the abandoned brick-ya'd?"

"That's the brick-yard," assented Bullock.

The sign-board

# POWDERLY ONE MILE

flashed up, away. The Arkansan raised arm to the whistle-pull, and loosed on the sweet chime a long, bullying station blast. Then he closed the throttle and eased the reverse-lever.

The sign-board

#### YARD LIMITS

approached, fled. Switch-stands fled, and derby-hatted sentries, detectives. Powderly yard, silent, moveless, detective-bound, surrounded. The Arkansan shifted the air-cock center to right to center, and repeated. Powderly depot neared briskly, then deliberately. The Arkansan shifted to right to center slowly. The depot drew abreast, with a jerk halted. The Arkansan shifted to left, sent the pent air whistling. Then he unfolded his legs and slid from the engineer's seat. With a bit of waste he set to tidying his hands.

On the refrigerators Jonas Conkey and Green and Green's brothers sat up, blinked, and bartered feeble smiles. Magruder and his fellows sat up, blinked, and shinned down-ladder. Thence they took themselves away mildly, not stopping for their coats. Pleasantly and without haste the Arkansan himself alighted.

From the second story of the depot, which sheltered Division headquarters, hastened Superintendent Webb, an oldish gentleman, scholarly and benevolent, and fell upon the Arkansan with gratitude. He was enthusiastic, was Mr. Webb.

"The Company," he concluded, "will

extend you substantial appreciation, Mr. Harbin, insists upon it. I, personally, insist upon extending you some appreciation."

The Arkansan smiled a little smile of relish.

"Why, I tell you, seh," he suggested, "if you might happen to have on you' book-shelf a copy of 'Huckl'berry Finn,' and would cyah to affo'd me the privilege of it until I can retu'n to Sain's Rest, I would ce'tainly thank you."



## "PLACE ENOUGH FOR ME AND PEACE"

### BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

PON the thousands cast
Into the field of days, with troubled flow

My thought went out; I saw them ranked and massed

In battle, and laid low.

To live, to think and feel, It was to fat the robber of the nest; I looked, I saw the serpent at the heel, The aspic at the breast.

I saw want's tightening twist,
His crushing coil, around the child of care;
I saw the day-god wallow through the
mist

To gild a harlot's hair.

I saw high worth bowed down,
Vanity glad as laughing summer-green;
I saw the unkingliest thing clap on a
crown,

Hoar honor wasting mean.

But on itself thought turns.
"Thou fool!" mine said. "The lovely violet blows,

There 's fire yet in the star, the foxglove burns,

Runs love-blood in the rose.

"Curled in the shadow-vase,
Ferns cluster: morn shakes bright

Ferns cluster; morn shakes bright the willow-leaves;

The haughty worlds are at the appointed place,

The swallows at the eaves.

"The grasshopper has song;
The noon heat at the cricket's heart, it

The bluebird still brings heaven with him along,

Of it he shines and sings.

"Out of the sun and cloud The silences, the wonders of the wind; All trustful things with joyance cry aloud, They seek not, and they find."

"Now will I once more bend,"
I said, "to humble service, wiser live;
With trust makes hope heart-fellow, fate
a friend,

Take as the days may give.

"From murmuring will I cease,
And longer after folly follow not;
But, lord of place enough for me and
peace,
Will stand up in my lot."

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## THE DEFENSE OF BALER CHURCH.

BY CAPTAIN HORACE M. REEVE, U.S.A.



N the province of Principe, Luzon, about one hundred and forty miles northeast from Manila, lies the little town of Baler,

which in ordinary times contains about two thousand souls. It has a range of mountains at its back, and faces the Pacific Ocean; in consequence of its situation, the land communications are most difficult at all times, while at certain seasons communication by sea is well-nigh impossible.

A more inaccessible or lonely place is hard to find even in the Philippine Islands; but Baler will long be remembered in the annals of the Spanish army, for this town possesses a church, hardly more than a chapel in size, in which a small Spanish garrison was besieged by Filipino insurgents for nearly twelve calendar monthsfrom June 27, 1898, when four officers and fifty men went into the church, until June 2, 1899, when two officers and thirty-one men marched out of it. To relieve this garrison, the U. S. S. Yorktown was sent to Baler in April, 1899, and it was in the river at Baler that Lieutenant Gillmore and his boat's crew of fourteen men fell into the hands of an overwhelming body of insurgents after a sharp action. In this fight two sailors were killed, two mortally wounded, and the remainder of the party was captured, several being injured.

The last Filipino insurrection against Spain was apparently terminated by the treaty accomplished in December, 1897, which exiled Emilio Aguinaldo and some of his subordinate chiefs. On account of this insurrection the Spanish government

had sent about twenty-three thousand Peninsular troops to the Philippine Islands; but some of these troops having been brought home, there still remained in the archipelago about eighteen thousand Spanish soldiers at the time Admiral Dewey entered Manila Bay. For the most part, these soldiers were posted throughout the islands in small garrisons. When Aguinaldo returned to Cavite in May, 1898, the insurrection, which had been only slumbering, broke forth with renewed vigor; the outlying Spanish garrisons in Luzon were promptly besieged, generally by overwhelming forces of natives, and those garrisons which could not escape surrendered. An exception to these captures was made by the Spanish defense of Baler.

Baler is such a remote place, and its communications are so difficult, that it was not until nearly a year after Santiago de Cuba was taken by the American forces and Admiral Cervera's fleet was destroyed that the Baler garrison knew that the Philippine Islands no longer belonged to Spain.

When daylight came on June 27, 1898, the few Spanish troops stationed in Baler, noticing that the native inhabitants had abandoned the town (a sure sign of impending trouble), immediately took up their quarters in the church and in the convento, or priest's house. In the Philippines these two buildings, which are generally of stone in whole or in part and built adjoining each other, are usually so constructed as to lend themselves admirably to purposes of defense, which is also

assisted by the stone wall inclosing a space adjacent to the church and to the convento

The church at Baler was small, but its walls were very strongly built. At that time the Baler garrison was composed of four officers and fifty men; the officers were Señor Las Morenas, captain of infantry and governor of the province of Principe, sub-lieutenants Zayas and Martin, and Señor Vigil, the medical officer; the parish priest, Fray Cándido Carreño, had also taken refuge in his church. The Spaniards had time to place in the church some ammunition and a moderate amount of supplies, including about seventy bushels of rice.

The garrison made several reconnaissances, and on one of these, June 30, the insurgents were discovered in force, an action was brought on, and the insurgents, after driving in the reconnoitering party, invested the church and the siege began. On July 1, while the garrison was preparing the church for defense, a communication demanding surrender was received from two insurgent captains, who stated that their command was composed of three companies, and added that nearly all of the other Spanish garrisons had capitulated. The demand was refused. besiegers completely encircled the church with their trenches, from which they directed a fire against the garrison, who replied only when the insurgents exposed themselves. Throughout the long ensuing year the garrison was subjected to a great deal of rifle practice from the insurgents; but the doors and windows having been barricaded, the Spaniards were to a certain extent protected, and although a number of them were wounded, only two were killed. In addition to these gunshot casualties, two members of the garrison were executed by order of their commanding officer.

Besides those killed and wounded, several soldiers deserted, and a good fraction of the garrison died from tropical diseases, intensified by poor diet and close confinement. It is probable that at one time or another nearly every member of the garrison was sick. The little stock of provisions daily grew less, until there was nothing remaining but some decaying sardines. The garrison made attempts to assist their mess by such sprouts, leaves,

and herbs as could be gathered in the immediate vicinity of the church; it has also been stated that at one time some of the men augmented their ration by such reptiles and insects as were to be found in and around the church and convento. To procure water the Spaniards were compelled to dig a well in the court of the convento, by which means water of a questionable nature was obtained.

On July 19 the garrison received notice from another insurgent officer, Villacorta, that he had just arrived in front of the church with three companies of his command, and announced that if they surrendered with their arms, their lives would be spared and much consideration would be shown them; but if they persisted in their defense, he would take the church by assault and show no compassion. Later, seeing the fruitlessness of his fire, Villacorta stated that he would besiege that church until it surrendered, even if it required three years. Nevertheless, the insurgent firing continued, and on the 31st Villacorta again demanded the surrender, threatening to demolish the church by cannon fire; for he had gotten together seven or eight old-style field-pieces and one of a modern system.

This last demand being refused, at midnight the garrison was subjected to a cannonade, which, while doing great damage to the doors and windows of the church, injured none of the defenders, for which they were indebted to the thickness of their walls and to the inefficiency of the insurgent artillery. On August 3 the red wine (a component of the Spanish soldier's ration) was exhausted, as was also the garrison's stock of tobacco; and deprivation of tobacco causes more suffering to the average soldier than is produced by the absence of any other one article of his ration. On the night of the 7th the besiegers attempted to take the church by stealth, but, owing to the vigilance of a Spanish sentry, they were discovered and repulsed. On the 20th Villacorta sent another party to the church carrying a demand for surrender, this time making use of two Spanish friars whom the insurgents were holding as prisoners. The two friars were persuaded to remain in the church and not to return to the insurgent lines; they afterward performed the duties of soldiers, and their subsequent history is interesting.

In September the insurgents were begin-

ning to be assisted by two most powerful allies, dysentery and beriberi. The latter is a tropical disease which usually terminates fatally. The first victim to disease was the parish priest, who died on the 25th and whose death was shortly followed by that of others of the garrison. On October 13 Lieutenant Martin and Surgeon Vigil were both wounded, the latter seriously. This mishap to the surgeon was a grave matter to a body of men some of whom were dying and a number of whom were seriously sick. Among the victims to beriberi were two of the officers, Lieutenant Zavas, the immediate commander of the troops, who died October 18, and Captain Las Morenas, who died November 22. The death of Las Morenas was a severe loss to the little command, not only on account of his rank but also on account of his character. Fortunately for the garrison, the spirit of resistance which had been infused into it by Las Morenas did not die with him, but was energetically sustained by Lieutenant Martin, upon whom devolved the command.

On December 14, Martin, at the head of some of his men, made an offensive sally, charged the besiegers, destroyed their first line of trenches, and burned all of the houses near the church, thereby compelling the besiegers to take a more distant position. This removal of the nearest insurgent lines allowed the opening of one of the church doors. The change also permitted the besieged occasionally to go outside for a few yards to gather some sprouts and herbs with which they attempted to assist their ration.

On January 14 there arrived at Baler a Spanish officer, Captain Olmedo, who had come by way of the difficult mountain trail and was an emissary from General Rios, the Spanish general in Manila who was attending to the repatriation of the Spanish soldiers. Captain Olmedo must have been provided with proper papers both by the American and by the insurgent authorities, which allowed him to pass through the lines and to cross Luzon. He advanced under a flag of truce from the insurgent trenches, but the besieged required him to halt at some distance from the church.

Martin demanded of Olmedo what the latter desired. Olmedo replied that he had come in pursuance of an order from Gen-

eral Rios and had a personal communication to make to Governor Las Morenas. Martin, as well as his men, thought that Olmedo was not what he represented himself to be, but was some person sent by the insurgents, and was a party to some ruse similar to several schemes previously attempted by the insurgents, with the object of beguiling the garrison into leaving the church in order that they might be at the mercy of the besiegers, or that the latter might learn something of the conditions existing within the walls of the improvised fortress.

Martin, fearing that Olmedo was connected with the insurgents, and not desiring to apprise the latter of the misery of the garrison and of the death of the provincial governor, informed Olmedo that he could not enter the church, but that he, Martin, would retire within and confer with the governor (who had been dead nearly two months). Martin, returning from this feigned conference, told Olmedo that Governor Las Morenas said that he would hold no conversation with Olmedo, as he, the governor, had been deceived so many times. In vain did Olmedo attempt to establish his identity, and to urge the plea that he had been specially commissioned by General Rios personally to give a communication to Las Morenas with instructions for the evacuation of Baler. He was refused entrance to the church, nor could he persuade Martin as to the genuineness of the orders brought from Rios, which unfortunately, through a clerical mistake, had been addressed in an irregular manner. Olmedo was compelled to retrace the difficult journey which he had made from Manila with his mission unfulfilled.

On February 25, Martin confined three of his men, who were accused of talking of their intention to desert and inciting their comrades to do likewise.

When March came the men had become almost destitute of clothing, and Martin issued to them certain cloths pertaining to the hospital supplies. They made needles from small bits of tin, and in lieu of shoes they made sandals from wood. Fire-wood was obtained from the timbers of the convento. The Spanish flag, hoisted above the church, was kept renewed in spite of wind and rain; the last flag used was made from an acolyte's red gown and a piece of yellow mosquito-net-

ting. Most of the men faced the situation with cheerfulness and jested with their fate; they used to speak of "the roster for the expedition to the other town" when referring to those who were very ill.

The first few days of March were redletter days for the garrison; for three waterbuffaloes that strayed too near the church were eagerly seized by the besieged and furnished fresh meat for several days.

On April 11 something occurred which, for the garrison, was rather mysterious. Only a limited portion of the sea, and that near the horizon, can be seen from the church belfry. At about 2 P.M. the defenders heard the discharge of cannon from seaward, and that night they saw the search-light of a war-vessel. Their joy knew no bounds: at last the war with the United States had terminated, and the Spanish government had sent naval aid: at last the garrison was saved! The war had, in fact, virtually terminated eight months previously, and the shots they heard were fired by the U. S. S. Yorktown, which had been sent to aid the garrison, probably on the urgent appeal of the Archbishop of Manila.

In order to operate intelligently, the captain of the Yorktown sent Ensign Standley and one quartermaster ashore before daylight on the 12th, to make, if possible, a secret reconnaissance, and to draw a map locating the church, the town, and the insurgents. This was a difficult and dangerous piece of work. Lieutenant Gillmore was sent to protect as far as possible Ensign Standley and his companion and to bring them back to the ship; but upon the completion of their plucky mission they were brought to the ship by another boat, because Lieutenant Gillmore and his boat's crew of fourteen men had had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the insurgents, but only after a sharp fight.

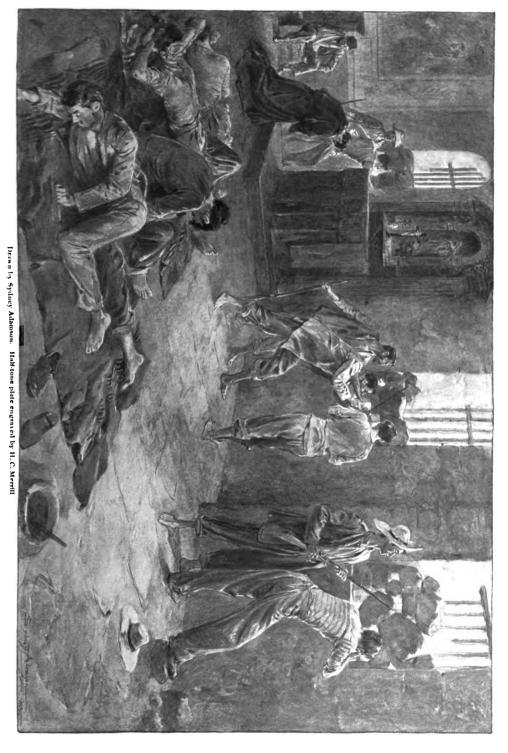
These events were unknown to the Spaniards in the church. That afternoon the supposedly Spanish vessel fired a few shots from its large-caliber guns, hearing which, Martin ordered three volleys to be fired, hoping to attract the attention of some one aboard the ship. In addition, that night the besieged burned a beaconfire on the belfry; but it is probable that the volleys could not have been heard nor the beacon-fire seen by those on board the Yorktown.

At 4 A.M. on the 13th the besieged saw the search-light extinguished, and a short time afterward they saw the ship steaming away near the horizon.

That afternoon the insurgents attempted another stratagem. A man clad in the uniform of a sailor approached the church under a flag of truce, and stated that the war with the United States had terminated. and that the captain of the vessel then in the harbor placed his ship at the disposal of the beseiged. At the same time the messenger pointed out an American flag on a bare pole near the beach, which, through the trees from the church, might have been mistaken for a mast of a gunboat. This flag had probably been Lieutenant Gillmore's boat flag. The garrison suspected treachery, and paid no attention to his statements.

The three soldiers charged with intended desertion had been confined in the baptistery, but on May 8 the insurgents succeeded in exploding a shrapnel in this improvised guard-room, and as the projectile made a large opening in the roof or in the wall, filling the baptistery with earth and wounding slightly each of the three prisoners, it was necessary to confine them in the part of the church used as an infirmary. One of the prisoners took advantage of the opportunity and made his escape.

On May 27, near midnight, the corporal of the guard gave warning that he suspected that the enemy had entered the inclosure which partly surrounded the church. Martin aroused his men, and they took their posts to repel an assault, but not until daylight was it ascertained that the corporal was right in his suspicions. Then it was seen that the insurgents had opened a breach in the wall of the inclosure, so that a fire delivered through this breach would prevent the Spaniards from going to their well for water. Martin collected some of his best marksmen, and having placed some of them in a trench facing the breach and others at embrasures in the wall of the church, the Spaniards opened fire, silencing that of the enemy, and the breach was repaired. Several insurgents were killed so near to the church that neither they nor their arms could be removed by their comrades. It has been stated that Simeon Tecson, at that time commanding the insurgents, said that on



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that occasion he lost seventeen men killed and wounded.

On the afternoon of May 28 another emissary from General Rios arrived in front of the church in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Aguilar of the Spanish army. He had been supplied with papers which allowed him to pass through the American and the insurgent lines, but he possessed no credentials which would allow him to enter the church held by his countrymen. He had brought a steamer to relieve the garrison. But the besieged, having had so many stratagems attempted against them, disbelieved in the identity of Colonel Aguilar.

In vain did Aguilar plead for credence to be placed in himself and in his mission, and he was sent away without being allowed to enter the inclosure. He returned to the church the next day, but he met with no better success in establishing his authenticity, and, in despair of accomplishing his mission, he returned to Manila. Previous to departing, Aguilar threw to the garrison a bundle of old newspapers. If men's lives had not been at stake, the baffled attempts of Colonel Aguilar and Captain Olmedo to identify themselves and to deliver orders to their comrades in arms would have been somewhat humorous.

On June 1 it became evident that the garrison could no longer maintain itself in Baler, and Martin decided to cut his way through the insurgent lines and march across the mountains to the nearest Spanish post. This decision shows in what ignorance the garrison had been steeped by its isolation: for there was no other Spanish post in Luzon; the Spanish power in the Philippines had virtually ceased months before. The two soldiers who had been held as prisoners under the charge of intending to desert and inciting others to do likewise were now brought forth from their place of confinement and shot. The start was to have been made that night, but as the night proved to be clear, the enterprise was postponed until the following

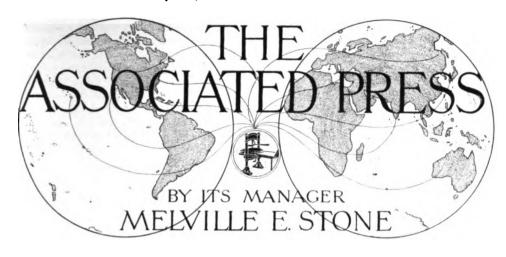
On the morning of June 2 Martin found time to glance over the newspapers brought by Colonel Aguilar. Among them was a paper from Martin's native city in Spain, which, on the face of it, showed that it could not have been connected with a ruse of the insurgents. From it Martin gleaned something of what had occurred in the outside world during the last year: among other things, that the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba had been lost to Spain, and that for many months there had been no Spanish flag in Luzon except the one at Baler church. Martin assembled his men and explained the situation to them, and it was apparent to all that there was nothing else to do but to capitulate. A truce with the insurgents having been instituted, negotiations were entered into, and at last the depleted command marched out of the little church which for nearly a year they had guarded so well for the King of Spain.

Of the original number that had taken refuge in the church the casualties had not been inconsiderable: two officers, the priest, and twelve men had died from disease; two men had been killed by insurgent bullets; two had been executed; two officers and fourteen men had been wounded; three men had deserted.

In addition to the two officers and thirtyone men who finally composed the garrison, it will be remembered that there were two friars who had been acting as soldiers. Unfortunately for these two priests, some of their former parishioners or acquaintances were waiting for them outside the church, and caused the friars to be again seized, claiming that the terms of the capitulation referred only to military persons.

Lieutenant Martin and his men were allowed to march overland to Manila, where they discovered that the Americans had been in possession for nearly a year, and at that time were actively campaigning against the insurgents.

When Lieutenant Martin and his detachment arrived in Spain, the Queen Regent, in the name of Alfonso XIII and of the nation, ordered that thanks be given to each survivor of the Baler garrison, and that the Cross of San Fernando (the Spanish Victoria Cross, carrying with it a pension) be presented to such as were deemed worthy of it. The Cross of Maria Cristina was granted to all of the survivors. Señor Vigil received additional recognition from the government, while Lieutenant Martin, in addition to his two decorations, received the commission of a captain in the regular army.



### NEWS-GATHERING AS A BUSINESS!

THE business of news-gathering and news-publishing, as we know it, is wholly an American idea, having taken its rise in this country in the early years of the last century. There were coffee-houses in London and New York, where the menhad been accustomed to resort to exchange the

current gossip, and letters on important topics had occasionally been published; but before this time no systematic effort had been made to keep pace with the world's happenings. Then came the newspaper, supplanting the chap-book, the almanac, and the political pamphlet.

In the new development half a dozen men were notable. Samuel Topliff and Harry Blake were the first newsmongers. Topliff established a "news-room" in Boston, where he sold market reports and shipping intelligence; and Blake was a journalistic Gaffer Hexam, who prowled about Boston harbor in his rowboat, intercepting incoming European packets, and peddling out as best he could any news that he secured. Both these men displayed zeal and intelligence, and both became famous in their day.

Later, in 1827, Mr. Arthur Tappan, the merchant-philanthropist and reformer,

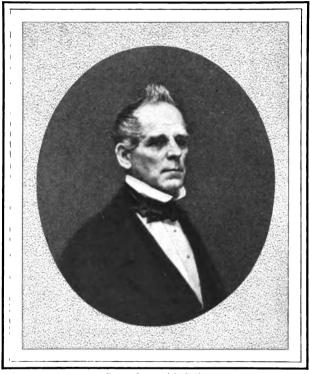
founded the "Journal of Commerce" in New York to combat the growing influences of the theater, which he regarded as pernicious. But the playhouses proved too strong for him, and within a year he sold the paper to David Hale and Gerard Hallock, two young Boston journalists. They were familiar with the work of Topliff and Blake, and promptly transplanted their methods to New York. They discarded the rowboat, and built a handsome sea-going yacht, which they named the Journal of Commerce and ran twenty or thirty miles beyond Sandy Hook to meet incoming vessels. There had previously been a small combination of New York papers to gather ship news; but the building of the Journal of Commerce incensed the other members, and they promptly expelled Hale and Hallock, who replied in a card, which was printed in their newspaper on October 9, 1828, as follows:

Yesterday our new boat, the Journal of Commerce, went below for the first time, fully manned and equipped for service. We understand that her rival, the Thomas H. Smith, is also in readiness for similar duty. An opportunity is now afforded for an honorable competition. The public will be benefited by such extra exertions to procure marine news, and we trust the only contention between the two boat establishments will be, which can outdo the other in vigilance, perseverance, and success. In one respect, and in one only, we expect to be outdone; and that is, in collecting news on the Sabbath. This we shall not do,

1 See also THE CENTURY for April and May .- EDITOR.

and if our Monday papers are, as we trust they will not often be, deficient in giving the latest marine intelligence, we must appeal to the candor and moral principle of our subscribers for a justification.

Hale and Hallock also erected upon the Highlands, near Sandy Hook, a semaphore telegraph, to which their schooner signaled the news, and which in turn transpetitors. This system worked so successfully that the Federal government took it over; but Hale and Hallock extended their express to Washington, and thus maintained their supremacy. They frequently published official news from the capital before it had been received by the government officers in New York. In one instance a Norfolk paper, published two hundred and



From a photograph by Brady
GERARD HALLOCK

mitted it to Staten Island. Thence the news was carried to the publication office in New York city. In this way they were able to distance all competitors. They also introduced to American journalism the "extra edition." The scenes about the office of the "Journal of Commerce" in those days aroused great public interest, and before long the proprietors enjoyed a national reputation.

Not content with distancing their rivals in European news, they also established a pony express from Philadelphia, with eight relays of horses. By this means they were frequently able to publish Southern news twenty-four hours in advance of their comthirty miles south of Washington, copied the Washington news from the New York "Journal of Commerce," which it received by sea before it had any direct advices. In time this enthusiasm waned, but with the advent of James Gordon Bennett and the New York "Herald" it revived, and the zeal then displayed has never been surpassed.

The battle royal which was carried on between General James Watson Webb of the New York "Courier and Enquirer," on the one hand, and Bennett of the "Herald," and Hale and Hallock of the "Journal of Commerce," on the other, is historic.

When the war with Mexico broke out,

Mr. Bennett was able, through his system of pony expresses, to publish accounts of battles even before the government deevery one. The Cunard liners ran between Liverpool and Boston, and Bennett, with characteristic energy, instituted a scheme



"THEY . . . BUILT A HANDSOME SEA-GOING YACHT . . . AND RAN TWENTY OR THIRTY MILES BEYOND SANDY HOOK TO MEET INCOMING VESSELS"

spatches were received. He also had a carrier-pigeon service between New York and Albany for the annual messages of the governor, which he printed ahead of for hurrying the news by pony express from Boston to New York.

Topliff and Blake had been succeeded by D. H. Craig, who established himself as



Drawn by George Varian. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis
"HIS PIGEONS . . . WERE SENT OFF FROM A
WINDOW IN HIS STATE-ROOM"

an independent news-collector and -vender at Boston, and displayed extraordinary alertness. As the Cunard boats approached the harbor, Craig met them and received on his schooner a budget of news from the incoming vessel. Then by carrier-pigeons he communicated a synopsis of the news to his Boston office, frequently releasing the birds forty or fifty miles from port.

Meanwhile Professor Morse was struggling with his invention of the magnetic telegraph. In 1838 he completed his machinery and took it to Washington on the invitation of President Van Buren; but it was not until 1843 that Congress appropriated \$30,000 to build an experimental line. It took a year to construct this between Washington and Baltimore, and it was not until the latter part of 1844 that it proved of any service for the transmission of news.

With the advent of the telegraph, Craig determined to make use of this novel agency in his business, but encountered the hostility of those having a monopoly of Morse's patents, who desired to control the news business themselves. There was a sharp contest. The New York papers joined forces with the telegraph people, and in 1848 organized the Associated Press, with Mr. Hallock as president and Dr. Alexander Jones as manager.

Its membership was limited to the proprietors of the six or seven New York dailies, and its purpose was to gather news for them only. Later, other newspapers in the interior arranged for exchanging news with it, and thus the enterprise developed

into one of great importance.

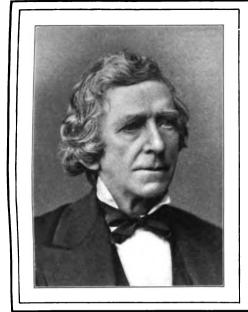
A hundred interesting stories are told of the experiences of Manager Jones. Because of the excessive cost of transmitting messages by the imperfect telegraph lines of that day, he devised a cipher, one word representing a sentence. Thus the word "dead" meant, in the congressional reports, "After some days' absence from indisposition, reappeared in his seat." When they desired to convey this information respecting Senator Davis of Massachusetts, they wired, "John Davis dead." But the word "dead" was not recognized as a cipher by the receiving operator, and all the papers of New York and Boston



From a photograph by Bogardus. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

D. H. CRAIG





From a photograph by Fassett

L. A. GOBRIGHT, FORMERLY MANAGER OF THE

ASSOCIATED PRESS AT WASHINGTON

proceeded to print post-mortem eulogies, much to Davis's amusement.

When the Whig convention of 1848 assembled at Philadelphia, Jones planned

to score a great "beat." The wires did not cross the river at Jersey City. and therefore he arranged for a flag signal across the North River. Ιf General Taylor should prove to be successful, a white flag was to be waved. Unfortunately, another company was also signaling by white flags on another subject, and lones was misled into announcing Taylor's nomination before it happened.

Dr. Jones was a better general manager than prophet. In the light of to-

From a photograph by Sarony WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, FORMERLY GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

day, the following declaration, which he published in 1852, is interesting:

All idea of connecting Europe with America, by lines extending directly across the Atlantic,

is utterly impracticable and absurd. It is found on land, when sending messages over a circuit of only four or five hundred miles, necessary to have relays of batteries and magnets to keep up or to renew the current and its action. How is

this to be done in the ocean, for a distance of three thousand miles? But by the way of Behring's Strait the whole thing is practicable, and its ultimate accomplishment is only a question of time. Craig, against whom the efforts of the association were directed, did not,

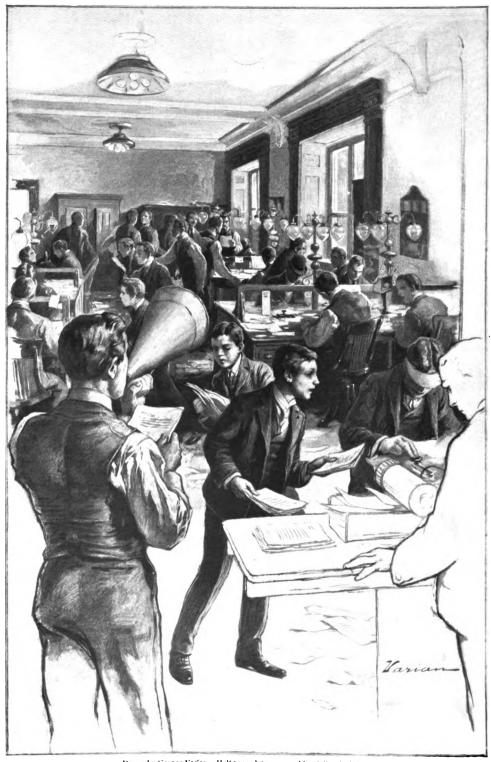


From a photograph by Taber

J. W. SIMONTON, FORMERLY GENERAL MAN-AGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

however, surrender.

As the Liverpool



Drawn by George Varian. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE RECEIVING OPERATOR SHOUTS THE NEWS THROUGH A MEGAPHONE"

boatstouched at Halifax en route to Boston, to this point he turned his attention. He had a synopsis of European happenings carefully prepared in Liverpool and placed in the purser's hands; and, on the arrival of the vessel at Halifax, the purser sealed this budget in a tin can, which was thrown overboard and picked up by Craig's representative, who hurried it on to Boston and New York by pony express, completely outstripping all rivals. The New York and Boston newspapers then chartered a steamer to express news from Halifax to Boston, with the idea of telegraphing it from Boston to New York. But Craig was equal to the emergency. Putting a pair of his best carrier-pigeons in a basket, he traveled by the land route to Halifax in season to take passage on the press express boat for Boston; and when the steamer approached the shores of Massachusetts his pigeons, heavily freighted with the European news, were sent off from a window in his state-room. This was so adroitly done that, long before the express boat landed, Craig's pigeons had reached the city and the news they brought had been published. His opponents then gave up the fight, and elected Craig their general manager.

For the ensuing forty years they had no rival worthy of note. Hallock retired in 1861 and Craig in 1866. David M. Stone succeeded as president and James W. Simonton as general manager. In 1882 there came a change.

The Associated Press had grown to be all-powerful in its field, and an offensive and defensive alliance had been formed with the great Reuter News Agency, which had meanwhile grown up in Europe; but the association was owned by seven New York papers, which gathered such news as they desired and sold it to the newspapers of the inland cities. Important subsidiary associations, such as the New England Associated Press and the Western Associated Press, had been organized. They bought the news of the New York association and made payment in money, as well as a contribution of the news of their own localities; but they had no voice in the management. The Western association finally revolted. There was a shortlived contest that ended in a compromise. The West was admitted to a partnership in the direction of the business. Two

Western men, Richard Smith of Cincinnati and W. N. Haldeman of Louisville, joined Whitelaw Reid and James Gordon Bennett in an executive committee; Charles A. Dana was added as a fifth member and chairman; and William Henry Smith, who had served the Western association as manager, was appointed general manager. The compact ran for a term of ten years.

All this while the association had confined its energies to the gathering and distribution of what is known among newspaper men as "routine news"—shipping, markets, sporting, congressional reports, and the "bare bones" of a day's happenings. The owners of the great metropolitan dailies who controlled it preferred to hold the management in leash so that they might display enterprise with their special reports of the really interesting events. The smaller papers, which were wholly dependent upon the association for general news, could not afford extensive special telegrams, and therefore desired the organization to make comprehensive reports of everything.

During Mr. Smith's administration substantial improvements were effected. Arrangements were made with the telegraph companies for leased wires, which were operated by the association itself. There was also not a little display of real enterprise. Unfortunately, however, many of the employees were chosen because of their familiarity with the technical side of the telegraph business, and were often incapable of writing the news in interesting fashion. In addition, the organization was loosely planned, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, was not planned at all. It had grown up through constant compromises by more or less conflicting interests, and the special concessions which were constantly being made led to a very considerable degree of friction. Many of the papers in the association enjoyed an exclusive right to the service, and it was almost a cardinal principle that no new paper could be admitted to its privileges without the consent of all Associated Press papers in the city of publication. As the country grew, such a plan made a rival organization inevitable. There was a close alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company, by the terms of which the association was given special advantages, and it in turn refused to patronize any rival telegraph company.

From time to time enterprising men founded new papers which, under the rules, could not gain admission to the Associated Press. Rival telegraph companies also appeared in the field and established rival news services. Owing to the great strength of the Associated Press. these rival concerns struggled against heavy odds, but constantly grew in importance, until finally there were enough papers which had been unable to secure admittance to the association and enough telegraph companies contesting the field with the Western Union Company to organize a formidable competitor—the United Press. Behind it the two most important papers were the Boston "Daily Globe" and the Chicago "Daily Herald," both of which were enterprising and financially strong. In London, also, there was established a rival to Reuter, called the Central News Agency, not very formidable, to be sure, yet sufficiently enterprising to furnish a fair summary of the world's news. It had a distinct advantage in the fact that the five hours' difference in time between London and New York enabled it to glean from the London morning papers the most important happenings in time to transmit them to America for publication in contemporaneous issues.

It was one of the rules of the Associated Press-both of the parent organization and of all the tributary associations—that a member should not traffic with any rival association; but the rules were so loosely drawn and so ineffectively enforced that the United Press was able to sell its report to a large number of papers. In many cases members of the Associated Press bought the United Press report, paying a considerable weekly sum for it, simply in order to prevent its use by a rival newspaper. All of this gave the United Press a considerable revenue and an important standing. Finally it menaced the supremacy of the older organization.

Then an unfortunate compromise was effected. Those in the management of the Associated Press privately purchased a controlling interest in the stock of the United Press, and made a secret agreement that the two associations should work in harmony. The existence of this private arrangement was disclosed in 1892, as the

ten-year alliance between the New York Associated Press and the Western Associated Press was about to terminate. created great commotion. The Western Associated Press refused to go on under such an agreement. Finally the New York Associated Press was absorbed by the United Press, and the Western Associated Press set out to operate independently. At that moment I was invited to become general manager of the Western association. I had been a member of the board of directors and of the executive committee of that organization during the vears that I had edited the Chicago "Daily News," and I was reasonably familiar with the business.

A struggle for supremacy between the two agencies opened at once. The United Press had the support of all the newspapers east of the Alleghany Mountains, and the Western Associated Press had only a majority of those in the West, while the papers of the South at first endeavored to maintain friendly relations with both, but later fell into the arms of the United Press. In point of membership, as well as in financial strength, the Western organization seemed to be no match for its Eastern rival, but it had one important advantage. In its plan of organization it was a democracy, and its management was subject to the control of its entire membership. The United Press, on the other hand, was a close corporation, in the hands of a few men, and the large majority of the papers receiving its report were merely clients having no vote in the management.

The contest lasted for four years, and was waged with great bitterness. Early in its progress I went to Europe and arranged an alliance with Reuter. This was a blow from which the United Press never recovered. Mr. Victor F. Lawson, my former partner in the ownership of the Chicago "Daily News," was elected president and devoted himself with great persistency and disinterestedness to the upbuilding of the organization. He and I set out for New York, where we began a prolonged missionary effort. It happened that Mr. Horace White of the New York "Evening Post," Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of the New York "World," and Mr. John Cockerill of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," were all Western men who had been long-time friends of mine, and it was not difficult to convince them of the wisdom of our plan of organization.

When I called upon Mr. White, I found him busily writing an editorial. Scarcely pausing in his work, he said: "I am with you. I do not believe in an association which is controlled by three or four men. The 'Evening Post' will join your company. But I am under pledge to make no move in the matter without consulting my friends of the New York 'Staats-Zeitung' and the Brooklyn 'Eagle.'" Very soon the "Evening Post," the "Staats-Zeitung," the "World," the "Morning Advertiser," and the "Commercial Advertiser" of New York, as well as the Brooklyn "Eagle," abandoned the United Press and joined the Western organization. A special meeting was called in Chicago, and the Associated Press was reorganized as a national institution. The fact that it retained the name—The Associated Press -which for over forty years had been a household word in the United States was of great value, editors, as a rule, recognizing the desirability of advertising (as they had done for many years) their connection with the Associated Press rather than their alliance with the United Press. The title "The Associated Press" was a most valuable trade-mark.

In time the Philadelphia papers, certain New England papers, and a number of journals in central New York, also abandoned the United Press and joined the Associated Press. The contest resulted in placing a heavy burden of expense upon both organizations. The normal revenues of neither were sufficient to maintain its service at the standard of excellence required by the competition. The members of the Associated Press promptly assembled and subscribed to a large guaranty fund to provide for the deficits, while the four or five New York papers behind the United Press were compelled to contribute in like manner in order to hold their clients to any degree of allegiance. Month by month and year by year the converts to the Associated Press grew in number and the burden of expense upon the New York papers became heavier. At length the Boston "Herald" joined the Associated Press, and the collapse of the United Press followed. On April 8, 1897, Mr. Dana, who was then its president, made, in its behalf, a voluntary assignment, and on that day

two or three hundred of its members were admitted to the Associated Press.

A small number of papers still found it impossible to join, and were compelled to form another association, which has now grown into the Publishers' Press organization, serving a large number of papers. chiefly afternoon issues, with a creditable report. Two years later there was a clash with a member of the Associated Press in Chicago, litigation ensued, and the Supreme Court of Illinois rendered a decision adverse to the association. In order to safeguard their interests, and because experience had shown defects in the plan of organization, a number of the leading members formed a new association, and incorporated it under the law of the State of New York. Substantially all of the members withdrew from the existing organization and joined the new corporation. There was no legal connection between the two, although the one which ceased to exist and the one which came into existence at the same moment were both called the Associated Press and the membership was virtually identical.

It is this New York corporation which for the last five years has been known as the Associated Press. As its name indicates, it is an organization of newspapers for the purpose of gathering news on joint account. It is purely mutual in its character, and in this respect is unique. All of the other news-supplying agencies of the world are proprietary concerns. It issues no stock, makes no profit, and declares no dividends. It does not sell news to any one. It is a clearing-house for the interchange of news among its members only. Its membership consists of seven hundred daily newspapers published in the United States, each of which contributes to the common budget all news of national interest originating in its vicinity, pays a weekly assessment representing its share of the general expense of conducting the business, and has its vote in the election of the management. The annual budget is divided thus: salaries — executive, editors, correspondents, operators, messengers, etc., \$1,031,-000; leased wires and telegraph tolls on outgoing matter, \$704,000; tolls on incoming matter, specials, etc., \$152,000; foreign cables, \$182,000; contracts with foreign agencies, \$15,000; general expenses, including rents, telephones, type-writers, legal expenses, etc., \$174,000; total, \$2,258,000.

To meet this, each member is assessed a sum which is paid weekly in advance. In making up these assessments, an equitable system is followed, which provides that the heaviest tax shall fall upon the

larger papers.

The association is several times greater in magnitude and in the importance of its work than any other institution for distributing news. It serves, for instance, all but six of the morning daily newspapers of the country which take telegraphic service. It furnishes more than one half of all the news the papers print, and its despatches appear in journals having an aggregate issue of over fifteen and one half million copies a day. If the recognized formula of three readers for each copy be accepted, it is evident that its telegrams are read by more than one half the people of the nation. How wide is the influence exerted by this service in a land where readers demand the facts only and form their own judgment, no one may estimate. The association certainly plays a most important part in our national life. Yet, if one may judge from inquiries that come to the general office, it is little understood either by editors or readers.

Annually the members gather in general convention in New York and elect a board of directors of fifteen members. By common consent, the members of this board are chosen from different parts of the country, so that each important division is represented. They are trained newspaper men, who bring to the discharge of their duties an intimate knowledge of the business and a high sense of responsibility. The board of directors in turn elect a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and general manager, an assistant secretary and assistant general manager, and a treasurer, and designate from their own number five members to serve as an executive committee.1

The world at large is divided, for the purpose of news-gathering, among four

<sup>1</sup>The present roster of officers is as follows: Frank B. Noyes, Chicago "Record-Herald," President; Charles H. Taylor, Boston "Globe," First Vice-President; H. H. Cabaniss, Augusta (Ga.) "Chronicle," Second Vice-President; Melville E. Stone, Secretary and General Manager; Charles S. Diehl, Assistant Secretary and Assistant General Manager; and Valentine P. Snyder, Treasurer. The directors are: Whitelaw Reid, New York "Tribune"; Clark Howell, Atlanta "Constitution"; W. L. McLean, Philadelphia "Bulletin"; Albert J. Barr, Pittsburg "Post";

great agencies. The Reuter Telegram Company, Ltd., of London, gathers and distributes news in Great Britain and all her colonies, China, Japan, and Egypt. The Continental Telegraphen Compagnie of Berlin, popularly known as the Wolff Agency, performs a like office in the Teutonic, Slav, and Scandinavian countries; and the Agence Havas of Paris operates in the Latin nations. The field of the Associated Press includes the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Central America, as well as the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Each of these agencies has a representative in the offices of the others. Thus the Associated Press bureau in London adjoins the Reuter offices. The telegrams to the Reuter company are written on manifold sheets by the telegraph and cable companies, and copies are served simultaneously to the Associated Press bureau, the Wolff representative, the Havas men, and the Reuter people. A like arrangement obtains in Paris, Berlin, and New York, so that in each of these cities the whole panorama of the day's happenings passes under the eyes of representatives of each of the four agencies.

But the scheme is much more elaborate than even this arrangement would indicate. Operating as tributary to the great agencies are a host of minor agencies—virtually one such smaller agency for each of the nations of importance. Thus in Italy the Stefani Agency, with headquarters in Rome, gathers and distributes the news of Italy. It is the official agency, and to it the authorities give exclusively all governmental information. It is controlled by Italians, but a large minority of its shares are owned by the Agence Havas of Paris, and it operates in close alliance with the latter organization.

Thus, if a fire should break out in Milan, the "Secolo," the leading newspaper of that city, would instantly telegraph a report of it to the Stefani Agency at Rome.

George Thompson, St. Paul "Dispatch"; Victor F. Lawson, Chicago "Daily News"; Charles W. Knapp, St. Louis "Republic"; Harvey W. Scott, Portland "Oregonian"; Frank B. Noyes, Chicago "Record-Herald"; Thomas G. Rapier, New Orleans "Picayune"; Herman Ridder, New York "Staats-Zeitung"; M. H. de Young, San Francisco "Chronicle"; Charles H. Grasty, Baltimore "Evening News"; A. P. Langtry, Springfield (Mass.) "Union"; W. R. Nelson, Kansas City "Star"; and the Executive Committee consists of Messrs. Noyes, Knapp, Lawson, Reid, and Grasty.

Thence it would be telegraphed to all of the other Italian papers, and copies of the "Secolo's" message would also be handed to the representatives, in the Stefani headquarters, of the Reuter, Wolff, Havas, and the Associated Press agencies.

In like fashion, if the fire should happen in Chicago, the Associated Press would receive its report, transmit it to the American papers, and furnish copies to the representatives of the foreign agencies stationed in the New York office of the Associated Press.

Of the minoragencies the most important are the Fabri Agency of Madrid, the Norsky Agency of Christiania, the Swiss Agency of Bern, the Svensky Agency of Stockholm, the Correspondenz Büreau of Vienna, the Commercial Agency of St. Petersburg, and the Agence Balcanique of Sofia.

But the Associated Press is not content to depend wholly upon these official agencies. It maintains its own bureaus in all the important capitals, and reports the more prominent events by its own men, who are Americans and familiar with American newspaper methods. foreign representatives are drawn from the ablest men in the service, and the offices they fill are obviously of great responsibility. They must be qualified by long training in the journalistic profession, by familiarity with a number of languages, and by a presence and bearing which will enable them to mingle with men of the highest station in the countries to which they are accredited.

Such are the means used for gathering foreign news. For the exchange of domestic news the methods are not very different. Each of the seven hundred newspapers whose proprietors are members of the association is obliged to give the representative of the Associated Press free access to its news as soon as received. Many times a day the Associated Press man calls at every newspaper office in the large cities and is given the latest local news. If it is sufficiently important, he instantly puts it upon the leased wires, and in a few seconds it is in the hands of hundreds of telegraph editors throughout the country.

For the purpose of administration the country is divided into four grand divisions, each controlled by a superintendent acting under the direction of the general manager. The association leases thirty-five thousand miles of telegraph wire, and ex-

pends over seven thousand dollars a day in its work. These leased wires, which are worked by its own operators, stretch from Halifax, by way of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and Salt Lake, to San Francisco, San Diego, and Seattle; they radiate from New York through Albany, Syracuse, and Rochester to Buffalo; from Washington through the leading Southern cities to Atlanta; from Chicago south, by way of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Louisville, to Nashville, Atlanta, and New Orleans, as well as to Memphis, San Antonio, and the city of Mexico; and from Chicago north, by way of Milwaukee, to St. Paul and Duluth. They also extend from Philadelphia through the interior of Pennsylvania, and touch, by an extension from Kansas City, the interior cities of Nebraska and Iowa on the north, and Kansas and Oklahoma on the south. Thus every city of consequence is reached by the wire system of the Associated Press.

Three of these leased wires are operated between New York and Chicago at night and two by day. The volume of Associated Press report thus served daily to a morning newspaper in Philadelphia or Baltimore, through which cities the three night wires are extended, exceeds sixty thousand words, or forty ordinary columns. The telegraph operators are men of exceptional skill, and receive higher salaries than are paid by the telegraph or railway companies. To expedite their work, they use automatic sending-machines, which greatly exceed hand transmission in speed, and employ a system of abbreviations which can be sent with surprising rapidity. The receiving operators take the letters by sound and write them upon a type-writer, and since no one is able to manipulate a Morse key as swiftly as he can operate a type-writer, there is a constant effort to hasten the sending in order to keep pace with the ability of the receiver. The following example will illustrate the system of abbreviation. A message is sent thus:

t scotus tdy dcdd 5 pw f potus dz n xtd to t pips, ogt all pst cgsl xgn q sj is uxl. And it is rendered thus by the receiving operator:

The Supreme Court of the United States to-day decided that the power of the President of the United States does not extend to the Philippines, on the ground that all past congressional legislation on the subject is unconstitutional.

In the larger cities, where many copies of the messages are required, a sheet which has been immersed in wax is used in the type-writer. When written upon, it forms a stencil, which is placed upon a rotary cyclograph operated by an electric motor, and as many as three hundred copies of the message may be reproduced in a minute. One of these is thrust into an envelop bearing the printed address of a newspaper and shot through a pneumatic tube to the desk of the waiting telegraph editor in the newspaper office. Even this almost instantaneous method of delivery is too slow, however, for news of a sensational character. A bulletin wire connects the Associated Press office with every evening newspaper in New York, and the bulletins are flashed over it by operators of the highest skill in emergencies. When the result of a great race arrives, the receiving operator shouts the news through a megaphone, and every sending operator in the room flashes it over his circuit.

A storm is a serious thing, and there is

hardly a day in the year which is free from a storm somewhere in the vast territory covered by these leased wires. The expedients then resorted to are often interesting. During the great blizzard of 1888, in which Senator Roscoe Conkling lost his life, all communication was cut off between New York and Boston, and messages were sent from New York by cable to London, thence back to Canso on the Nova Scotian coast, and from Canso to Boston. In 1902 every wire between Boston and Philadelphia went down, and then special messengers were sent by train with the Associated Press telegrams. Last winter the wires between New York and Utica were swept away along the Hudson River. Then messages were transmitted by way of Baltimore to Chicago, and back to Utica by way of Buffalo.

Thus, with its alliances with the great foreign agencies covering every point of the habitable globe, with its own American representatives in every important foreign city, with special commissioners to report events of great moment, with the correspondents and reporters of virtually all of the newspapers of the world laid under contribution, and with official recognition in a number of countries, the Associated Press is able to comb the earth for every happening of interest, and to present it to the newspaper reader with almost incredible speed.



# THE MOON OF ROSES

BY ANNE P. L. FIELD

WONDROUS moon of roses— Moon of roses red— Watch o'er my lady Till night has fled.

Tender moon of roses—
Moon of roses white—
Gleam on her purely
With thy pale light.

Lovely moon of roses—
Moon of roses red—
Guide her through dreamland,
Guard thou her bed.

Blessed moon of roses—
Moon of roses white—
Whisper, "I love her,"
All through the night.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF JUBAL EARLY

# BY ONE WHO FOLLOWED HIM



QUEER fish was "Old Jube," but I am sure he had a warm and gentle heart, and his vagaries, in the main, were harm-

less. Strange capers did he cut sometimes before high heaven; but he was no humbug.

"Dr. Syntax" was not a more picturesque figure on horseback when he went in search of the beautiful than was General Early at the head of his little Confederate army in the campaign of 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley. His face, with the full whiskers he always wore, looked like a very malignant and very hairy spider. In form he was awkward and ungainly, roundshouldered, almost humpbacked, with long arms and legs, which his stirrups, so short as to bring his knees and his nose close together, made very noticeable. description applies to him only when mounted, for I never saw him off his horse but once.

He was always very shabbily dressed in a dingy old gray suit, with the stars on the collar so tarnished as to be barely visible. On his head he wore the queerest imaginable old gray felt hat, almost like one of the hats the clown wears in a circus, with a single feather, like the tail-feather of a rooster, stuck in it. The horse he rode was as ungainly and nearly as unkempt as he, and his ordinary gait was a lumbering trot which lifted the rider till his long legs were straightened out and then dropped him into the saddle with a tremendous thump. The general usually held the bridle-reins in his right hand and sawed the air with his left, twisting the fingers of it into all manner of strange shapes as he rode. Passing along the lines in this style, with his knees and elbows flapping and his rusty feather fluttering and threatening to fall out as he bobbed up and down, he looked more like an animated scarecrow than the commanding general of an army.

Perhaps the very peculiarities of the man made him more of a favorite among the soldiers, for such he certainly was up to the Cedar Creek disaster. His report of that battle was unjust to his soldiers and unworthy of him.

But before this we had a great fondness for him, though we had a very bad way of showing it. Whenever he came along the line there was a laugh and then a cheer, both of which things were very disagreeable to him, and he would trot along, working his fingers in the air and looking as preternaturally solemn as a country coroner going to his first inquest. After he had passed, some wag would shout after him one or another of the old army gags of those days. He would wheel his horse to see who had insulted him, but nobody knew, and he had no means of finding out.

On one occasion I knew him to consign a whole regiment to perdition. We had been lying around in camp for a couple of days between Winchester and Bunker Hill on the Martinsburg pike, when suddenly came orders to move, and in a few minutes we were up and off. The column took a due east course across the country toward Berryville. We followed no road, but went straight across fields and fences, through woods and creeks, wherever we came to them. It was one of Old Jube's mysterious marches toward the enemy's rear, which nobody but himself could ever understand. However, they generally caused the Federals to break camp and fall back.

In this case the plan did not work well. Our own rear was unguarded; the Valley pike was open from the Potomac to Winchester, except that two brigades of inefficient cavalry made a show of guarding it. Custer, who was constantly hanging on our flank, saw his opportunity and came down on them "like a wolf on the fold." They stampeded, of course, and Custer burned their wagon-train and took as many of them prisoners as he could catch.

The news reached us as we were passing through a pretty thick forest a mile or two north of Berryville and between that place and Charlestown. Here was a pretty pickle. We had about bagged the enemy, but the enemy now seemed about to bag us. The column halted, and the news was passed from man to man. Every one understood the gravity of the situation. We knew that Early would be piping-hot, for he hated to lose a wagon worse than anything else under heaven. Pretty soon he came tearing through the woods at a gallop, and leaped his horse over a low fence near our command. We knew then that the case must be a desperate one, for none of us had ever known him to ride that gait before.

He stopped within about twenty feet of where I stood. General Breckenridge was coming from the opposite direction, and here they met. Their escorts reined up, while the two generals drew a little to one side to consult. Now it happened that in Breckenridge's body-guard was an old fellow who very much resembled Early. Whether by accident or design, he had gotten himself up in the same sort of costume, even to the old gray hat and feather. Some of the men saw the resemblance and shouted, "Look at Jube's brother!"

This opened the ball, and, forgetful of danger, a hundred voices took up the cry, and "Jube's brother!" "Jube's brother!" was echoed on every side. Old Early heard the noise, and, looking up, saw his double, who half sheepishly joined in the general laughter. They were as much alike as the two captains in "Olivette," and Jubal could not fail to see it. He continued his consultation with Breckenridge, however, until some rascal, bolder than the rest, cried out: "Jube, why don't you go and kiss your brother?"

This was too much. Early grew livid with rage, and his eyes danced with anger as he rode quickly over to the offending command, the Twelfth Georgia Battalion, and berated them for every dereliction he could

think of, accusing them of all the crimes in the calendar. To wind up, he swore that he would make a fight for their special benefit and put them in the forefront of it, where he hoped every one of them would get killed and burn in hell through all eternity.

Old Jubal kept his word. The next day the Twelfth Georgia Battalion was placed in skirmish-line across the pike to support the two stampeded cavalry brigades, and the remainder of the army took another trip toward Berryville. About 3 P. M. the enemy's cavalry made a dash, and again the two valiant brigades of horsemen came tearing back to the rear. The little infantry band could not hope to escape by running. They had to fight. So, jumping behind trees and fences to avoid being trampled by the stampeded braves, they let them pass through and then opened fire on the advancing enemy. This part of the entertainment was not down on the bills, and the Federals, finding an infantry line of skirmishers opposed to them, naturally concluded that the main army must be behind them, and began to fall back. Seeing this, the battalion charged and drove them back in some disorder. Fighting in woods, every man on his own hook and behind his own tree, they protracted the contest until near night, when some of Ramseur's North Carolina troops came to their assistance and routed the enemy completely, driving them back beyond Bunker Hill.

I had an encounter with Old Jube one night that at least served to relieve my ill temper. It was a frightfully stormy night, and, after standing on picket duty for an unaccountably long time, I learned that the army had departed without warning. As I trudged after it, wet, forlorn, and very angry, I ran into a stone wall in the dark. Before I could fairly pick myself up and feel of my new bruises, I was accosted by a lonely horseman who came plodding along through the mud, his nag's hoofs splashing it over me as he rode by. He wanted to know who I was and what I was doing there, and in the same breath cursed me for a straggler and fired at me a volley of abuse. With the first word I knew it was Old Jube. That shrill voice and that style of interrogative scolding could not be counterfeited. But I knew just as well that I had the call on the old man. I could not see the stars on his coat or distinguish his features, and I was not bound to know his voice or to recognize him as an officer when outside his own lines and unattended.

So I gave the lock of my gun a significant click and called a halt on him. He knew the sound and slowed up his tongue a little until I could ask him who he was. He replied that he was General Early. He could easily tell from my speech that I was not a Federal. I told him he lied; that I believed he was a Yankee spy; and that I intended to take him into camp, Then the old fellow started his swearing again, and as I had a good deal of grist on hand, I started an opposition that fairly took his breath away. I asked him where ·General Gordon's command was. started him again to cursing me as a straggler, and he refused to tell me. I told him that satisfied me that he was not General Early, but a spy, and that he had to go with me to camp. He saw he was in a bad box. and screeched at me to go on through Winchester and I would find Gordon camped out on the Front Royal pike about four miles from town. With this he hurled a final shot or two at me, and, putting spurs to his horse, went flapping and flopping off into the deeper darkness like an ill-omened old raven with an impediment in his croak. What upon earth he was doing out there by himself I could never understand.

The next morning we marched in great style through Winchester and back to our old camp. The sun shone brightly, and the signal-corps on Maryland Heights could see us through their telescopes. In a few days the Baltimore papers reached us with the announcement that Early had been heavily reinforced by way of Front Royal. But such was Jubal Early's way. This was not the only time we made a long night march to the rear and came back the next day, with flags flying and drums beating, as reinforcements to ourselves. With just such tricks our little army of about eight thousand men held the Valley of Virginia all the summer of 1864, and threshed out the wonderful crop of wheat in it and took tithes on it for the Confederate government.

Early's camp equipage consisted of an ambulance, and those who claimed to know said all the baggage he carried in it was a barrel of brandy and a colored cook. Sometimes the movements of the army seemed to be dictated by a desire to refill that barrel or to gratify the wishes of that cook. The raid to Martinsburg on the previous day led to the disastrous defeat at Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864. Early's interference with General Gordon, who had already won a victory, caused the disgraceful defeat at Cedar Creek a month later. It was not "Sheridan's Ride," but Early's jealousy which enabled the Federals to regain all they had lost and more.

During all that terrible summer of 1864, after Lynchburg was saved, Jubal Early with his handful of men kept Grant's army weakened by the detachment of more than three times their number. He marched his ragged regiments within sight of the White House and camped all night within cannon-shot of the city of Washington; then brought them back across the Potomac and over the Blue Ridge into the Valley. In his second raid into Maryland he captured and brought out hundreds of fat beeves, and his wagon-train, loaded with flour and bacon, seemed to me at least six miles long as it wound over the hills about Williamsport. He was in command at Monocacy, and he fought scores of small engagements and skirmishes wherein he inflicted double the damage he received. He manœuvered over the whole Valley and kept the granary of the Confederacy from the spoilers' hands, while his little army was self-supporting.

But he was not a Jackson or a Lee, nor was he, in my judgment, the equal of John B. Gordon, who succeeded him. His queer ways do not lose their freshness with the passage of time, and to those who followed him he always will be "Old Jube."



# TOPICS OF THE TIME

REMARKS ON "TAINTED MONEY"—
AND A TIMELY SUGGESTION AS
TO DISHONORARY DEGREES

IN the discussion of a question of ethi-cal detail, of moral expediency, where the Rev. Dr. Gladden is on one side and the Rev. Dr. Abbott on the other, what position can a non-professional take as to the receipt of "tainted money"? He may ask, perhaps, whether there is such a thing as tainted money. Is any money tainted, except fraudulent money—money not good for its face value? Is not honest money always innocent, and honest, and morally clean; and is it not the man, the miserable, conscienceless human being, who is tainted, if anything is tainted; the man -any man-whose hands are soiled in getting money by unscrupulous, cruel, unsocial, and unchristian practices?

Meantime the debate is a wholesome one, and a happy sign of the times. Whatever the expediency of its occasion, whatever the facts as to the individual case that started the debate, let us hope that the very discussion marks an advance in the ethical quality of public opinion. One sometimes grows cynical about such matters, seeing the ungodly complacently doing the Lord's work, and buying the apparent acquiescence of the good—sometimes the apparent honor and regard of the good—by the simple means of appropriating some of their excess of wealth to education, philanthropy, or religion. One sometimes, indeed, looking back historically over the pious foundations of impious men, and observing also how ill-gotten wealth in our own day is spent in the building up of admirable institutions,one sometimes asks one's self. Is this the order of nature? is the tendency irresistible? are the contributions of evil men to be the means of bringing about the cessation of evil? is it, therefore, idle to cavil and deplore? Such, we say, is the cynical tendency of philosophizing over the spectacle of tainted men bestowing ostentatiously their moneyed gifts for virtuous causes.

Then comes such an outcry as this concerning "tainted" dollars; then do we see consciences sorely wounded; then do we realize that many men still have honorable scruples; then do we see standards of business honor set up and eloquently proclaimed. In vain may any one who is accused endeavor to mitigate the severity of censure by pleading custom. "That very custom," ethical protestants may retort, "which you extenuate as usual, proper, and, in the circumstances, necessary, we, by our protest, wish to define as dishonorable, inadmissible, and disastrous to public morals. We give notice that successes obtained precisely by these customary methods we regard as most unfortunate examples; besides, we hold that the greater the success the greater the evil; we maintain that it is against the true interests of education, morality, and religion that your tainted name should be mixed with the names that stand among us for virtue and for honorable service."

Thus it is that the debate is a pleasing sign of the times and likely to be wholesome in its effects, irrespective of decisions as to the taint or as to the acceptance of this gift or that, now or at any other time, and irrespective of the practicability of examination into the character of all givers to good objects. That there are times and occasions when discrimination as to the source of gifts has to be made, none can deny. The Louisiana Lottery used to pay annually, as the price of peace, a fortythousand-dollar subscription to the Charity Hospital; but when the lottery offered to raise its bribe to an annual payment to the State of a million and a quarter of dollars, an aroused public opinion forbade the bargain, and the refusal was a part of the fight which drove the accursed institution from the State and from the United States. If the debate does no other good, it will presumably keep those who appeal for funds for educational or otherwise benevolent institutions from even seeming to toady to men in the business or political world who are public malefactors, and from assisting them in their belated and unrepentant efforts to win social recognition from the decent and untainted.

In the case of an educational institution which solicits and accepts contributions from persons in the political or business world against whom malpractices have been publicly proved, and whose evil deeds and designs are notorious, would it not prevent moral confusion if some such plan as the following were adopted? At the annual commencement, when announcements are made of gifts received and honors conferred, let the authorities declare their gifts and their gratitude in due form: "This institution has received from A. B. during the past year the munificent gift of so many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The institution confers upon C. D. and E. F. the honorary degree of LL.D. for distinguished public services. as separately set forth; and upon A. B., and others named, we confer our highest dishonorary degree, in order to distinguish them for all time on account of unsocial practices, and as bad citizens, bad examples, and a warning to all men."

### OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

IN the last eight months THE CENTURY has printed several articles of uncommon interest to farmers, and appealing at the same time to all readers who have a natural curiosity with regard to progress in agriculture, that occupation which is both the base and the keystone to the arch which supports human society.

No single paper THE CENTURY has ever printed has called forth so much inquiry from those directly engaged in tilling the soil as the article by Mr. Grosvenor, in the number for October, 1904, describing a method of "Inoculating the Ground" which has been developed by the United States Agricultural Department. It was found that nitro-culture bacteria (germs which are easily propagated), when applied with the seed to poor or exhausted land, would immensely increase the growth and yield of beans, peas, alfalfa, clover, and all other leguminous plants which draw their sustenance from the air. Grains like wheat and oats, which draw their food from the soil, do not profit directly from the application of these nitrogenous germs; but they may be made to do so, indirectly, by first preparing the ground through crops of alfalfa or clover. Thus by "inoculating the ground" exhausted land can the more quickly be brought back to a condition favorable for the growing of grains.

Since the appearance of the article the Department of Agriculture has been beset with applications for information, and for the little cakes of germs which the department distributes for experiment; and private enterprise has undertaken to propagate the germs for sale. The importance of this discovery to the country cannot be overestimated. Of the six million farms in the United States at least one half the acreage is in a state of partial exhaustion, due to improvident methods of cultivation. Recuperation through the use of the nitroculture bacteria applied to leguminous crops is not only simple and cheap, but works such an obvious improvement in one season as to impress the most slipshod farmer with the value of enriching his land by crop rotation.

The little germs are the ideal slaves for a lazy man, if only he has the energy to be timely in his function of overseer. Our six million farms produce, yearly, crops and animals valued at about twenty-one billions of dollars. When the little germs have been generally put to use, the products should be increased, on a low estimate, ten per cent. for the same amount of labor, with a yearly increase in value of two billions of dollars. This discovery may prove of the greatest value to the older communities by giving, with a brief period of tillage, a new lease of life to the wornout or "abandoned" farm.

In the March and April numbers of the magazine appeared two articles by Mr. Harwood describing "A Wonder-Worker of Science"-Luther Burbank of California—who is carrying on a surprising work in creating new forms of plant life and improving familiar forms. His work points the way to a greater variety of luscious fruits, — and perhaps to cheaper ones, owing to larger yields for the same care, and to the enjoyment by everybody of new and more gorgeous forms of floral beauty. Such progress in the culture of fruits and flowers should interest every husbandman, despite the fact that in a business way it appeals only to a rather limited class.

In the opening article of this number of the magazine Mr. Grosvenor describes the activities of the United States Weather Bureau, with special reference to its services to the farmers. In addition to the warnings of rain and cold, which result in a yearly saving of several millions of dollars, the farmers are themselves taught to be weather-wise by the indefatigable and practical advice of "Our Heralds of Storm and Flood."

In a short time THE CENTURY will offer to the farmers an account of the labors of the Department of Agriculture in fighting infectious disease among the herds of the country, and in experimenting toward the selection of the best breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and poultry. This article, like the others mentioned above, will be profusely illustrated, and will be followed, at brief intervals, by papers of special interest to "the farming community," that most important body of the population, which has been in late years reinforced by men of large business instincts who have taken up agriculture on a grand scale, and by multitudes of well-to-do professional men and merchants who have adopted farming as a feature of their summer life, not so much for profit as for a means of deriving health and pleasure from serious contact with the practical side of country life.

A NEW REASON FOR "GOING WEST"

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

ROM the 1st of June until the end of September, the "Lewis and Clark Centennial and Oriental Fair" will enter-

tain the people of the Pacific slope and thousands of tourists from the Middle and Atlantic States with an exposition which has been called into being by a vast amount of energy and public spirit. It will commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition.1 which blazed the northern route to the Pacific, in execution of plans formed by President Jefferson, and hastened the settlement of that beautiful and productive region. The celebration of an event of such national importance properly has the support of the general government, and has been liberally carried out by local enterprise.

Fine exhibition buildings have been erected in a park of four hundred acres overlooking the Willamette River, only twenty minutes' ride by electric car from the center of the city of Portland. Another attractive natural feature of the site is Guild's Lake, in the center of which, on a peninsula, stands the United States government building. As Portland is a city of one hundred and thirty thousand people, there will be no lack of facilities for the entertainment of visitors.

A special feature has been made of the growing relations of the Pacific slope with Asia, as indicated by that part of the title of the exposition which describes it as being also an "Oriental Fair." Twenty conventions of a national character will assemble at Portland during the summer. The occasion would seem to offer to the inhabitants of the East a special reason for devoting the vacation season to a Western trip.



# Sherman's Estimate of Grant's Character

THE following letter from General Sherman, written while he was General of the Army, and addressed to his friend Mrs. Edwin F. Hall, then living in San Francisco, has interest as revealing the frank opinions of the writer concerning General Grant and other comrades of the Civil War:

Headquarters, Army of the United States, Washington, D. C., November 18, 1879.

DEAR MRS. HALL: Everything which comes from your golden land seems to have an azure fringe, and your letter of—no date, received a day or two since, seemed to fill a void which nothing else could have done. General Mc-

1 See "New Material concerning the Lewis and Clark Expedition," in THE CENTURY for October, 1904.

Dowell dropped into my office within a few moments of its receipt, and was made vain by your praise of his *festa* at the time of General Grant's arrival. I remember his house and the grounds at Black Point, and can imagine all else so graphically portrayed by you.

I don't believe Grant's head has been turned or confused one iota by the extraordinary displays in his honor at San Francisco or elsewhere. He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody Civil War. Yet to me he is a mystery-and I believe he is a mystery to himself. I am just back from Chicago, where he had a reception equal in numbers and display to that at San Francisco. I was President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,—the first he commanded,-with which he achieved the great victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, of Shiloh, and of Vicksburg. As such I presided at two great assemblages of people-at the theater and at the banquet-hall; in both cases I sat by him and directed all the proceedings. He was as simple, as awkward, as when he was a cadet; but all he did and all he said had good sense and modesty as the basis. No man in America has held higher office, or been more instrumental in guiding great events; and without elaborating I'll give you what I construe to be the philosophy of his life. A simple faith that our country must go on, and by keeping up with the events of the day he will be always right—for "Whatever is, is right." He don't lead in one sense, and don't attempt to change natural results. Thus the world accounts him the typical man, and therefore adores him. Our people want success, progress, and unity, and in these Grant has been, is, and will be accepted as the type.

But if I go on writing of Grant I may cut myself out of your good graces. I would rather have the devoted attention and respect of a few than of the *hoi polloi* of the Greeks, and will therefore explain how it happens that I did not come to California this year.

Last winter the President, Mr. Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, a most beautiful and accomplished lady, my younger daughter Rachel, and a few others had arranged, as soon as Congress adjourned,—viz., March 4 last,—we would make the California trip.

But Congress never does as it should, and adjourned without the appropriations necessary to carry on the government. Therefore the President had to call the extra session, and therefore the visit was impossible. Ever since there has been turmoil, confusion; and here we have been ever since, with occa-

sional intermissions. That visit is lost-for President Hayes, in his time, will not have another chance. If I come, it must be alone or with some of my staff. You may be sure that I will soon make a necessity for an inspection in California to give excuse for another visit; only the next time I want to be more free, so as to follow my own personal inclinations, which lead to quiet, social enjoyment rather than noise, crowds, and confusion. I still have many old friends in California, some of whom even you do not know or appreciate, but nevertheless friends who become more precious as numbers diminish. Indeed, I often feel embarrassed because many claim my time because we served in the Mexican War; others, in the South; others, in Kansas and Missouri; and very many because we were comrades in the Civil War.

Here at this moment crowds are assembled to unveil the equestrian statue of General George H. Thomas, another of the heroes of the Civil War, who died in California in 1870, and who now lies buried at Troy, New York. He, too, was my classmate at West Point from 1836 to 1840; served with me in the Second Regiment for ten years; and, last, was my most trusted commander in the great campaign of Atlanta. His equestrian statue is now erected in the square of Washington where Fourteenth street is intersected by Massachusetts Avenue.

To-morrow, with becoming exercises, this statue will be unveiled and presented to the nation. A great oration will be pronounced, and the statue accepted by the President of the United States, to be followed in the evening by other speeches and ceremonies.

I will be present at all, but will bear a modest part, because most of the audience will think that my turn comes next, and many that I, too, ought to have died long since to make room for ambitious subordinates. But somehow I linger on-it may be, "superfluous on the stage"; but I reason that I have taken a reasonable share of chances to be killed by bullets and Indians, and it is not my fault that I have survived Thomas, and McPherson, and others of my war comrades. When my time does come I suppose that the world will have forgotten the days of 1864-65, and forget the gratitude then felt and expressed for the men who fought and won the battle for our national Union and liberty. Don't forget it yourself, but be thankful that your children thereby escaped the horrors of battle, the terrible conflicts of passion and feeling, which had to be in 1861-65 or at some subsequent time. Now all is peace and glory; America now stands at the head of civilized nations; and many must exist who know the truth and bear in honor and affectionate remembrance the men who fought that glorious peace might be possible. With love to Mr.

——, and to all friends, I am with real respect,

Yours,

W. T. Sherman.

# The Century's American Artists Series

GEORGE HITCHCOCK (See page 237)

IT has remained for an American, Mr. George Hitchcock, to become one of the most colorful and characteristic painters of Holland. Over a score of years ago Mr. Hitchcock settled in Egmond, near Amsterdam, and he has since devoted his energies almost exclusively to recording the springtime brightness of tulips and hyacinths. Few artists have shown such singleness of purpose, and few have achieved a more conspicuous measure of success. Mr. Hitchcock prefers Holland mainly in one mood, but that mood is her most typical and most delightful. Holland flooded in sunlight and covered with a multicolored floral carpet is the Holland Mr. Hitchcock puts upon canvas in all its brilliant, vernal radiance. A figure-painter quite as unmistakably as a landscape-painter, Mr. Hitchcock combines both elements on even terms. He has thus painted a succession of canvases showing the quaint though somewhat phlegmatic charm of numerous Dutch maidens at work or resting, standing pensively or strolling leisurely amid variegated clusters of bloom. Among the most engaging of these compositions are "The Mob Cap," "Hyacinths," and the picture-reproduced on page 237—known as "Easter Sunday" or "In Brabant," which shows a maiden in figured cape and muslin cap wreathed with blossoms, through which peeps her blonde hair. Underfoot are masses of purple crocuses blending into the brown hedge in the distance, and on the air is the delicate, evasive caress of early spring.

Mr. Hitchcock, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1850, comes of a long line of judges and advocates, and was graduated from Brown University in 1872 and from the Harvard Law School in 1874. Admitted to the bar both in Providence and in New York, he remained in the law until twenty-nine, when he definitely gave over jurisprudence for the palette. He studied in Paris with Boulanger and Lefebvre, at Düsseldorf, and with Mesdag at The Hague. An academic painter in Paris and a marine-painter under Mesdag, Mr. Hitchcock did not really discover himself until he found the tulip-fields of Egmond.

Following on the success of his "Culture des Tulipes" at the Salon of 1887, Mr. Hitchcock exhibited regularly in the principal European capitals. He was hors concours in Paris by 1889, and subsequently won medals in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, and has also exhibited at the Society of American Artists in New York and the Chicago Exposition. He is a member of the Munich Secession, and is the only American member of the Vienna Academy, as well as an officer of the Order of Franz Josef.

Christian Brinton.



# English as She is Set Up

THE following is what was left of a contribution by an English writer to the late periodical of all languages, "L'Œuvre," after the Parisian compositor had done his best.

# MIRAGE!

OVER there to the right, beyond the udaters of the bay, beond the purple nills, beyond the line of Snoro-Covered peaks cohich Stand Ochind, the Sun uill set in about au hour. Already the blue of the Sky has become tinged vith rose, imparting the sam delicate tint to the holloros of the idaves tohich come and break almost noiselessly at my feet, Kiss-

iny the red sand os only the enchantèd idavès of the Mediterraneau cau hies and carers.

A fed hundred yards from the shore the isater appears like a woderful mosaie made of opalo and amethysto, rabies and mdher-of-pearl, cemented tozether by gold of every imaginable shade of red and yelladi; nord Skimmerius tike au Autumu corufilld: nord motionleso as the sand sohich Stretches far ad eye cau see: nord broken by the touch of the coing of agreat idliste gull uhich rises a feu feet and then coheelo arday to the South with a melancholy cry.

Dam not alone upon the shore: Coming tordards me is a young man, a poet; near lium, au old grey-bearded iman and a child,

both of idhom are lorking care fully doron amonyst the sand Seckuy perhapo fur Shello. The poet has hio eyes fixed sea-wards tordards the horizon may be he is watchiny the glitter any idave-cresto, the soaring birds, the feathur-like cland. . . . Idhen willing a fero vards from idhere a aus Staudius ne sudden-ly stopo and excitedly callo the attention of the old man to somehing uhict he sees, far avay to the 3 outh: "Idonderfut! Isonderful!" Ne cries. "A laud that has risen from the sea! Look! Look!" de all lodkehu the direction the indicated and there, Lure endeflu, was to be seen the most lovely land that ever poet idasking of in trio dream: a land of lilaes and of roses; of lilaes and of roses; of rainbows glitterius on the spray of fountaino falline on Sando of gold; of surect maidens, in pale draperies, Slumbering on idhite marble seato ou terraces that overlodhed the sea; and all bencath a sky of vaparous blue.

But it was not that idlict cored be seen idlinct 30 enraptured, but rather idhat one felt must be found in that magic island; something 50 certain yet 50 rendefined. There mere floroers; therefore there must be bees with murmurius coings; there vere florvero: there were gardens: Merefora birds singins amonpt the Almond-Elosasoms in tu twiliglit. And, above all, that parfact peace the possessian polhict would more that repay aux possible hardshises undergone to attain it.

So the poet Said: "Let us go. The Godo are not dead! Over there in the island they still live; troubling themselves no longer with the affairs of mortalo they are happy in that exile tordlinct they have been banistred by the too-prosaic ideas of the nerdera. Let us go: perhaps they ivill admit us to share their exile."

And the old man Said: "Let us go: there is gold in the island! red and yellord gold. Many a time nave 3 seen the island appear: many a time have 3 gone ont towards it, but alas! never Couldt get to it befora il disappeared. Let us goat once or it will too late." "Let us go" Said the Child", if there are

Lo they todk a boat that idas lying on the beach and went toyards the island. O sand them go. The young man rowed, the old man held the tilles; the child sat in the prord, catchinx worth both hauds at the foam. On and on they went, but before they nad been gone five or six minutes 3 sand the island vanish, fadins firat and becominx confourde ed urith the mist Miat joined sea and sley. But still they rowed omdards. I called to them but they could not hear me. So Sitaided in the tivilight till they Should return.

The sun went doron behind the purple hills, and flamins Clouds hung like tapistries

in the idast. But not nutil the sapphire sky idas filled urith many stars did? hear the plash of the peturnins oars.

"Too late! Too late!" Said the old man. "Ude must roro faster next time. All had disappeared."

"All had disappeared" echoed the child. "There rucre not even any flouvers. . . ." And the poet wept.

### The Grandson of the Veteran

I 'VE got the finest grandpapa That ever lived, I b'lieve; He used to be a soldier boy— He 's got one empty sleeve.

He tells the grandest tales to me,
Of battles that he fought;
Of how he marched, and how he charged,
And how that he got shot.

My papa was a soldier, too;
No battles was he in,
And when I ask him, "Why?" he laughs,
And guesses he "was tin."

I 've tried to understand their talk, And b'lieve I have it right: My grandpa licked so many, there Were none for pa to fight.

Arthur E. Parke.

### Jean Pasco's Trading

JEAN PASCO walked to Furnier's store, Jean drove a horse back to his door; The neighbors said: "Look, he feels big! He's traded the cow for a horse and rig!"

"Margot," cried Jean, "it's summer now; We'll go on the road and need no cow! This horse, you say, is too old to pull? Not so; he can pull a wagonful—Us two and the boys and more besides. Oh, the road is good for one that rides!

"We'll take a huckleberry load
And peddle to people along the road;
There's money to make and things to see,
Silk for you and clothes for me!
Margot, you'll say I 'm a clever one
The day our traveling has begun."

Before Jean Pasco spoke a word more, Margot jumped in and drove to the store. "Here is your horse!" she cried, "and now, Jean Pasco, quick, bring home the cow! Did you think to trade for clothes and silk The cow that gives the children milk? Next time you'll know there is no trade Till Margot Pasco says it 's made."

Francis Sterne Palmer.

### Dat 'Skeeter

(A NARRATIVE BY BRUDDER GRIPPER, WITH CHORUS)

I 's 'quainted wid a 'skeeter—oh, he hab a hard heart!

(Listen, now, Brudder Grip, listen, now!) He do sting me in the forehead an' ebery tender part.

(Gracious Dow, Brudder Grip, gracious Dow!)

W'en I rise up in de mo'nin', w'en I lay me down fer sleep,

(Oh, cry, Brudder Gripper, oh, cry!)

Dat 'skeeter he beside me, an' a studdy watch he 'll keep —

(Till yer die, Brudder Grip, till yer die!) He foller me ter meetin', where de preacher talkin' tall,

(Dat 's so, Brudder Gripper, dat 's so!)
An' w'en I rise ter cogitate an' 'terrogate dem

(Don't we know, Brudder Grip, don't we know?)

Dat 'skeeter he sneak close ter me, he crawl up by my side,

(He do, Brudder Gripper, he do!)

An' de mo' dat I does appetise de wuss do he deride.

(Dat 's true, Brudder Gripper, dat 's true!) Well, one night w'en de moon been high, an' watermelons fine,

(You bet, Brudder Gripper, you bet!)

I sneak down ter de Big House, jest fer look at maussa's vine.

(Don't fret, Brudder Gripper, don't fret!)

I jest been wished fer test dem, so I 'blige ter eat a few—

(We know, Brudder Gripper, we know!)
Old maussa hab so many he can't grudge me
one or two;

(Dat 's so, Brudder Gripper, dat 's so!) But when I kinder runnin' home, 'c'ase maussa might be by,

(Understan', Brudder Gripper, understan'!).

Dat 'skeeter come behind me, an' I light out wid a cry.

(Oh, land, Brudder Gripper, oh, land!)
De for'man he been ketched me, an' he
licked me black an' blue.

(What a row, Brudder Grip, what a row!)
Lor'! W'en I grabbed dat 'skeeter I killed
him troo an' troo.

(I swow, Brudder Gripper, I swow!)

But dere ain't no use in killin'—dat 'skeeter 's livin' now!

(Take keer, Brudder Gripper, take keer!) An' w'en I die, an' Peter plant dat crown upon my brow—

(He'll be dere, Brudder Grip, he'll be dere!)

Yas! He 'll settle down beside me upon dat pu' white t'rone,

An' w'en I ride dat chariot, I ain't gwine ter be alone:

Dat 'skeeter 'll sting in Paradise as sho as you is bo'n.

('T ain't fair, Brudder Gripper, 't ain't fair!)

Margaret Rutherford Willett.

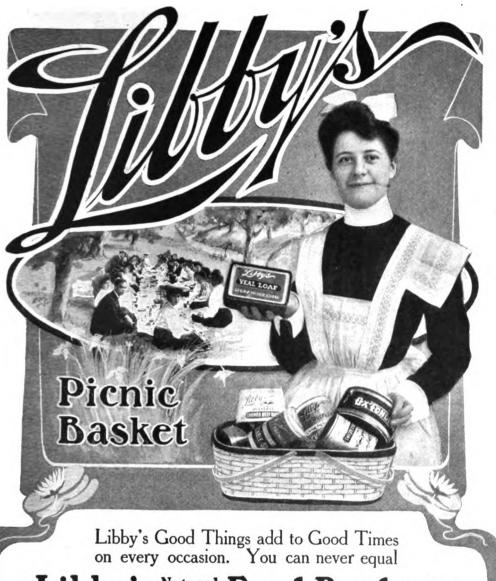


Drawn by E. W. Kemble

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BY · FRANK · J · SPRAGUE



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WHEN IT COMES
TO HOUSE
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# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 3

# THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN GERMAN ART

# BY ALBERT KINROSS

THE history of art in Germany—at least, so far as it concerns the outside world-presents many unique features. In France and in England we can lay our hand on certain masters—say, Van Dyck, Dobson, and Walker—and progress forward to the newest impressionist. There is some sort of sequence in the matter. But Germany, after producing Holbein, Dürer, Altdorfer,—in various respects a forerunner of Turner, - and their contemporaries, goes to sleep for several generations, and, excepting for certain commercial and academic purposes, is artistically lost till the middle of the last century. In music and in letters there is a continuous and regular activity, but in art nothing of consequence save the writings of Lessing, Winckelmann, Hirt, Goethe, and various other gentlemen set going by a stay in Italy.

In fact, there is far too much writing. And the poor painters, overpowered by so strenuous an argument, sink themselves in attempting to realize the profound theories of their masters, the critics. These men forgot that criticism follows art and is retrospective; that all art thus expounded is done and over; that new art, therefore, requires new criticism. Their sterility should furnish a lesson to all subsequent academies; they have left vast acres of still-born canvas and fresco behind them, an accumulation as pretentious as it is pathetic.

The next generation, by some process equally obtuse, also sought salvation in literature. Their fathers had reveled in a school-acquired classicism; the sons, deserting Olympus, turned their attention to genre, the painted anecdote, depicted the landscapes sung by their poets, or else filled large canvases with "romantic" decoration of the gorgeous café school. Nothing in art is more deplorable—laughable, even—than the first floors of the Berlin and Dresden galleries. You pass through them with wonder and muttered sarcasms, asking whether the painters here interred aimed at replacing the baleful art

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of the oleo-lithographer, or whether the reverse is the case. Did they work at their easels with that noxious example before them, as others have worked hand in hand with Titian or Velasquez? Even now I am in doubt. Light, color, the skilful manipulation of the brush—all are lost. Even Knille's favorite "Venus and Tannhäuser," obviously operatic and cursed with every vice of the popular performer, is a dead black, despite its decorative qualities. It is a Dicksee painted in a cellar.

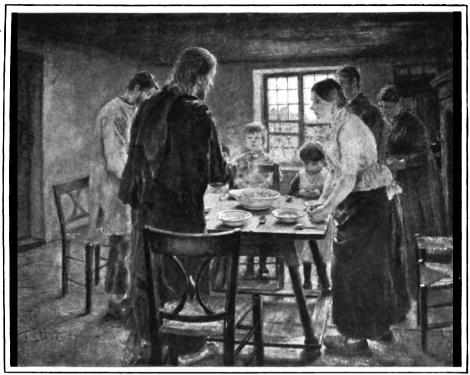
Nature, with her thousand intimate promptings, her problems that mean personal grapplings and joyous conquest, has dropped out of the program. Art has become an affair of the studio, taking no count of the wonders that persist outside—the scents and transformations of the seasons, the sheen of sunlight, the mysteries of body and soul, the splendors of animate flesh. The painter has become a clever mimic, or else an empty rhetorician.

Out of this morass of artifice and theatrical sentiment the new men had to emerge. A new art had to be created, a new public to be won: the two things have more in common than is generally agreed. The difficulties of the artists were enormous. They had to choose between going back to Holbein and Dürer, a revival of the old national traditions, and a bold leap into such modern movements as were agitating the surrounding art-centers.

Some guidance they had, to be sure; for, just as, in our own stagnant period between Constable, Turner, Etty, and the Preraphaelites, a few men,—Phillip, Lewis, and Müller, -by betaking themselves abroad, had thus managed to escape the general contagion: so, beyond Germany, a Feuerbach was producing work individual and beautiful, figures of a dignity truly Greek, yet of a charm that recalls the earlier masters of the Renaissance; while another exile, Hans von Marées, poet and mystic, was sincerely recording the visions of a temperament that has much in common with that of Burne-Jones. And contemporaneous with these stood two men of abounding genius and vitality: Arnold Böcklin, the greatest name in modern German art, the one genuine romanticist



From the painting by Hans Thoma, by permission of Franz Hanfstaengl. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson
"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," BY THOMA



From the painting by Von Uhde, by permission of the Photographische Union, Munich. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
. "COME, LORD JESUS, BE OUR GUEST," BY VON UHDE

of his generation, and Menzel, a realist and draftsman whose fame has penetrated even to the Royal Academy. Feuerbach and Von Marées died after long years Böcklin, another of those of neglect. strange and unaccountable figures that, like Turner, spring up in defiance of all rule, went his lonely way till, his sixtieth year behind him, the nation woke to his importance, stock-brokers speculated in his masterpieces, and, finally, the Berlin Academy gathered his work together and celebrated his jubilee. Menzel, a diminutive octogenarian, has only lately passed away. loaded with honors, his funeral a public ceremonial. He, too, won his way slowly; but, treading more conventional paths and less given to surprises, he escaped much of the envenomed opposition and ignorant distrust that crippled the life-work of his great contemporary.

These four men had rejected the current standards, and, what is more important, it is to them rather than to the academies that the new generation turned for example and authority. And, despairing of Munich, where Piloty, of "Columbus at the Moment when he first set Eyes on the New

World," and other fame, was in command; of Berlin, where Anton von Werner, a far smaller man, directed the academy, they went even farther. In 1869 young Leibl moved over to Paris, and after the war came Liebermann, Von Uhde, Klinger—all ardent spirits who now, some thirty years later, have rounded and given body to the renaissance begun by Böcklin and Menzel.

For a renaissance it most certainly is that has quickened the art, and with it the life, of modern Germany; strange, embittered, passionate, a fight to the death between the old decadent forces and these newer ones that have sprung up at their elbow; a struggle far wider and more significant than the battle of the French impressionists or our own Preraphaelites. Here were groups, there are armies. The storm is national; the younger generation has risen against the old. And what lends a particular interest—pathos, even—to this revival is that it has been worked out under the depressing economic conditions of our day. No popes and princes have presided over these labors, but dealers.

Rather pleasant, however, it is to come

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across so stubborn a battle-field, so strenuous a triumph, in these days of indifferentism: especially when one arrives out of an England fixed on far other goals; athletic, financial, political, theological, if you will, but knowing little of this spiritual ardor and upheaval, dramatic and pictorial, which makes Berlin the most stimulating art-center on the globe. Your very barber discusses Böcklin or the newest play; the very music-halls invite poets to declaim their latest ode.

And this revolt is a revolt of the "outsiders": for it is the "outsiders" who have stood up to and actually swallowed the academies. In Germany the academies are dead. The Berlin and Munich secessionists have first outgrown them, then left them to their royal and imperial patrons —just as in England Mr. Ellis Roberts is left to the peerage and Miss Corelli. They are a tool rather than a force. The Kaiser gives them fattish jobs, it is true; sets them to work on such aids to history as the Sieges-Allée groups, a kind of Hohenzollern waxwork show. "The fellow's no use to a man who wants soldiers," he is reported to have said of Liebermann. So the soldiers and all this arid marble are left to the academy, and Liebermann and his associates are allowed to paint as Providence intended they should paint, expressing themselves, their own eyesight, their own feelings, their own philosophy, as every artist must who would

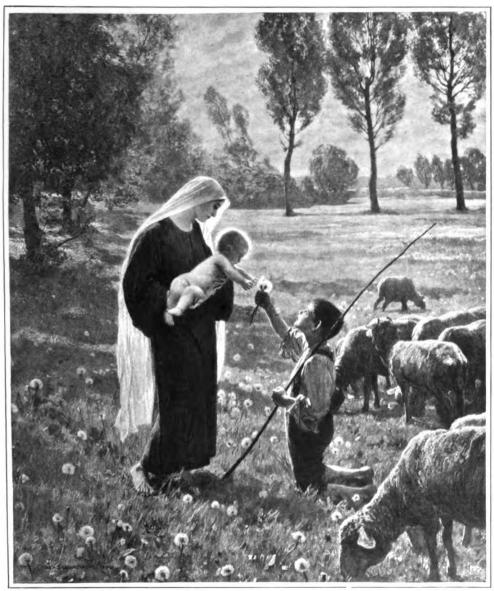
"Not to break, but to help every form of individuality toward a free development, seems to us the chief purpose of our society," is written in one of the publications of the secessionists—in short, the exact opposite of the purpose of all academies. The older men have not fought in vain, nor have they forgotten the hardest lessons of their own pilgrimage. Thoma, Leibl, Piglhein, Liebermann, Von Uhde-all knew the academic process of breakage. Piglhein spent much of his force in an attempt at compromise, and yet painted his gallery pictures without a suggestion of the model. Leibl, like Ford Madox Brown, died without doing one half the work that his gifts demanded. Thoma, buried in the country, has slowly asserted the sincerity of his naïve yet charming equipment. Liebermann, Von Uhde, and Klinger, all men of means and position, suffered in silence, but could afford to disregard a hostility that even now is not entirely overcome. Which leads to the reflection that a rich father is the modern substitute for the enlightened patron of the Renaissance.

All art seems to wind down two main channels of prose and poetry, realism and idealism; occasionally the two meet in one stream, but the objective or the subjective is the almost invariable direction—the subjective, so called because the artist is the subject of his temperament; the obiective, where he is its master. And so it has been in Germany. Leibl, a great master, and one whose reputation must inevitably grow, looks out on his neighbors, the peasants of a Bavarian village, and sets them down, with their environment, exactly as they are; not with any preference, however, for he paints the surrounding gentry, or even a pollard willow, with an equal steadfastness. In fact, his attention seems pretty evenly distributed between his subject and his medium; so that, as with every real painter, to the bare interest of statement is always added the subtler excitement of a thoughtful and adventurous presentation.

Beginning with a broad, fluent brushwork that approaches the most virtuose of the old masters, Leibl gradually reverts to a solidity of treatment almost reminiscent of Van Eyck or Van der Goes. Mr. Sandys becomes his nearest British counterpart, and certainly no mean one. And here it may be suggested that Leibl, seeing in Böcklin (whose work also grows to a compactness, a harmonious and material realization) that it was possible to find technical developments other than those of impressionism, was minded to go the same road, and was interested no less in the bodily than in the luminous aspects of his creations. Certainly his later work has every quality of space and light and movement, despite this positive and definite method that, at the moment, seems to have had its day. His peasants, natural, unposed, no longer characterized in the showy and superficial manner of his predecessors, are a genuine record of the village life of the district, valuable no less as art than as psychology; his "Kleinstädter," that most perfect physical and mental type of the citizen of a small provincial town, obstinate, of fixed habits, narrow,

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and yet dogmatic, softened by some lingering memory of old-time ardor, is a masterpiece of description and observation; his of Max Liebermann. Viewed as an influence alone, he is assured of an honored place in any history of modern painting;



From the painting by Josef Scheurenberg, by permission of Franz Handstaengl. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
"MARY MEETS A SHEPHERD BOY," BY SCHEURENBERG

portraits, uniformly good, and varied and interesting in their manifold execution, all speak of a master whose early death is a loss to art as to his country. And, withal, Leibl's was a healthy and a vigorous gift. A career of even greater interest is that

as an artist his record is no less secure. Looking at his "Women Plucking Geese," his first exhibited picture, and the first German instance of a representation of the common facts of life as opposed to its humors or heroics, one sees at once why Liebermann is ordinarily bracketed with Millet and Josef Israels. And it is not here that his influence ends; for, journeying into France, he returned with the secrets of "plein-air-ism," the seed that, in Germany as elsewhere, has revolutionized all painting. To him German art owes the half of its fertility.

His "Women Plucking Geese," a dark and bituminous canvas, the pigments laid on, the lights disposed, in the manner then prevalent, showed only a determination to break with the conventional school-subjects, to depict the things that he saw, that attracted him, and not the things prescribed by the doctors. But the paintings of his quick maturity have a far deeper significance. It is they that first showed young Germany that sunlight could be painted, that it clothed the world as with a garment, and, lacking it, all life and semblance of life were as naught. He came back to a generation of townspeople, their eyesight dimmed through long residence in cities, and proclaimed anew the old wonders that we gaze on from our prisons. And again, discarding the threadbare glamour, the hollow sentiments of court and camp, he went deep into the natural life of those that struggle with sea and land, that spin and weave, honestly and with little pomp; following them through all their days, to some such closing scene as the peace and decent order of his "Home for Old Men at Amsterdam." The real, silent, continuous work of the world, that is, was, and ever shall be, Max Liebermann painted; withdrawing it from its silence, surrounding it with this silence as with a hidden melody. He saw these dumb, inarticulate figures, the beauty of their lifelong struggle with the elements, the quiet discipline of the workshop, their patient endurance, their unlovely toil. He came back to Germany with these thingsnot the bare prose of them, but that which was seen in landscapes, in rooms that retained the very light and air and shadow he had left; that held the sadness of immense horizons, the green leaves and dancing sunshine of summer, the salt and brisk smells of the seaboard, the dust and impalpable waste of workrooms. And for this he was called the apostle of the ugly.

Once understand, and you must like his work; the clear, steady, unfaltering truth of it, its unforced sympathy, the absence

of all effort to strike the eye with bold color or vehement gesture. It has the calm, even repose of nature, neither hurry nor stagnation, and yet, sometimes, a gaiety that is more of the spirit than of the voice. These quiet figures—the shoemaker at his last, the women and boys at their flax-spinning -are set in an interior that we are made to feel is again set in some wider place: his "Net-menders" and "Woman with the Goats" do not fill the frame, but are inseparable from a landscape in which they are passing and fugitive shapes—participants in the universal drama. Like Millet and Israels, Liebermann has known how to find the highest in the lowest, than which art offers no deeper problem.

And as the feeling, so is the craftsmanship. There is no niggling, no flourish of showy effects; the picture is brushed in boldly, without hesitation, without any turning aside. A few broad, haphazard strokes it seems; yet every one is right, every one has some new and vital bearing on a whole that is complete and ready. Nothing accidental or irrelevant is admitted; nothing is allowed to impede or distract from the one end. Here is an unswerving and aristocratic simplicity.

Of the artist's method there is little to say. R. A. M. Stevenson has stated once and for always the theory of impressionism in that classic monograph, "Velasquez," a work more noteworthy to the real painter than all the splendid medley that is signed "Ruskin." Liebermann came back to his native land with those forgotten truths that have fathered Barbizon equally with the Salle Caillebotte; that Constable knew, and Don Diego first of all.

That he painted mostly in Holland, a country whose quiet beauty he was quick to appreciate, is not of vast consequence; but that he planted a seed that has revolutionized the art of modern Germany is.

Of his other work one need but mention that so great was the truthfulness of the best-known of his portraits—it represents a worthy burgomaster in his official dress—that the sitter's family objected to its being hung in the public building for which it was intended. Also I may add that, like Leibl, he paints no "gallery pictures." The size of his canvas is always determined by the subject, and frequently a piece leaves his easel that could easily find a corner in an ordinary dwelling-room.





Quick to follow after Liebermann was his friend and pupil Von Uhde, an excavalry officer and now the president of

much as Hans Thoma, an older man, who has particularly devoted himself to the poetry of rural themes, wins you with a



From the painting by Franz Stuck, by permission of Franz Hantstaengl. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A PORTRAIT BY STUCK

the Munich group. More a story-teller than his master, and less a painter, Uhde wins your admiration by the simplicity and goodness that speak from his work; very delightful, an almost childlike freshness, that makes you careless of his limitations. Like Thoma, Uhde's color is occasionally dull, his drawing defective; but, for all



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that, he paints pictures. Religious pictures more than any others they are, but not the religious picture of convention, the gorgeous draperies, graceful saints, and devout bishops of which always seem to suggest a respectable compromise with paganism, but something intimate, something far humbler. Christ, the comforter and friend, who visits the poor and the lowly, entering their daily lives, softening their hardships with his presence, is Uhde's favorite figure; the Christ of the New Testament, who goes from door to door, plainly, and innocent of the mysticism and elaboration of subsequent theology. Him Uhde draws with a sincerity and conviction that disarm criticism, placing him among modern surroundings; not those surroundings affected by change or fashion, but amid some modest group of German laboring-folk, where old and young stand awed at his entry, but unafraid. For he is their own Christ, such as they have pictured him all their lives—one of themselves, yet different; and they welcome him with a trust that hardly admits of surprise, and watch him with mingled love and reverence. "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest," says the woman as he stops to bless their simple meal. This unspoiled faith, this fine spirituality, Uhde conveys; with no great skill, perhaps, no great accomplishment, but adequately; for he says exactly, and not approximately, what he intends to say.

A similarly unaffected piety we meet in Scheurenberg, whose "Mary Meets a Shepherd Boy" holds all the gaiety of a spring landscape as well as a rare tenderness of presentation. And, before we turn in a new direction, we must name Firle, whose Dutch subjects follow Liebermann, but with an added prettiness; Skarbina, a young and rising painter of the same school, but addicted to a more lively palette; and Max Slevogt, who combines a fine technical method with imaginative daring and an inexhaustible curiosity, and whose most ambitious composition, three scenes from the life of the Prodigal, is still on his hands, mainly because the youth is depicted as wasted by want and evil living rather than as a repentant athlete.

Parallel with this definite movement, and, perhaps, more specifically national, has flowed another. While Liebermann and his associates were struggling to place

German art on a footing of equality with that of neighboring centers, the more emotional among his contemporaries were occupied with a revival hardly less important. Böcklin had already prepared the way. On this poet of the elements it is only natural that there should have followed other poets. Most of these reach but to his knee; others again have consulted him without arriving at any very certain conclusions as to his purpose or their own. But among those whose work shows decided traces of his influence are several that have vet managed to retain a distinct and remarkable individuality. Of these the most interesting is Max Klinger.

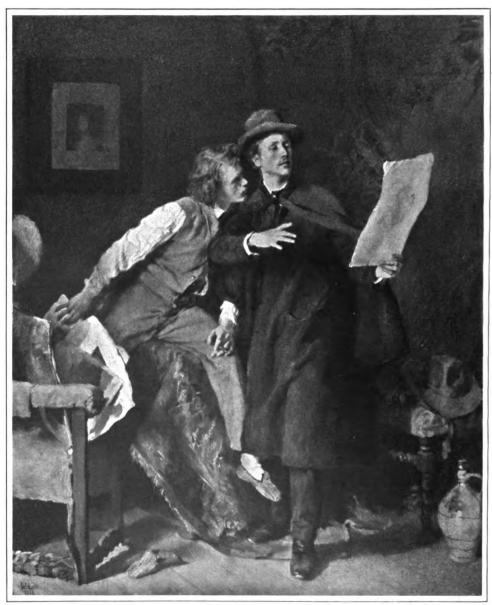
Klinger is unique. He is best described as a pictorial polygamist. He seems wedded to all the arts-to music, to literature, and even to painting; to every style as well. Typically German in his desire to escape the real; to search, by preference, in himself for a more visionary and indefinite world,-also in this intermingling of every form of culture, — he is yet even more typical of the devouring and breathless energy of his time. His etchings—the International Society usually hangs a group—are well known; he paints, is a sculptor, a writer, and a musician; a restless soul, in fact, whose work, proceeding down no broad, central road of purpose to some definite end, seems rather the record of an interesting temperament than that of a great artist. No man has had more styles: Japan, Rops, Dürer, Tissot, Menzel, Goya, Holbein, the classic, the Gothic —one feels the pressure of a dozen influences. And, by turns again, he is poet, dramatist, humorist, pessimist, philosopher, or pure decorator. In short, Klinger stands a varied being, but incomplete in so far that his work, produced in many and contradictory moods, never combines into one sweeping and all-inclusive harmony. We watch a splendid dispersal of forces, not the painful gathering together that stamps the great master.

A glance through his numerous productions may here be apposite. The place of honor must be given to the many series of etchings that form his most notable contribution; not only have they done much to revive the art in Germany, but they also illustrate Klinger's personal and characteristic phases as nothing else. They enable us to follow him through the de-

From the painting by Bocklin, by permission of the Photographische Union, Munich. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD," BY BÖCKLIN

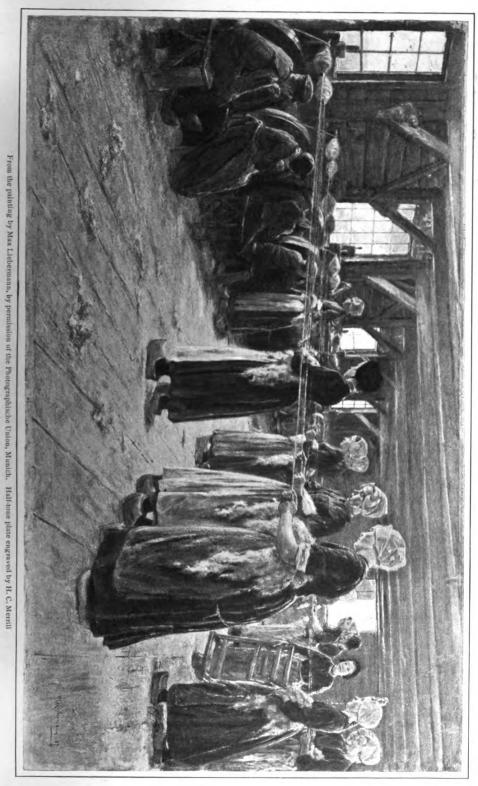
lightful and wayward passages of his youth, the gloomy tragedies of a middle period, to the involved and obscure complications sion for the gruesome, and more than a touch of Japan. After this he humorously rescues the victims of Ovid's "Metamor-



From the painting by W. Leibl, by permission of Franz Hantstaengl. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
"THE CRITIC," BY LEIBL

that have arisen out of his later alliance with music and metaphysics.

His first collection is a fanciful and quite charming assortment of moods, with just a foreshadowing of his subsequent pasphoses," in a series of plates that propose a laughable ending instead of the various calamities of the original. Thus, Pyramus escapes with nothing worse than a severe hiding from Thisbe's guardian; Echo and



Narcissus become cheerfully domesticated: and Daphne, instead of changing to a laurel-bush, is rescued by one of her own bulls, who charges off, bearing the angry Apollo on his massive shoulders. Beardsley modernized the antique in very similar fashion, but with none of these high spirits. Another classical and more tenderly handled set illustrates the story of Psyche and Cupid; while his "Eve and the Future" deals John Bunyan-like with the fearsome destiny of woman, and exhibits Klinger as moralist and symbolist. At the same time he produces a series of variations on so actual a theme as the finding of a young lady's glove by a young gentleman. The glove haunts this youth. On one page we see him in bed, the trophy spread out on the quilt, and, instead of a room, the magic landscape into which his dreams have carried him. Further on, the cherished glove is abducted by a winged monster, and two desperate arms crash through the window-panes in pursuit. And so on. Here we have the fantastic side of Klinger at its wildest; a foretaste, too, of that imaginative license which so frequently makes his art a hybrid-more a transposition of music than an ordered assemblage of lines. The glove episode is followed by four varied landscapes. Nor does his versatility begin even here, for, later, a vigorous and more mannered period produces a "Harlot's Progress," a digressive yet powerful work, real and unreal in one breath; a row of "Dramas," tragedies such as fill the police reports or fire the population of a great city; and "A Love Affair," in which passion, shame, and dissolution somberly make way for one another. These, again, precede two folios dedicated to Death, a figure whose many aspects are treated grimly, profoundly, bitterly, as the case may be; and, lastly, we reach the "Brahmsphantasie," a daring and avowed attempt to reproduce the images conjured up by the composer, and the effect of which, therefore, must of necessity depend on the accessibility of the spectator—or is it the listener?

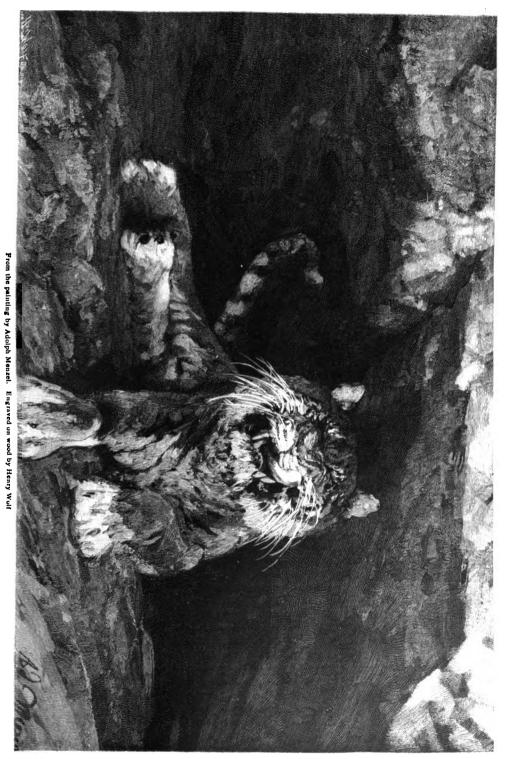
Of all this body of work much is clear enough, but a large part requires a certain familiarity with several other arts, and another part requires even more elucidation than the obscurest monstrosities of the English mystics. In fact, many of Klinger's designs are incomprehensible without a page or two of explanation; so much so that, given the text, the etching is totally unnecessary, save as showing the artist's mastery over certain natural forms that almost disappear under a top-dressing of matter foreign to his craft. The musician and metaphysician overpower the artist.

Side by side with these etchings, Klinger has painted several important pictures, and of late years has devoted much time to sculpture. As a painter, at least, he shows some sort of consistency, even a progressive development. Here he is mainly decorative; indeed, I doubt whether, since Puvis de Chavannes, anything better in its way than Klinger's "Christ in Olympus" has been produced. The title suggests a spiritual affinity with Mr. Stephen Phillips, and, really, in their poetic juxtaposition of Christian and pagan ideals, the two men have much in common—on their modern side as well, one may say. The treatment, too, is very similar. Klinger's central composition has the dignity and simplicity of a fine epic. Christ and his train, tender, purged by suffering, intrude upon these splendid gods. Only Psyche, the soul, understands, and she alone is eager to welcome this new ruler. In the gloom of the predella we see that the commotion caused by Christ's coming extends even to the under-world.

Klinger's peculiar temperament, often destructive in other fields, is kind to him in his pictures. For, although his two largest works are a characteristic combination of architecture, sculpture, and painting, the effect produced is of a fine framework inclosing a dominant and central design. Bronze and marble form a monumental setting, there are sculptured figures at the base, and an accompaniment of subordinate decoration round about ; but as this whole combination is kept in a far lower key than the brilliant pallor of the main theme, as the proportions are carefully guarded, there is no shipwreck, and the leading composition stands out well above this darker and not too insistent elaboration. Amid suitable surroundings Klinger's "Judgment of Paris" "Christ in Olympus" could not fail of a rarely beautiful and harmonious effect; perhaps, some day, he himself will erect a palace fit to hold them.

This same Epicureanism, however, has made Klinger's sculpture more the work





of a clever jeweler than that of a master of form. Not content with bronze and Carrara marble, he has attempted to shape ideal figures out of a very realistic mixture of colored and tinted stone. At much trouble and expense he has procured minerals that may be wrought into a semblance of hair, variegated draperies, and the delicate gradations of human flesh. "Salome" is fitted with amber eyes and a reddish coiffure; while the "Beethoven," his most sumptuous piece, is an arrangement in bronze, ebony, onyx, ivory, and a variety of marbles. While admiring the enterprise of these experiments, one cannot but regret that good modeling is often lost in less good color, and that the whole has a baroque garishness reminiscent of the later Della Robbia work.

A younger man than Klinger, and one covering similar ground in very dissimilar fashion, is Franz Stuck. If Klinger may be said to suffer from an excess of culture. his junior can hardly be accused of any such failing. The son of a Bavarian peasant, Stuck came to Munich, tanned, hardy, redolent of his native wilds. And herein lies his strength—and his weakness. A healthy and rather primitive pagan, he can set you down a woodland idyl with a spontaneity, a gaiety, or a tenderness most alluring. But he has serious and philosophic moods, and then we get such clumsy allegory as his "Sin," a dark lady of the stage-adventuress type, dressed in a python. His woodland figures, nymphs, satyrs, fauns of all sizes, centaurs, and other habitants of the golden age, come to him with a facility, an intimacy, that testify to kinship. He himself must exhale this rude vigor of the earth, this joyous freedom, this hearty and unconscious animalism. And his landscape, a shadowy forest dappled with intruding sunshine, where Pan holds siesta; a clearing, where his young fauns butt for a wager with some sportive goat, or their fathers are hard at it for the possession of a reluctant dryad; a wood, dim and solemn with evening, where a wistful centaur and his bride pause with locked arms to catch the last rays of the setting sun-his landscape is as golden and intimate as these figures. A buoyancy, a delightful freshness, that is even more physical than intellectual, win us to this frank paganism and make it actual and infectious.

But Stuck frequently has longings for the grandiose, the monumental, the statuesque; and, not being a Michelangelo, or even a G. F. Watts, he comes to grief as an artist, we must add; for the public, ever a friend to subject as opposed to painting, welcomes his "Sin," his "War,' his "Evil Conscience," and kindred images, with marked enthusiasm. The critic. however, will look in vain for the fine, oily touch and rich color, the brisk movement and easy command, that he admired in the other Stuck. Instead of a spacious and decorative landscape, we return to the old academic gloom. The backgrounds are heavy and somber, and these large nudes, obviously if cleverly modeled, suggest little but their sheer weight as butcher's meat.

In monochrome, Stuck's "War" is not unimpressive, especially at a time when war is actually raging. We see a plain literally carpeted with writhing corpses, naked and blue-gray with death, their eyes glazed, their jaws relaxed; on the horizon are distant flames, as from a burning city. And, crossing the picture, plods a phantom horse, weary, with hanging tongue, beating his way over this terrible carpet. Astride him, naked, unmoved, bearing a bloody sword, sits War, a young and muscular man, stern-eyed and a trifle theatrical. One's first impression of this picture—it hangs in the Neue Pinakothek at Munich —is rather creepy; a second visit, and one reflects that it would gain in strength and impressiveness were the corpses removed, and only the horse and rider left; a third visit, and one eyes it curiously, wondering why one was so shocked at first acquaintance.

The German public has honored the painter of "War"; but, then, Germany, if the most critical of nations, is also the youngest, and Stuck, more than any of its living masters, expresses this juvenility.

I omit Corinth, whose work, full-blooded and rather more robust than Englishmen are accustomed to, bespeaks a vigorous admirer of Rubens; Trübner, whose color has a distinction that recalls the few chromatic essays of Velasquez; Dill, whose landscapes are tremulous with a feeling that is never commonplace; and the Munich caricaturists, who, whatever their politics, display a resourcefulness and a satirical depth that are nowhere more evident than in their drawing. These men,

accompanied by others hardly less able, cover every inch of ground between the aristocratic sanity of Max Liebermann and the wildest flights of Klinger. One common link they all have: Nature, here used as a leaping-board, there a beloved mistress who cannot be followed too faithfully, too closely, unites the most furious with the most sober. Often enough, perhaps, their work exhibits the license that

is inseparable from youth; often one is aware of a too great susceptibility to the hundred influences that crowd on reawakened senses. Like our own Elizabethans, these young men stand at the portals of a new world, dazed a little, yet eager to make it theirs. I, for one, having witnessed their sincerity, their sacrifice, their jubilant devotion, would feel it but just if they, in their turn, produced a Shakspere.



### UNDER ROCKING SKIES

#### BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY M. J. BURNS

VII



EDBURY descended to his room, opened the lid of his desk, and fumbled about aimlessly with hands that trembled; then, as

if he had found what he had been looking for, he lowered the lid, and, leaning his elbows upon it, stood looking moodily before him. He told himself that he was glad it was over; anything was better than the long uncertainty that had held him bound in chains for years. But no one should know that he cared, and he glanced at the little hand-glass under his window to see if his face had changed. It cheered him to note no difference since morning, and, with boyish affectation, he

smiled at his image in the glass. But suddenly, as if to test his strength, his mind flashed the image of Hetty before him—her face turned up to him smilingly, as he had often seen it, her eyes, every feature. With a groan he dropped his head upon his arms.

He put the mood away from him sternly, and began to debate with himself whether it would be better to keep on loving her all his days, going to his grave a sad and lonely man, or gaily to turn to another at once, to show how little he cared. He came to no decision because he could not determine which course would hurt her more.

It was his watch below, but he could not sleep, so taking his log-book, pen, and ink out into the cabin, he sat down at the table, though it was neither the time nor the place for writing up his log.

Mrs. March was there alone, and, saying that he could not write at his desk, Med-

bury opened his book.

He wrote down the date, saw that he had written that of two days before, so scratched it out, and replaced it with the correct one, and began to write "Dead calm" in bold letters up and down the column for winds.

"How long do you suppose this is going to last, Tom?" asked Mrs. March.

Medbury looked up slowly and shook his head.

"There's no telling. Wind's an uncertain thing; nothing more so," he replied, and dipped his pen into the ink, squared his shoulders, and made the down stroke of the first letter of a new word with a care for details that seemed to indicate that he had left the subject of winds irrevocably behind, and then added, "except women."

Mrs. March had thought the sentence finished, and had taken up her knitting

again. Now she merely nodded.

"It's true," she said impartially. "Most women would n't know their own minds if they were to come upon them in broad daylight. They are like men in that." She shot an amused glance toward the young man.

"You know them," he said bitterly, ignoring her last sentence, and secretly disappointed at such ready acquiescence, which indicated, he feared, a jocular state

of mind.

"You mean I don't know them," corrected Mrs. March. "No one does. Do you suppose I know my own daughter's? No more than she does herself. I suppose you were thinking of her, were n't you?"

"It 's all over," he answered, and laid down his pen, but continued to make motions across the page with his finger.

Mrs. March showed no surprise, but she ceased knitting, apparently out of respect for the young man's feelings.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"She just told me so," replied Medbury, glad that he could at last unburden himself. "She said she sometimes thought she had no heart. She told me that there were times when she had thought that she might care for me, but now she knew her own mind. So it 's all over." "Know her own mind! Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. March, and proceeded to knit again. "I guess you 've pestered her in some way, and so she said, 'Now I'll decide.' I suppose you 've told her often enough that you could n't live without her, and should always feel that way. It's perfectly natural for a girl to want to see if you can't."

"Then you think it may come out all right, after all?" he asked quickly.

She made a little murmur of dissent.

"I could n't go so far as to say that. It may be just pretense, and it may be the plain truth, and it may be she does n't know. You can't tell. You 've got to wait and see."

"Well," he replied gloomily, "I guess it 's all over." He was not going to be so weak, he told himself, as to begin to hope

again.

"I've always thought it would come out right in the end," continued Mrs. March. "You know I don't feel like Cap'n March. I've always said, 'Let the young folks settle it for themselves'; and I've always liked you, Tom. But you 've always been too humble, and she 's been too certain of you. I kind o' thought, when you took things in your own hands and came this trip, it was the best thing you could have done. A girl likes a masterful man."

"She told me it was the worst thing,"

Medbury replied.

"Then I guess she was afraid of herself," said Mrs. March, with conviction. "She was afraid she 'd have to give in."

Medbury shook his head doubtfully, and

said :

"I don't know why she should be afraid."

"Because a girl's love is a funny thing. There 's fear in it, and pretense, and bashfulness, and coldness, and all the craziest things under the sun."

He hesitated a moment before speaking, and then said with boyish shyness:

"She 's known me so long, and known how I felt, sometimes it seems to me that maybe it 's grown tiresome to her. A man like Drew, now, who has n't known her long—if he cared—" He hesitated.

"I 've thought that, too," said Mrs.

March, gently.

The cabin door opened, and they heard Hetty's laugh near. It had the peculiarly resonant quality of a voice on deck in a calm, heard by one below. It also sounded happy. Medbury slipped away to his room.

The last words Mrs. March had spoken were in his mind, and he put his book away in bitterness of spirit. He heard Hetty descend into the cabin, speak to her mother, and then pass his door, going up the forward companionway. A sudden wild impulse to be aggressive seized him, and, leaving his room, he, too, ascended to the deck.

She was standing outside the cabin door, and she turned and smiled as he drew near.

"I thought it was your watch below," she said pleasantly.

He did not even look at her, but, hurrying to the booby-hatch, threw open the sliding hood and descended.

"Now I've done it," he said as he seated himself upon a coiled hawser. "What a fool I can be when I really put my mind to it!"

But even with this repulse of her he was not satisfied; he wondered why he had not at least looked at her with scorn, and he thought of several bitter speeches that would have been better than silence.

#### VIII

MRS. MARCH sat in a steamer-chair wedged in between the side of the cabin and the lounge, the captain was smoking, and Drew held his book unopened in his hand, when Hetty went below later in the morning.

"Well, I'm glad to see you," said Mrs. March. "I don't see how you keep from tumbling overboard, we roll so. Why don't your father stop it,—pour oil on the water, or something,—if he 's such a good sailor? But he only smokes. He does n't even tell us how much worse it was on some other trip. I thought sailors always did that. I'm sure they talk of nothing else ashore. Just hear those dishes rattle!"

"If you'd only go up on deck, mother," Hetty advised, "you'd not mind it so much. It does n't seem so bad there. It's a beautiful day."

"No," her mother answered; "I'll stay here. You know how a pussy-cat will crouch down and shut her eyes when you go to box her ears; well, I'm like that. I don't want to see what 's coming; I know well enough."

"That 's like Billy Marvin," said Captain March, with a chuckle.

"Then Billy Marvin's smarter'n I ever took him to be," said Mrs. March.

The captain took his pipe from his mouth and turned to Drew.

"I don't know 's you 've ever met Billy," he said; "but he 's one of our Blackwater folks. He 's been going to sea a good many years, but he's never got beyond the galley. Five or six years ago he went out as steward with Cap'n Dave Barker on the old Maggie P. Monroe, and off Cape Fear one night they struck a pretty lively southeaster, and for a time it looked pretty dubious. Cap'n Dave is kind of excitable in bad weather, and he got to raving up and down the deck and declaring they were all going to kingdom come before morning, and everybody was pretty well scared. Well, Cap'n Dave 's a good deal better sailor than he is prophesier, and, the gale going down before daybreak, they all felt pretty good, but tired out from being on deck all night, and sharp-set for breakfast. Well, seven bells came, but no signs of Billy, so Cap'n Dave sent the mate forward to stir him up. He found the galley closed, with no sign of fire inside, and Billy fast asleep in his bunk just off the galley. The mate picked up a dish-pan and banged it up against the boarding right by Billy's head, expecting to see him jump straight through the deck. All he did was to turn over slowly and look at the mate. The mate said he did n't even blink. Well, he used some pretty strong language, and Billy tumbled out and began to hustle around. He said Cap'n Dave was so certain they were going to the bottom before morning, that it seemed a pity wasting time and strength to wind his clock and set the alarm, so he just tumbled in, thinking he might as well be comfortable and get a good night's sleep, if it was going to be his last. Then he turned to the mate he was raking out his stove-and, grinning sheepishly, said: 'Mr. Thompson, I thought you was the angel Gabriel when vou started all that racket, blest if I did n't!' Cap'n Dave asked him afterwards if he was disappointed when he saw the mate standing over him instead of what he 'd expected. Billy thought a

minute and then said: 'Well, cap'n, if you 'd kind o' set your mind on seeing a first-class show performance, and after you 'd paid for your seat and was good and ready, if the curtain should go up, and, lo and behold! there was n't nothing there but just Sam Thompson, what would you 'a' been?'"

Mrs. March laughed with the rest, and, leaning forward, touched her daughter's arm.

"Don't you remember the winter Billy's wife got religion?" she asked. "I don't know about telling a minister that; he might think that Blackwater was pretty stony soil. You see,"—she turned to Drew, -"the vessel Billy was in was long overdue, and folks were getting uneasy about her. There was a big revival that winter, and Billy's wife got to coming every night and going forward to the mourners' bench; and, first and last, a good many prayers were offered for her husband. Well, when everybody had about given him up, the vessel got in, with Billy safe and sound. That was the end of Maria's church-going. Finally the minister went around to find out why she had lost all her interest, and she told him. 'Mr. Snow,' she said, 'Billy was n't in a bit of danger all the time we was a-praying for him. He said they did n't have wind enough to blow the smoke away from his galley stovepipe, and what we ought to have done was to pray for a gale of wind. That kind o' made me lose all faith in the deficiency of prayer.'"

"I suppose she thought that the good Lord could look out for folks at sea a good deal better than those who did n't know the circumstances," commented Captain March. "That does n't sound unreasonable." His eyes twinkled as he leaked at the minister.

looked at the minister.

"I fear there are many that have very queer notions about prayer," said Drew, smiling. "Once I heard a man pray: 'O Lord, keep us from burning the candle of life at both ends, and snuffing the ashes in thy face!' It was a little startling."

"It does sound a little familiar," admitted Mrs. March. "It's funny how free we can be with the Lord in our prayers, when, if we stood face to face with him, we would n't dare whisper a word or lift our eyes. I think a good many of us, if we ever do get to heaven, will feel more like

hiding our faces than rejoicing when we think of some of the things we 've prayed for. But maybe such people won't get there, after all." She spoke with so great an air of relief that the others laughed.

"Don't you want them to go, mother?"

asked Hetty.

"Well, I don't think it 's the place for folks who don't feel as if they are going to enjoy every bit of it, do you?" she replied.

Hetty laughed uneasily, and glanced

at the minister.

"Mother," she said, "are n't you afraid Mr. Drew will think you speak too lightly of sacred things? He does n't know you as we do."

"Don't think me so narrow, please," Drew protested, smiling. "I hope I can distinguish between perfect frankness of character and irreverence."

Mrs. March looked from one to the other in silence, a trifle awed at the thought of herself in the rôle of blasphemer. Her confusion was only mo-

mentary, however.

"Did I say anything very dreadful, my dear?" she asked. "I did n't know it. I don't like moping here, and if I 'm going to like it hereafter, I shall be a good deal changed, that 's all. And if I 'm going to be so much changed as not to be myself, I don't see what satisfaction it 's going to be. I might as well be like foolish Susan Burtis, and have no character at all."

The others laughed, but Hetty scarcely heard her. She sat where she could see through the narrow windows the line of sea and sky as the brig rolled to port; then it flew up, and the bright sunlight flashed across her face and along the floor of the cabin. Turning at last, her eyes met Drew's.

"Did you learn how to make it?" he asked.

"The knot? No, I gave it up."

" Like the reading?"

"I did n't give that up. You carried the book away."

"I can bring it back."

She shook her head.

"Not yet," she told him; then she turned to her father. "Is n't the wind ever going to come again?" she asked.

"Well," replied Captain March, "it brought us here, and I guess it 'll carry

us away. It generally does."

"It 's very slow," she complained.

"It does n't consider us, my dear," he replied. Then he rose slowly and went up the companionway, and a moment later they heard him whistling for a wind.

Hetty jumped to her feet.

"Father must see something—a cat'spaw at least," she exclaimed. "I'm going to find out." With that she, too, sought the deck, followed by Drew.

Captain March stood sweeping the sea with his glass; but as they approached him he lowered it, and went silently below.

"There is n't one—not one," said Hetty, as she looked about for the dark streaks of cat's-paws. Three great rollers came sweeping in, and they rocked and pitched with the might of them. The girl caught at the rail for support. "It makes one think of the words, 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,' does n't it?" she said solemnly.

"Yes," he answered.

"It makes me feel humble, but useless, and I do not care to feel like that," she said. "I want to be doing things. Does n't life seem barren to you here?"

He shook his head.

"No," he replied. "Life means just as much as we put into it, I fancy, and these days have meant much for me. I should not care to have them blotted out."

She had turned abruptly just as they rolled down on a long swell, and, stumbling against the bitts, fell outboard across the low rail.

Drew leaped toward her just in time. His hand, flashing out, caught her as she was slipping from the rail, and brought her back against his breast. For an instant he held her there.

"Hetty! O Hetty!" he gasped as their eyes met.

"Don't! for pity's sake, don't!" she whispered, and, pulling herself free, sank upon the bitts, put her hands to her face, and laughed hysterically. In a moment she looked up.

"Don't tell them," she said. "I should not like to have them know I fell." Then she walked unsteadily toward the cabin door. Half-way there, she looked back. "I ought to thank you," she said in a low voice, "and I do." And with that she disappeared.

Medbury, overhauling a spare sail on the main-deck, had not seen it, but the sailor with him had, and his exclamation had made Medbury turn quickly, only to see Hetty standing with Drew's arm about her. He stooped to his work again with shaking fingers; but the sailor stood still, staring.

Medbury glanced at him, his face grow-

ing white.

"Here!" he said savagely, and the sailor turned to his task again without a word.

The day dragged interminably. Hetty remained steadily in her room; through his watches on deck Medbury drove the men from one task to another with a feverish harshness wholly unusual, and which brought his watch to the forecastle at the end of the day in heated and profane weariness. Drew spent the time on deck with a book, sometimes read with slight comprehension, but more often closed over his finger, while he watched the gleaming whiteness of the sea, seeing now a school of flying-fish run like flashes of quicksilver through the long arcs of their flight, and now the dorsal fin of a shark, like an inverted plowshare, cut the surface of the barren glebe. Even Captain March's imperturbability became less rocklike. Once he paused at Drew's side with a grumbling sound that was clearly a sigh.

"Well, it 's ' Paddy's hurricane,' and no mistake," he said. "I never saw anything like it. Usually there 's a little air stirring somewhere. You 'd think that something queer had got into things, would n't you?"

He had been standing balancing himself easily to the swing of the deck, but there came a vicious lunge, which stopped suddenly, as if arrested by a great hand, and he went staggering down the slope with swaying arms, like a collapsing sprinter. When he brought up against the rail, he talked on in a level voice that recognized no interruption:

"It's queer about a calm: there's noise enough in it if a sea's running, and it gets on your nerves; but when the wind blows again, you feel as if you'd just come out of an air-tight room, and the sound of the wind makes you want to shout. There's Mr. Medbury, now; he's been nagging the men all the afternoon as if he was afraid without the sound of his voice, like a boy whistling on a dark road. It's ridiculous in a grown man, but it's natural."

Drew flushed, but made no reply. He, too, had been thinking of Medbury, but

his thoughts were not enviable. He had been false to a man who had trusted him, he told himself, and he had shown feeling that he had no moral right to show. It was in vain that he tried to convince himself that his right to Hetty was as great as Medbury's own; in his heart he felt that it was not. And what of the girl? he asked himself in growing remorse. After his action of the morning, could he again meet her on the old footing of friendly fellowship? He could not go on, but how could he now draw back? In any way that he looked, he could see nothing but his moral cowardice.

In a mental restlessness that he could not allay, he rose to his feet and walked forward to the break in the deck. The sun, a copper-colored ball, was nearing the horizon, and Medbury and his men were gathering up the sail that they had been patching; one of the crew was sweeping up the deck. The querulous complaining of Medbury's voice floated aft, the human undertone in the jangling noises of disturbed nature.

For a moment Drew watched the scene before him, and then descending the steps and hurrying across the plank that was blocked high above the water that swashed across the deck from scupper to scupper, he stopped at the galley door. The steward looked up gloomily, but seeing Drew, showed his gleaming teeth in a perfunctory smile that had none of its usual geniality. Through the high slide in the partition between the galley and the forecastle Drew could hear the watch trooping in with angry mutterings against the mate.

The steward grinned, and jerked his

head toward the forecastle.

"Yo' heah dat?" he said. "Dese heah cahms trouble-breedehs faw shuah. Ole mahn Satan done chase dat buckra mate's soul roun' de stump all eb'nin'. Two, t'ree bad mahns aboa'd dis hookeh, en two, t'ree cowahds. Dose cowahds been de worse—some dahk night. Dat buckra mate betteh watch out." He laughed.

Drew stirred uneasily. The threats of the crew and the scarcely understood warning of the West Indian steward had to his mind something of the character of a Greek tragic chorus foretelling doom, and presently he moved away out of hearing, not caring to have even negatively any part in the moving finger of Fate. He wandered about aimlessly for a while, dreading to approach Medbury, who, now that his work was done, stood near the main-rigging with his pipe in his mouth, his spirit for the moment at peace. Drew had little knowledge of sailors, but he was sufficiently a man of the world to know that the irrepressible threats of the forecastle meant little. Still, the steward had hinted at danger, and, yielding to his better knowledge of his little world, Drew finally went aft to warn the mate.

Medbury looked up sharply as Drew approached, but turned his eyes away immediately. In the silence that followed neither stirred, but, resting their arms upon the sheer-pole, each seemed absorbed in the cloudless panorama of the closing day.

The sun sank lower and lower; one by one the crew came out of the forecastle, and, dipping up buckets of water, sluiced themselves with the noisy abandon of water-spaniels. The pungent scent of tobacco floated aft, and now the sound of a laugh, or the scuffle of feet upon the deck. From the galley came the soft, slurred speech of the steward, lifted high in a quick exchange of wit with his forecastle neighbors, and followed by the almost continuous flood of his unrestrained cachinnation. Clearly the day was ending in peace.

This peacefulness, so at variance with the scarcely restrained passion that, a moment before, had sent him aft to warn Medbury of danger, left Drew strangely bewildered. He turned to his companion,

and with a smile said:

"Do you know, a moment ago I thought that the crew was on the verge of mutiny; now I feel as if I had been dreaming. I don't understand it. They are like carefree children now. I can't believe they are such consummate actors."

Medbury turned to him and grinned.

"What made you think that?" he asked.
"I was at the galley door and heard them making threats. The steward seemed to think there was danger—to you," Drew answered. "I thought I ought to warn you; but now it seems silly."

"A sailorman's threat does n't mean anything," Medbury told him, "and prophesying evil is the 'doctor's' trade. He's a big voodoo out home in Santa Cruz, and half the negroes on the island will go five miles out of their way to avoid him."

Drew paused a moment before speaking,

then he said slowly:

"Well, my crisis was only a mare's nest, it seems. I was beginning to think it was to be a day of adventures. One seemed enough."

"One?" queried Medbury, looking up

sharply.

"Yes; Miss March fell across the rail. I caught her just in time. I thought you saw."

Medbury's face flushed.

"I did n't see," he said. "I did n't understand."

It was Drew's face that flushed now.

"I ought to explain," he began, but Medbury broke in:

"You have n't anything to explain to me. I'm the mate of this vessel; nothing more. That 's all the interest I 've got here, and all I want."

With that he walked away. He knew it was childish, but having let himself go, he was no longer able to exercise his self-restraint till the whole madness had passed.

IX

As Captain March went up the companionway after supper, he thought he felt a puff of air across his face. Stepping out upon the deck, his eyes instinctively turned to the northeast, from which direction he expected the wind. A dove-colored light still shone in the eastern sky; below it the sea was a darker color, irradiated by the glowing west.

His daughter and the young men had followed him, and now she touched his

arm.

"Is n't that a cat's-paw?" she asked, and pointed northward, where a dark film of purple seemed to roughen the long slope of a swell that shone like pink satin. Even as they looked, the slope became a shallow bowl, and the patch of purple faded to the uniform gray of the hollowed wave.

Captain March shook his head and sighed.

"It does beat the deuce," he said.

This was as wide a departure from the placid philosophy with which he looked upon life as he ever gave expression to; and his daughter and his mate, who knew him equally well, recognized in it the extent of his mental disturbance. To them both, the prolonged calm, in the changing

twilight, took on an aspect of uncanniness. It was as if they stood absolutely alone, the last of living things, in a chaos of dead waters, under the sweeping throng of stars, which saw not and heeded not the blotting out of their small world. Tacitly both had agreed to give no sign of their changed relations so long as they were compelled to meet daily.

Medbury slipped away forward for a turn about the deck. He looked at the lights to see if they were in order.

"They might as well be kept burning," he muttered, "though God knows what

good they are."

Back on the quarter-deck, when he returned from his round, he found the others leaning over the rail in silence. It had suddenly grown dark, and a haze had come up, obscuring the stars and the sea. He paused near Hetty, who looked up, smiled, and made room for him.

"We thought we heard the beat of a steamer's paddle," she said. "Listen!"

He leaned over the rail beside her, but for a long time heard nothing but the whine of spars, the rattle of the main-sheet blocks as the boom swung them taut, and the-jump of the wheel in its becket. At intervals there came the sound of water dripping from the channels or spouting from the scuppers. These sounds seemed to make more acute the silence of the sea, which seemed like a living, threatening presence. At last Medbury stood up.

"There 's nothing," he said.

"Listen!" said Hetty, in a low voice, and again he dropped his elbows to the rail.

Suddenly there came a quick succession of muffled throbs, like the far-off churning sound of a steamer's paddle-wheel; then it ceased as absolutely as if a door had been closed noiselessly upon it.

"There!" cried Hetty.

Fully ten minutes passed before they heard it again.

"It 's queer," said Medbury. "There was n't a sign of a steamer in sight at sunset. She must be far away, and we hear her only when we 're both on the top of a swell. Sound carries a long way on a night like this."

Captain March straightened up.

"Bring me the glasses, Mr. Medbury," he said.

Medbury brought them, and the captain

slowly swept the horizon; then he crossed the deck and walked to the main-rigging. Coming back, he handed the glasses to Medbury.

"Go forward and take a look," he said. In five minutes the mate came back, and went up the main-rigging to the crosstrees. When he descended, he came aft.

"It 's getting thick," he said; "she

ought to blow her whistle."

Better get your fog-horn forward," said the captain, and took the glasses for another look as Medbury went below. A moment later the mate returned to the deck with the long box of the patent fog-horn, and presently the dreary wail began to sound at intervals from the forecastle-deck. Hetty shivered as she heard it.

"It frightens me!" she murmured, with a little catch in her voice. "It frightens me!"

The crew were at the rail forward, silent and listening. The fog had blotted out the fore part of the vessel, but the forecastle door was open, and the swinging lamp was like an orange center of light in a nebulous haze. Once a sailor passed before it, and his shape loomed black and huge against the luminous interior. At short intervals the fog-horn sounded like a wailing banshee through the darkness; but there was no answering signal: only at long intervals came that strange, throbbing beat, like an uncanny chuckle, but seemingly neither nearer nor farther away than at first. Hardly two aboard agreed as to its direction, for the opaque walls of fog deflect sound-waves at sea, as a crystal breaks a ray of light.

Back on the quarter-deck Medbury was

telling a curious story.

"Two years ago," he began slowly, with the hesitation of a man who feels moved to confidence against his better judgment, "we were running up the straits to Singapore, when it suddenly came on thick. We were close-hauled and had just about wind enough for steerageway, and we had the fog-horn going and were keeping a sharp lookout, for we were right in the track of shipping, and you know how vessels drift together in a fog, no matter which way they were heading before it thickened up. Well, we had n't heard a peep all day, and towards night it seemed to be lifting a little, when I heard the man at the wheel give a little cry, and, looking

astern, there, not a cable's length away, was a dingy, raveled-out, full-rigged Portuguese brig slipping right across our wake. They had n't made a sound, and they did n't even then, though our old man got black in the face with cursing them for their sins. There was a blackwhiskered old fellow, with his coat-collar turned up about his ears, at the wheel; but he scarcely looked our direction: only once he wagged his beard at us, and threw one arm over his head in a funny way, and then squinted aloft again, paying no more attention to us than if we'd been so much seaweed. But just forward the fore-rigging there was a row of sailormen leaning over the rail, and their eyes followed us like a lot of beady birds' eyes till the fog swallowed them up again. Well, the day after we reached Singapore the old man came aboard in a brown study. He said he 'd heard ashore that there 'd been a lot of dirty weather knocking about the straits, and a Portuguese brig called the Villa Real was forty days overdue. Well, she stayed overdue, and not a splinter or spunyarn of her ever came ashore." He paused a moment to relight his pipe, and then added: "On the stern of the Portuguese brig we had seen, in big white letters a foot high was the name Villa Real."

In the silence that followed some one forward gave a low laugh; in the fog it

sounded strange and unnatural.

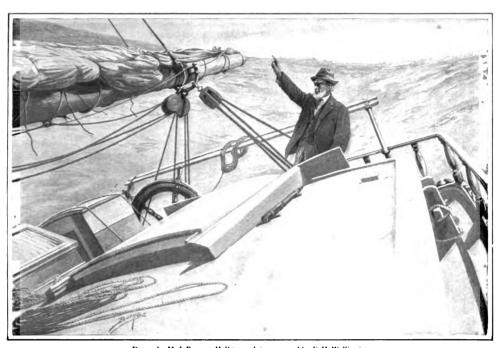
"Did you ever hear a loon cry along-shore at night?" asked Medbury. For the first time on the voyage he had become actually loquacious. "I used to hear them at home when I was a boy. It 's a creepy sound, and makes a man feel lonesome and homesick." He paused, as if half ashamed of the confession, but went on, with a boyish chuckle: "Somehow, that fellow's laugh made me think of it, though I can't say it sounded like a loon, either. It 's queer how one thing 'll suggest another that is n't at all like it."

"It sounded strange to me, too," confessed Hetty.

"Did it?" he said, turning to her. "Well, that 's funny."

"Knocking about in fog and storm, without sleep, a sailor gets queer notions in his head at times," said Captain March, slowly. "Now Lhad a little and single story."

slowly. "Now I had a little experience once that seemed queer at the time, though I suppose it was natural enough,



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington "THEY HEARD HIM WHISTLING FOR A WIND"

if you only knew how to explain it. You know what queer shapes will sometimes loom up at night; but walk right up to 'em, and you find it 's nothing but a stump or a white post or something. Well, the first vessel I ever had was the schooner Sarah J. Mason. I was pretty young at the time, and I guess I was a bit nervous, but it does seem yet as if that first voyage as master was the roughest I 've ever had. I had chartered for Para, and we struck dirty weather almost from the first. About eight days out, the wind came out ahead, light and baffling, and I got her topsails on for the first time. But along after sundown it freshened up again, and I took 'em in. A young fellow from up the State somewhere had stowed the maintopsail, and someway, I don't know how, —I guess he was hurrying and a little careless; it was his watch below,—he slipped. For years after that, when I was n't feeling first-rate, I used to wake up with a start, thinking I heard his yell again. Well, it was n't very rough, and we got a boat over, but it was n't any use. He must have gone down like a stone. After that it was dirty weather, with scarcely a glimpse of the sun, all the way out. I was upset and worn out, I guess; but one night, looking aloft, I saw some one on the main-crosstrees. There was a goodsized moon, though the sky was overcast, but light enough to see pretty distinctly. 'Who 's that aloft?' says I to the second mate. He did n't answer much of anything, but walked to the rail and looked up. 'Well, call him down,' I said sharply, and he went to the rigging, and, standing on the rail, yelled: 'Who 's that up there?' Then he went half-way up and stopped. I guess he stood there five minutes before he came down and went forward. In a minute he came back, looking pretty white. 'Everybody accounted for, sir,' he said, and his teeth were chattering as if he had the ague.

"Now it sounds funny, but I never looked aloft at night on that trip without wishing I did n't have to; and there was n't a sailorman aboard who could have been driven to go up to that masthead after dark if he'd been killed for refusing. We had fair weather coming home, and we carried that topsail till we blew it off her one night. I was plagued glad to see it go."

Talking about explaining things if you only walk right up to them," said Medbury—"now, there 're some things you can't

explain. Take the old Martha Hunter, for instance. How are you going to explain her?" He leaned forward and addressed his talk to Drew, who knew nothing of the Martha Hunter. "She was built in Blackwater when I was a boy," he went on, "and before her ribs were all up. Jerry Bartow fell from the scaffolding and was killed, and Tom Martin nearly cut his foot off with an adz while he was trimming a stick of timber that went into her. It went in with the stain of his blood on it, and it was n't the last stain of the kind that she carried before she was through. Oh, she was greedy for that sort of thing! When she was launched she must have got the notion that she was designed to dig out a new channel in the harbor, for she fetched bottom and carried away her rudder; and before the year was out she came off the Boston mud-banks so badly hogged that she looked as if she 'd got her sheer on upside down. It was n't long before a sailorman fell from aloft and was killed on her deck; and the very next trip, in warping her out of her berth in Wareham, the hawser parted and broke the leg of the man who was holding turn at the capstan. Cap'n Silas Hawkins brought her home to overhaul, and the very first day he walked down the main hatchway and was killed. Why, she used to drag ashore in any sort of a white-ash breeze; and if there was any dirty weather knocking about, she always managed to run her nose into it, and would come limping home like a disreputable old girl out on a lark. You could have filled a book with the stories of the men she lost or maimed and the trouble she got into first and last. But she was fortunate in a way, too, for she made money and you could n't lose her. I guess she 's running yet."

"I saw her a year ago last fall," said

Captain March. "I have n't heard anything startling about her since, so I guess she 's going."

"Well," said Medbury, "how are you going to explain her, and others like her? I'm not superstitious, or any more so than the common run of folks; but things like that—" He shrugged his shoulders and laughed, then turned to listen.

For a long time they had not noticed the sound that puzzled them, and now, in the silence, they remembered it again, and strained their ears to catch it once more. The fog-horn boomed out at regular intervals; only the noises of the rolling brig were also heard.

While they still stood listening, all at once Medbury thought he felt a puff of wind. Yet it was not so much wind as it was a suggestion of wind: it seemed to him that a hand, wet and cold, had been thrust close to his face and then withdrawn. He could not explain the chill that seemed to run through his frame. Then he shook off the feeling, and turned to Captain March.

"Did you feel a puff, sir?" he asked, and held his finger above his head.

"No," replied the captain. "If we get a stir of air, I 'll put the canvas on her. I don't want to slat the sails all to pieces, but if we get enough for steerageway, we 'll try it. I don't like loafing about in a fog like this with my hands in my pockets."

Then, even while he was speaking, out of the darkness and the fog and the subdued murmurs of the ocean, without other warning than the intangible beat that had mystified them, a long roller came sweeping in, lifted them in its mighty arms, slipped past, and dropped them with a shock that shook the brig, and forced a cry from the lips of every soul aboard.

(To be continued)



### WITH PERRY IN JAPAN

# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXPEDITION OF 1853-54

### BY JOHN S. SEWALL



OMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY arrived in Hongkong in the steam-frigate *Mississippi* in April, 1853. He was the Ja-

pan Expedition—the leader, inspirer, diplomat, treaty-maker. We who accompanied him, the ships, officers, and men of the squadron, were the force behind him that gave weight to his words and made his overtures worth listening to. Our own ship was the Saratoga, whereof I was the captain's clerk, a youngster just out of college, serving Uncle Sam presumably out of patriotism, but mainly in quest of the wherewithal to pay off college debts.

The Saratoga had been on the station for two years before the expedition made its appearance. Our business was to protect American citizens and American commerce in the East; and in the prosecution of that laudable enterprise we had cruised up and down the China seas, had shown the flag in divers ports where it needed to be seen, had chased pirates and been chased by typhoons, had captured mutineers in the Madjicosimas, and had run ashore on a reef off Amoy and barely escaped shipwreck. All this in the way of adventure, before Japan was yet above the horizon; and when, at last, the fleet sailed for that mysterious empire, the Saratoga went as one of the number.

1 It has greatly interested me to discover that the original suggestion which led to this treaty came from my late neighbor and friend, Hannibal Hamlin, senator from Maine, afterward Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln.

"His attention was drawn to the possibilities of trade which the United States might build up with Oriental nations. On February 21, 1850, he introduced a resolution calling on the Secre-

As a captain's clerk, in close relations with a good-natured commander, may have special advantages of observation, the chronicles set forth in this paper are mainly the testimony of an eye-witness to the scenes described—now a survivor.

All of which reminds me that, many years after our return, a statue of the famous commodore was erected in the park of his native town, Newport, Rhode Island. I visited it with some friends, among them a little niece of five or six summers, who heard what was said as we stood about the monument, looking on the face of my old commander. She always referred to him afterward as "the man that went to Japan with uncle"—a statement which in point of historical fact could not well be denied. If one cannot be a hero to his valet, he can be one, perhaps, to his niece, which is immensely better.

#### THE LETTER TO THE MIKADO

THE letter which Commodore Perry bore from our government to the Mikado asked for a mutual treaty.<sup>1</sup> The original instrument was drafted in May, 1851, by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, and was signed by President Fillmore. There it rested. In November, 1852, Mr. Webster's successor, Edward Everett, fished it out of the departmental pigeonholes, took it

tary of State for whatever information he might possess covering these points [abuse of our sailors, and possibilities of trade], and also requesting him to report on the advisability of appointing a commissioner or diplomatic agent to open up amicable relations and negotiate commercial treaties with these nations " (" Life and Times of Hannibal Hamlin," by his grandson Charles Eugene Hamlin, p. 230).



From a photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COMMODORE MATTHEW C. PERRY

to pieces, and refashioned it. Three copies were prepared, and were splendidly engrossed in English, Dutch, and Chinese. These were inclosed together in a sumptuous gold case; and, to make the whole presentment still more impressive to the Japanese mind, the gold case was enshrined in a coffer of rosewood. The document intrusted to Commodore Perry asked of the Japanese court two things, friendship and trade—first and foremost, friendship, for the safety of our seamen. Many a hapless crew had been driven into their ports by storm or wrecked on their rocky coast, escaping the perils of the deep only to be welcomed by those truculent islanders to a dungeon or a cage on shore. This wrong must be stopped at all hazards. And if, in addition, we could persuade Japan to enter into friendly relations of trade, the two countries, by mutual interchange of productions, might each promote its own prosperity and the welfare of the other. It was thought that Orientals might see that as well as Yankees. In the end they did. But it cannot be said that Japan, any more than an oyster, ever really yearned to be "opened."

#### THE GATHERING OF PERRY'S FLEET

ORDERS flew thick and fast from the flagship, and a month was spent in miscellaneous preparations, diplomatic, financial, and commissariat. The beginnings of even the famous movements of history are prosaic. At last all the fleet was safely gathered at the appointed rendezvous, Napa, the chief harbor of Loochoo. The Saratoga brought from Macao the interpreter, Dr. S. Wells Williams; and as we neared the entrance we met the Susquehanna and the Mississippi just going in. They had come from Shanghai; and some days later the Plymouth appeared from the same quarter. These four, with the store-ships Supply and Caprice, constituted our entire force in the China seas. It was a small armada with which to open an empire.

At last, on the 2d of July, 1853, four of the fleet got under way for Japan. The Saratoga took her place in tow of the Susquehanna, and the Plymouth in tow of the Mississippi. The Supply store-ship was left for the time at anchor in Napa harbor, and the Caprice, under command of Lieutenant William L. Maury, was sent

to Shanghai. Our course followed the chain of island groups which extend to the northward and eastward from Loochoo to Nippon, and much of the time in sight of them.

We reached Japan on the 8th of July. It was Friday, a memorable day in our calendar. About noon the fog melted away, and there lay spread before us the Empire of the Rising Sun, a living picture of hills and valleys; fields and hedges; groves, orchards, and forests that tufted the lawns and mantled the heights: villages with streets a trifle wider and houses a little less densely packed than in China; and defended by forts mounted with howitzers and "quakers," and fenced with long black-and-white strips of cotton, which signified that the fortifications were garrisoned and ready for business. On the waters were strange boats skimming about, impelled by strange boatmen, and uncouth junks were wafted slowly along by the breeze, vanishing behind the promontories and reappearing in the distance, or lowering their sails and dropping their four-fluked anchors in the harbor near us. And towering above all, forty miles inland, like a giant man-at-arms standing sentry over the scene, rose the snowy peak of Fujiyama, an extinct volcano more than twelve thousand feet high, one of the most shapely cones in the world, and well named "the matchless mountain."

### CONSTERNATION AT THE JAPANESE CAPITAL

Our squadron comprised, as already noted, two steam-frigates and two sloops of war. For equipment we mustered sixtyone guns and nine hundred and seventyseven officers and men, a respectable force for the times. Such a warlike apparition in the bay, small as it was, created a powerful sensation. A Japanese writer informs us that "the popular commotion in Yeddo . . . was beyond description. The whole city was in an uproar. In all directions were seen mothers flying with children in their arms, and men with mothers on their backs. Rumors of an immediate action, exaggerated each time they were communicated from mouth to mouth, added horror to the horror-stricken. The tramp of war-horses, the clatter of armed warriors, the noise of carts, the parade of firemen, the incessant tolling of bells, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, dinning all the streets of a city of more than a million souls, made confusion worse confounded." 1

Of all this we were quite ignorant. We had no idea that we had frightened the empire so badly, the capital being some forty or fifty miles away from our anchorage. But that the town near us was thrown into convulsions by the big "black fire-ships of the barbarians," as the Japanese called us, was sufficiently evident.

#### BOMBSHELLS THAT DID NOT TERRIFY

BEFORE our anchors were fairly down, a battery on Cape Kamisaki sent a trio of bombshells to inquire after our health, or perhaps to consign us to perdition. But they exploded harmlessly astern, and we sent no bombshells back to explain how we were, or whether we intended going in the direction indicated.

Our friends on shore knew something of guns and gunnery—that was plain. How much, we could not tell. But our glasses showed us that not all the black muzzles frowning at us from their portholes were genuine. Some at least were quakers, that could not be fired except in a general conflagration. They were like the battery of a native guard-boat in the harbor of Nagasaki that once upon a time capsized in a squall: various things went to the bottom, but most of her guns floated!

By the time we were well anchored and had sails furled and men piped down, swarms of picturesque officials came off to challenge the strange arrival and to draw around the fleet the customary cordon of guard-boats. This looked like being in custody.

#### A THREAT FROM COMMODORE PERRY

THE American ambassador had not come to Japan to be put under sentries. He notified the officials that his vessels were not pirates and need not be watched. They pleaded Japanese law. He replied with American law. They still insisted. Whereupon he clinched the American side of the argument with the notice that if the boats were not off in fifteen minutes, he should be obliged to open his batteries and sink

them. That was entirely convincing, and the guard-boats stood not on the order of their going, but betook themselves to the shelter of the shore.

#### A MEMORABLE FIRST NIGHT

I WELL remember that still, starlit night which closed our first day in Yeddo Bay. Nothing disturbed its peaceful beauty. The towering ships slept motionless on the water, and the twinkling lights of the towns along the shore went out one by one. A few beacon-fires blazing on the hilltops, the rattling cordage of an occasional passing junk, the musical tones of a distant temple-bell that came rippling over the bay at intervals through the night—these were to us the only tokens of life in the sleeping empire.

A sleeping empire, truly; aloof from the world, shut in within itself, utterly severed from the general world-consciousness, not awake to the opportunities and privileges it was later so suddenly and so brilliantly to achieve as one of the world-powers, not even aware that there was any such high position to be attained.

A more vigilant watch has rarely been kept than was kept that night on board that fleet. Nothing happened, however, except a brilliant display of meteoric light in the sky during the mid-watch, an omen which terribly alarmed the Japanese on shore, as portending that the very heavens themselves were enlisted on the side of the foreign barbarians. The commodore refers to the phenomenon in his narrative, and adds the devout wish: "The ancients would have construed this remarkable appearance of the heavens as a favorable omen for any enterprise they had undertaken; it may be so construed by us, as we pray God that our present attempt to bring a singular and isolated people into the family of civilized nations may succeed without resort to bloodshed." 2

## THE FIRST VISITORS GIVE THE YANKEES A SURPRISE

During the day our new friends came off to visit the ships, and some of them were admitted on board. These first interviews were a surprise to us, we found our visi-

Nitobe, "Intercourse between the United States and Japan," p. 46.
 "Official Narrative of the Expedition," etc., I, p. 236.

tors so well informed. They questioned us about the Mexican War, then recent; about General Taylor and Santa Anna. On board the Susquehanna one day a Japanese gentleman asked the officer of the deck, "Where did you come from?" "We came from America," was the reply. "Yes, I know," he said; "your whole fleet came from the United States. But this ship—did she come from New York or Philadelphia or Washington?"

One of them asked if the monster gun on the quarter-deck was a Paixhans gun. Yes, it was; but where and how could he ever have heard the name? When two or three midshipmen were taking the sun at noon, one of them laid his sextant down, and a Japanese, taking it up, remarked that such instruments came from London. How could a Japanese know that?

Our colloquies were carried on in Dutch through our Dutch interpreter, Mr. Portman, the educated Japanese being then accustomed to the use of that language somewhat as we use French. We naturally supposed, therefore, that all their information had come through the Dutch—the only nation besides the neighboring Chinese and Koreans that had for the last three centuries kept its hold upon the good graces and the commerce of Japan. But we afterward found that the Japanese printers were in the habit of republishing the text-books prepared by our missionaries in China for use in their schools. The knowledge of America which we found thus diffused in Japan had come straight from Dr. Bridgman's "History of the United States," a manual written and published in China.

### SUNDAY OBSERVANCE SURPRISES THE IAPANESE

THE next day was Sunday. According to custom, divine service was held on board the flag-ship. The capstan on the quarter-deck was draped with the flag, and the Bible was laid open upon it. Chaplain Jones took his station beside it. I do not know that any record was made of the service; presumably the chaplain followed the usual liturgical form, and preached a brief sermon. But the hymn sung on the occasion has become historic; it was Watts's solemn lyric:

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.

It was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," and, led by the full band, the familiar strains poured in mighty chorus from two or three hundred lusty throats, with a peal that echoed through the fleet and wafted the gracious message to the distant shore. The Japanese listened with wonder; and their wonder deepened into amazement when they found that the whole day was to be observed as a day of rest, and none of them could be admitted on board.

#### PERRY'S PERSISTENCY

On Monday the secular tide was turned on again, and diplomatic overtures began in good earnest. In their official dealings with us, it was interesting to see how the authorities clung to their time-honored policy of exclusion. It was a curious contest of steady nerve on one side, met by the most nimble parrying on the other. First they directed the commodore to go home; they wanted no letter from an American President, nor any treaty. But the commodore would not go home. Then they ordered him to Nagasaki, where foreign business could be properly transacted through the Dutch. But the commodore declined to go to Nagasaki.

If, then, this preposterous barbarian would not budge, and his letter must be received, they would receive it without ceremony on board ship. But his Western mightiness would not deliver it on board ship.

Then they asked for time to consult the court at Yeddo, and the commodore gave them three days—days big with fate; but exactly what happened at court we may never know. This much is certain, that our reluctant friends yielded at last; that pestilent letter would be received, and commissioners of suitable rank would come from court for the purpose. Even after all preliminaries had been settled, they begged to receive the letter on board ship, not on shore. But the Rubicon had been passed.

### THE AUDIENCE WITH THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS

Some three miles below our anchorage a little semicircular harbor makes in on the Griffis, "Matthew Calbraith Perry," p. 324. "Official Narrative of the Expedition," etc., I, p. 240.

western side of the bay, and at the head of it stands the village or hamlet of Kurihama. That was the spot selected for the meeting of the Western envoy and the imperial commissioners, and there the Japanese erected a temporary hall of audience. It was a memorable scene. The two frigates steamed slowly down and anchored off the harbor. How big, black, and sullen they looked, masterful, accustomed to having their own way, full of pentup force! Our little flotilla of fifteen boats landed under cover of their guns. We were not quite three hundred, all told, but well befeathered, in full uniform, and armed to the teeth: a somewhat impressive lot, and vet of rather scant dimensions to confront five thousand native troops drawn up on the beach to receive us, with crowds of curious spectators lining the housetops and grouped on the hills in the rear. However, we were ready for anything, and had no fear of treachery.

The emblazonry of those Japanese regiments surpassed description. Their radiant uniforms and trappings and ensigns must have been cut out of rainbows and sunsets; and the scores of boats fringing the shore heightened the effect with their fluttering plumage of flags. There was one thing not lively: the officers of these gorgeous troops sat in silent dignity on camp-stools in front of the line, a kind of military coma which the hustling regiments just now tackling the great Northern Bear in Manchuria evidently have not inherited and could not comprehend.

#### PERRY'S ORIENTAL STRATEGY

THE situation was unique, and not likely to be forgotten by any who participated in it, either American or Japanese. It was a clear, calm summer morning. As our lines disembarked and formed on the beach, the commodore stepped into his barge to follow us. Instantly the "black fire-ships" were wrapped in white clouds of smoke, and the thunder of their salute echoed among the hills and groves back of the village. To the startled spectators on shore they must have seemed suddenly transformed into floating volcanoes. And when the great man landed they gazed with wonder, for no mortal eye (no Japanese mortal) had been permitted to look upon him before. In all the negotiations hitherto he had played their own game and veiled himself in mystery. They could communicate with so lofty a being only through his subordinates. This was not child's play. It was not an assumption of pomp inconsistent with republican simplicity. Commodore Perry was dealing with an Oriental potentate according to Oriental ideas. He showed his sagacity in doing so.

At this time Perry was fifty-nine years old, a man of splendid physique and commanding presence. He had already lived through a varied experience which had helped to train him for this culminating achievement of his life. Endowed with strong native powers of mind and will, he had risen in mental capacity and executive force with every stage of his professional career. The War of 1812, in which he got his first baptism of fire, and in which his famous brother Oliver Hazard and two younger brothers also served; the Mexican War; service in various parts of the world, civilized and savage; duties on naval boards at home; investigations and experiments in naval science, naval architecture, and naval education-these and numberless other methods of serving his country both in and outside of the professional routine had developed his judgment, his mental acumen, his breadth of vision, his knowledge of men; and thus had prepared him for his high mission as ambassador and diplomat. Unquestionably his insight into the Oriental mind, his firmness and persistence, his stalwart physical presence, his portly bearing, his dignity, his poise, his stately courtesy, were prime factors in his success as a negotiator with an Eastern court. He was the right kind of man for America to send on such a mission to such a people.

#### THE CEREMONY ON SHORE

On the commodore's arrival ashore, we marched to the hall through an avenue of soldiers, our escort being formed of sailors and marines from the four ships. Leaving the escort drawn up outside, the forty officers entered. We found ourselves within a broad, canopied court carpeted with white, overlaid in the center with a scarlet breadth for a pathway leading to and extending up on the raised floor of the hall beyond. Many two-sworded officials in state robes were kneeling on each side of this flaming track. Within the hall sat, not in Japanese fashion, but on chairs,

the imperial commissioners, the princes Idzu and Iwami, surrounded by their kneeling suite. They were both men of years, fifty or sixty perhaps: Idzu a pleasant, intellectual-looking man; Iwami's features narrow and somewhat disfigured by the smallpox; both attired in magnificent robes richly embroidered in silver and gold.

The vacant seats opposite the commissioners were taken by the commodore and his staff. Between the lines were the interpreters, on one side a native scholar on his knees, on the other, erect and dignified, the official interpreter of the squadron, S. Wells Williams, LL.D., a well-known author and missionary in China. Behind them stood a large scarlet-lacquered chest which was destined to receive the fateful missive for conveyance to court. Overhead in rich folds drooped the purple silk hangings, profusely decorated with the imperial arms and the national bird—the stork.

#### BAYARD TAYLOR AS A MASTER'S MATE

DURING the preliminaries I noted the presence of Bayard Taylor as he stood behind the commodore taking notes. His stalwart manhood impressed me. There was a genial, kindly look on his face that reflected a generous nature within; yet there were lines which had been traced by suffering, and we learned afterward of the death of his young wife two years before. He was not yet twenty-nine, but had already acquired renown both as traveler and writer. On his way home from Egypt and the Sudan, he had been turned back by an order from the New York "Tribune" directing him to meet the expedition in China and go with it to Japan. He overtook the commodore at Shanghai, and found, somewhat to his surprise, that for an outsider to get a chance in the navy, especially for such a service as this, required not only red tape and diplomacy, but a large amount of persistence. The commodore finally consented, and the young aspirant, destined afterward to be a foreign ambassador himself, was duly rated on the ship's muster-roll as a master's mate—a dignity about corresponding to the rank of passed midshipman.

Taylor was not the only man who coveted a share in the expedition. Many of the gentlemen occupying commercial and

official positions in Chinese ports were intensely interested in the famous move upon Japan, and several of them made earnest endeavors to capture a place in it. A resident of Hongkong sent me a fervent request for the use of my clerkship for a few weeks, and offered a year's salary for the privilege.

Bayard Taylor adorned the modest rank of master's mate for some four months, and with the commodore visited Loochoo and the Bonins before starting for Japan. In both the commodore sent out exploring parties to make a study of the islands and their resources. Bayard Taylor accompanied them. He wrote out the official report of the first, and doubtless wrote at least a part of the other, as he was the leader of one of the two divisions. His diary of experiences in this naval service must have been entertaining. In accordance with an order issued by the commodore to all who kept journals of the expedition, he turned it in to the Navy Department, and never saw it again. It must be reposing somewhere in the naval pigeonholes now. His impressions of the Sunrise Kingdom and of the famous American embassy were embodied a year or two after in a volume entitled. "A Visit to India, China, and Japan in the Year 1853." At the close of the expedition's first visit to Japan he laid down his mateship, and returned to New York in December of that year.

#### PRESENTING THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

THE ceremony was very brief. A few words between the interpreters, and then, at a signal, entered two boys in blue followed by two stalwart negroes. In slow and impressive fashion they brought in two rosewood boxes1 which contained the mysterious papers. These were opened in silence and laid on the scarlet coffer. Prince Iwami handed to the interpreters a formal receipt for the documents. The commodore announced that he would return the next spring for the reply. A brief conversation in answer to a question about the progress of the Taiping Rebellion in China, and the conference closed, having lasted not more than twenty minutes. It was a short ceremony, witnessed by not more than fifty or sixty persons; but it was the opening of Japan!

1 One box contained Commodore Perry's letter of credence.

This first act of the mission was now achieved, and the squadron rested from its labors. A great weight was lifted off its mind. The next day, with lightened conscience, it set itself to the easier task of surveying and sounding the bay, locating islands and rocks, measuring distances, and plotting charts. These uncanny operations were watched with some solicitude by the coast-guards. They offered no active opposition, though once or twice we had occasion to show how thoroughly each boat was armed and ready for emergencies. The Saratoga, not willing to be outdone in this hydrographic work, located one shoal with undoubted accuracy by running upon it full tilt. Fortunately the wind was light and the bottom smooth; no harm was done to either ship or shoal. We were not proud of the achievement; but the commodore did us the honor to immortalize it and us by naming the sand-bar the "Saratoga Spit," and that title it bears to this day. Some years later it acquired a tragic interest when the United States steamship *Oneida*, coming down the bay on its way home, was run into in the night and sunk by the British mail-ship Bombay. She went down close by the Saratoga Spit, carrying with her most of her hapless crew.

A few days after the Kurihama conference we left the Empire of the Rising Sun and returned to the Central Flowery Kingdom. On the 17th of July, as silently as they had entered nine days before, the two frigates steamed out of the bay with the two ships in tow. Outside they separated and went their several ways: the two steamers and the *Plymouth* back to Loochoo, the *Saratoga* to Shanghai.

#### THE MONUMENT AT KURIHAMA

During the autumn of 1900, Rear-Admiral Beardslee, retired, was traveling in Japan, and took occasion to revisit the scene of the famous landing. In 1853 he was a young midshipman on board the *Plymouth*, and was in charge of one of the boats of the flotilla. He easily identified the spot, and, finding it neglected, brought the fact to the attention of the Beiyu-Kwai,—" Society of Friends of America,"—who assumed the patriotic task of renovating the place and commemorating the event. The occasion was an inspiring one. On the

14th of July, 1901, the forty-eighth anniversary of the conference, and on the spot where the hall of conference stood, there assembled a distinguished company of dignitaries of the empire, the officials of the Beiyu-Kwai, Admiral Beardslee and other representative Americans, together with many thousand interested spectators. Baron Kaneko presided and addressed the company. Other addresses followed from the United States minister, Colonel Buck; Viscount Katsura; Admirals Rodgers and Beardslee, United States Navy; and the governor of Kanagawa. It was a specially felicitous circumstance that when the supreme moment came the monument was unveiled by Admiral Rodgers, a grandson of Commodore Perry, and at that time commanding the American squadron in the East. The memorial is a shaft of unpolished granite standing on a massive base and rising to a height, over all, of thirty-three feet. The side facing the bay bears this inscription in Japanese:

THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE LANDING-PLACE OF

COMMODORE PERRY,

OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

MARQUIS ITO HIROBUMI, HIGHEST ORDER OF MERIT.

On the reverse is an inscription in English which reads thus:

THIS MONUMENT COMMEMORATES THE FIRST ARRIVAL OF

COMMODORE PERRY,

AMBASSADOR FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHO LANDED AT THIS PLACE JULY 14, 1853.

ERECTED JULY 14, 1901.

This solid memorial will forever dignify the little hamlet of Kurihama as the birthplace of the new Japan and the scene of the beginnings of a great international friendship.

THE SECOND VISIT TO THE BAY
OF YEDDO

In February, 1854, the American fleet again met in Yeddo Bay. It went the first time with four ships; the second time, with



nine. The Western barbarian had come to get his answer. Instead of stopping at Uraga, as he had done the year before, Commodore Perry moved up to Kanagawa, where the city of Yokohama now stands, some twenty-five miles above Uraga and within ten or fifteen miles of Yeddo. So powerful a force within an hour's sail of their great city must have expedited the negotiations. Though the American demands were contested inch by inch, yet all was done with good nature, and the commissioners almost invariably yielded.

### THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF NAKAHAMA MANJIRO

Not till years after did it transpire what a friend we had in Nakahama Manjiro, a Japanese waif whose story reads like a romance. In 1838 he was out fishing with two other boys, when their boat was caught in the current, carried out to sea, and wrecked on a desolate island. There for half a year they lived a Robinson Crusoe life, until picked off by an American whaler and brought to Honolulu. Nakahama learned the language of his new friends, and finally, coming to the United States, received an education. After another whaling voyage, and a visit to the California mines, he returned to Honolulu, anxious to revisit his native land. Nothing could deter him. The remonstrances of his friends, the distance and perils of the way, the likelihood of being beheaded for his pains if he should succeed, -no argument or obstacle could stand for a moment before his unutterable longing for home.

In due time, therefore, Nakahama and his two comrades, now grown from lads to young men of twenty-five, were equipped with a whale-boat, a sack of ship's biscuit, a "Bowditch's Navigator," and a compass, and were put on board an American merchantman bound to Shanghai. A few miles from Loochoo they and their whale-boat were launched and committed to the waves. After a hard day's pull they reached the shore, but only to be arrested and imprisoned; and six months later they were forwarded in a trading-junk to Japan, to be imprisoned again, this time for three years. It would seem that for three whole years the officials wrestled with the problem before they could make up their minds whether getting blown off the coast in boyhood and returning home in manhood constituted a capital crime. The year 1853 arrived, and with it the Perry expedition, which had come and gone, and was to come again. Here was a captive in their dungeons who had actually lived in the country of these Western barbarians, spoke their uncouth language, and knew their crafty ways. Why behead an expert just when he was needed? Instead they brought him to court and made him open his budget of information.

From being a prisoner Nakahama Manjiro was transformed into a noble and decorated with the two swords. By order of government he was provided with a crew of carpenters and required to build a whole fleet of whale-boats like his own; and then, with a corps of scribes, he was directed to translate his "Bowditch's Navigator" and make a score of copies for the use of the Japanese marine. One of these copies Nakahama afterward gave to his friend Chaplain Damon in Honolulu, and it was on exhibition at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.

Dr. Damon had often inquired after the three adventurers, but had never learned their fate. One morning, years after the treaty had been signed, a fine Japanese steamship anchored off Honolulu, and her commander came on shore to call on Dr. Damon. It was no other than the long-lost Nakahama, now an officer in the Japanese navy. The mutual explanations can be imagined.

"Where were you at the time of the

expedition?" asked the chaplain.

"I was in a room adjoining that in which the negotiations were going on," said Nakahama. "I was not allowed to see or communicate with any of the Americans. But each document from Commodore Perry was translated by me before it was handed to the commissioners, and the replies also I translated into English before they went to Commodore Perry."

That explained what so mystified our diplomats at the time: that the papers from the "party of the second part" came to them not alone in Dutch and Japanese, but also in English.

Nakahama was more than interpreter. He knew the American people, the magnitude of their country, their wealth and commerce, their prestige and power. He believed in them. He was the channel through which, by a kind of preordination, American ideas filtered into Japan.

#### THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING FRIENDS

MEANWHILE the stern public sentiment of this isolated nation was rapidly melting away before our neighborly advances. The people seemed to be glad of our coming. They flocked on board and were received as friends. They admired our ships. They liked our dinners. As an impartial historian I must admit that they took kindly, sometimes convivially, to our brandies and wines. And on shore these courtesies were duly reciprocated. The negotiations took time. Many meetings were held, and on most of these occasions an entertainment was served by the Japanese in native style. Sydney Smith once said of his countrymen that "an Englishman is like an oyster-you must get into him with a knife and fork." That was one of the ways we got into Japan; many a treat went into that treaty.

At one of these dainty banquets it was my good fortune to be one of the guests. It was the day when the Mikado's gifts to our government were exhibited. They were samples of both the fine arts and the mechanical arts of the country; some of them exquisitely graceful, some showing rather the ingenuity and skill of plain handicraft. For some years after the return of the fleet these gifts could be seen at the Patent Office, and they are now exhibited in the National Museum at Washington.

When we had sufficiently admired all the pretty things, our genial hosts led us to the banquet-room, and dinner was served. This was, of course, composed of native viands, served in native style, and to be eaten with native chopsticks. The dinner was abundant. To our American sea appetites it was toothsome; and what with chopsticks and our own fingers and penknives, we wrestled with it in masterly fashion.

First they seated us on benches in long rows around the hall, and then ranged before us similar benches spread with scarlet tea-cloths. Upon these, in front of each guest, was set a small wooden lacquered stand six or eight inches high and twelve or fifteen square, and protected by a rim which kept the dainty dishes from crowding each other off. Mine was filled with

the most delicate porcelains, and, albeit somewhat hungry, I longed to appropriate the ceramics instead of the eatables.

The menu had its unique points; there were soups, vegetables, oysters, crabs, boiled eggs, pickled fish, seaweed jelly, and a variety of compounds which we did not quite recognize and therefore felt toward them that hesitating awe experienced by the elder Weller in the presence of "weal pie." The drinks were tea, served, as always in the East, without alloy of sugar or cream, and sake, a strong, colorless alcohol distilled from rice, somewhat like the samshu, or white wine, of China.

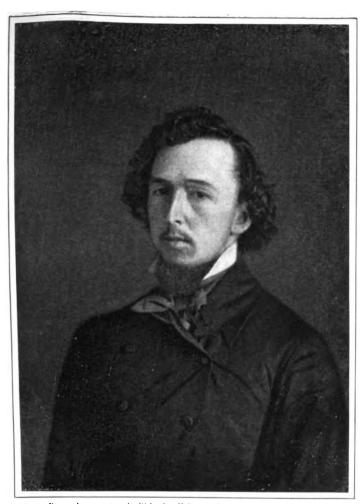
#### THE STORY OF A FROSTED CAKE

WHEN all was done, our hosts brought us each a sheet of bamboo-paper to wrap up and carry away what we had not consumed. Some of mine was still extant when I reached home seven months later.

This was a point of etiquette they observed themselves, and it led sometimes to interesting results. One day, at a dinnerparty on board the flag-ship, a Japanese functionary fell in love with a frosted cake and a bottle of hock. According to custom, he desired to take them home. But it was late, and his potations having made him too unsteady to be the bearer of any other freight, the commodore promised to send them by a special messenger in the morning.

Morning came, but not the cake. During the night that had absconded; some unregenerate tar had stowed it away inside for safe-keeping. Here was a terrible dilemma. What if the negotiations should be imperiled for lack of that cake! A sort of coroner's inquest was hastily summoned to sit on the missing loaf. The verdict was: "Send the hock, but tell him that in America we present cake in the evening." The guest was entirely satisfied, and by sunset another frosted cake like the stolen one was concocted at the galley and was duly sent on shore.

After the dinner our hosts conducted us to the beach. Among the presents to us was a large supply of rice for the fleet. It was put up in straw sacks containing about a hundred and twenty-five pounds each. By the pile stood a company of athletes and gymnasts chosen from the peasantry for their strength and size, and trained for the service and entertainment



From a daguerreotype by Richards. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BAYARD TAYLOR ABOUT THE TIME OF THE PERRY EXPEDITION

of the court. At a signal from their leader, who was himself a giant of muscle and fat, they began transporting the rice to the boats. It was more frolic than work. Some of them bore a sack on each hand above their heads; some would carry two laid crosswise on the shoulders and head; while others performed dexterous feats of tossing, catching, balancing them, or turning somersaults with them. I saw one nimble Titan fasten his talons in a sack; throw it down on the sand, still keeping his hold; turn a somersault over it; throw it over him as he revolved; and come down sitting on the beach with the sack in his lap.

### THE AMERICAN GIFT OF A RAILWAY AND TRAIN

Another spectacle that afternoon, prophetic of the new future just opening on

the empire, was the first railroading in Japan. Among the presents to the Mikado we carried a railroad: not, to be sure. a fully equipped road, well weighted with mortgage bonds and watered stock, tied up in a merger, or run by a receiver; but so much of the genuine article as is represented by the rails, the engine, and a car. In the rear of the council-house the mechanics of the squadron had laid the circular track, and thither our gentle hosts now led us. There stood the locomotive and car, exquisite specimens of American workmanship, the engine already hissing and fuming, impatient to show itself off, the car as sumptuous as the richest woods and the finest art could make it. The whole was constructed on a scale of quarter size, and so nothing larger than a St. Bernard dog or a French doll could enter the dainty

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rosewood door. The engineer sat on the tender and bestowed his legs along the engine. And when a timid Japanese was finally induced to take a John Gilpin ride, he had to sit on the roof of the car and stow his feet on the tender. You can imagine with what a death-grip he clung to the eaves of the car, and how his teeth chattered and his robes fluttered as he flashed around the circle. He thought he was a deadhead; and so indeed he was. This miniature railroad was for some years kept as a sort of imperial toy. A storehouse was built for its safe-keeping; and every little while they would relay the track, and gay parties of princes and courtiers would go flying around on a sort of circular picnic. The empire has long since outgrown the toy, and is laying its own railroads in all directions. Every year witnesses substantial additions to the mileage, the travel, and the traffic.

#### YANKEE MAGIC BY TELEGRAPH

THE telegraph seemed to be more of a puzzle to them than the steam-engine. We carried them a line fifteen miles long, and set up a short stretch of it as a sample. They would go to one end, deliver a message, and then trot mystified to the other end, only to find their message safely arrived, written out and waiting for them. It was just Yankee magic, necromancy, witchcraft! But they have long since become adepts in the same magic, and their

picturesque land is interlacing itself all over with an ever-expanding web of wires.

Another of our presents was a brass Dahlgren howitzer. Not long after, a thousand pieces like it had been cast at their foundries and were mounted in their forts. It was from these guns that their salutes on Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July were appropriately fired. Washington's name and fame had reached the empire long before the expedition had been dreamed of. "A very great man," they said; "we know him well in Japan."

### BEARING THE TREATY TO THE UNITED STATES

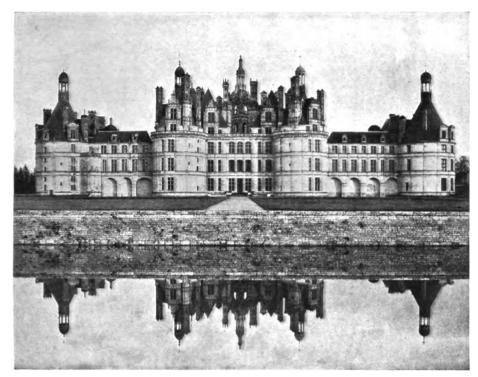
AFTER many meetings the negotiations were finally completed, and on Friday, March 31, 1854, the treaty was signed. Our ship had been longest in commission of the whole squadron, and was therefore selected to bring the precious document away; and having received the bearer of despatches, Captain H. A. Adams, on April 4, the Saratoga spread her white wings for home. It was inspiring, and to us who were at last homeward bound it was thrilling, to hear the rousing cheers from each ship as we passed down the line, and from the commodore's band the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." We were soon out on the Pacific again, and that was our good-by to the fleet and to Japan. At Honolulu, Captain Adams left us for Panama, and reached Washington with the treaty sometime in June.



From a photograph owned by George H. Scidmore, counselor to the American legation, Tokio

THE PERRY MONUMENT, FACING THE BAY AT KURIHAMA

The Japanese inscription is an enlarged facsimile of the handwriting of Marquis Ito. On the west, or land side, the inscription is in English. (See page 356.)



From a photograph by A. Giraudon NORTHERN FACADE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAMBORD

## THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

FOURTH PAPER: CHAMBORD, CHAUMONT, AZAY-LE-RIDEAU

#### BY RICHARD WHITEING

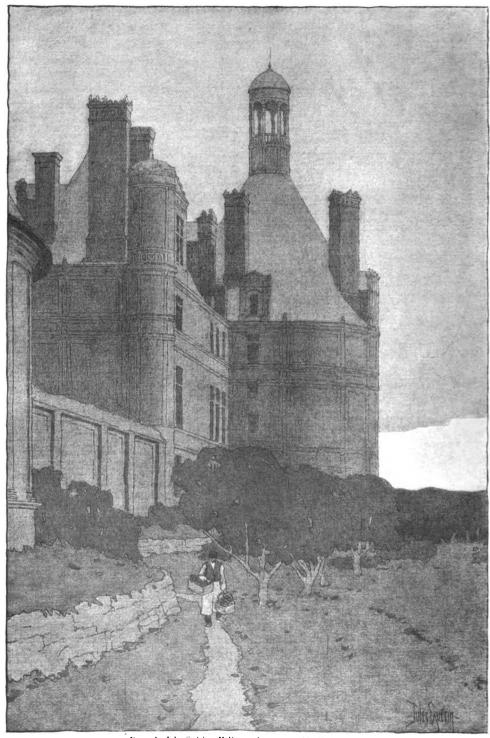
Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," etc.



BODE HAMBORD is decidedly disappointing at first. Distance lends no enchantment to a building long and low out of all reason-

able proportion in each case, and troubled and broken with chimney-stacks. Yet it contrives to be top-heavy even at that. The roofs of the flanking towers look like men's hats on very little boys; and as you get nearer it does not greatly improve. The front is rather heartbreaking in its regularity. It seems like a vast public institution, conceivably for persons who are not quite right in their minds. This is not altogether the fault of earlier architects.

The tinkering by successive occupants has deprived the structure of what little proportion it ever had. Marshal Saxe, for instance, filled up the moat, and so took off something from the effective height that could ill be spared. As the towers stand now, the roofs are certainly larger than the parts they cover, which makes the whole thing but a bad case of swelled head. But nothing could ever have saved the place, even in its best day, from being a vast squat ugliness, for naturally the moat could have aided it only on the nearer view. At a distance, the elevation is really quite hopeless, vast in extent, yet pygmy



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

EASTERN FAÇADE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAMBORD



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FRANCIS I AT CHAMBORD-THE MORNING AFTER THE HUNT

beyond redemption, a king's palace in Lilliput.

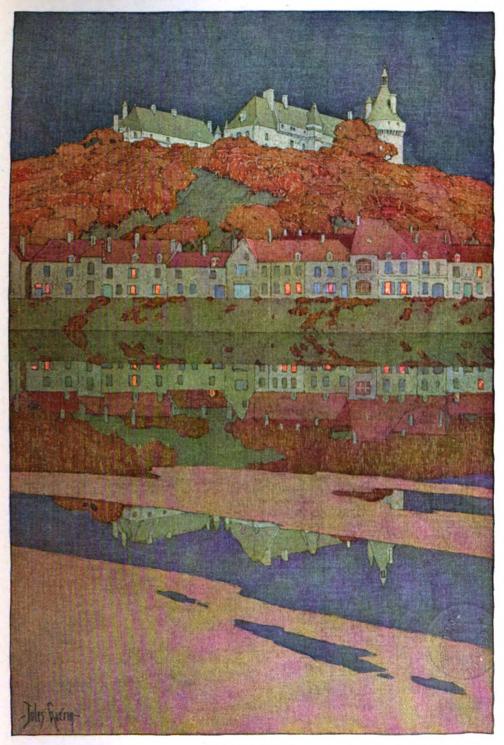
Magnificence, merely puffing for effect, like the frog in the fable, has balked itself. The place rambles altogether too much for a dwelling. Many have stayed in it, and for long periods, but probably no one ever lived there in entire comfort. There are signs that it has passed the limit of all possible completion. Before the last touch was given to the superstructure, there must have been something wrong with the foundation. They never could have had it entirely waterproof and windproof: some suffering corner would have been bound to cry, "Help!" while the architect was in the very act of signing his certificate of finish. The château was a huge vanity of Francis I, building of course always in his brand-new style. Before him, it was an old feudal manor-house; but he left the pile mainly as we see it, allowing, of course, for inevitable modifications by successors who were trying to make it comfortable. Louis XIV tinkered all over it. Marshal Saxe, as we have seen, abolished the moat; and within there is a huge monumental tiled stove of his, imported from Germany, which was apparently the result of a desperate effort to save himself from being frozen to death.

The "unhabitableness" of it is most striking. The place runs largely into huge halls, -halls of the guard, and what not, with an equally superfluous great staircase (one of thirteen) which is a kind of clumsy practical joke at the expense of a whole quarryful of stone. The idea has been to arrange the stairs in such fashion that two persons may ascend, side by side, without meeting till they reach the top story. It might be useful to an ill-assorted pair going to bed after a quarrel; but that, surely, could have been managed in a simpler manner. The openings here and there, affording glimpses of each other, offer opportunities of reconciliation before the attainment of the bitter end. With all that, it is trivial and foolish, a mere conceit in stone. The great guard-rooms are impossible in much the same way. The guard could never have been happy there, could never have diced and drunk and smoked, as a guard should do when not cutting throats. The mass suggests something hollowed out of the solid rock. Once, when they were playing Molière at the

château before Louis XIV, the overpowering chilliness of association almost killed the piece. The composer Lulli saved it, and his friend, by skipping across the stage in a bit of business of his own improvisation, and so raising a laugh. There is a small workroom of Francis I in one wing, which is pathetic in its way. For such a king, this is quite a box of a place; and it is pretty clear that he had it made so in a wild attempt to contrive a cozy corner in his barn. Elsewhere, we have an everlasting succession of chambers of state; every one of which is, and ever has been, nothing better than a museum.

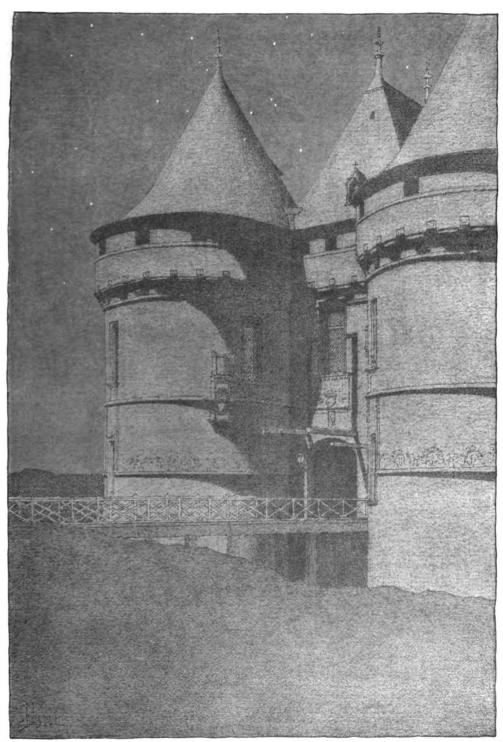
The Comte de Chambord-he who made the "grand refusal" of a restored throne when the French constitution was last in the melting-pot—was one of the later owners. A member of his family, a Duke of Parma, owns it now. count himself seems never to have attempted to live there. On his rare visits he put up in a cottage near the stables. For the rest, he seems to have used the main building as a lumber-room for the trappings of his royal dignity. The Legitimist ladies of France pursued him with gifts of tapestry, Henri Cinq flags, and carved thrones in which the biggest of monarchs would have sunk to the proportions of a pet dog on a settee. As these things came to hand, he packed them off to the château; and there they lie to this day, so many cumbrous monuments of the vanity of state. In one room there is a whole park of artillery on a miniature scale, and in shining bronze, which was given to him as a child. He was to play with it, and grow up a hero. As he failed in the last, we may charitably assume that he soon tired of his toy. That would have been much to his credit. The thing was a mere treatise on gunnery in the kindergarten style.

The absurdity of it all culminates in the roof. Chambord is so manifestly built for this preposterous feature that the roof might have been made first, and the rest merely keyed up to it. The building is positively top-heavy with roof. The leads form a sort of labyrinthine town, and need only a corner store to make them perfectly self-sufficing. You may take long walks in the gutters, and might certainly drive tandem in some of them. The chimneys tower to the sky like spires, and are won-



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT-VIEW FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE LOIRE



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAIN PORTAL OF THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT

derfully carved. A lantern that crowns the edifice is a marvel of construction and of architectural beauty. When you are close to it, this interests you in the same way as Stonehenge. How did it get there? Its monoliths do credit to the solidity of the foundations. At a distance

in its beauty of detail. Whole acres of its surface are bare, but other acres, in fractions of carving here and there, are marvelous. Sometimes, at the top of a great dreary staircase, you come on a bit of workmanship fine enough to hang from a watchchain. Then you lose yourself again in the



From a photograph by A. Giraudon

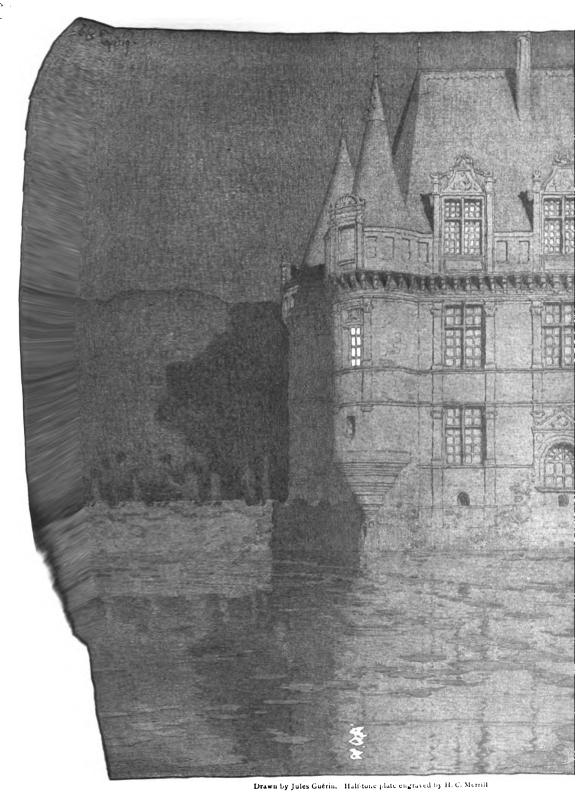
#### APPROACH TO THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT (THE LOIRE AT THE LEFT)

it is perfectly graceful, having much the same ingeniously deceptive lightness of design as the famous steeple of Bow Church in Cheapside.

For all that, Chambord is a great failure, and its long line of occupants seem silently to have confessed it. If Francis ever hoped to make it habitable, his court must have been beyond all proportion greater than anything of the kind in our day. It would need officers of state by the hundred, sene-schals, lackeys, and guards by the thousand, to keep one another in heart, and save them from the too intrusive company of their own shadows in the lonely halls. The château is said to have been dismantled at the Revolution. Was it ever "mantled"?—if I may venture to put it in that way. But, all this said, it is still amazing

desert of masonry, until an oasis of the same sort of beauty meets the tired eye. But these effects, within or without, are mere impressions, after all; and Chambord may still offer a full harvest to the seeing eye. You never can tell what the moon and the artist in fortunate conjunction may manage to do.

Chaumont, hard by, and within as easy reach of Blois, on one side, as Chambord is on the other, is quite a different affair. This château is on the Loire: Chambord is on the Cosson, one of the tributaries. The railway takes you straight to Chaumont. It is habitable, and habited—a great point. It is still in occupation of some private family; and a happy time they must have there when the tourist season is at an end. It is splendidly situ-

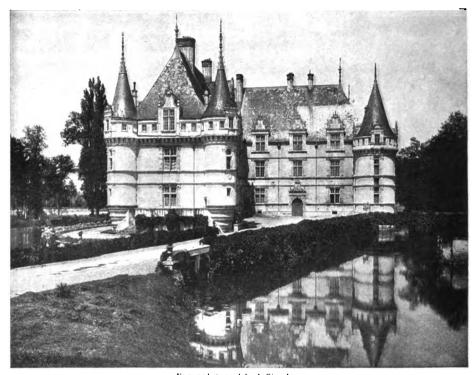


CHÂTEAU OF AZAY-LE-RIDEAU (SHOWING THE MOAT)

LXX.-46

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ated: far better than Chambord, far better even than Azay, for it stands on a height, which enabled the architect, when he had done his best, to leave nature to do the rest. The impression of magnificence and range in these smaller buildings, when they are well placed, is stronger than in the larger ones that happen to lie on the plain. still, if necessary, transfix you with an arrow on its threshold, in requital of an untimely morning call. Then successive builders sacrificed strength to comfort; and now the charm of peaceful occupancy gives the note. You wait your turn to enter, in a courtyard, with a low balustrade, which commands a view below as

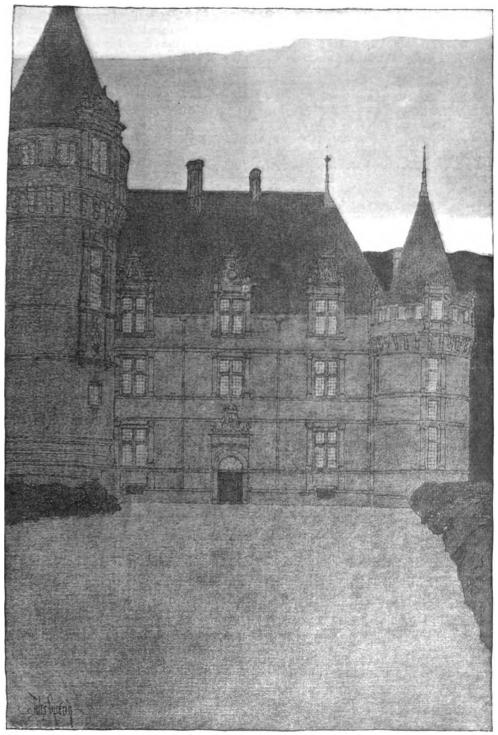


From a photograph by A. Giraudon

EASTERN FAÇADE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF AZAY-LE-RIDEAU

Chaumont is all beauty—a beauty of the soft use and wont of daily life, dignified, of course, by all sorts of fine structural achievements. The main entrance, in particular, while it is still an entrance to a strong place, might, but for the drawbridge and portcullis, serve for the entrance to a villa. Fortresses have been built and razed there, razed and built again, for generations. Even the Norman kings of England were by no means the first settlers. Henry II met Becket at Chaumont, though not in the building we see to-day. The frequent changes made the real dwellinghouse at last. It, of course, began as a castle pure and simple, with all that a castle should have, especially a door to shut in a man's face. Chaumont could of the plains of heaven. You sit by the well, and watch a cat snoozing in sunshine on the wall. Within, it is a delicious harmony of old tiled floors, old furniture, old pictures, arras in the chambers of kings. A little bedroom of Mme. Diana of Poitiers is eminently characteristic of that austere widow in being distinctly prim.

Azay-le-Rideau, on the Indre, the pearl of all the châteaux, is another perfectly habitable place. It lies too much on the level for the sort of help you get from the landscape; but that does not matter. In itself it is a quite perfect thing, a gem of the architecture of its time, and altogether sweet and homelike in the general plan. It is fortified, but only for fun. It has a moat, too; and if you like to shrink from



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU OF AZAY-LE-RIDEAU

wading this, at need, or from jumping it with the aid of a long pole at the risk of spoiling the water-lilies, why, of course, you may. The dear old stream winds in and out of the grounds, sometimes in artificial channels, with rustic bridges, as toy-like and as sweet as anything on a china plate. The whole village is like that. It creeps down to the river, and abounds in glorified back yards, from which you may fish all day long, in cool shadow, forgetful of the world. It seems to be on the water rather than beside it. But all this is true only of the outer view. The inner, while still inalienably beautiful in its halls and chambers, is now disheartening in its actual occupancy.

Azay has long lived in the state of being a place for sale. It has passed from hand to hand of the speculator; and it still awaits the highest bidder. Much of the old furniture has been sold. and with it, alas! the priceless collection of pictures which made the château a bit of the history of France-a sort of national portrait-gallery of the time between the Renascence and the Revolution. All that is over; and now a good deal of the furniture and of the decoration suggests the dead hand of the modern restorer. Some of the rooms are actually grained an abomination anywhere in our day, for even the liquor-stores disdain it, and especially an abomination here. The town is much more like its former self. It is an old, old town, and a great beauty at that. When I was there it happened to be the day of the fête of the Assumption, and there was service in a church dating from the thirteenth century. As the service was Roman Catholic, one felt that but little had been changed, save the costumes, in all that time. Even they, for that matter, were in keeping. The peasant women wore the holiday trappings of an earlier age, in stuffs of soft dove-color or in brighter hues, in caps of lace-work, the most tantalizing things in the world. When the congregation afterward walked in procession through the streets, the effect was very fine, though the few smart frocks from Paris might have been spared. It was such a respectable gathering!-respectable in the deeper sense, and more especially so in its humbler figures. This prosperous French peasantry, sure of itself, at peace with itself, and having

calm outlook of realized prosperity, is the greatest of social forces. There were women in the crowd with faces that seemed to have come straight out of an old picture—faces bronzed with toil in the sun, lined almost as finely as the tattooed cheek of a New Zealander, but only with honest and healthful cares.

The châteaux suggest many interesting reflections, among them this—with which I set out—that Providence is in no hurry. Every one of them is associated with some great impulse in human affairs, as the working out of it concerns the life of France. But, in each case, the period of achievement is a matter of centuries. These items of evolution, as they appear in the retrospective summary of an essayist. cost whole ages of time, very often whole seas of blood, and the sweat of generations of men. However, for their comfort, the toilers have no weariness of a burden beyond their strength. But for this compensation, we might all be overweighted with a sense of the duties of the epoch, as distinct from the little comforting and compassable duties of the day. As it is, while France is working out its unity, its liberty, its equality,—perfect fraternity seems still to hang fire, - the pretty women are still principally engaged in being pretty, the heroes in being heroic, and the villains villainous, without overmuch knowing what kind of world's work they are helping to make or mar. The "squadron" of charming hussies, whom the Medicean hag used as lures for her victims, probably thought they were furthering their own ends only, while they made things hum in camp and court. Providence is in no hurry; and, while it is about its business, its journeymen have their share of the sun.

This consolation is perhaps best realized in the astonishing set of romances of the ever-astonishing Dumas, first of the line. If he had lived long enough, he would have eaten up all history, and they would have had to make more of it while he waited, to enable him to get on. In his unnumbered, if not innumerable, volumes he has dealt fully with scenes or characters of the great period of the châteaux of the Loire. Mr. R. S. Garnett has given, in his editorial notes to the new translation of the master, the works arranged in the sequence

me. Beginning with Francis I, just to

save the reader from the sense of a hopeless endeavor, we learn that "Ascanio" is placed in that reign. Following this, we have "The Two Dianas" and "The Duke of Savoy's Page "for Henry II; the "Horoscope," for Francis II and Mary of Scots. "Queen Margot" is for Charles IX; "The Lady of Monsoreau" and "The Forty-five Guardsmen," for Henry III. In "The Three Musketeers" we are with Louis XIII; and in "Twenty Years After" and "Nanon; or, The War of Women," with the Fronde. Louis XIV comes in with "The Vicomte de Bragelonne"; and his period with "The Black Tulip," "Sylvandire," "The Comtesse de Verrue," and "The Two Queens." For the Orléans Regency we have "The Chevalier d'Harmental" and "The Regent's Daughter." About a good half-dozen, including "Joseph Balsamo," deal with Louis XV and his court. One might go on to the periods of the Revolution, the Directory, and the Empire.

The châteaux have had some show in the history of France right down to our own day. Here and there the Prussians occupied them, and before that most of them suffered from Revolutionary zeal. They were despoiled and hacked and hewn about, much in the manner of the English cathedrals in the wars of the Commonwealth. Not all can manage Brantôme or Rabelais, Marot, Villon, or Ronsard; but anybody, in one language or other, may enjoy a volume of the "Wizard of the South." The history of France lives in the page of Dumas, though not there alone. Balzac has made a serious attempt to whitewash a figure much in need of the process in his "Catherine de Médicis"; and "Le Lys dans la Vallée"—to say nothing of one or two of the "Contes" -has its scene laid in Azay-le-Rideau. It was a suitable habitat for a heroine of sentiment all compact. The lady's complaints of the bad taste of a husband, who occasionally appears at one end of a walk while she is engaged with a supplementary adorer at the other, might melt a heart of stone. Balzac was born in Tours; and his books, in their descriptive method of workmanship, are many of them superb guides to the district.

The great royal châteaux, not of Touraine only, but of the world, are all nearing their appointed end of public ownership. Kings build; peoples inherit: the palace

in its uses broadens slowly down to the multitude. The smaller houses sometimes fall by purchase to the middle class; but that is only the change in one of its stages. The larger ones soon reach their ultimate destiny of the museum and the pleasureground; and this even in countries and at times that are not distinctively republican. Louis XIV built Versailles: who holds it now? The caretaker for the man in the street. The Louvre is a museum; the Tuileries has gone—to make way for a garden. Kensington Palace is now among the sights of London. Windsor Castle is not much more. And lately, when there happened to be no music for the visitors to the castle on a public holiday, the Royal Band, "to prevent disappointment," was hastily recalled from a distant scene. The Tower of London, once a palace, now holds the regalia that serve as a toy for the crowd. Potsdam and Sans-Souci are, for all and several, in the same sense; so is the huge Escurial. The Kremlin of the Czars is no better; and even the Hermitage, which, strictly speaking, is one of the halls of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, is a picture-gallery to which all could find their way, until the Nihilists threatened its integrity.

In republican countries like France, of course, the process is more immediate and more simple. The Duke of Parma will not forever go on owning Chambord; and one day he will be relieved of the fatigue of an annual visit, which, it is said, he regards as a pious duty. It is inevitable, even under the monarchies, for it saves a cost of upkeep ever growing too burdensome for the civil lists. Villandry, Durtal, Monsoreau, Cheverny, are still in possession of noble owners. Chenonceaux, as we have seen, went from hand to hand; and, when the Wilson set had done with it, or it had done with them, fell for a time to a citizen of Havana and of New York. Valençay, near Blois, was sometime the home of an American countess. Another lady of the same rank and of the same nationality once ruled at Chaumont; and, when she retired, it was bought by a sugarrefiner to form part of his daughter's dot. The Siegfried who owns Langeais—a president of the Paris Bourse, and no relation of the dragon-slayer of German myth-has, I understand, generously devoted the place to public uses. Azay-leRideau has had varied fortunes: in one it was fitted up by an ennobled banker's son as a kind of coaching establishment where lads of gold, studying for the diplomatic service, might pick up French. Boisregard—I did not see it—is, or was, a picture-gallery.

As the native flies from château to château in his motor-car, there is something in his bearing that marks the certitude of final possession—if it is only the

air of insolence. Reverence, at any rate, for things of this sort is a quality the French have almost lost. They walk languidly from room to room, and sniff or titter under the inflictions of the cicerone. So passes the glory of the world. But that glory, in the châteaux of old, was often so closely allied with shame and misery and corruption that their last state, as playgrounds for the tourist, may still be better than the first.

END OF THE SERIES



## THE SALUTE

### BY RICHARD BURTON

WE, about to die, salute you kindly,—
We, the very old, hail you, the young,
Though the shows of earth we see but blindly,
And a leaden weight is on our tongue.

But our wan old hearts expand in pleasure, Watching how your spirits kindle bright; And we dream us back to springtime treasure, Old, dim ardors, ghosts of gone delight.

We relive in you the chances splendid,
All the buffetings and all the gains;
O the sense of time and time unended,
Ere the hope dies, ere the wonder wanes!

How you love and fight and taste of rapture, How your sleep restores you to the sun, How the sweet of every hour you capture Haughtily, as heroes e'er have done!

We have lived and loved, as you are doing;
We are glad to see you run the race;
Half you seem ourselves,—your work, your wooing,
Your high stakes of glory or disgrace.

Hail! Farewell! nor blame us if a sadness Clutches at our throat the while we gaze Brokenly, through tears, upon that gladness Once was ours in exquisite old days.

Not one bliss nor belief would we dispute you:
Once for us as well the whole earth sung.
We, about to die, again salute you,—
We, the elders, hail our brothers young!

## JULES OF THE GREAT HEART

### A STORY OF THE FAR NORTHWEST

### BY LAWRENCE MOTT

ON jou', Verbaux!"

A hoarse voice spoke at the door of the little bark hut. Jules opened his eyes, and looked into

the muzzle of a rifle in the hands of an

Indian trapper.

"Ah, ha, mon gar! Ah track you t'ree day in de fores', an' now you air prisonnier to me, Le Grand. Stan' hup, an' come à

Jules thought quickly, and realized that the slightest deviation from orders would mean instant death; so he got up slowly and walked over to his captor, who watched him like an animal.

"C'est ça; hol' hout you' han's!"

Jules did so, but held them low in front of him; Le Grand, keeping the rifle cocked and pointed in one hand, drew a thong with a noose in it from his belt with the other hand, and threw it over Jules's wrists; then he stooped forward to draw the noose tight. Quick as a flash, Jules's right knee flew up and struck the other's face with tremendous force. The rifle dropped to the Indian's feet, and he staggered; Jules was on him in an instant, hitting him a fearful blow with his fist. Le Grand groaned and fell limply. Hurriedly Jules bound the fallen man's wrists and ankles; then a knife gleamed in his hand.

"Maintenant, Le Grand, you go far 'way." He lifted the blade, but hesitated, and his arm dropped without having accomplished its purpose. "Non, pas encore. Ah wan' talk vone leet' wid heem.'

He went outside and gathered some snow; this he rubbed vigorously on the Indian's face and neck; when it had melted he got more and repeated the operation. Finally Le Grand moved and looked up.

"Ah, b'en, Verbaux," he said; "Ah should keel you v'en Ah had ze chance, onlee le facteur he vant you ver' bad. He say feefty dollaires to man 'ou breeng Verbaux to ze post alive; so Ah track you many day, fin' you haslip, et maintenant you keel me, hein?"

Jules played with his knife a few minutes before he answered; then he said: "You got vone leet' girrrl, n'est-ce pas, Le

Grand?"

The Indian's face twitched slightly, and Jules went on: "V'at she do v'en her faddaire ees dead?"

"Ah don' know," answered Le Grand. "You got vone leet' garçon, eh, Le Grand? V'at he do eef his faddaire ees dead?"

"Ah don' know," answered the other

again.

Then Jules spoke fiercely: "Ah tell to you v'at zey do, dose deux leet' vones. V'en le facteur he fin' hout you no come back, he sen' dose enfants een la forêt, Le Grand; he vant not des petits een ze post, v'en no vone dere for to geeve zem to heat; an' den ze wolfs, Le Grand, zev air hongree, maintenant, dese taimes, Le Grand.'

"Da''s true," answered the Indian, his voice quivering with emotion, though his face showed no sign. Silence fell on the two men.

At last Jules said: "Le Grand, you know v'at Ah 'm goin' to do à toi?"

"Keel, je suppose," was the answer.

"Non, Le Grand; not zis taime. Ah geeve to you your leet' vones. Ah had a papoose vonce; den dat Manou he stol' ma femme, an' de leet' girrrl she die." His voice broke, and he knelt hurriedly and cut the lashings on the ankles and wrists.



Drawn by F.E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by C.W. Chadwick
""MEANV'ILE AH GO, M'SIEU" LE FACTEUR. ADIEU! BONNE CHANCE!"

"Stan' hup, Le Grand; voici ton fusil." He handed the Indian the rifle. "Maintenant go! Partez! an' rememb' Jules Verbaux."

He stood aside from the hut entrance as he finished speaking. The Indian stared at him as in a trance.

"Verbaux," he said in a husky voice, "you vone beeg, beeg hearrt. Ah go to mes petits; mais before Ah go Ah tell to you dis: le facteur he sen' t'irt' mans for to catch you. Au revoir." He dropped the rifle into the hollow of his arm, and went off, with bowed head, into the forest.

Jules crossed his body devoutly, and muttered an Ave Maria. "Le facteur sen' t'irt' mans? C'est impossible. Dere ten mans on line seex, h'eight mans on Haut Bois, t'ree mans au Rivière Noire: dat mak' twenty-vone. Den feeft'-t'ree en all hat la poste! T'irt' come for me; by gar, on'y two lef' au poste!" he finished, adding on his fingers as he tallied up the Indians of the entire post. "Ah don' t'ink Le Grand he tell to me vone lie. Bon! Ah go an' Ah mak' vone leet' conversation avec M'sieu' le Facteur." he decided.

Then he hurried about the hut, removing all signs of recent habitation: he stowed away the blankets in his tote-bag, pulled the little bark door from its wooden hinges, tore down a corner of the roof and let in a quantity of snow, and kicked the moss bed to pieces; then he took his snow-shoes outside, adjusted them, and went off at a brisk pace to the westward.

All that day he traveled, and all night, guided by his unerring knowledge of the country and of the stars. At daybreak he stopped and built a small fire, carefully selecting the driest wood he could find for it, so that no tale-bearing smoke should rise above the trees. He ate a frugal breakfast, and started on again. The sun was in mid-heaven when he approached the post; the snow was liberally tracked, and other signs of habitation were plenty.

Jules advanced more warily now; he came to the big clearing, and saw the post buildings before him. He watched long and carefully. The smoke from the log chimneys rose lazily in the still air, and the company flag drooped listlessly at its mast. A few children played and romped in and out of the stockade gate, which stood wide open. Outside the yard was a group of Indian tepees, picturesque and

silent. At intervals he heard the sound of women's voices coming from the buildings. but the place was deserted of men and

Iules watched some time longer: then he advanced boldly across the open, entered the yard, took off his snow-shoes, went up the steps of the store, opened the door, and walked in. An old Indian was arranging some blankets on the counter with shaking hands; hearing the door open, he looked up, then started back in dismay. "Ju-ules Ver-baux!" he whispered.

"Bon jou'. Maquette." said

quietly. "Le facteur, où est-il?"

The old man nodded to a door in the rear. "Là-bas." He followed Jules with frightened eyes as the latter rapped on the indicated room.

"Coom in, Maquette. Whut the divil ails ye now, ye dodderin' old - Verbaux!" The factor ended with a snarl as Jules stepped in, closing the door after him.

Jules Verbaux, M'sieu' le Facteur; Ah hear you vant me; Ah come." He moved quietly between the factor, who was at his desk, and a rifle that his keen

eves saw in a corner.

"Ye plundherin' thafe!" the factor said, with an oath; "how'd ye know there was n't a man on the posht? I'll—I'll take ye wid me own hands, so I wull!" he shouted, and leaped from his chair.

A long knife appeared suddenly in Jules's hand, and an ugly glint came to the gray eves as he answered:

"Not so fas', M'sieu' le Facteur; not so fas'. Ah vant talk weet you vone leet' firs', s'il vous plaît."

The factor saw the glint on the knife and the glint in the eyes, and realized that both were dangerous; so he sat down again, looking round for some available weapon. "Go on," he growled; "I'll get the life-blood out o' ye fer this, ye divil!"

"Why you 'ave your Indians hont Jules lak a chien? Why you no let Jules trap in peace? V'y for you geeve hordaire' zat les Indians zey burn mes leet' huts? V'y for you vant ma vie?" Jules asked these questions slowly, as he faced the infuriated Irishman without a tremor.

"I 'll show ye whut fer, ye half-breed whelp!" And the factor started up again.

"Pas encore, M'sieu' le Facteur! You bes' rester tranquille an' hear v'at Jules Verbaux 'ave to say." The insult - that he,

Verbaux, a pure French-Canadian, had Indian blood in him—roused Jules to herce though suppressed rage; the swarthy face paled under the bronze, and his breath came and went with little bissing sounds.

"Ah demand zat you veel geeve hordaire' to your Indians to leave Jules halon'; la territoire du Nord ees zat hof le bon Dieu. He geeve to us zat territoire to mak' hont; he no geeve eet to la compagnie for deir hown."

The factor swore a string of horrible oaths, cursing the man before him.

"I'll have the hearrst from your dirty carcass to pay fer this, see if I don't!" he finished.

"You no haccep' v'at Jules say, M'sieu' le Facteur?"

There was a note of warning in the lowspoken words, but the factor was too wild with fury to notice it.

"I 'll accept nawthing but your life, —— ye!—your life; an' I 'll get it if I have to hound ye outen the country to do it!" he screamed.

"Ver' good! Hol' hup your han's!" In a second Jules had seized the rifle behind him and was pointing it at the factor's heart.

"Ye would n't murther me in cowld blood, would ye?" The cowardly bully was afraid, as he held his hands over his head.

"Non, M'sieu' le Facteur; mais Ah 'm goin' show your Indians 'ow Jules tak' deir facteur, 'stead of deir facteur tak' Jules! Stan' hup an' marche!" Jules motioned to the door.

With the abject fear of death in his eyes, the Irishman stumbled to the door and lowered his hands to open it.

"Hol' hup han's! Call Maquette!" came the sharp order.

The captive refused to speak, so Jules called the Indian himself. Maquette came and opened the door.

"Quick, Maquette! Hit him with an ax; he can't watch the both of us!" said the factor.

Jules spoke again: "Maquette, your faddaire an' my faddaire dey mak' la chasse togedder lon' before dees compagnie she come een our territoire; Maquette, Jules no vant hurrt de son hof hees faddaire's fr'en'. You go hout, Maquette, n'est-ce pas?"

The old man turned, and went out of the store.

"Marche, M'sieu' le Facteur; en avant!" The incongruous pair went down the steps and out into the yard; Jules deftly picked up his snow-shoes, and the factor tried to turn off at the gate.

"Ve go en forêt," said Jules, persuasively.

The children stopped their play and stared; then they scampered away with loud cries.

Across the clearing the two went; then down a wood road till it ended, and on into the woods. Beads of perspiration stood on the factor's neck and face, and his arms drooped every now and then, when Jules would say quietly, "Han's hup, M'sieu' le Facteur!"

They went on thus for a long time, twisting and turning through the timber, the factor breathing in hoarse gasps, and barely dragging one foot after the other in the wet snow. Jules had been quietly preparing a noosed thong, and now he stepped up behind his prisoner and tossed it over the upheld arms, drawing it tight with a jerk.

"Ve stop maintenant," he said.

The factor swayed and would have fallen had not Jules caught him and backed him up against a tree. He then passed a thong under the Irishman's chin, and made that fast around the trunk, holding him up. He had to stand upright, because when he relaxed his legs the thong choked him. Then Jules unwound the woolen muffler from his own throat and neatly cut a strip from it with the sharp knife. "Hopen mout'!" he ordered.

In reply the factor shut his jaws with a snap. Jules smiled, and, forcing the point of his blade between the clenched teeth, pried them open and quickly slipped the heavy strip of wool inside the mouth, drawing it tight and tying it behind the tree also. Then he stood off and surveyed his work. The rifle he stuck up just out of the factor's reach.

"Ah don' steal v'at not belong to Jules," he said; and continued, as he put on his snow-shoes and rewound the muffler about his neck: "Maintenant, M'sieu' le Facteur, you choe an' choe—so,"—he moved his own jaws as he spoke,—"an' een vone heure, mebbe, you choe troo dat leet' cravate; den you can free yourse'f an' fin' your vay to la poste. Meanv'ile Ah go, M'sieu' le Facteur. Adieu! Bonne chance!"



## THE METHOD OF OPERATION 1

7ITH the accession of Mr. William Henry Smith to the office of general manager of the Associated Press, less than twenty-five years ago, there came a change for the better in the administration. The Western papers which had been admitted to a share in the management demanded more enterprise and a report of more varied character. The policy of limiting the field to "routine news"—sport, markets, shipping, etc.—was abandoned, and the institution began to show evidences of real journalistic life and ability. It startled the newspaper world by occasionally offering exclusive and well-written items of general interest. When Mr. Blaine was closing what promised to be a successful political campaign in 1884, it was an Associated Press man who shattered all precedents, as well as the candidate's hopes, by reporting Dr. Burchard's disastrous "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" speech. This was then an unheard-of display of enterprise.

Two years later, the same reporter scored again. He had been sent to Mount Mc-Gregor with many others to report General Grant's last illness. He was shrewd enough to arrange in advance with the doctor for prompt information of the final event. A system of signals had been agreed upon, and when, one day, the doctor sauntered out upon the veranda of the Drexel cottage and drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his hands, the reporter knew that the general was dead and telegraphed the fact throughout the world. For

months afterward it was spoken of with wonder as the Associated Press "scoop."

#### A MASTERPIECE OF REPORTING

THEN came the Samoan disaster, in 1885, and with it a disclosure that an Associated Press man might not only be capable of securing exclusive news, but might also be able to write it in a creditable way. Mr. John P. Dunning of the San Francisco bureau happened to be in Apia when the great storm broke over the islands. In the roadstead were anchored three American war-vessels, the Trenton, Nipsic, and Vandalia; three German warships, the Adler, Olga, and Eber; and the British cruiser Calliope. All of the American and German ships were driven upon the coral reefs and destroyed, involving the loss of one hundred and fifty lives. The Calliope, a more modern vessel with superior engines, was able to escape. As she pushed her way into the heavy sea, in the teeth of the hurricane, the jackies of the Trenton dressed ship, while her band played the British national anthem. It was a profoundly tragic salutation from those about to die.

Mr. Dunning's graphic story, which will long be accepted as a masterpiece of descriptive literature, was mailed to San Francisco, and a month later was published by the newspapers of the Associated Press. It was a revelation to those who had long believed the organization incapable of producing anything more exciting

1 See other papers in this group by Mr. Stone in THE CENTURY for April, May, and June.

than a market quotation. It was also an inspiration to those who were to succeed Mr. Smith in the administration of the business. It revealed the possibilities in store for the association.

In the earlier days telegraphic facilities were so limited and the cost of messages was so great that it was necessary to report everything in the briefest form. It was enough that the facts were disclosed, and little heed was paid to the manner of presentation. Moreover, a great majority of those writing the despatches were telegraph operators, destitute of literary training.

The advantages of an Associated Press newspaper were very great. It was scarcely possible for a competitor to make headway against the obstacles which he was compelled to face. Not only was the burden of expense enormous, but the telegraph company which was in close alliance with the association frequently delayed his service, or refused to transmit it at any price. It followed that the quantity of news which an editor was able to furnish his readers became the measure of his enterprise and It was his proudest boast that his paper printed "all the news." James Gordon Bennett, Sr., of the New York "Herald," and Wilbur F. Storey of the Chicago "Times," set the pace, and won much fame by lavish expenditures for telegrams, which were often badly written.

#### A NEW STANDARD OF NEWS-GATHERING

As new cables were laid, and land wires were extended, and rival telegraph companies appeared, the cost of messages was reduced, and there came a demand for better writing and better editing. The hour for selection in news had arrived. It was obvious that no editor could any longer print all the information offered him, and it was equally evident that the reader, whose range of vision had been surprisingly widened by the modern means of communication, had neither time nor inclination to read it all. Editors who could and would edit were required. Newspapers presenting a carefully prepared perspective of the day's history of the world were needed.

Thus was clearly outlined the path along which the Associated Press must travel. Its resources were unlimited. Through its foreign alliances, it had a representative at every point of interest abroad; and,

through its own membership, it was able to cover every part of the United States. It was only necessary to organize, educate, and utilize these forces. Strong men, specially trained for the work in hand, must be chosen, and stationed at strategic points. The ordinary correspondent would not do: indeed, as a rule, he of all men was least fitted for Associated Press work. Writing for a single newspaper, he might follow the editorial bias of his journal; and even though he was inexact, his statements were likely to pass unchallenged. In writing for the Associated Press any departure from strict accuracy and impartiality was certain to be discovered.

But the strategic points were not the only ones to be looked after. News of the highest importance, requiring for its proper treatment the best literary skill, was sure to develop in the most remote quarters. To find men in these out-of-the-way spots, imbued with the American idea of journalistic enterprise, and qualified to see an event in its proper proportions and to describe it adequately and vividly, was a serious undertaking. Yet the thing must be done, if the ideal service was to be reached.

### THE BEST REPORTERS FOUND IN SMALL COMMUNITIES

WITHIN the limits of the United States, the task was a comparatively easy one. Here men of the required character were obtainable. It was only necessary to select them with care and to drill them to promptness, scrupulous accuracy, impartiality, and a graphic style. So wide-spread is American education that it was soon discovered that the best men could usually be found in the villages and the smaller cities. They were more sincere, better informed, and less "bumptious" than the journalistic Gascons so frequently employed on the metropolitan press.

For the foreign field, greater obstacles were presented. Our methods were not European methods, and the Europeans were not news-mad peoples. At the best, the contributions of any news-agency to the columns of any foreign newspaper were exceedingly limited and prosaic. This is particularly true upon the Continent, where the journals devote themselves chiefly to well-written political leaders and feuilletons, and where news has a distinctly secondary place.

I took up the subject with the chiefs of the foreign agencies. Fortunately, in Baron Herbert de Reuter, head of the great company which bears his name. I found a sympathetic ally. During twelve years of intimate intercourse with him, he has shown at all times journalistic qualities of a very high order. A man of brilliant intellect, scholarly, modest, having a keen sense of the immense responsibility of his office, but of nervous temperament and tireless energy, he has shared every impulse to reach a higher level of excellence in the service. With his cooperation and that of Dr. Mantler, chief of the German agency, a zealous and efficient manager, but lacking the encouragement and stimulus of a news-reading and news-demanding public. substantial progress was made. The object desired was a correct perspective of the daily history of the world.

The end could not be reached at a single Long-continued effort and the exercise of no small degree of patience were necessary. What has been done may perhaps best be illustrated by a few examples. When Mr. Chamberlain resigned from Mr. Balfour's ministry two years ago, it was the Associated Press in London which gave this news to the world; and when the Alaskan Commission was summoned to meet in London in the autumn of 1903, the keenest interest in its deliberations was manifested in both countries, and the efforts of the Associated Press were naturally bent on keeping its readers fully informed of the deliberations of the commission. A few minutes after the final decision of the commission was reached, one Saturday evening, it had been flashed across the Atlantic. No official confirmation of this fact was obtainable in England until the meeting of the commission on Monday; but so implicit was the confidence felt in the news which had been published in America by the Associated Press that the English papers accepted its statements as true.

# THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT • MCKINLEY

On the afternoon of September 6, 1901, worn out by a long period of exacting labor, I set out for Philadelphia, with the purpose of spending a few days at Atlantic City. When I reached the Broad-street

station in the Quaker City, I was startled by a number of policemen crying my name. I stepped up to one, who pointed to a boy with an urgent message for me. President McKinley had been shot at Buffalo, and my presence was required at our Philadelphia office at once. A message had been sent to me at Trenton, but my train had left the station precisely two minutes ahead of its arrival. Handing my baggage to a hotel porter, I jumped into a cab and dashed away to our office. I remained there until dawn of the following morning.

The opening pages of the story of the assassination were badly written, and I ordered a substitute prepared. An inexperienced reporter stood beside President McKinley in the Music-hall at Buffalo when Czolgosz fired the fatal shot. He seized a neighboring telephone and notified our Buffalo correspondent, and then pulled out the wires, in order to render the telephone a wreck, so that it was a full half-hour before any additional details could be secured.

I ordered competent men and expert telegraph operators from Washington, Albany, New York, and Boston to hurry to Buffalo by the fastest trains. All that night the Buffalo office was pouring forth a hastily written, but faithful and complete account of the tragedy, and by daybreak a relief force was on the ground. Day by day, through the long vigil while the President's life hung in the balance, each incident was truthfully and graphically reported. In the closing hours of the great tragedy false reports of the President's death were circulated for the purpose of influencing the stock-market, and, to counteract them, Secretary Cortelyou wrote frequent signed statements, giving the facts to the Associated Press.

### THE MARTINIQUE DISASTER

On the night of May 3, 1902, a brief telegram from St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, reported that Mont Pelée, the volcano on the island of Martinique, was in eruption, and that the town of St. Pierre was enveloped in a fog and covered with ashes an inch deep. Cable communication was cut off. The following morning I set about securing the facts. We had two correspondents on the island, one at St. Pierre and the other at Fort de France,

nine miles away; but clearly neither of these could be reached.

Fortunately, investigation disclosed that an old friend, a talented newspaper man, was the United States consul at Guadeloupe, an island only twelve hours distant. I instantly appealed to the State Department at Washington to give him a leave of absence, and, when this was granted, I cabled him to charter a boat and go to St. Pierre at once, and secure and transmit an adequate report. The Associated Press men at St. Vincent, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, Barbados, Trinidad, and St. Lucia were instructed to hurry forward any information that might reach them, and to endeavor to get to Martinique by any available means. St. Thomas alone was able to respond with a short telegram, three days later, announcing the destruction of the Martinique sugar-factories, which were only two miles distant from St. Pierre. The despatch also reported the loss of one hundred and fifty lives, and the existence of a panic at St. Pierre because of the condition of the volcano, which was now in full eruption and threatening everything on the island. Mr. Aymé, the consul at Guadeloupe, found difficulty in chartering a boat, but finally succeeded, and, after a thrilling and dangerous night run through a thick cloud of falling ashes and cinders, arrived before the ill-fated city. The appalling character of the catastrophe was then disclosed. Thirty thousand people, the population of the town, had been buried under a mass of hotashes; one single human being had escaped. It was enough to make the stoutest heart grow faint.

But Aymé was a trained reporter, inured by long experience to trying scenes; and he set to work promptly to meet the responsibility which had been laid upon him. Our St. Pierre man had gone to his death on the common pyre, but Mr. Ivanes, the Associated Press correspondent at Fort de France, survived. With him Mr. Aymé joined effort, and, with great courage and at serious risk, they went over the blazing field and gathered the gruesome details of the disaster. Then Mr. Aymé wrote his story, returned to the cable-station at Guadeloupe, and sent it. It was a splendid piece of work, worthy of the younger Pliny, whose story of a like calamity at Pompeii has come down to us through two thousand years. It filled a page of the American newspapers on the morning of May 11, and was telegraphed to Europe. It was the first adequate account given to the world.

Mr. Aymé returned to Martinique and spent three weeks in further investigation, leaving his post of duty only when the last shred of information had been obtained and transmitted. As a result of his terrible experience, his health was impaired, and, although he was given a prolonged leave of absence, he has never recovered. It cost the Associated Press over \$30,000 to report this event.

#### THE DEATH OF POPE LEO XIII

THE illness and death of the late Pope constituted another event which called for news-gathering ability of a high order. Preparations had been made long in advance. Conferences were held with the Italian officials and with the authorities at the Vatican, all looking to the establishment of relations of such intimacy as to guarantee us the news. We had been notified by the Italian Minister of Telegraphs that, because of the strained relations existing between his government and the papal court, he should forbid the transmission of any telegrams announcing the Pope's death for two hours after the fatal moment, in order that Cardinal Rampolla might first notify the papal representatives in foreign countries. This was done as a gracious act of courtesy to the church.

To meet the emergency, we arranged a code message to be sent by all cable-lines, which should be addressed, not to the Associated Press, but to the general manager in person, and should read: "Number of missing bond, —-. (Signed) Montefiore." This bore on its face no reference to the death of the Pontiff, and would be transmitted. The blank was to be filled with the hour and moment of the Pope's death, reversed. That is, if he died at 2:53, the message would read: "Melstone, New Number of missing bond, 352. York. (Signed) Montefiore." The object of reversing the figures was, of course, to prevent a guess that it was a deception in order to convey the news. If the hour had been properly written, they might have suspected the purport of the message.

When, finally, the Pope died, although his bed was completely surrounded by burning candles, an attendant hurried from the room into an anteroom and called for a candle to pass before the lips of the dying man, to determine whether he still breathed. This was the signal for another attaché, who stepped to the telephone and announced to our correspondent, two miles away, that the Pope was dead. Unfortunately, the hour of his death was four minutes past four, so that whichever way it was written, whether directly or the reverse, it was 404.

Nevertheless, the figures were inserted in the blank in the bulletin which had been prepared, it was filed with the telegraph company, and it came through to New York in exactly nine minutes from the moment of death. It was relayed at Havre, and again at the terminal of the French Cable Company in New York, whence it came to our office on a short wire. The receiving operator there shouted the news to the entire operating-room of the Associated Press, and every man on every key on every circuit out of New York flashed the announcement that the Pope had died at four minutes past four; so that the fact was known in San Francisco within eleven minutes after its actual occurrence.

The Reuter, Havas, and Wolff agents located in our office in New York retransmitted the announcement to London, Paris, and Berlin, giving those cities their first news of the event. A comparison of the report of the London "Times" with that of any morning paper in the United States on the day following the death of the Pope would show that, both as to quantity and quality, our report was vastly superior. The London "Times" had a column and a half; the New York "Times" had a page of the graphic story of the scenes in and about the Vatican. The New York "Times" story was ours. This was so notable an event that it occasioned comment throughout the world.

During the illness of the Pope I ordered a number of the best men from our London, Paris, and Vienna offices to Rome to assist our resident men. The advantage of such an arrangement was that the London men were in close touch with church dignitaries of England, while our representatives from France and Vienna had their immediate circle of acquaintances among the church dignitaries of those countries. The result was that Mr. Cortesi, the chief of our Roman office; was per-

fectly familiar with the local surroundings and was on intimate terms with Drs. Lapponi and Mazzoni of the Vatican, as well as with the other resident officials of the church, and was always able to command attention from them. Besides, he had not only the advantage of the assistance of trained men from our other European offices, but he had also the advantage of their acquaintance. We were enabled day by day to present an extraordinary picture of the scenes at the Vatican, and day by day the bulletins upon the condition of the Holy Father were transmitted with amazing rapidity. The death-bed scenes at Buffalo, when President McKinley was lying ill at the Milburn house, were reported with no greater degree of promptness and no greater detail. The funeral scenes were also covered in a remarkably ample way, and with astounding rapidity. Then came the conclave for the election of a new pope. It was to be secret, and every effort was made to prevent its proceedings from becoming public. A brick wall was constructed about the hall to prevent any one having access to it. But, to the amazement of every one, the Associated Press had a daily report of all that happened. One of the members of the Noble Guard was an Associated Press man. Knowing the devotion of the average Italian for the dove, he took with him into the conclave chamber his pet dove, which was a homing pigeon trained to go to our office. But Cardinal Rampolla could not be deceived: he ordered the pigeon killed. Other plans, however, were more successful. Laundry lists sent out with the soiled linen of a cardinal, and a physician's prescriptions sent to a pharmacy, proved to be code messages which were deciphered in our office. We were enabled not only to give a complete and accurate story of the happenings within the conclave chamber, but we announced the election of the new Pope, which occurred about 11 A.M. in Rome, so promptly that, owing to the difference in time, it was printed in the morning papers of San Francisco of that day. We were also enabled to send the announcement back to Europe before it was received from Rome direct, and it was our message that was printed in all the European capitals. The Italian authorities did not interfere with these messages.

#### THE USE OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

OF late years the international yacht races off Sandy Hook have, as a rule, been reported by wireless telegraphy. Stations have been erected on Long Island and on the coast of New Jersey, and a fast-going yacht, equipped with Marconi apparatus, has followed the racers. A running story, transmitted through the air to the coast, has been instantly relayed by land wires to the main office of the association in New York, and thence distributed over the country. Such a report of the contest costs over \$25,000.

# HOW NATIONAL CONVENTIONS ARE REPORTED

"Presidential years" are always trying ones for the management. In 1896 the friends of Speaker Reed were incensed because we were unable to see that a majority of the delegates to the Republican National Convention were Reed men. Not that I think they really believed this; but everything is accounted fair in the game of politics, and they thought it would help their cause if the Associated Press would announce each delegation, on its selection, as for Reed. They appealed to me; but of course I could not misstate the facts, and they took great umbrage. The St. Louis Convention, when it assembled, verified our declarations, for Mr. Reed's vote was insignificant.

The national conventions are our first care. Preparations begin months before they assemble. Rooms are engaged at all the leading hotels, so that Associated Press men may be in touch with every delegation. The plans of the convention hall are examined, and arrangements are made for operating-room and seats. The wires of the association are carried into the building, and a work-room is usually located beneath the platform of the presiding officer. A private passage is cut, connecting this work-room with the reporters' chairs, which are placed directly in front of the stand occupied by speakers, and inclosed by a rail to prevent interference from the surging masses certain to congregate in the neighborhood.

A week before the convention opens, a number of Associated Press men are on the ground to report the assembling of the delegates, to sound them as to their plans and preferences, and to indicate the trend of the gathering in their despatches as well as they may. The National Committee holds its meeting in advance of the convention, decides upon a roll of members, and names a presiding officer. All this is significant, and is often equivalent to a determination of the party candidates.

Of the convention itself, the Associated Press makes three distinct reports. A reporter sits in the hall and dictates to an operator who sends out bulletins. These follow the events instantly, are necessarily very brief, and are often used by the newspapers to post on bulletin-boards. There is also a graphic running story of the proceedings. This is written by three men, seated together, each writing for ten minutes and then resting twenty. The copy is hastily edited by a fourth man, so that it may harmonize. This report is usually printed by afternoon papers. there is a verbatim report, which is printed by the large metropolitan dailies. A corps of expert stenographers, who take turns in the work, is employed. As a delegate rises in any part of the hall, one of these stenographers dashes to his side and reports his utterances. He then rushes to the workroom and dictates his notes to a rapid type-writer, while another stenographer replaces him upon the convention floor. The nominating speeches are usually furnished by their authors weeks in advance. and are in type in the newspaper offices awaiting their delivery and release.

The men who report these conventions are drawn from all the principal offices of the Associated Press. Coming from different parts of the country, they are personally acquainted with a large majority of the delegates. There is a close division of labor: certain men are assigned to write bulletins; others to do descriptive work; still others to prepare introductory summaries; a number to watch and report the proceedings of secret committees; and a force of "scouts" to keep in close touch with the party leaders, and learn of projects the instant that they begin to mature. Out of it all comes a service which puts the newspaper reader of the country in instant and constant possession of every developing fact and gives him a pen-picture of every scene. Indeed, he has a better



From a photograph by Koehne
FRANK B. NOYES
President of the Associated Press

VICTOR F. LAWSON
Former President of the Associated Press

grasp of the situation than if he were present in the convention hall.

When the candidates are named and the platforms adopted the campaign opens, and for several months the Associated Press faces steadily increasing responsibilities. The greatest care is observed to maintain an attitude of strict impartiality, and yet to miss no fact of interest. If a candidate, or one of the great party leaders, makes a "stumping journey," stenographers and descriptive writers must accompany him. While Mr. Bryan was "on tour," it was his practice to speak hurriedly from the rear platform of his train, and instantly to leave for the next appointment. While he was speaking, the Associated Press stenographer was taking notes. When the train started, these notes were dictated to a type-writer, and at the next stopping-point were handed over to a waiting local Associated Press man, who put the speech on the telegraph wires. In the general offices records are kept of the number of words sent out, so that at the end of the campaign the volume of Republican and Democratic speeches reported is expected to balance.

Finally, the work of Election Day is mapped out in advance with scrupulous care, and each correspondent in the country has definite instructions as to the part

he is to play. On Election Day brief bulletins on the condition of the weather in every part of the nation, and on the character of the voting, are furnished to the afternoon papers. The moment the polls close, the counting begins. Associated Press men everywhere are gathering precinct returns and hurrying them to county headquarters, where they are hastily added, and the totals for the county on Presidential electors are wired to the State headquarters of the association. The forces of men at these general offices are augmented by the employment of expert accountants and adding-machines from the local banks, and the labor is so subdivided that last year the result of the contest was announced by eight o'clock in the evening, and at midnight a return, virtually accurate, of the majority in every State was presented to the newspapers. It was the first occasion on which the result of an American general election was transmitted to Europe in time to appear in the London morning papers of the day succeeding the election.

#### GUARANTY OF IMPARTIALITY

If I were not what Mr. Gladstone once called "an old parliamentary hand," if I had not given and taken the buffets of aggressive American journalism for many

years, and if Heaven had not blessed me with a certain measure of the saving grace of humor, I think I should have been sent to an early grave by the unreasonable and unfair attacks made upon my administration of the Associated Press news service. In the exciting Presidential campaign of 1896, Senator Jones, the Democratic national chairman, openly charged me with favoring the Republicans; while Mr. Hanna, his opponent, was at the point of breaking a long-time personal friendship because he regarded me as distinctly "pro-Bryan." The truth is, both men had lost their balance; neither was capable of a judicial view; each wanted, not an impartial service, but one which would help his side. Fortunately, the candidates preserved a better poise than their lieutenants. At the close of the campaign both Bryan and McKinley wrote me that they were impressed with the impartiality which we had observed.

A former senator of New York controlled a paper at Albany and named one of his secretaries as its editor. Then trouble began to brew. Day after day I was plied with letters charging me with unfairness. Every time we reported a speech of President Roosevelt's I was accused of favoring the Republicans, while the failure to chronicle the result of an insignificant ward caucus in New Jersey was clear evidence that I was inimical to the Democrats. I patiently investigated each complaint, and explained that there were limitations upon the volume of our service; that the utterances of any incumbent of the Presidential office must properly be reported, while the result of a ward caucus must be ignored, if we were to give any heed to their relative news values. Still the young man was not happy, and, when I had done all that reason or courtesy required, I notified the senator, who had been inspiring the criticisms, that "I must decline to walk the floor with his infant any longer." That ended the matter.

During a congressional inquiry, a number of trade-unionists appeared and testified for days in denunciation of the Associated Press, because they conceived it to be unfriendly to their cause. More recently, but with equal injustice, the secretary of the Citizens' Industrial Association has been pelting me with letters charging our association with favoring organized labor.

When we reported the death of the late Pope in a manner befitting his exalted station, a number of Methodist newspapers gravely asserted that I was a Catholic, or controlled by Vatican influences, although, as a matter of fact, my father was a Methodist clergyman and my mother the grandniece of a coadjutor of John Wesley. On the other hand, not long since, when the Associated Press reported the Marquise des Monstiers's renunciation of the Catholic faith, certain Catholic newspapers flew into a rage and asserted that I was an anti-Catholic bigot.

The more frequent criticisms, however, result from want of knowledge of the true mission of the organization. Many persons, unfamiliar with newspaper methods, mistake special telegrams for Associated Press service, and hold us to an undeserved responsibility. Many others, having "axes to grind," and quite willing to pay for the grinding, find it difficult to believe that not only does the association do no grinding, but by the very nature of its methods such grinding is made impossible. The man who would pay the Associated Press for "booming" his project would be throwing his money away. Any man in the service of the association, from the general manager to the humblest employee, who should attempt to "boom" a project would be instantly discovered, disgraced, and dismissed.

The four years' struggle with the United Press was waged over this principle. Victor F. Lawson of the Chicago "Daily News," Charles W. Knapp of the St. Louis "Republic," Frederick Driscoll of the St. Paul "Pioneer Press," and those associated with them in that contest, deserve the lasting gratitude of the American people for having established, at a vast cost of time, labor, and money, a method of news-gathering and distribution free from a chance of contamination. Seven hundred newspapers, representing every conceivable view of every public question, sit in judgment upon the Associated Press despatches. A representative of each of these papers has a vote in the election of the management. Every editor is jealously watching every line of the report. It must be obvious that any serious departure from an honest and impartial service would arouse a storm of indignation which would overwhelm any administration.



# JOHN THE BAPTIST

BY JOHN FINLEY

WITH DECORATIONS BY LESTER RALPH



S some lone anchoritish cloud
That leaves the tent of night,
And, looking down the depths of day
Beyond our narrow sight,
Catches upon its swarthy face
The first gold gleam of light;

So stood he forth in our gray morn Upon the desert's rim,
The eager prodrome of the day,
Glowing, that late was grim;
The light of the unrisen Sun
Was manifest in him.



## A HARD WORKER

## BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES EWING



is a far cry from Kansas City to No. 36 in the Rue de Seine, and the influences of two generations of furniture-builders plus three impressionable years spent in "The Quarter" are bound to result in something extraordinary. Gilbert's friends agreed that

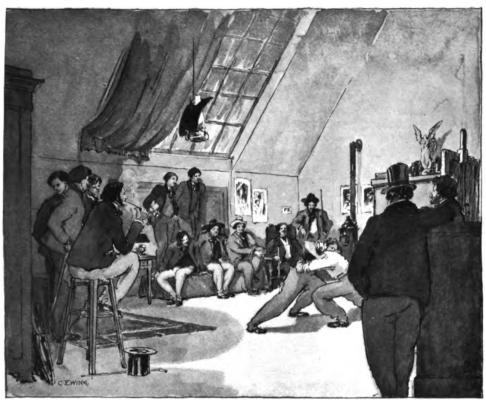
he looked the part. He used to write out his full name, William Gillespie Gilbert, Jr., and add, "of Kansas City and Paris," with a sort of gloating appreciation of the contrast. Yet the two natures of the boy were not so dissimilar as their origins implied. Out of the Middle West had come a half-formed character, which, while it was not "woolly," was still somewhat wild, with something of the untamed bronco in its make-up, and was apt to break loose at odd moments and kick over the traces of convention. An abnormal sense of humor veiled the sensitive side which showed so clearly in every sketch that hung on the old studio wall. Gilbert once told me with much gravity that his father had given him the choice between going to college and a cape-overcoat, and that he had chosen the cape-overcoat. I swallowed the story, and was not disillusioned until several months later, when he spoke of the course in higher mathematics at his Western alma mater, saying," We used to sit on the back fence near the railroad track and take down the numbers of the engines that passed. If No. 10 happened to be late, the class was adjourned."

The first two years of Paris were somewhat in the nature of a modern Arabian Night's Entertainment. The colt was turned out to pasture free from hold or halter, and, as any normal colt would do, he kicked up his heels. For the first time in his life he was free. He had found an atmosphere which suited him. seemed to understand him. The men at Iulian's called him "Ce sacré Gilbert," and M. Paul at the "Deux Magots"-who does not know the Deux Magots under the shadow of St. Germain-des-Près?-kept a place for him on the "banquette" from five o'clock until six every afternoon, and his appearance at the rendezvous raised the general cry of "Ah! le voilà!"

All who knew him loved him, except one—the concierge of No. 36 rue de Seine.

Is it to be wondered at? Night after night the poor man would be roused at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, not alone by furious ringing, but by a club rattled between the window-bars of his tiny lodge, or by a mixed cry and very badly mixed chorus-singing in a strong Franco-American accent.

"Jean Br-rown's bébé haz a peemple on 'is nose." Gilbert had taught it patiently, word by word, to the atelier at Julian's, explaining that it was the American national anthem, and was sung only at the funerals of great men; and it was voted "très chic" by the entire quarter, always The nightly excepting the concierge. home-coming, and the manner of announcing it, always resulted in parley, brief or long, as the mode of summons or character and number of companions varied. But the result was always the same. The guardian was finally subdued by honeyed words cooed through the bars of the boîte,



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"NORTH AND SOUTH STRUGGLED FOR THE WRESTLING SUPREMACY OF ALL FRANCE"

or by threats of appeal to the proprietor, the sole terror of concierges; the lock clicked; the door swung in; and, promises or threats alike forgotten, the mob surged down the dark hallway crying, "A bas la Liberté!" across the court, not failing to knock over one or two of M. le Concierge's potted palms, and up the winding stairs to the studios, stamping in unison to the solemn slogan of "Jean Br-rown's Bébé." M. Guerinet, on the fourth floor (above the entresol), rolled over in bed, groaning philosophically, "Oh! la jeunesse! la jeunesse!" and prepared to endure as best he might the thumps and thuds which were bound to fall above his head while M. Gilbert taught his friends the cake-walk, "our national dance," or representatives of the North and South struggled for the wrestling supremacy of all France.

The gray of a June dawn had just ended one of these invasions. The last "type" had gone thundering down the stairs after impressive farewells and a parting "until this evening," and the host sat gazing at the ruins of what had once been a plaster cast of the "Wrestlers."

It had been purchased by subscription as a most suitable prize for the final bout between Brisson of Beauvais and Vallette of Nîmes, whom the self-appointed orator of the evening had announced dramatically as the terrible "Beef of Normandy" and the "Boy Butcher with wire arms." The fury of the contest had been unparalleled, and the spectators were kept hopping from the divan to the model-throne to avoid being drawn into the writhing knot of arms and legs which represented the opposing regions of France. Alas! Canova's athletes were too deeply absorbed in their own unending struggle to heed their living prototypes, and both matches were brought to an untimely end when the Boy Butcher thrust the Beef of Normandy's head through the rounds of the tabouret, and the men of clay fell with a crash on the wire arms and bull front of the moderns.

A pile of papers, sketches, and letters had toppled over in the confusion, and Gilbert, seated on the righted tabouret, gazed absently at a missive which happened to lie uppermost. "What a mess!" he thought.

Then he looked out at the growing dawn, then back to the letter. "Hello! it is n't even opened!" he said to himself. "I wonder if I can reach it without getting off the stool."

It was a long stretch even for his attenuated form, and the difficulty of keeping

his balance without unhooking his legs from the rounds of the tabouret made the feat doubly interesting; but he finally succeeded, and lifted the letter from the tiled floor between the tips of two long fingers. Then he looked at the postmarks: "Kansas City, May " Paris. 30 Mai." It was now the 5th of June.

"Great Scott! It 's three weeks old!" thought Gilbert. Then he remembered that the letter had come just as he and the massier of the atelier were discussing whether it would be advisable to have the an-

nual spring banquet of the atelier at the "Black's Head" of St. Cloud or at the "Cat-who-fishes" of Meudon. The "Cat-who-fishes" offered by far the most sumptuous repast furnished for two francs by any restaurant along the river-front; but the atelier had descended upon its larder some two springs gone, and the blight of locusts was mild in comparison. The landlord had wept; Carrié, the massier, distinctly remembered that. Would it, therefore, be wise to return? Would not the landlord put poison in the wine? Or had he forgotten? While they were discussing the average length of the average landlord's memory, the letter had come, and of course it had been set aside.

Besides, this letter was addressed in the

well-known handwriting of William G. Gilbert, Sr., and this was another reason for letting it lie awhile. "Deliberation," Gilbert would say, holding the letter at arm's-length—"de-lib-e-ra-tion. Father may not have got his sea-legs off yet, and to a native of Kansas City the ocean is mighty upsetting. Let us wait a day or two." And so the letter had waited not two days, but six.

The young man was hardly to be blamed

for his lack of enthusiasm regarding his father's letters. They were, for the most part, short, businesslike communications, written from the office in abbreviated English; a curt acknowledgment such as "Yrs of 12 inst. rec'd," as if he had been writing to a Carolina lumberman instead of to his own son, and usually ending with the phrase, "Your mother wishes to be remembered."

That sentence always rankled in Gilbert's mind. Somehow it sounded as if his father did not quite approve of his mother's solicitude,

and it hurt him and made him feel lonely. So, as he twisted the letter between his long fingers, his face wore the woebegone expression of a child who is about to take a dose of bitter medicine. But the expression changed when he slid the letter from the envelop and saw a green slip of paper inclosed. These green slips of paper were rare things. They were drafts on the Crédit Lyonnais drawn by the Bee Savings Bank of Kansas City and payable to William G. Gilbert, Jr.; and that meant money, and money meant a feeling of crazy delight, of perfect freedom and wild exhibitation, and a few bills paid. But Gilbert had experienced all these sensations only ten days ago, and had already begun to count the days when the next instal-



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis
THE WAY TO THE STUDIO

ment should fall due. This was manna from heaven. With mystified joy he turned to the letter, and read the type-written page.

Kansas City, 5/19.

To WM. G. GILBERT, JR., 36 rue de Seine, Paris,

France.

MY DEAR SON: Your mother and I have decided to visit Paris for a few weeks this spring, and will take the S. S. Hohenstaufen from N. Y., sailing May 26, one week from date. We should arrive ten days later at Cherbourg. Kindly meet us at the steamer, as we do not speak French. I inclose draft for two hundred francs to cover possible extra expenses. Your mother wishes to be remembered.

Very truly, Your Father.

Gilbert gulped down the last sentence and set to work counting on his fingers very fast. Calendar there was none, but he found a copy of the "Matin," and made his reckoning backward from that. His expression grew serious, then alarmed, and finally, with a wild yell, he sprang from the tabouret and began rushing about the studio. The awful truth was upon him, the figures would not lie,—the date had come like a thief in the night, and it was the last day with a vengeance. He ran from corner to corner of the disordered room, picking up armfuls of books, magazines, sketches, his palette all wet and sticky, paint-box, and gray blouse, piling everything into an old Breton armoire and slamming the door, with a furtive look toward the entry, as if he feared a morning visit from his stern and august parents.

Suddenly the latch clicked, and his heart momentarily stopped beating; but it was only Julie, from the creamery across the street, bringing up his breakfast—two eggs, two brown "crescents," and a half-liter bottle of milk with a paper seal. She stared in astonishment at the unusual sight of the young man up and dressed at so early an hour.

"Tiens! M. Gilbert! already upright!" she said, smiling with approval. "You become serious."

"I believe you!" gasped Gilbert, still weak from fright, using the second person intimate with which he addressed both his closest friend and the mighty patron of the atelier.

"C'est la fin, Julie! I 'm done for—ruined!" He tugged at his scraggly beard and gazed at her mournfully.

"Mais, qu'est—ce qu'il-y-a, m'sieu'?" cried Julie, in quick sympathy, promptly forgetting about the three weeks' account due which M. Poirel had warned her to collect sans faute. "What is it?" Then, noticing the letter: "Has m'sieu' had bad

news? Can I do anything?"

"You can, Julie," cried Gilbert, grasping at her sympathy in his distress. "My family is going to arrive! This place must be made beautiful. Arrange it, Julie. They will be here to-night, or this noon, or this instant, for all I know. I must go to the office—the bureau, you understand—the compagnie of packet-boats. But you will stay, Julie, - never mind the déjeuner, and should they come, -my family, -tell them that M. Gilbert has gone to his work; tell them that he always goes to his work at six o'clock in the morning, and that he comes back at night, Julie, very, very tired. Be sure to tell them how tired he gets, Julie. That is *very* important. You will say, 'He works like a madman.' Tu comprends? A madman."

He had darted into the little room off the studio which held his bed and his bureau, adorned with a few home photographs and a two-year-old calendar of the Gilbert Furniture Company, its bright colors looking hideously garish in the gray light of the dormer-window. Julie was already bustling about the studio, piling everything movable on the divan preparatory to scrubbing the tiled floor, and Gilbert pulled open the bureau drawers in a frenzied search for something that he might wear.

"I can never appear in these corduroys," was his thought; and he finally shouted with triumph as he drew out the object of his search, a wrinkled suit which he had worn during his last year at college. It shocked him somewhat, though he remembered how he had swelled with pride when he first returned home wearing what the tailor had assured him was the very nobbiest thing of the season. The style at the time had developed extremely wide trousers and short, "bobtailed" coats, and the effect, when completed by a flowing necktie, a flat-brimmed top-hat, and the orthodox mane and beard of the young painter, was something fearful to look upon.



Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans
"THEY WERE ALL DRAWING HIM"

Fortunately, there was no mirror in the apartment, and Julie's only comment was, "Ah! que vous êtes beau, M'sieu' Gilbert!" as he seized his cane, and, with a parting warning to Julie to be sure to tell his family, should they arrive, how very tired he got, ran down the stairs, crowding the letter and a sketch-book into his pocket as he went.

The concierge, who was righting the prostrate palm-trees in the court, saw a black-and-white streak on two long pipe-stem legs fly down the entry, out into the Rue de Seine, and turn toward the river.

At the office in the Rue Scribe he was told that the steamer was due at six o'clock

that night, though she was not yet reported; so there was still time. He caught the eight-o'clock rapide at the Gare St. Lazare, and, once settled in his compartment (third class), with the fear of actual surprise lifted from his mind, he planned the manner of his greeting. He was somewhat surprised to find his heart beating more quickly at the thought of seeing home folks again. But the lack of sleep soon blurred all emotions into general drowsiness; and as he dozed off to sleep. wedged in between a fat farmer and an old market-woman, he dreamed that his father was wrestling with the Beef of Normandy for the championship of Kansas

City, while he joined hands with Julie and his mother and danced about the studio, singing, "Jean Br-rown's Bébé." Helurched forward, half awakened, when the train came to a sudden stop, and the guard, throwing open the door, cried in a brazen voice: "Arcachon! Arcachon! Embranchement pour Mantes, Lille, et Bruxelles. Cinq minutes d'arrêt."

There he breakfasted on coffee, rolls, and sweet chocolate in the buffet; then, toot, toot / yelped the engine, baa / went the guard's tin horn, "En voiture!" cried a chorus of officials, and with much slamming of doors the train moved on. It was well past noon when Gilbert awoke from his second nap, which had been long and refreshing. The train was flying through the smiling plains of Normandy, and already it seemed as if the keen breath of the ocean reached the traveler's nostrils, making him sit up straighter, brushing the sleep from his eyes to watch every detail of the flying picture—the fresh greens of early summer dotted with white cattle and big gray horses, the thatch-and-timber cottages, or the distant roof of a half-hidden château. Then came chalk-mines, limestonequarries, and tile-factories, among which the little train clattered like a race-horse: then the dunes themselves, with that first heart-stopping glimpse of the blue ocean beyond; and finally Cherbourg, all neat and clean. The doors were thrown open amid a general bustle of preparation, and, in answer to the guard's stentorian cry of "All the world descends," Gilbert clambered out, and found himself delivered at the maritime station well down in the town. He looked anxiously toward the breakwater; but no steamer was in sight, nor had she been reported at the little office of the company on the quay.

"We will notify monsieur," said a polite official, and went on writing in a minute hand on long, formal blanks, without asking either his inquirer's name or address.

"Merci," said Gilbert, with mock tenderness, which was lost on the man in uniform; and Gilbert turned away to stroll along the solidly built quays and to admire the massive construction of the drydocks and basins. He wondered at the deserted look of the entire town. It reminded him of the cities in the Anabasis, "which were large and beautiful, on the one hand; but, on the other hand, indeed,

no one lived in them." And so he marched many parasangs up and down the quays.

Night fell, and there was still no news of the steamer. The polite official had lighted his lamp, put on a green eye-shade, and begun a fresh pile of blanks.

"We will notify monsieur," he said, without raising his head.

"Merci, cher monsieur," said Gilbert, tenderly, and returned to the quay.

The tide was filling the basins and gurgling unpleasantly under the sluice-gates. The wind off the channel was cold, and Gilbert shivered in his thin apparel, and turned toward a square of orange light at the far end of the embankment. It was a café, or, to be more exact, the café; for there is always one chosen and elected spot which the sages and wits of a provincial town use as the theater of their mental life. In Cherbourg this was the "Café of the Two Angels." The cheerful greeting of the patron, who stood with arms akimbo at the door; the welcoming smile from Mme. la Patronne, who sat like a queen on the high throne of the caisse; the alacrity with which the round-headed little waiter responded to the command of "Félix! servez monsieur!"—this warmed the cockles of Gilbert's heart, and he took his place on the leather-covered seat which ran round the wall, ordered coffee, -in a glass, of course,—and prepared to enjoy himself as thoroughly as any gentleman in his club. Indeed, these little cafés of France, in their simple and unaffected way, answer every requirement which we New-Worldlings satisfy so luxuriously. painter, poet, or sculptor, the solid homme d'affaires, the red-faced cocher or dustcovered mason, even the red-sashed, vizor-capped voyou, the "Apache of Montmartre," has his special rendezvous, where, at six o'clock or in the evening, he finds those of his kind gathered together for a game of bezique or dominoes, a political discussion, a critique on the Salon, or a plan of murder and theft. The dues are the price of your consommation, five cents at most, for which you are entitled to a comfortable place as long as you choose to keep it, the daily papers, and cheerful companionship. Therefore the club does not thrive in France except among Englishmen and Americans.

As Gilbert sat in his corner and sipped the black coffee, he smiled at the varied

yet recognizable types that gradually filled the vacant places. For each the patron had his cheerful salut, calling most by name — M. Jacques, M. Frédérique, M. René; and Mme. la Caissière smiled her smile of welcome, while the bullet-headed Félix, grinning like a monkey, dodged among the crowd, mopping the marbletopped tables or bearing travs of coffee, cognac, menthe, quinquina, or the local calvados. The dominoes clicked, the dice rattled, and an excited group of six or seven anciens played bezique as if their lives depended upon it, slamming down the cards with force enough to rattle the glasses on their accompanying saucers, and announcing each king, queen, or knave as if the very name should cause consternation among the enemy. The hand finished, all talked at once, with such a brandishing of fists that the dodging powers of Félix were taxed to their utmost.

"Voyons, messicurs!" no post-mortems!" cried the keen-faced apothecary, who was called "Monsieur le Docteur," and wore the purple ribbon of public service; and

play was resumed. Gilbert had almost unconsciously drawn his sketch-book from his pocket. The eye of the portrait-painter had caught instantly the force of the strong grouping of heads, and, unable to resist the temptation, he had begun to sketch rapidly, at first hiding his book under the rim of the table, but eventually, as his interest overcame his judgment, openly and aboveboard, once even forgetting himself so far as to hold his pencil at arm's-length to measure carefully the line of M. le Docteur's nose. This gesture was well-nigh his undoing, for it attracted the attention of the room in general and of M. René, the young lawyer, in particular. The shadow of a smile flickered for an instant at the corners of his thin-lipped, sensitive mouth.

"Félix," he said solemnly, "bring paper and all the pencils you have."

They were brought and distributed, passed along from hand to hand under the tables, while the games apparently went on, and the roars of laughter or protestation were unabated; for, with that wonderful instinct for acting which seems to be peculiarly French, the whole room caught the spirit of the joke, and played their parts in it to defy the keenest observation.

Gilbert was sketching busily, now absolutely unaware of his surroundings, measuring critically or pulling his beard as he frowned at the growing drawing. Then gradually he became aware of a strange silence; like a dreamer he began to see objects about him. His gaze faltered, then wandered from M. le Docteur to the man beside him, who appeared to be drawing; then back to M. le Docteur. He was drawing; M. René was also drawing. Heavens and earth! Félix was drawing, and M. le Patron, and Mme. la Patronne, too, from her point of vantage. Every one was drawing, and—his head swam at the thought—they were all drawing him! It was like a nightmare. He saw in an instant that he had been taken in his own trap. He had violated the unwritten laws of guest-friendship, he had offended his unknown hosts, and they had taken this quiet way of teaching him a lesson.

He flushed crimson, and his first impulse was to rise and apologize. Then a luminous idea flashed upon him. He frowned at his sketch for a moment, made a decision, and turned quickly to a fresh page. As he looked up, his eyes met those of M. René, who solemnly raised his pencil and took the measure of Gilbert's beard. The coolness of the move almost took the American's breath away; but it settled all doubts in his mind as to his point of attack. The two men eyed each other steadily for nearly a full minute, then Gilbert lowered his gaze. But it was not to admit defeat. He had a theory—one among many—that to draw a telling caricature one look, and only one, should suffice.

"It won't be a portrait," he used to say; but if the victim's nose happens to be twisted, you'll draw it like a pretzel."

The time had come to test the theory. For two minutes that seemed like hours Gilbert drew rapidly, praying inwardly to whatever gods might aid him. Wherever the inspiration came from, it was potent; and just as M. René was beginning to think that his gesture had quite annihilated the stranger, Gilbert rose and stalked across the room, extending to the young lawyer the sketch he had just finished.

For a moment the object looked at his own effigy in grim silence, then, with a short, sharp bark of laughter, he fell back on the banquette, tears rushing to his eyes as he held the picture at arm's-length. There was a general rush to see the cause of so instantaneous an effect, and as the sketch was passed from hand to hand it seemed to sow destruction in its path. Men groaned and fell back limp in their places, or began screaming and beating one another on the back, with inarticulate words and gestures that said much. Félix, after one look, ran out into the night, as if he needed larger surroundings in which properly to express himself.

The success was tremendous. The resemblance of certain people to animals is an old but always amusing phenomenon; but I have never seen it used in caricature as Gilbert used it. He had drawn M. René as a supercilious codfish, and every line of the sinuous body, from the tip of the tail to the thin-lipped, smiling mouth, was alive with personality and character.

Gilbert was seized by many hands and forced into a place at the table of honor. more paper was ordered, and roars of laughter broke out as the sketch went the rounds, amid cries of "A boire! à boire! Félix, thou sacred pile of veal! M. the Foreigner has thirst. Hurry yourself, snail! Look, Frédérique! look at the mouth, mon vieux ! Félicitations, monsieur! Ouoi? Café? No-beer! Beer for all the world! Here, Félix, kind-of-animbecile! take away these cards! More paper! Draw me, M. l'Étranger! No; draw me. Draw Félix. Félix, thou furnace, rest tranquil an instant. Your health, monsieur! À boire ! à boire ! "

And so, as the drinks were brought, Gilbert drew his companions, one after another, until he had a series of ten or a dozen, some depicted as birds, some as beasts, some in propria persona, ending with a graceful sketch of madame, enthroned and crowned, amid a shower of gold which fell from a horn of plenty held above her by the "Two Angels" themselves. They were voted magnificent, extraordinary, of a genius unheard of, of a charm inexpressible; in a word, they were épatant! And when that is said, language can do no more. The rest was expressed by more trays of beer, by songs, by an impassioned speech, in which M. René referred to Gilbert as "ce Raphaël de nos jours, who had no longer the right to call himself a stranger among us; for," he continued, "I, too, am affiliated with America; I have an uncle in Brazil." In a magnificent reply, Gilbert described himself as a traveler in the desert who had found a beautiful oasis (he made a wild guess at "oasis," pronouncing it as he supposed it *ought* to be in French), and ended with a peroration relative to Lafayette and the "sister republics," which brought the evening to a climax. Then the "Marseillaise" was sung, and, the national hymn of America being called for, Gilbert taught them the famous version of "Jean Br-rown's Bébé."

It was time to close, and M. le Patron wound up the clock; madame rattled the cash-drawer suggestively and smiled at the forces intrenched behind a barrier of saucers; and Félix began piling up the chairs on the terrace. After some complicated figuring, the saucers were divided and the bill was paid, though Gilbert was politely but finally excluded from any part of this transaction. "Jean Br-rown's Bébé" was sung as a recessional, the entire company marching three times around the room, with profound salutations each time they passed madame's desk, and so out on to the quay between M. le Patron and Félix, who stood like grinning caryatides on each side of the door.

The disheveled René clung to Gilbert's arm, inquiring from time to time if monsieur had by chance met his uncle in Bra-"He is a big one, monsieur, with white hair,—a soldier." At the corner a consultation was held. Frédérique knew of another café which he said was perpetually open, and the vote to proceed there was virtually unanimous. But Gilbert thought vaguely of the morrow, and though he had quite forgotten the exact reason of his coming, he knew that it was important, and that his hotel was a half-mile distant down the quay. Without stopping to argue, he suddenly wrenched his arm from the grasp of the Brazilian, leaped, and bolted. His comrades, taken by surprise, stood for a moment watching him; then, like a pack of hounds, they sprang baying to the pursuit.

Gilbert heard their cries and steered a course between two granite posts which marked an inclosure on the quay. The posts were connected by an iron chain, but this Gilbert failed to notice. No one of the pursuing pack noticed it, either, and the fall thereof was terrible.

They lay like wounded soldiers on the pavement, rubbing knees and elbows,—all

but M. René, who had not noticed the fall, apparently; for he was up in an instant, and precipitated himself on Gilbert, summoning his friends about him. But the exercise and the shock had brought most of them to their senses, and reason swaved the council. Before dispersing, however, it was necessary that Gilbert should shake hands individually with every member of the party, and that every one should shake hands with every one else. Their number, reduced as it was to seventeen, was still capable of some two hundred permutations and commutations, so the affectionate farewells exchanged even by those who were bound on the same road occupied the better part of an hour. M. René insisted upon accompanying Gilbert to the door of the hotel, where he placed both hands on his new friend's shoulders and said, with tears in his voice: "Monsieur, the sun which comes to gild the east shines on a proud and happy man. The circle of the 'Two Angels' will guard its precious souvenir. Farewell, monsieur; and should you see my uncle in Brazil—for I have an uncle—a big white one—a soldier-"

The rest was lost, for Gilbert slipped inside the door, and five minutes later was sleeping heavily.

IT was midday before the sharp toot of a whistle half awakened the young man. He lay for some minutes unconscious of anything save that his head ached painfully, and that a glass of water was an absolute necessity. Then he rolled over with a groan, to squint through one eye at his usual chronometer, the sun on the chimney which jutted into the square of his studio window.

The window seemed to have grown smaller, and rejoiced in the luxury of lace curtains. "How absurd!" mused Gilbert. Light dawned on him gradually when the shrill whistle blew again. It was answered by another whistle, a deep, double-toned roar that said, "Steamer!" plainer than any language. With a cry of comprehension, Gilbert leaped from the bed and ran to the window, details of the past and present tumbling over one another in his aching head. The huge black hull of a steamer-fringed with specks of humanity was just swinging round the end of the breakwater. The lighter was tooting and puffing at the

quay preparatory to casting off. The young man seized his hat and rushed for the stairs, inwardly thanking his stars that he had not troubled to undress before retiring.

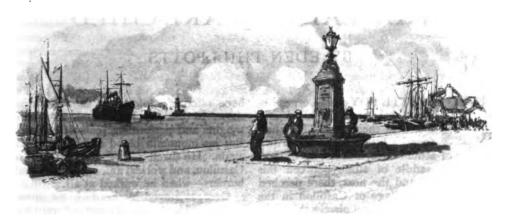
He tore across the quay, leaped a widening strip of green water, and landed like a bombshell on the lighter's deck, where he nearly annihilated the polite official who was writing busily in a large blank-book. "Thank you, monsieur, for notifying me that the steamer had arrived," said Gilbert as he picked himself up and went forward to where an anxious crowd stood craning their necks at the growing vessel. They could soon hear the band playing faintly, and people began shouting to their friends across a mile of open water. One woman was sobbing excitedly; another lifted up a small boy with a French flag and said, "Tu vois papa? Eh, mon petit? Tu le vois?" And the little boy waved his flag madly, endangering the eyes of those near him.

Gilbert had pressed forward among the crowd, and was standing on tiptoe, forgetful of headaches and pains, forgetful of everything except that somewhere in those distant rows of faces that grew steadily more distinct he had a father and a mother. Every one was shouting and waving now, and Gilbert shouted, too, though his eyes had not yet found the familiar faces.

The lighter scuttled around the stern of the giant ship and bumped alongside, the two captains roaring at each other through megaphones until the gang-planks were lowered and made fast. Gilbert stood at the foot of the line and eved the passengers anxiously as they began to descend, laden with all manner of bags and bundles. They slipped and slid down the steep incline and fell into the arms of their friends, and Gilbert still stood at his post. Finally the customs officials came down, looking very fussy and important, and the captain bellowed the order to haul the gang-plank. Gilbert's face wore a worried expression, and he began to feel faint. Suddenly he heard a voice—the very sound of which loosened the gates of tears—say, "There he is, Will!" And an instant later he was hugging his mother tightly in his arms, and, as he said afterward, "crying down her back." His father gave him a fierce hug, then held him off at arm's-length and said: "For heaven's sake, go and stand at the other end of the boat! You look like a

tramp! There are no knees to your trousers, no elbows to your coat, and your hair has n't been cut for two years! Meet us at the train, but keep out of sight until we get aboard!" Gilbert, too happy to care whether he sat on deck or in the hold.

obeyed orders promptly. Later, as the train rolled into Paris, his father said sternly: "To-morrow morning you go out and order two suits of decent clothes. Why in thunder did n't you tell me you had to work so hard?"



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER IN CHERBOURG HARBOR

## HELEN KELLER WITH A ROSE

(PICTURE IN THE CENTURY FOR JANUARY, 1905)

### BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

OTHERS may see thee; I behold thee not;
Yet most I think thee, beauteous blossom, mine:
For I, who walk in shade, like Proserpine—
Things once too briefly looked on, long forgot—
Seem by some tender miracle divine,
When breathing thee, apart,
To hold the rapturous summer warm within my heart.

We understand each other, thou and I!

Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,
Thou feelest all the voiceless things I speak,
And to my yearning makest mute reply:
Yet a more special good of thee I seek,
For God who made—oh, kind!—
Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for the blind!

# THE EARTHQUAKE-CHILD

### BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS



NNETTE FOY and Georges Leblond sat hand in hand and looked at their home. They had found a little nest in the brown

bosom of Mount Orso, and not far distant, upon the saddle of stone between this towering hill and the next, there perched the mountain village of Castillon in the Maritime Alps. A tunnel pierces this ridge and carries the highroad under the col.

The hamlet seemed to hang in air, lifted, like some fairy village delicate of fabric, against the blue. Its chimneys and little church tower rose from a lap of great hills, and Castillon partook of the mountain colors. The walls reflected something from the austerity and snowy purity of uplifted nature roundabout; yet not seldom brighter tones warmed the ancient stucco with pleasant ocher and bright rose that suggested hope and humanity. The tiles were scorched to a silvery pink by summer suns; faint music of children's voices murmured on the air and told of young life and its interests.

Old Castillon grew out of the rock—or, rather, throve fastened to it; like a sponge to a stone. Around, feathered with pine or tawny-coated with the dead foliage of last year's oak, the mountain-ridges rose to jagged pinnacles, and fell through tremendous gorges to the terraced hills beneath. Far below ran the olive-belt, and above it a scented scrub of rosemary, myrtle, mastic, yielded slowly to that dwarfer, hardier flora that knows frost and snow and brings forth its bells and chalices behind the mists and clouds of spring.

"'T is a hard and a cruel matter that Michel Foy has set his face against me," declared Georges.

He was a giant for a Frenchman, and after serving his time in the army had

been offered employment in a traveling show, to use his huge arms in tossing weights and performing feats of strength. But his mountain blood called him home again. He dwelt with an ancient aunt at Castillon, and worked among the charcoalburners—when he worked at all.

Georges moved his head on his sinewy neck, wrinkled up a low forehead until hair and eyebrows met, and gazed at the solemn, olive-hued visage of the girl beside him. Annette twisted a purple hepatica in her fingers, then listlessly plucked the petals. Her eyes were turned to the amphitheater of the hills, and they mirrored the chaplet of snow that blazed ineffably white upon the crest of far-off Mount Grosso.

"I cannot understand why he does not like you and why he turns our mother from you. What have you done to make him so unkind?"

"Nothing at all. It is a secret jealousy that burns him. I can think of no other cause."

"He is not the sort to be jealous. His heart is soft and his patience is the pure, priceless present of the angels to him when he was born all humped and crooked."

"He is crooked in mind as well as body; otherwise he would like me, as everybody else does."

"I do not understand. It is so seldom that he has an unkind word to say of anybody."

"He deceives you. He hides his heart. If you could see it, you would find it as ugly as his head. He is among men what the arisarum is among flowers—a sick, mysterious, poisonous thing. Its striped cowl and evil tongue are like a snake's, and when you smell it first you think it good, and when you smell it again you know

it is the smell of death. I wish I could trample him under foot."

"He is obstinate. He will not trust you. He murmurs of things that came to his ears at Sospel."

Georges flushed and twirled up great bristling mustaches. He was clearly embarrassed.

"Michel studies faces," continued Annette. "From his seat in the shade at the gate he sees men and women pass to and fro, and he learns to read faces as other people learn to read books. He said that it is not good for a man to have misty eyes and always to look round and grin after women, as you do."

"Bah! What does he know of women?—misshapen thing that he is! How can wisdom come of sitting in a corner? He talks with the children and listens to their prattle all day long. Let him split the reeds and make toys for the visitors. That is his work. But bid him keep men out of his mind, and—and—there again, Annette! As I live, I felt it yet again!"

The girl shivered and crept closer. She also appreciated the strange and terrifying phenomenon of which her lover spoke.

For three days there had been in this savage land of mountains and deep ravines a rumor and a dreadful threat of pending evil. The charcoal-burners from remote forests first felt it; then it seemed that some fever worked in the veins of the earth and set her enormous bosom throbbing from the peaks of snow to the shores of the sea.

February of the year 1887 had come, and the weather was much disturbed and unsettled. Glorious days succeeded dark and stormy intervals. Then fell a period of cold, and deep snow glittered almost to the olive-belt. It had, however, quickly vanished before an ardent sun. Old folks dimly recalled the last visitation of earthquake, and shook their heads at the signs of the sky; young people felt a fearful joy in the threat of nature, and, in ignorance, secretly hoped that some tremendous experience might fall upon their level lives.

The sun shone and the faint earth-tremor in the hillside was not repeated.

It reminded Annette of her brother.

"Our mother always calls Michel 'the earthquake-child.' He came too soon, because there was a shock sudden and unexpected. It broke down a wall here

and there, and opened a grave or two in the churchyard. It also brought Michel into the world."

"Never did the shaking of mountains produce such an ugly mouse, then. He makes me mad, I tell you. Your mother trusts him as if he were her guardian angel. Michel is always wise and always right. How can he be always wise and right—he who lives the life of a lizard and has never been beyond Castillon or looked at the world? It is nonsense, and I am very angry when I think that Zoé Foy lets him poison her mind against me."

"You must make him listen to reason."

"I should like to make him feel reason;
but if I flipped him with my finger-nail I should kill him."

Georges rose, yawned, stretched his majestic arms, and looked round him at the earth and sky.

"There is something coming," he said.
"Perhaps it is the end of the world. But that is nothing to me, if I may not have you."

"The sky looks strange at dawn and at even. Do these shakings come from the clouds or from the earth?"

"From God. He gets impatient sometimes and can't keep his hands off this wretched little affair that he has made. He gives us a push with his finger; then there is an earthquake, and people think more about their prayers for a time. Some day God will altogether lose his temper with the world."

"And then, Georges?"

"Then there will be no more world,

no more than there is of a soap-bubble
when it bursts. Well, I will put pride in
pocket and talk to Michel myself."

They rose to return homeward, and their way wound by a rocky path amid boulders and steep, torn waterways, where torrents leaped at times of storm and filled a brawling tributary of the distant Bevera. The path was stained rust-red with mud from the boots of the mountain-men; by the way grew primroses and violets; and here and there fragments of charcoal, that had fallen from the backs of passing mules, glittered silver-bright under the sun.

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MICHEL Foy sat on his little stool, and the boys and girls crowded round him as usual.

Most of them were bigger than he was. and but for his thin black whiskers, people had thought the young man's pinched little face, sharp nose, and big ears belonged to a hungry boy. He was often called the king of the children, and he seldom wearied of his courtiers. He told them stories and taught them craft of hand. With stems of the great reed he busied his days and fashioned every sort of quaint contrivance to tempt visitors. From deep baskets for flowers to tiny cages for crickets, his labors ranged, and his brown fingers were never idle. He seemed little more than a head. body, and hands. His legs were shrunk and aborted, his muscular development was very feeble, and he had to be carried everywhere like a new-born baby. Zoé Foy's face curiously resembled her son's, and her body was also frail and feeble. But Annette lacked nothing of health and strength; she resembled her dead father, and was a year younger than Michel.

That night his sister spoke with sharp words to the little yellow-faced cripple, and he answered very mildly, according to his wont.

"Why do you hate the man who loves me so truly, brother? What harm has he done you? It is very well known that all good men like Georges Leblond."

"I do not hate him; but I do not respect him, and I do not trust him. I would not believe everybody, but Cousin Magnat of Sospel I do believe, for he has never said an untrue thing. Georges is a lazy man and a libertine. He has good virtues, and is kind because it is easiest to be kind. But I do not respect him, and I do not at all wish you to marry him."

"Cousin Magnat is as good a man as walks the earth," said Zoé, in a piping, crisp voice, like the tinkling stridulation of a mole-cricket. "He would have married me twenty-five years ago. And when I refused him he never dropped a tear, but merely remained a bachelor."

"He is as dry as a dead stick. How can he judge a young man?" argued Annette.

"It is exceedingly easy to judge Georges Leblond," answered her brother. "Facts are facts. He has—I won't say it; you know very well what I mean. No woman who is proud of women ought to marry him. He is a crying shame and disgrace. God has given him the strength of a horse,

and he does nothing but get people into trouble. The worms in the grass are working more good in the world than he is."

"Why should you be so quick to believe Cousin Magnat? Has not Georges told me over and over again that these stories about himself are not true? Everybody knows they were invented at Sospel by that long, crooked-eyed wretch, Luke Gronsac, because Georges beat him at the games."

"It is vain to say so, Annette. You know as well as I that Leblond does very bad things and makes God sad. I am not one to say unkind words for fun. But you are my own sister, and I love you dearly, and I would rather die than see you that man's wife. Your life would be one long wail."

"I know my own mind, however; and I know the big, warm heart of Georges."

"Warm enough and big enough—too big," said Madame Foy. "Wait till the great, fat giant has been married six months and you begin to grow as familiar as his boots. Then his big, warm heart will begin to warm somebody else. He is like the lazy bumblebees that boom and bumble from flower to flower. He thinks only of himself. The hive is nothing to him."

Michel turned his bright, deep-set eyes upon his pouting sister.

"You are only eighteen yet. Wait a year. Be patient. I tell everybody to be patient. It is so easy to me, but it seems

patient. It is so easy to me, but it seems so difficult for the rest. People with legs can't be patient, apparently; but it is quite simple if you have none—only two bent straws instead. Wait a year, Annette, and try him. Tell him to work hard for a whole year, and save up some francs, and take a better house, where there will be room for you as well as for his old aunt. That is not much to ask him, if he really loves you and wants to be a good husband to you."

"It is not for me to dictate to him. He is as knowing as you are. You think nobody is clever but yourself, Michel Foy. Georges said some very wise things—about God and earthquakes."

Fear fell on Zoé's face, and she came close to her son. He put out his hands and took hers between them.

"Do not name that. It brings terror to our mother, though I tell her that God is at the safety-valve of the world, like Charles on the railway is at the safety-valve of the engine." "To-day the hills shook again under us," said Annette, "and Georges swore that if he does not have me, he would not care whether they swallowed him up."

"It is coming," piped the mother. "So I felt before Michel came. There was a hush and a waiting, as if the world had drawn in its breath deep and was too frightened to let it out. Strange things happened among the clouds. They took shapes of creatures that nobody ever saw. The lightning fell like rain. It melted a man's watch in his pocket, but killed only one side of him. The other side went on living for five years."

"Don't be frightened. If it comes, it comes. An earthquake is no more to God than to set a mole burrowing under a tuft of grass. Perhaps he has great moles deep in the earth that can shake mountains when he calls them to work. I do not know how you can fear, mother," declared Michel.

"But you will know," she said, "if there is an earthquake. No living soul ever went through that and feared not. God means them to frighten us. He knows that there is nothing like giving naughty children a good shake now and then."

In the silence that followed remote thunder rolled and reverberated where the peaks and gorges of the mountains caught it and tossed it back and forward. No lightning followed, but the night was very dark. This thunder fell strangely on ears familiar with thunder. There was a long-drawn hollow under-sound, as of a great wind, and it persisted after the rumble and rattle of the peal had passed by.

"That is no thunder," said Madame Foy. "That is the agony of the rocks opening and grinding together deep down in the earth. It is the ribs of the world cracking. It comes from below, not above. If you put your ear to the ground it is louder."

"A great cliff slipped down in the Gourg dell' Ora last night—so Papa Chambourlier told me," declared Michel. "But hill, or vale, or sea, or our home here on the crown of the col—it is all one. If an earthquake is coming, the ground is marked out for it. God has set a seal on the mountains and houses and men and women who are to fall. Even so the wood-cutter puts his brand upon the trees. Only the thing that is to happen can happen."

'Father Duménil intends to pray for the

earth to grow quiet," said Madat. Michel "For my part, I think he ought to range done it sooner. He is not happy, and taxpa of going to Paris to see his relatives. Foreign people at the coast are already packing up and flying north and east."

At this moment there came a knock at the door, and a neighbor entered. He was a big, hairy man—the stone-mason, Papa Chambourlier, just mentioned. Nightly he came to carry Michel Foy to his bedroom, while every morning he brought him down again, and for the office he received weekly payment of a new wicker basket. Papa Chambourlier had lost a bad wife fifteen years before, and persisted in a good temper ever since. Some people fancied that he wanted to marry Madame Foy, but Zoé and the mason knew better.

"Starless," he said. "Such darkness I never felt by night until now. It touches you all over. The thunder is in the ground. It comes up from the valley, as though the soldiers were firing cannons there. The air smells like a cave. There are warnings everywhere; but what is a man to do? We cannot go and live like dormice on the hills, or like sand-fleas on the beach."

Despite his words, Chambourlier showed no alarm. He stopped and smoked awhile, jested with the family, and told them the news at Castellar, where he was working just then. Presently he picked up Michel as though he were a guinea-fowl, and carried him to his room.

"Now be a good baby and go to sleep, and don't wake up until the morning," said Papa Chambourlier.

He had made this joke every day for five years, and Michel always nodded and laughed at it because the mason liked to hear him do so.

H

OLD Castillon was honeycombed with passages that ran through dark archways out to the hillside. Broad flights of steps also ascended to the piazza at the highest point, and round about this paved space there clustered houses and rose the church. To the west stood a little inclosed burial-ground, and on every other side cottages and walls and winding stairways grouped together with bewildering confusion. In bright weather deep shadows fell across the shining mural spaces, and brave light blazed out of darkness where the sun flamed down

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r-pots and over the etual gloom brooded its sprouted amid the sted alleyways. The nall—a girdle of pinebaked browns and yelme; and in winter a fing clouds that rolled golden days, to reveal

the serrated crown of snow-clad peaks.
Soon after her conversation with Michel,
Annette met Georges in the darkness
of a sequestered nook, grass-grown and
neglected, beside the burial-ground. Her
mother's house stood near the church, a
hundred yards distant. It was one of the
best in Castillon, and Madame Foy not

seldom mentioned the fact.

Annette told her lover what Michel had said, and the strong man used bad words, indignantly denied the evil rumors, and finally declared that to her brother's unjust obstinacy only one reply was possible.

"You must run away with me," he said.
"Then you shall know what it is to have a strong husband. I will make a way for you through the world, and if people stop the road I will knock them down and walk over them. It is no good being strong enough to do three men's work if we are frightened of a cross-grained little goblin like Michel. I shall not see him. I shall run away with you instead."

"If we run away, where do we run to?"

inquired Annette.

"To church," he said. "There is no difficulty at all. Father Duménil has offered to marry me plenty of times—at least, I mean, of course, when I can find a wife. And now I have found you. You shall vanish away from those who do not understand me; and then, when they begin to get unhappy, you shall return to them on my arm. After we are married, there will be nothing more to say."

He picked her up and kissed her.

"How strong you are! I am like a little

fly in your arms."

"And now I will use my strength to fight for you. You shall hide at Sospel till the wedding is made ready. The morning after to-morrow, while it is yet dark, I shall come for you, and you must creep out like a shadow. Then we return back again in a week or two, and presently Michel and your mother will say: 'We were quite

wrong. Georges Leblond is a very good fellow, and we love him."

"You will work and save francs so that we may have a better house?"

"A better house? What is the matter with my house?"

"The matter is that it would be a very good cow-shed, but it is a poor home for a young woman. Half of it is no house at all, but only a cave in the rock."

"Well, it is true that my old aunt does not like the house, either. But as to making francs—nothing easier. I promise that. If a man has the strength of three men, he can of course make the francs of three

men. Anybody knows that."

"Then come before dawn the day after to-morrow. I trust you because I love you. And as soon as it can be, we will be married. But mother and Michel must know that I am safe and happy. I will not go away unless you promise that."

"I promise. I want them to find that I am a much better fellow than they think."

Presently the lovers parted on the understanding that Annette would be ready to leave Castillon at the time appointed. Left alone, the big man considered his actions, and, chiefly for the sake of convenience, decided that he would marry his sweetheart at the first opportunity. Marriage in itself was not a thought that attracted him, but he loved Annette and believed that she would make him a good wife.

"After all, it is a very proper and dignified thing to be married," he reflected; "and it will put that little crooked toad Michel in the wrong. That is worth some

pains."

So the charcoal-burner visited Father Duménil, and the priest, who was familiar with this wandering sheep and his ways, promised to perform the ceremony at the earliest opportunity.

"We are in the hands of God," he said; "and though it is no time for marrying or giving in marriage, while the solid earth shakes under our feet, yet such a man as you must be caught and saved in season or out."

That night the cry of the earth fell like a voice on many sleepless ears, and the deep tremors of the mountains awoke sounds and discords never heard before. Walls, doors, roofs, and roof-trees spoke in the darkness and uttered cries and whispers as though they talked together. The stones murmured hoarsely, the tiles grated, windows chattered, and it seemed that unseen hands were shaking them. As the timbers of ocean-going ships creak out their regular, monotonous answer to the waves, so now timbers of dwellings uttered sustained sighs and groans. Sometimes an article fell suddenly from shelf or ledge; sometimes an open door would gently shut itself, or a shut door would open silently without visible agent.

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Signs and wonders multiplied during the following day, and creatures humbler than men—beasts of the field and air that had not shown fear until now—began to behave strangely and reveal alarm. This obvious dread displayed by the secret instinct and understanding of unconscious life acted upon human minds and served much to increase the general terror.

Heavy darkness hung like a canopy upon the mountains. No direct ray penetrated it, but a light, fulvous and sulky, as of some sinister planet, tinged the cloudbillows with pale copper and stretched sickly tentacles of fire across the purple depths. Creatures behaved as at eclipse of the sun, but to the sense of night was added active fear. Fowls sought their perches, yet would not sleep thereon. They maintained a subdued clucking. Domestic beasts crowded close to man and put their faith in him. The cows lowed in the byres and would not eat. The mules nosed one another, started and kicked, and spoke their secret thoughts and fears in one another's ears. Dogs howled, showed the whites of their eyes, and heard many things beyond the power of human ear.

From the coast came news that tidal waves were rolling into Menton's Bay; that a part of the breakwater was broken off like dry bread; and that many houses had started sudden flaws and cracks, which grinned or frowned like mouths in their solid walls.

Day huddled to its close soon after noon, and at the hour of February dusk impenetrable gloom crowded upon the mountains. The hills and valleys listened and waited like sentient, watchful things. A vast silence reigned. But this peace was broken at midnight by the under-growl and rumble now familiar to human ears. Many were found watching on that night. Michel Foy's heart was full of monitions, strange and uncertain, that made him refuse Papa Chambourlier's assistance when the mason arrived as usual to carry him to bed.

"No; I sit up to-night," he said. "Some-

thing is going to happen."

"You don't mean an earthquake, I hope? 'T is to men like you such secrets are whispered by Almighty God—I know that very well; but still I trust you are mistaken, Michel."

"I cannot tell you what I feel: it may be nothing but my health. I do not think there will be an earthquake, except within this house. To be plain with you, there is mystery here. Annette kissed me and went to her bed very early. There were tears in her eyes. That is most strange."

"Well, I can't stop to talk to-night. The whole world is restless and frightened. The rats in my house are sitting in a row outside their holes, and the dog passes them and never looks at them. Nature is sick. She has a pain in her poor stomach that makes her forget to go on with her work. If the sun is not pulled up out of the sea to-morrow, as usual, it won't surprise me in the least."

Papa Chambourlier departed, and Zoé Foy also left her son presently and retired to pray. Michel sat on, watched the flame of the lamp, and mused uneasily concerning his sister. The night crept to its dead waste and advanced through the early hours of another day. Then, before it was yet light, the earth awoke from her sleep and there burst upon that land the most appalling natural manifestation that man can endure. More awful than the spectacle of sun-flames, or the blaze of a new star through the night; more terrific than the speed of comets, or the size of the great gaseous or stellar nebulæ; more sublime than any other phenomenon of nature, because close, immediate, personal, come the horrors of earthquake to those entangled in the midst of them.

Suddenly out of the pregnant stillness burst a humming and murmur as of insects. It deepened swiftly into deafening chaos; the ground rocked for a moment, then silence returned. Upon the brief respite new sounds fell, and Michel, whose hands had instinctively clutched the wooden arms of his little chair, heard a strange grating and rending, then a crash. He knew that a house or part of a house had tumbled down. Again the humming boomed out of the darkness, and a dazzle of light filled the square of the window and seemed, with its silvery glare, to put his lamp out. Then all was darkness, and the lamp burned steadily, like a red bead. Now the earth began to rock in earnest; through an increasing clamor there came, shrill and thin, the shrieks of women and the cries of men. Two people rushed into the chamber, and as they did so a curious hiss, like rushing water, sounded above Michel's head, and he saw the ceiling crack across. But only a little mortar fell. Zoé came down the stairs into the room, and as she did so the outer door burst open and a man shouted:

"Annette! Annette! Fly! It has come—the earthquake! Castillon is falling into the valley!"

Georges rushed in, and before he had gone a yard, the mother of Michel was at his feet with her arms round his knees.

"Save him! Save him, for the love of God!—Michel! Oh, you that are strong, lift him up and carry him to safety before the earth swallows us all!"

But Georges shook her off.

"Let imps like himself save him! Men must save women to-night," he said. "Where is Annette? I have come for her."

In a moment he had leaped up the stairs and met his sweetheart at the top.

"My brother first; he—" she cried, and then indeed she felt the might of a man; for Georges, well knowing that life or death hung in the balance of the moment, seized her, leaped down the rocking stairs with her, and rushed from the house. Like a madman he fought his way through the masses of people in the street, and was among the first to be clear of the falling village. His only thought was their united salvation.

As he left the room, deaf to Zoé's curse, his foot had touched the table and sent it spinning. The lamp dropped and went out.

In the street showers of tiles and stones were falling from rending walls, and the people, with screams and cries, fought in half-naked crowds at every egress. Down the steep steps out of the village they rushed and tumbled. There was no darkness now, for continued lightning blazed on the foreheads of the hills, and every tottering house and heaving street shone stark under the sky. Shock followed shock,

but the earth did not open: only the houses bulged and broke. Walls fell out or split and still stood. Roofs dropped; the dwellings upon the edge of the town broke off and slipped down upon the sides of the precipices. A noise louder than cannon persisted; miraculous escapes occurred at every turn, and soon men, women, and children had deserted their homes and dragged the bedridden out of immediate danger. Bleeding, injured, half insane, the people wandered over the palpitating hills, or fell on their knees, or clung in masses tightly together, like frightened monkeys.

But no man stopped to answer Zoé's screams for help, and the little moiety of a man on whom her whole love centered implored his mother to depart while he sat calmly in the midst of the chaos and waited for death to find him. Then Zoé bade him get on her back, and so, tottering and gasping, she crept feebly out into the horror of the night and fought with the earthquake for Michel. Her progress was slow, and twice she fell. He prayed her to leave him and escape for Annette's sake; but she would not.

Presently, when nearly safe, she fell again and fainted, half-way down a little path just beneath the village. He crawled away from her like a spider, and called upon God to save her and reward her for a love that had risen higher than the fear of death. He cried with his small voice for succor, but none heard him.

Suddenly a mass of masonry and ten thousand tons of the cliff beneath it came down together. The woman escaped this avalanche of stone by ten yards, and she had returned to her senses in time to see the hillside roll over her son as a breaking wave rolls over a pebble. Since the Pharaohs, perhaps no man has ever had such a majestic monument as nature lifted above little Michel Foy.

When tardy day came and light broke again upon the ruined village, among the first intrepid spirits to visit it was Georges Leblond, and the greeting he won from a demented mother dwelt in his heart for many days.

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Zoé Foy never departed from old Castillon, and while every other inhabitant deserted the shattered town and saw in this disaster a message from God to leave the place forever, she resolutely abode in her house and refused to share the general exodus. Like some spirit, she still haunted her son's grave, still daily sat beside it, the only living human thing in that scene of desolation. Her home was among the few that suffered little injury; but, for the rest of the houses, every one revealed some special hurt, humorous or terrific, partial or complete, as the result of the earthquake. To day the village lies as though it had been deserted but yesterday.

One can almost see the flying folk and the walls tumbling about them. Rent and torn, as though battered by great ordnance, the church, the shops, the habitations round about, gape with many wounds, or stand mere shells and stony skeletons. Here the side of a house has fallen into the valley beneath, and the economy and plan of the little rooms stand revealed. Wall-paper still flaps in the wind; hearths are yet black with the last fires that burned upon them Whole stories are nineteen years ago. gone sometimes, and dust of the chimneypots lies scattered in the dwelling-rooms. Elsewhere the earth has heaved up foundations, and the sunlight shines on empty, roofless cellars and dark corners and cavedwellings, where aforetime the folk lived in chambers wrought from the living rock. Chaos and tremendous movement seem suddenly frozen here. There is a vivid feeling that the place has but this moment fallen to pieces.

The crash and thunder of perishing houses, the earth billowing like a seventh wave under flying feet, the sounds and echoes from the mountains, the roar of thunder that answered the rending rocks, and the appalled human life tumbling away in a stream under the lightning—this spectacle wakes to the spirit's sense and fills the least imaginative mind with horror and wonder in presence of the wrecked village.

No hand has been lifted to steady a single stone since the night of the catastrophe. Everything stands, lies, gapes, totters, as the earthquake left it. Only the unceiled human homes are empty, while the woodwork rots, the ironwork rusts, and green things loll out of broken walls, festoon fallen masonry, blossom through the chinks of hanging shutters, and weave chaplets of flowers for a hundred ruins.

Now New Castillon, snowy of wall and red of roof, stretches along a lower ridge of the col, and there man is happy and busy again, and a new generation of babies listens to the old story, or, growing bold with years, makes little frightened journeys to the dead village.

Only Zoé keeps her ancient place, and she, upon the return of the anniversary, never fails to fashion a great cross of primroses and purple hepaticas and place it on the hill beneath which her son lies.

Last year Papa Chambourlier, now retired, chanced to recollect the fateful day in February; whereupon he tramped to the ruins and held converse with his friend. He found her, as he expected, sitting beside Michel's grave.

"Yes," she said, "there he lies, and there he will lie till the last great earthquake of all. He came out of an earthquake and he went back into one. There is a miracle in that. Such beginnings and endings do not happen to common people."

"He was a very good little man. The Lord certainly wanted him," said Papa Chambourlier, lowering his massive trunk to a rock beside the way, and bringing a pipe from his pocket.

"He was more than a man. There was an angel hidden inside him."

"So there is in every one of us."

"But that is not what I mean. He was possessed, as we say."

"He will rise, bright and beautiful, with legs—and wings, too, for that matter."

"And a crown of gold upon his head."

"Not a doubt of it, Zoé Foy."

"I would rather have been his mother than Christ's, my friend."

"I should not talk quite so strongly as that; but of course you are a little strange. Who would not be strange, if they had lived up here alone with the lizards and ghosts of houses all these years? When are you coming down?"

"When I am dead I shall go down. Do you know that my son made only one mistake in his life?"

"Ah, how few of us can say that! What was it, Zoé? Perhaps you are wrong."

"No; I am right. Michel said that Georges Leblond was a bad man; but, as you know, he has turned out a very proper husband and father. He would let me go and live with Annette and the eight young ones to-morrow, if I liked."

"Don't blame Michel. He was perfectly right about Georges; but then came the earthquake. An earthquake is a wonderful thing for putting the fear of God into a man, remember. We are a very godly generation—we who felt the earth beginning to open its jaws under us. If there had been no earthquake, Georges would never have reformed. He might even be a wicked bachelor still, and Annette rather an unhappy woman. I tell you, mother, that an earthquake every ten years would be a very good thing for the business of heaven—and for the business of house-builders, too. New Castillon made my fortune, certainly."

"I often ask God to let me be here to help Michel from this great pile of stones when the Last Day comes and the trumpet calls him to rise."

"Have no fear. There will be a dozen shining angels ready to pull him out."

She nodded, but her eyes never left the mound. Presently she humped herself up in her usual position, with her chin on her hands, and then Papa Chambourlier departed, because he perceived that she wanted his company no more.



THE MALEDICTION OF DENNIS MORETY

## THE LAP O' LAND

## BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

Co-author, with Esther Chamberlain, of "Mrs. Essington"

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN SLOAN

THE night Cuney Dolan fetched home his wife, Dennis Morety stood between him and his door, and Cuney had a fine black eye before he got Kathleen over the threshold.

"Ye dirthy blaygard! Ye crawlin' sarpent!" shouted Morety, his tall, black figure taller by the long arm shaken above his head. But Cuney, little and cautious, called through the crack of the door: "An' did n't I take her fair from under the big nose iv ye, an' ye wid the long chanst ye had at her?" and slammed the door, and slid the bolt.

The evening was late and dark. The street of Ballyhaize was empty. And whether Dennis went north or south, on

sea or land, Kathleen Dolan never knew. She was a silent woman. She never asked questions or gave reasons. If her choice had been less love of Cuney than fear of Dennis, she did not correct Cuney's apprehension. Cuney was steady, sober, industrious; Dennis, a long, idle, black "bosthoon," with a flat thigh in the saddle and lashes to sweep your heart away. Kathleen had never believed he loved her until the door banged and the bolt slid under Cuney's fist. If she regretted her choice then, her man never knew it, and childbirth and field labor left for herself no introspections. For Cuney, though industrious, was not lucky. He had just enough strength against the current of tribulation to keep in one spot, pulled back, now and then, by a bad potato year. He never progressed. He grew into the earth, like one of his own tubers.

"Ye can move him," said Kathleen, "no more than the Rock o' Cashel." It was Kathleen's own feverish ambition for "two cows an' a hin" of her own that finally uprooted them, and sent them toss-

ing across the Atlantic.

With every sense dazed, every instinct wrenched, with the solid ground giddily plunging under their feet after three thousand miles of pitching ocean, again confounded by three thousand miles of ringing, swinging rails, they were suddenly disgorged from their torment upon the breast of the land. Wider, bluer skies and hotter sun than they had known; but the land again, green and wet,—for it was February,—a quiet valley dipping away to a mountained rim.

Upon the lower spur of one of these flanking mountains, short walking-distance from town, Cuney took up his land—three acres-by squatter rights. In spite of the first sear summer, which shriveled their hearts with loneliness and fear, the harsh voices and strange ways of the town, the children left behind under Irish sod, their horizon of life widened out with the widened landscape. Cuney's eyes, indeed, were seldom raised from his boot-toes. He seemed bending toward the earth. All his thought was of it—what he put into and took from it. But Kathleen's back was like a dart. If her black head ever bent, it was toward the dun flank of the Jersey at milking-time.

She lived "in," as the wife of a landed

proprietor should, whose three acres were combed to velvet by an iron harrow. Her sense of order was concentrated upon the two rooms of the shanty. Her table was scrubbed as white as the starched curtain of her window. Her stove was as bright as Cuney's Sunday boots. Her pans were like silver. The fat prayer-books and the "Lives of the Martyrs" that adorned the shelf above her crockery were models of geometrical precision. But what was the use of putting "the outside" to rights—the yard where the six leghorns, more exquisite of feather than of personal habits, scuttled like a fleet of yachts, where the pig wandered, where the Jersey stood to be milked -the yard across which, back and forth, from five of a primrose sunrise to nine of a purple sky, Kathleen darted like a slim black swallow?

"Sure," she said to the protesting summer cottager who, coming for her evening quart, held her skirts high, "I'd feel meself impident in the face o' nature to be settin' the outside to rights."

Prosperity filled her heart. If to rise to milk at five, in cold or heat, seemed something like poverty to the summer cottagers, prosperity is but comparative, and Kathleen could remember the potato-fields and peat-bogs of Meath. And if, in those early years, such memory brought one regret, it was not for the ragged heaths and rotting rains. Rich brown earth for the raising of hay and corn was her unfailing delight; but she looked with condescension upon the endless orchards of the valley, and tolerated the great hill vineyards only because they belonged to "the church." One patch of grape-vines, however, she could point to with unbridled derision, from the fact that it "on'y belonged to some bosthoon of a crayther of a Dago."

It hung, a poor, ill-cultivated, halfplanted acre, tossed away into the middle of the chaparral of the almost perpendicu-

lar spur above the Dolan place.

"An' whoever would be afther goin' off like that an' buildin' in the bush must be crazy," said Kathleen, shading her keen eyes with her hand, and peering up at the solitary figure creeping from stump to stump.

"The crayther," said Cuney; "maybe

't was all he could get."

"Ye get but what ye take. Never a thing more," said Kathleen. She hung her



"SHE . . . MARCHED IN WITH HER BACK AS STRAIGHT AS A STICK"

egg-baskets on her arm and tramped down to town. It was in the post-office that some one, passing out, brushed her, passing in. She turned, expecting a town acquaintance, and saw Dennis Morety. She knew him, in spite of his wild, black beard and furtive eye. The look he gave her was part defiance, but most appeal, and his hand rose to his nondescript hat. What was it lighted the smother of anger in her, that flushed up through her face? She turned her eyes to the front, and marched in with her back as straight as a stick. With the tail of her eye she saw Dennis's shadow lunging across the street.

"Why, Mrs. Dolan," said the postman, handing out her mail, the weekly paper, and the coal bill, "don't you know your neighbor?"

"He 's no neighbor o' mine," said Kathleen.

"Why, yes. His place is on the hill, right above yours."

"Oh, if it's the patch o' shtumps above ye mane, it 's meself did n't know a crayther 'd be livin' the place," said Kathleen, carelessly.

"Don't you know he has a right of way through your ranch?" asked the Yankee postman.

"A right!" said Kathleen, with a start, and a flash of her eye that made the post-man uneasy.

"Well, Mrs. Dolan," he explained, "you see, before you preëmpted that land—"

"I what, Misther Ransom?"

"Took it up. You did n't buy it. It belonged to no one before you had it, and Morety had a trail across it to his place; so now he holds a right of way."

"Across our land?"

"You see, it was n't yours then, Mrs. Dolan."

"It is now," said Kathleen.

The conversation was at an end. A word had stopped her hearing.

"A right!" she muttered, tramping home through the dust. "'T is him has always thought he had the right wid me an' mine widout the askin'. A right!"

Her wrath smoldered through milkingtime, to blaze out to Cuney over his pipe, as they sat on the step under the hot May moon.

"So he has the place above, the thate! An' what trail's the one he calls his own?" says Cuney.

"I'm thinkin' 't is the little ould one beyant the barn. I 've niver set fut on it meself but to be afther the chickens," says Kathleen, with a cock of her proud head.

"Sure I 'll take the bird-gun to him, the long, black swine, snakin' over honest property—" A fit of coughing broke Cuney's sentence.

"'T is the air that 's bad for your chist, dear," said Kathleen, anxiously. "Be goin' to bed, and I 'll get ye a sup o' whisky."

If she had been fierce with Dennis, she was tender with Cuney. Dennis had laughed at Cuney's narrow shoulders and bad potato crops, and Kathleen experienced a fierce satisfaction in recalling Dennis Morety's unkempt hair and forlorn coat. "'T is himself 'll have the big ind o' the cheese this time," she thought. But "black Dennis" had not earned his sobriquet of "Sly" without cause. Cuney got the bird-gun, but Morety got a lawyer, a far more efficacious weapon in this queer country, it seemed; for Dennis established beyond a doubt his right of way to the trail "beyant the barn," with ominous warning of fine and imprisonment for Cuney Dolan if he attempted to molest him.

Dennis celebrated the winning of the case by getting fearsomely drunk in his shanty "above the hill," and raving down the right of way in the middle of the night, shouting wild imprecations up the gulch. Kathleen, late over her ironing-board, heard, and, listening, shivered.

"'T is him has the black heart," she thought. "The divil has him intirely." She had few of her country's superstitions left, but she felt the breath of them in her hair with the wild voice down the cañon.

Dennis Morety's hand had never been far from the black jug, but now he seemed fairly in it. Sometimes, going late to the barn to make all fast against marauding coyotes, Kathleen saw a drunken lanternspark tottering among the trees, heard the stones roll under an uncertain tread. heard a hoarse voice lifted in a black word. Sometimes there was also the voice of Dennis's young brother, Patrick, "soothering" him, helping him up the steep tangle of the mountain trail. Kathleen had occasional glimpses of this boy, a pale shadow of a creature, trudging up and down the right of way, and her heart was sore at sight of his starved face. Her hatred of the name Morety, though more intense, was less inclusive than Cuney's.

"'T is no fault o' Pat's they 're the same flesh," she argued; "and 't is small doubt but the black baste lathers the lad."

So once and again she stopped Patrick on his way for a word, or for a drink of new milk from the pail. Patrick was just one more excuse for hatred of Dennis. Another came with the spring, when Dennis boasted that he had "a new whip on Dolan's back."

It was only a tricornered piece of land that Cuney had taken of his squatter right without question; and since his land was unsurveyed, and since Dennis had no interest in "cooltivatin'," boundary disputes had not arisen. But Cuney, growing richer, undertook to fence in his crops, one of which, projecting like a peninsula across the trail, bore a luxuriant growth of Dolan turnips. It was this "lap o' land," Dennis claimed, that cut off his right of way the law had given him. The fence was complete up to this last scrap before he asserted his rights; and, though Kathleen derided them, Dolan hesitated. That word the "law" was a terrible one to poor Cuney's ears. He profited by Morety's example, and went to see the law in person. It was a rainy March night, and he came home with a chill, coughing, and kept his bed. His narrow chest was weakened by much bending above a plow, and the cold wrung his lungs.

For a week the lap o' land was forgotten. For Kathleen everything but life and death dwindled to nothing. And when pneumonia snuffed out Cuney like a feeble candle, her horizon narrowed to the room "off," where her dead lay. But after the funeral was over, the condolences of the neighbors had been given, the doctor's bill paid, and the mass said, and she was back again in the chain of daily existence, she remembered the lap o' land and the unfinished fence.

"The divil sha'n't say he has a whip on the Dolans' backs," she thought, an edge of anger on her grief. A not unimpressive figure in her black, she called upon the lawyer poor Cuney had consulted.

The lawyer suggested that it would be quite easy to fence the turnips separately, without interrupting the right of way.

"But it's the lap o' land he claims his own, an' himself wid turnips off it these four years," answered Kathleen, the widow Dolan. "Your land has been surveyed, of course?" inquired the amused attorney.

"An' did n't himself luk it over wid his own eye? An' was n't the lap o' land planted the first year? An' if it was Morety's, why did n't the omadhaun lift his wurd then an' there?"

To this excellent logic the lawyer offered the suggestion that upon so large and flourishing a place as Mrs. Dolan's there must be pieces of cultivated ground more

adapted to the planting of turnips than the lap o' land beyond the trail.

The widow Dolan wished him good day. "'T is meself 's done messin' wid the like o' thim," she muttered, with reference to lawyers in general.

"I 'll settle meself wid Misther Morety, wid all the law in the States on his back."

On her way home she stopped at the carpenter's shop to speak with young Jack Casey.

"I suppose, now, Jack, that a b'y as young an' light as ye would natherally be feared o' the likes o' Dennis Morety?" says she.

"Me?" says young Jack, puffing out like a pigeon. "Should I be afraid with a muscle like that?" And he stripped his young arm for her admiration.

"It's a fine, sthrong arm, b'y. And can it pound a fince-post as har-rd as it can pound a man?"

"But try it," says Jack.

The next day young Casey dug eight deep post-holes around the turnip crop, and one was full in the middle of the right of way. There was not enough light left to drive them home, that task and the stretching of the wires being reserved for the next morning. Kathleen lay awake that night, listening. If Dennis, mad

drunk as usual, went lunging down the trail, might not he break his neck over that middle post? "His own desarts," she told herself; "but 't is meself that 's no murtherer."

She slept badly, and before milking, as soon as she could see her way, she went down the dip of the gulch, past the barn, and stood on the embankment that commanded the lap o' land. For a moment she did not know what had happened to

her. She thought she had gone blind. She scrambled down embankment and stood in the midst of ruin. The turnips were laid waste — trampled and beaten flat! But that was not the worst: every post was uprooted and prone, and every hole, so toilsomely dug, was filled up and leveled off. She could not have told that post-holes had ever been dug there.

Tears of rage sprang to her eyes. She struck her foot into the battered sod of her field, and shook her fist at the mountain. The moment was too overpowering for speech. But as she painfully scaled the bank and

clambered up the hill she muttered: "Him break his neck, indade! 'T is meself could wish I'd dug a pit to take him, bottle an' all."

The clang of her milk-pans as she hurtled them about the kitchen was like a challenging trumpet, and it was possibly audible to "black Dennis," lurking and listening in the clump of laurels below his shanty. By the time Jack Casey had appeared, ready to hammer home the posts, Kathleen's fighting spirits were in such fettle that she cheered up the boy's lengthened face, that had stretched out woefully at the whole day's job to be done over again, with a prospect of an-



"'SHOULD I BE AFRAID WITH A MUSCLE LIKE THAT?"

other uprooting. But Kathleen pointed out precautions.

"I'll shtand up all night wid a gun before he 'll put his fut in me fince again," she said. "I'll help ye be diggin' the holes, Jack; so we 'll finish the job the day."

She took up a shovel and swung down the hill with a stride as long as the lad's. Years had hollowed her cheeks and drawn harsh lines from nostril to mouth; but if she was as spare as a hawk, she was still straight as an arrow, and she delved and hammered as unceasingly as Jack Casey. lack had caught the infection of the feud. which, in his young exuberance, he called "the fun," and he whistled to his strokes; but the widow Dolan worked with a fierce, nervous energy that locked her lips and told terribly on her strength. The dropping sun saw Casey hammering the last post home. Stretching the wires was short work, and as the last light dripped through the trees Kathleen Dolan surveyed her completed fence from the top of the bank, every bone aching, but uplifted by victory.

It seemed that to this victory would be added the pleasure of proclamation, when, with his shadow lunging before, and his lantern swinging from his hand, Dennis Morety shambled down through the bushes. He was as gaunt and ragged as a wolf. His hair and beard were one wild mat. His eyes slunk. His gait was between a trot and a shuffle. In the gathering twilight he saw neither Kathleen nor Casev. nor the fence until he was abreast of the wire. Then he pulled back, looked at it an instant, then glared left and right. He missed seeing Jack in the overgrowth beyond the turnip-beds, but he saw Kathleen, standing thin and erect against the pale sky above him.

"Good avenin', Misther Morety," she said smoothly. "I hope ye have n't tired yerself intirely wid yer exertions."

He pointed his stick at her. "Take yer dirthy posts off me land," he said in a hoarse voice, "or I'll have the law on ye!"

"The law, is it?" The widow Dolan folded her arms triumphantly. "Don't come blitherin' law to me, when both thim lawyers down below says yer crazy mad, an' won't have nothin' to do wid ye."

Dennis went dark red, for this was true. He changed base. "Ye can't grow anythin' on my land," he growled, flourishing his stick at the demolished turnips. "I'll disthry it as I disthried thim."

"An' were ye afther thinkin' I 'd be havin' a witheroo over a thrifle of vig'tibles, an' me wid me good shtiff fince around me land?" she inquired loftily.

"'T is not your land." Dennis struck the fence a blow with his staff that made the wire sag. "It 's across me right o' way ye 've built it. 'T is my fince. I 'll have what the law gave me."

"An' is your right o' way so shtiff it won't bend a bit? What 's hindtherin' ye goin' round? 'T was a kindness of me lettin' ye have yer way through me lap o' land while it was open; but now ye can jusht go a step out o' yer way round it, an' much harm may it do ye!"

Dennis made a sudden lunge toward the bank with his stick.

"Be about your business," cried Jack Casey, seizing his arm.

Dennis raised his cane over the boy's head, but it did not fall, and Jack continuing to hustle him, he drew off down the trail, growling like a dog whose bone has been snatched.

The widow Dolan strode home exulting. But with the departure of Jack after dinner she had a sudden fall of spirits, a miserable sense of bitterness and loneliness. Until that evening's encounter she had kept a memory, however seldom revived, -one that, at times, had impiously swum between her eyes and the pages of the "Lives of the Martyrs,"—a memory of "black Dennis" riding at top speed through Dublin fair; of "sly Dennis Morety" dangling round her door, waiting for her to come home with her turf cuttings. But Dennis Morety backing down the trail, growling like a dog that dares not bite, had effaced the picture forever. She aged in that one night.

Cuney's death had stripped her of human companionship, and she clung to the hate of her enemy as the only thing life had left her. While Dennis, as sly and vengeful as a black cat, hung above her, weaving schemes for her discomfiture, her brain was busy with methods to foil or retaliate. If she went out of a morning to find her wires in a tangle, a young tree was apt to fall across the Morety trail, to be removed by Dennis only with great exertion. If her new potato crop was uprooted, he might find his wood-sled, left in the cut

overnight, upset, and half its load tumbled into the cañon.

She never dreamed of relinquishing her feud, but she was grim over it. She drew away from her neighbors until they suspected her of being queer. She was cold with loneliness, and she reared broods of chickens, and nursed young lambs in the

house, for something to "soother"—to keep away the sharp pang of it. Field-work and housework-she did both. She bent her back to the plow, and her hands

"'TAKE YER DIRTHY POSTS OFF ME LAND"

grew broad and horny. She sowed her crops, and harvested them with spade and rhythmically swinging scythe. Her face, turned much to sun and wind, beaten brown and red, relaxed its harsh lines to kindlier wrinkles. Her eyes had more peace from much looking at sky and trees and mountainous spaces; but there was a rooted trouble in her heart that confession and penance would not slacken. Every

time she looked up at the stumpy vineyard above her it stirred afresh. Every time she saw Dennis Morety's shadow sliding down "beyant the barn," she felt the hard bitterness.

Rumors began to be about town that Patrick, the lad, was going Dennis's way with the bottle. Then one night she heard

in the post-office that Pat Morety, while drunk and trying to get home alone, had fallen down the embankment of the big bridge and broken his neck.

"Sure, an' is n't the poor b'y better dead than wid black Dennis?" said the widow Dolan. But to herself she thought: "He's neither chick nor child; he 's alone like

meself. 'T is a terrible thing to be alone. An' if it 's for his sins, what were mine to be lift like him? Did n't I have a r'ason for me black anger?"

She was stealing down to the barn one evening, with a couple of straying turkeys under herarms, whose cries she had followed "through the bush for the matther of an hour." As she went she fancied one moving shadow where many were still, and that fancy quickened her superstitions and her pace in a whisk. She opened the door of the chicken-house, slipped the protesting fowls within, slid the latch, and turned to a slinking, shrinking something that seemed of scarcely more substance than a shadow.

"Kathleen Dolan," said a wavering voice.

She drew back with a chill, and crossed herself.

"I 'm not a ghosht," said the voice, gathering confidence.

"Thin ye 're a threspasser," she said.

"It's Dennis, Kathleen," quavered the shadow.

"Kathleen, is it, Misther Morety?" said she, drawing up. "It's the widder Dolan ye're talkin' to."

"Kathleen," said Dennis, a black hulk,

drawing into the moonlight, "ye 've no call to fear me."

"Fear, indade, ye long, black scut! Be off, or I'll take a shtick to ye!"

"An' where will I go?" he said, with a wild eye.

"Where ye wint before."

He looked up the hill, where his vineyard was a freckled patch on the mountain. "I can't. L'ave me shlape in yer barn to-night, Kathleen. I 'm feared."

"An' what are ye feared of, ye oma-

dhaun? The coyotes?"

"Of himself," moaned Dennis.

"Himself!" she said, with a start.

"Ay, Pathrick."

"An' what have ye to fear from the poor lad, God rest his sowl?" said Kathleen, making the sign of the cross.

"He does n't," said Dennis, with a rasp
—"he does n't rest, Kathleen! He begged
me to go wid him the night, an' I would n't.
If I'd been wid him, he'd niver have gone
over. It 's all alone there on the hill, an'
I 'm feared he 'll rise on me."

"Whisht!" she said, pulling in her shoulders. "Yefule, the lad's at peace. Don't ye, Dennis Morety, ashk any favors o' me."

"L'ave me shlape in yer barn!" the voice wailed. "Kathleen, it's in me heart he 'll rise on me."

She was turned from him, looking up the hill toward the solitary light of her house. That point of flame was the one thing that saved her from fear equal to his own. Presently she said shortly: "Beafther pullin' the door to behint ye, an' luk out for the settin' hin in the wesht corner."

"Oh, may the light o' hiven shine on ye! The saints make yer bed aisy!" Dennis's babble pursued her in an incoherent trail as she toiled up the slope.

Once with the door of her house locked after her, "Mother iv Hiven," she panted, "may Cuney forgive me for it; but I could n't, I could n't! Well, kape his soul, he'll have no r'ason to walk by me," she thought as she put out her light.

In the morning she stopped Dennis as he was slipping from the barn down the trail, where the lap o' land flourished with

cabbages.

"Come up for a bite," she said brusquely, and set him by the table, with a huge cup of coffee, and a roll the size of a young loaf in his fist. He rolled his eyes with suspicion at her, moving deftly about the

room without a word. But he copied her silence, and shambled from the door with a mumble that might have been gratitude.

He made her barn his lodging again that night, and in the morning, after a plate of breakfast from her hand, at her suggestion he split the wood. The idea that she meant kindness began to penetrate his dull brain, and he offered to put his hand to the plow.

"I 'll turn me own furrow," said the widow Dolan. "Ye 'd besht be afther

yours.'

"'T is pasht cooltivatin'," said Dennis, with a gloomy glance at his ragged vineyard; and when she sought to call him to dinner, she found him laboriously weeding in the lap o' land among the cabbages.

It was indeed a tacit acknowledgment of the end of ancient war. She was kind, almost gentle, over the supper; and later, after the milk-pails were scalded, she sat out on the step with him, her hands on her knees, her tired eyes looking off into the vapors of the valley. Dennis took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared hard at the toe of his dilapidated boot.

"I'm wondherin'," he began—"I'm wondherin', Kathleen, why ye were so fierce wid me that first time I saw ye. Why would n't ye spake to me?"

"I dunno," said the widow Dolan, slowly. "I was jusht black angry, Dinnis. An' I 'm thinkin' 't was because ye behaved so bad when I was married."

"Me?" Dennis gave a dull stare.
"Why did n't ye take me thin, 'stead o'
Cuney?" he asked finally, his eye again
on his boot.

"I'm thinkin' if ye'd behaved like that before me marriage, instid of afther, I might have."

The brain, once so keen and quick, labored with the problem, and from the words uprose at last a foggy idea.

"I'm wondherin'," said Dennis, growing dark red, "if ye'd take me now."

"If I'd—I'd take ye now!" repeated the widow Dolan, slowly. But the eyes she turned upon him were not scornful. "Dennis," she said—"Dennis Morety, ye ould fule! Me marry? Ye marry? An' both iv us as ould as Methuselah's cat! Why, Cuney Dolan w'u'd walk! He 'd rise on ye quicker than poor Pathrick!"

"Let him!" said Dennis, violently.
"I'll bate him as I've bate him before!"

"Whisht!" she said forbiddingly. "The man I married; an' I 'll never do that much for ye. I 'll give ye yer bite an' sup, an' I 'll keep ye in me barn, Dennis Morety; but not one step nearer ye come. No," she said, with a settled resolution on her face; "'t was me fault as much as yours. I did n't trust ye first, an' I blamed all me fears on ye afther. But 't is done, an' there's no undoin'." Slæ looked at him with a memory of the mirthful tenderness of

her youth. "There's too much wind gone over the hill for us to pertind we're young, Dinnis. L'ave marriage to childher. We're nearer our graves than our marriage."

Her hands fell from her knees, but her heart seemed to rise on a wave of peace. She felt that her burden of life was over. As the bells of the college across the valley began their evening chime, "God forgive me!" she thought. "I've confessed meself betther than the praist!"

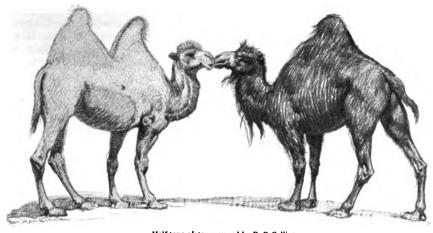


"'DENNIS MORETY, YE OULD FULE!"

### THE READING

### BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

APRIL shall in the old, old hope return,
The bird her herald; up the way of song
The pale green torch of May shall wave and burn,
And June shall follow. Undelaying, strong,
The wild loves, in their season, mate and breed;
The lusty colors come, the passions yearn;
And ever they whom loveliness may lead
By day and night of blissful wisdom learn.
But not the greenest leaves that drink the sun,
Nor brooks that set the silences to rhyme,
Bring joys that sleep upon the heart like one
From far, far back in dim and dateless time—
There where the old oft-opened script of flowers
The low-voiced wind is reading to the hours.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HER WIDOWED HEART WAS SOLACED BY THIS STATELY KNIGHT"

### THE BABY AND THE CAMEL

(STORIES OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY OF NEW YORK)

#### BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE



OUR o'clock of a July morning: the sun had just risen over the tents and minarets of "the Streets of Cairo." The murky purple haze on the ocean

gave promise of a hot day; but now it was cool, and a gentle salt breeze came over the white sands of Coney Island. At this moment a lumbering, shaggy beast rose from a sandy bed under an artificial palmtree, made her toilet by licking her yellow humps and horny knees, and marched solemnly between the painted walls of the city to the tent not far off. The tent was closed, and the beast waited patiently for a few minutes, then grunted and set the guy-ropes a-quiver with her cleft hoof. Again waiting awhile without result, the caller pouted with prodigious lips, opened and shut her valve-like flat nostrils, and thrust an undulating neck under an opening in the canvas.

A gurgling delighted laugh rose from within, and also a sleepy voice:

"Thy sister summons thee to play. Go, Meri-Teti, and commit no mischief."

"Salaam, Eset!" shrieked the one addressed, tumbling out of the tent in a greenand-gold jacket that reached to his chubby shanks of a chocolate hue. He was two feet in height, and had snapping black eyes, straight ebony hair, and fine white teeth. Being muscular and beautiful, the unbuttoned jacket was all the apparel he needed.

Meri-Teti threw his arms around the camel's neck and trotted by her side to the ocean front, where they washed themselves together. The child was regardless of his coat and more adventurous than usual; his fat little legs waded far out, defying pitfalls and the swift hissing surf that had a deceptive undertow. This caused some concern to Eset, who interposed her bulk on the ocean side and gently shoved him back, just as a roller struck the live breakwater with a crash and a showery upheaval of spray.

But Meri, wet and sprawling on his back, felt no gratitude. He jumped up in

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anger, smote the lips of his comrade with a clenched fist, and even had the cruelty to fling sand in her eyes. He lisped in Arabic:

"Dog! Pig! Thou art not my sister. I like my stepmother better."

Eset made no response save a piteous groan. Washing the sand out of her eyes with an incoming wave, she gazed down as if to say:

"Akh, little brother, I have lost my son, and thou hast no true mother. Why should we quarrel? Moreover, I am not a dog. The poets have long connected the tinkle of my bell with eternity. It is as it is. When one thinks of the days in the desert—"

And she looked out over the blue ocean with that mystical expression of yearning that haunts the Egyptian mind more than the glances of houris. She swayed her curved neck and caused the pendent silver bell to tinkle faintly.

"Forgive me, Ukht, sister!" murmured the boy, and kissed his friend. As a further token of reconciliation, he picked a pebble from between the right toes of the camel. Then they rolled over together on the sand, where it was dry, and stared up at the red sun in the profound, ruminative manner of men and beasts in the land of the Pyramids.

By this time "the Streets of Cairo" were showing signs of activity. A white-robed figure stood in the mosque tower, with his face to the sun, and gave the call to morning prayer. Sleepy-eyed Mohammedans crawled out of their tents, spread their rugs, washed, and prayed; while the Coptic Christians merely went about getting breakfast at their fires. There was soon a clack of tongues, rattle of pans, and babel of childish cries, varied with the barking of dogs, screeching of Nilotic birds, trumpeting of elephants, and growling of tigers and lions.

Meri and Eset thereupon went back to the encampment and breakfasted together. The boy sat cross-legged in front of the camel, with an earthenware bowl of milk on his knees and a cake of pirok—a cooked vegetable sandwich—in his hand. For Eset there were a pile of dough-balls, each pierced by a spear of hay knotted at the end. After taking a bite of pirok and a drink of milk, Meri dipped a dough-ball in his bowl and tossed it into the open mouth of the kneeling camel. A trick that amused both was when he seized the disappearing spear of hay between his agile little toes and pulled the dough-ball back, which caused a pleasant tickling. The camel gurgled in appreciation, smiling with each half of her sooty, velvety upper lip.

Toward the end of the repast Eset bethought her of a special stroke of affection
practised among the children of the desert.
Swallowing the last dough-ball, which was
a trifle sandy, she slid it up into her mouth
again, quite cleansed from all impurity,
and rolled it into Meri's lap for him to
eat. But he had had enough breakfast,
and he sent the ball on its second journey
past the ribbed palate and down the snaky
gullet. After this the child trudged off to
the lions' den and came back with a beefbone, which Eset began to chew by way
of dessert.

Meanwhile Meri's father and stepmother were breakfasting in a near-by kiosk, and, as usual, Hilal, the dusky " New Moon," was grumbling about things. She was small-hipped, with light bronze hair and a creamy complexion, showing the mixture of French blood: her mother had been a slave in the family of a French officer in Damietta. Girgis, on the other hand, was a full-blooded Copt, superficially phlegmatic and actually good-natured. His black hair came down to a point in the center of his low forehead. A pyramidal nose, long chin, and grayishwhite complexion were reminiscent of the stiff, sculptured faces on the tombs about his ancestral home of Memphis. After the death of his first wife, the mother of Meri. he became enamoured of New Moon, seeing her dance the sword-dance.

They lived together pretty amiably, except for the pangs of jealousy that the stepmother felt against Meri, and the reproaches that Girgis sometimes cast against her for being childless.

"The child will be drowned," grumbled New Moon, sipping her black coffee. "He goes out with the beast every morning."

"Eset will take care of him," replied Girgis calmly, thumbing a charge of to-bacco in the hubble-bubble. He lighted it and blew a ring of smoke. "No one is drowned before his time. Moreover, she is a mother to him."

"A mother! And what am I?" demanded the woman, indignantly.

"Thou art a wife, but no mother. Eset



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"TOSSED IT INTO THE OPEN MOUTH OF THE KNEELING CAMEL"

thinks of the boy all the time,—and thou knowest the protection of the camel is a sacred thing, - whilst thou art more engrossed with dancing and singing."

"That same dancing and singing," she cried, with an olive blush-"that same brings in many lire. And do not I care for the boy, and embroider garments for him, and embrace him when he is cold at night?"

"Ya Salaam, heavens! you love him when he is good, but when he shows the spirit of his race and pulls your hair, you wish to beat him. But Eset grows sad and silent, thus arousing the reverence of the boy and developing his character."

A fine schoolmaster, indeed! doubt the child will learn to read and write from such a source. He will become very wise." She tossed her head.

"Remember, O seedless one," said the man, with bitter brevity, "thou art part Algerian, and canst not understand the lore of the sacred beast who has taught us religion. Perchance hast not seen the heads of the Karnak temple or knelt before the obelisk at Luxor."

"You reproach me too much for being a cross-blood and without flower. Anyway, it is a great waste of lire for the camel-singer who comes Fridays with his lyre and chants

gibberish to the beast." She laughed scornfully, clasping the silver bracelets on her plump arms.

"Eset is far from home," replied Girgis, sternly, "and mayhap is a better follower of Mohammed than you are, knowing when the Sabbath comes. Grumble no more about these matters. Remember there are ships sailing every day, and a divorce only requires four words before witnesses." He frowned and stalked out of the kiosk.

New Moon's face turned an ashen hue. and she put her head in her hands; for she really loved Girgis and believed that the divorce laws were as rigorous to womankind in the New World as in the Old. She resolved to be more pious, praying often, and wearing the special camel-charm under

> her bosom, that Allah might send her a child.

> The exhibition was now open to the public that came swarming to Coney Island by steamship and trolley-car. Outside the turnstile at the gate stood a small-chinned interpreter from Cairo as barker, crying:

> "Walkeen, ladeiz and gentlemen! Zis is ze land of Cleopatra and ze Nile. Great spectackel of mens. odalisques, and animals."

At the side of the gate stood what



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins "REMINISCENT OF THE STIFF, SCULPTURED FACES ON THE TOMBS"



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

""WALKEEN, LADEIZ AND GENTLEMEN! ZIS IS ZE LAND OF CLEOPATRA AND ZE NILE"

seemed to be a statue of a Nubian with naked trunk and gold hoops in his ears, a snake wound around the body, and a muzzled leopard crouched at the feet. Two small boys of a scientific spirit licked their fingers and applied them to the cheeks of the statue. The next moment they shrieked and ran, as most uncannily the black eyes shifted from side to side, showing the ivory

teries of which the American housewife explored with pitying awe; and on the other the temple theater, which some folks understood to be an immoral place. The jangling music of the orchestra, with a jigging drone bass and animal wails in the treble, echoed from the hanging gardens of palms and orchids over the entrance. The musicians followed the conductor in



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
MERI-TETL AND ESET

whites, while the snake hissed and the leopard growled. It was such exhibits as these that safeguarded the encampment from burglars and petty thieves, though this particular Nubian was a gentle Arab immigrant working out a month's board bill, and the snake was an aged, fangless reptile.

The tide of spectators pressed around the wild animals in cages that had painted on the back walls desert and mountain scenery as precaution against homesickness; the cages of birds and aquaria; the platforms exhibiting the dancing dervish, sword-thrower, and fakirs. On one side in the distance was the cook-house, the mys-

furious abandon of improvised variations on the ancient melodies of the desert. At moments the cross-legged flute-player, the lutist, and the xylophonist wandered off in different points of the musical compass, producing a fearful din; but they soon swung back to the main theme in tolerable unison. Again an ecstatic drummer leaped from his place and waltzed amid his fellows, enacting the perils of a journey through the sands. Almost starved and dying of thirst, mocked by mirage, and unsheltered from the sun by any camels of the sky (the clouds), he threw himself on the green border of an imaginary oasis, while the tapping of the camel-drum in-



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"INSTANTLY THERE WAS A GREAT HUBBUB"

dicated the footsteps of the beast that came bringing safety.

"Now what does it all mean? How stupid and silly!" remarked a Western school-teacher who had been on a Cook's tour to Egypt.

"They 're a queer, dumb lot," agreed her companion, a water-colorist looking for material. "They do everything by rote, and only shrug their shoulders to questions—except that idiot interpreter, who takes tips and babbles."

Girgis remarked to his wife as she smoked the narghile lying on her divan:

"The people to-day are more ignorant. Their eyes do not see enough; so they ask questions. They appear to be a lot of money-changers, occupants of the men-

harems [office-buildings], who only see the light of the sun on a holiday like this."

A caravan journey from Farafra to the oasis of Dakhel had been advertised as the event of the day. There was preliminary praying and singing, while the luggage was brought together and packed on the camels' backs. The veiled women reclined on a platform of gay rugs laid over three beasts harnessed tandem with a canopy overhead, and eunuchs were appointed to guard this ship with twelve legs. A last water-skin, bag of dates, and a copy of the Koran being flung aboard the rearward pack-animals, a troop of fiery horsemen with spears atilt caracoled before the caravan.

Just at the start a cry was raised that Eset was not in her place. Fleet-footed messengers raced through the suburbs of Cairo, seeking the missing camel and Meri-Teti, who was bound to be with her. The messengers came back, saying that neither was in sight. Instantly there was a great hubbub, which to the audience seemed incomprehensible. Girgis tore his hair and reproached Hilal, vowing that some fatality had occurred; Hilal wept and called down curses on the mother that bore such a gadding child. The musicians struck up a doleful lament, and a dervish in salmon tunic felt it apropos to shriek the loss of Hasan and Husein. At length the distracted father was able to direct the searching parties. One body of horsemen were to explore the imaginary quicksands at the northern extremity of the beach, another to examine the southerly quagmires; some footmen to visit Little Italy, the Sioux village, the Rocky Mountain gorges, and "the Streets of Dublin"; while the interpreter was sent to palaver with the Sheik Patreek Koogan, the chief of police.

A terrible half-hour went by, during which the audience threatened riot because the caravan would not move, and the indignant Egyptians told the audience they could get their money back as fast as they pleased. Some of the messengers, returning, said that the footsteps of the camel led to the ocean brink, indicating that the cunning one thus wiped out her trail in kidnapping Girgis's son. This added to the father's wild grief; and the pink dervish, foaming at the lips, whirled around so fast that he fell in a fit.

Suddenly a shout arose from the watch-

man on the minaret, and the whole population of Cairo, followed by the audience, flowed out to the beach in the direction of his gesticulations. A camel with four wide-straddling legs loped along the strand, regardless of the frightened bathers, who ran right and left; a dark spot between the lofty, unequal humps of the animal resolved itself into the semi-nude body of Meri, clinging tight with knees and hands to his natural hairy saddle. Far behind pursued a troop of the lance-wielding Bedouins, bound originally for the oasis of Dakhel.

What a welcome the wanderers received, and the next moment how many reproaches and angry expostulations!

"Where hast thou been, faithless one?" demanded Girgis, fiercely, of the quadruped.

"We have lost money from the audience owing to thy tricks," cried New Moon. "And, besides, Meri's father accused me."

"Thou shalt be deprived of the doughballs this evening," added Girgis, shaking his fist. "Go, take thy place in the caravan!"

Meri and Eset understood from all this that they occupied the center of the stage, and immediately began to perform together. Eset first twisted her head and licked the rider's eyes; then, kneeling, she deftly tumbled him on the sand and embraced him with her fore feet. Meri laughed with glee, showing his little white teeth; but some of the spectators were horrified and talked of rescuing the child from peril. By this time the Bedouins and the other messengers, Sheik Koogan, and five hundred bathers, had been added to the audience ranged in a circle on the beach. The proprietors of Cairo became frantic as they saw this host witnessing a performance for nothing, and they tried to get everybody to go back to the encampment. But Eset and Meri stubbornly refused to budge, and everybody preferred to see their doings rather than anything else.

Eset went on with the performance by pumping up from her internal cisterns a stream of pure water, which she sprayed through her teeth over the child's head, whereat he laughed and cooed like any baby in a bath-tub. The sun was hot, and the water refreshingly cool.

There was a round of applause, and

Sheik Koogan started the flinging of dimes to Meri and "the human poomp."

A scientist who was present explained to a group of German bathers, who did not understand him, that submarine boats had water-compartments like the ship of the desert.

It being Meri's turn to play pranks with his friend, he did everything from climbswayed from side to side, thus creating a cradle for the sleepy child. To be sure, the motion would have made any white youngster seasick.

The small-chinned interpreter, who had been itching to deliver a discourse, now began:

"Ladeiz and gentlemen! Zis camel is ze direct descendant off Al Adha, sacred



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley
"AN AWFUL HELLISCHTY THUMP-BUMP"

ing on top of the beast by means of her tail, doing leap-frog over the big hind hump and the lesser fore hump, to playing hide-and-seek between her legs. Then she crouched on the sand like a huge dog, blinking her amber eyes, and the baby cuddled up to her nose, which, being large and cold, performed the office of refrigerator to the hot little body.

"Sure, that 's the way thim Bedouinses in the desert cool their bottled beer," said Sheik Koogan.

"Mein Gott," exclaimed a Teuton bather, "er lachelt mit der harelip! Es ist in zwei part—und ein accordionische neck!"

Finally Meri climbed between the humps, and Eset, rising to her feet, gently

slit-ear one zat carried ze Prophet from Jerusalem to Mecca in four bounds, and wass instantly transpor' to Paradise."

The interpreter went on in this vein, and the audience melted away, fearing that he was demanding an admission fee.

When autumn came "the Streets of Cairo" were left empty. Some of the citizens went back to the fatherland, while the animals were stabled in the zoo or the circus. Girgis took his family to live in a third-story flat near Morris street, in the Egyptian colony of the big city. He spent hours in the café, playing dama, and occasionally keeping shop for his cousin, or earning a few dollars by expert work for the custom-house. New Moon, in her lei-

dler time, embroidered shawls, which a pedMer, sold on up-town street-corners. As for
week, oreek, sudde playing with the Irish boy and the
pereft awoke to the fact that he was
pereft by awoke to the fact that he was
find dear sister. He asked where
by awoke to fact that he was
find dear sister. He asked where
by was too far off. He began
pale and listless; he slept fitfully
The slittle crimson-green coverlet.

ther tried to divert him with toys me, which only made the baby esome, while a large wax doll he m him in disgust. The ailing of to further trouble between man Girgis again cruelly reproaching lack of offspring and her ill treatment of the child. The poor woman prayed

more earnestly than ever, and it dawned upon her that Eset was taking revenge for her hostility.

One day Girgis called a consultation of doctors, or rather had a sequence of them without one another's knowledge. The first was a Syrian, who prescribed a harmless pill and charged twenty piasters; the second was a Jew, whose long nose Meri gripped affectionately in the dark bedroom, thinking Eset had returned; the third, a pilgrim from Mecca, as was attested by the green strip in his turban, proved to be the true physician. He said the child was pining for his sister, and, by the same sign, she was pining for him. Now if the camel died and the spirit left her body, the child would die also. Therefore would it be well to send for Eset and unite the pair, which would likewise be a means of grace for the whole colony.

Girgis argued with the pilgrim-doctor that it was impossible to carry out the prescription, the camel having been put into winter quarters at the public zoo and the contract signed. Moreover, what accommodations could be found for the beast in a third-story flat? Suppose it were possible for her to climb three flights, would the janitor permit it? The doctor replied that these trifling details did not concern his therapeutic art.

Torn with anxiety for several days, Girgis finally went with the interpreter to see the director of the zoo. There was a long palaver; at last the director said it would be impossible to take Meri as a fellow-boarder to the camel, but, for the sake of

the child, he was willing to cancel his contract and let Girgis have the beast again.

Exactly what happened after this is difficult to say, but Meri suddenly recovered from his ailment and the whole family became filled with joy. It was an inclusive, crafty enjoyment. No longer was any neighbor welcome to visit the flat and drink a cup of black coffee. Even a compatriot had to knock in a certain way and glide through the partly opened door, which was quickly slammed after him. Such behavior aroused first the curiosity and finally the hostile suspicion of other tenants in the house. The Irish washerwoman on the top floor and the Swedish Jew on the ground floor held an indignation meeting one day over a pitcher of beer.

The washerwoman asked what these dommed circus foreigners meant by their exclusive manners and secret carryings on. with curtains drawn at the back windys. Likely it was a den of counterfeiters or anarchists. At this the Swedish Iew exclaimed that at midnight two weeks ago he was awakened by a heavy tread on the stairs—an awful hellischty thump-bump, mingled with sighs and groans. The noise ceased when the door on the third landing opened. The washerwoman thereupon cried that she had n't put her ear to the kayhole last noight for nothing. She heard a loud gurgle that might have come from the throat of a murdered man; also she picked up a wisp of hay lying on the threshold. The Swedish Jew asked if it was dry hay soaked with oil, and if so, he suspected a plot to defraud the insurance. The washerwoman scoffed, and held to the theory of murder, specially as there was a rank smell about the flat, and her boy Tim, who climbed the fire-escape and peeped in the window, saw a big yellow heap that looked like a corpse.

The upshot of all this was that the bartender of the corner saloon obliged his friends, the Jew and the washerwoman, by telephoning to the Board of Health that a gang of foreigners were keeping a private tan-yard in their apartments.

Three days later an inspector of the department, a blond-whiskered man with a brassy cap, knocked thunderously at the door of Girgis's flat. The door opened an inch, then closed again, and there was a scurrying of feet and a swift clatter of

various tongues. Meanwhile the portals of all the other apartments yawned, and a dozen voluble tenants surrounded the inspector. The washerwoman was the first to announce that it was not a murder at

The door opened, and Girgis politely asked the great sheik to enter. The tenants fell back, but stood together whispering in large suspense during the interview within.

Luckily the interpreter from Cairo was



"'HE WILL GLAD LEND TEN DOLLAR TO YOUR HIGHNESS'"

all, neither a case of counterfeiting. The Swedish Jew pointed to a broken balustrade and asked everybody whether a man could have done it; while other amateur detectives picked up straws and pointed to hoof-prints in the varnished floor.

"'T is a live camel!" screamed the washerwoman. "I knew it first. Me boy Tim he looked in the windy yesterday an' saw the haythen baste stickin' his head out the windy forninst a yard of neck covered wid wool!"

visiting Girgis this morning, and he translated the latter's replies to the inspector's questions. Meri-Teti, sparkling-eyed but grave, held a position in the arms of Hilal. She wore a new dress and a gold-braided jacket cut moon-shape.

"Why did n't you open the door?"

began the inspector, gruffly.

"He says," replied the interpreter, "you are great lord of ze government. It is to fix ze sings. Will you smoke?"

"Ask the --- heathen what sort of per-

fumery he uses." The inspector sniffed deeply.

"He says attar of roses. He would like

to gife you one bottle."

"Confound your impudence! You 're keeping a den of wild beasts here. Where is that camel the people are kicking about?"

"He says, honor lord, a camel is impozzible. The stair is too high, too narrow."

"Well, you 've got something here," shouted the inspector, "and I 'm going to look for it."

"He says you pliz welcome look. After look, eat dinner."

"Tell him to quit breakin' his back and waggin' his arms," snorted the official. "You're bad enough."

The inspector began a tour of the flat, starting with the bath-room and the kitchen and proceeding through the bedrooms and the parlor. He looked under divans, opened closets, and thrust aside the draperies on the walls. Meri, who had toddled ahead of him into the parlor, perched himself on a great low table covered with a holy rug in olive and crimson. His chubby feet were crossed in the pictured temple niche, and he positively laughed at the inspector's discomfiture, while pretending to count his toes.

The people outside were making a noise

and taking turns at the keyhole.

"I can't find that came, but you got it here somewhere. You got a wild animal here, all right. I can tell him by the smell. And what's this bunch of yellow wool on the floor and them scratches on the sill of the window?"

"He says," replied the interpreter, "he is poor-ignorant man, but he will glad lend ten dollar to your Highness; and ze New Moon sie love your look zo much sie will gife you a fine shawl."

"This shows you're crooked, you miserable heathen! I ain't no bribe-taker. I bet

you had a camel here, all right."

"He says no camel. Stairs too high, too narrow. A camel no has wings; ver'

clumsy beast-so."

"I don't care how you got him up here," declared the enraged official. "God knows; perhaps you brought him up in sections, or maybe he was born here and grew up, or maybe you hauled him up by a derrick some night. But I want the truth about this matter; and if I can't get it, I 'll-"

"He says he keep one big dog here last

week. Dog gone now."

"Do you feed hay to dogs?" shouted the inspector, brandishing a wisp that he had picked up from a divan. "Does a dog have yellow hair ten inches long? Show me that camel, and be quick about it!"

"He says no camel; has no wings—n-o-o-o-n-e-v-a-r-r—"

At this moment, as the baffled inspector had his face turned sidewise toward the door, there was a movement under the sacred rug whereon Meri-Teti perched, and a low, gurgling sound, as if the steamradiator were in pain. Girgis and Hilal gestured involuntarily and exchanged anxious glances, while the interpreter began to speak rapidly about the bad climate of this country as compared with Cairo. Then a long, hairy, yellow neck thrust itself from beneath the rug, tumbling backward Meri-Teti, shrieking with laughter, and a stream of water three inches in diameter struck the inspector full in the face. He gasped, half blinded; leaped in the air with affright: and swore a round oath. He was at first uncertain whether he had felt the explosion of an infernal machine or had gotten the full force of a fire-hose.

"Oh, misery! Woe and grief!" shrilled the New Moon, veiling her face.

And Eset rose majestically to her feet, filling the room with her bulk like an expansive bottled jinn; curved the satiny cleft lip backward on each side of her red gums, and smiled affectionately at Meri, who clapped his hands and danced between her legs in an abandon of glee.

The audience outside, knowing that something had happened, raised a loud murmur and sent spies up the fire-escape.

When the inspector found his breath and orderly capacity of thought, he wiped the water from his blond beard with a blue silk portière, and exclaimed with blasting sarcasm:

"A camel has no wings! It can't fly! Oh, no! You—heathen Ananias!"

Although Hilal was weeping and the interpreter pale with fright, Girgis kept his stoical self-composure. He made no vain attempt, as an Occidental would have done, to palliate the fact or to apologize

for his mendacity. What had happened, had happened. Accepting the new turn in affairs, he began to berate Eset in this vein:

"O faithless one! O dog! Couldst thou not keep quiet two minutes longer? Must spit thy vile water over a great sheik who represents the United States government and has a medal on his cap? Shame and disgrace thou hast brought upon us by thy trick. Probably we shall go to jail, since it is hard to grease the palm of wrath. But I will send thee back to the desert. Helmless one! Sponge-foot! Leanhumped! Dog of a dog!"

Eset hung her head in meek sorrow, and Meri crept up to her and kissed her nose. She stood forlorn in her ragged coat, long around the neck, but untimely shed at the pink-veined stomach, owing to grief and exile. The humps were just recovering from their recent lean flabbiness by means of a generous regimen of dough-balls. She opened and shut her eyes, sighing.

The interpreter now achieved a wonderful feat, for he softened the inspector's heart by a recital of the relation between the baby and the camel. Perhaps the great sheik was more enlightened by the visible distress of "the gang of foreigners" and touched by the mutual caresses of babe and animal; at any rate, he said he forgave Eset for squirting water on him, and would use his influence with the department to delay her removal.

"Honorable officer of Uncle Sam!" rose in a chorus. "Peace be with thee and thy day be blessed. May thy goods increase! In God's name, eat with us, O blond-whiskered notability!"

What between red tape wound by the obliging inspector and the mechanical difficulties of lowering Eset to the sidewalk through the window, though she could easily have walked down-stairs, Meri did not lose his sister before the end of two weeks. And by this time the reconciled neighbors had become so fond of the shaggy tenant that they regretted her departure as much as any one.

Meri did not fall ill again, because his father took him punctually three times a week to visit Eset at the zoo; and within a few months there arrived a real little sister, who proved a most delightful playmate in spite of a limited capacity for swallowing dough-balls and for pumping water.

Thus the curse was removed from New Moon. She was no longer a stepmother liable to be cast off by the saying of four words, and Girgis loved her and her child devotedly.

As for Eset, she pined awhile at the second separation and felt extremely jealous of the little sister. Her topaz eyes became enfilmed as she saw the attention paid to a milk-guzzling nonentity, the vindictive way in which New Moon dandled the successful offspring. But one day the keeper of the zoo introduced her to a distinguished black camel with a single majestic hump, who had just arrived from Egypt. Her widowed heart was solaced by this stately knight; her humps grew fat and her coat glossy; she tinkled the silver bell around her neck in shy surrender, and at the reunion in "the Streets of Cairo" the next summer she was perfectly happy.





"MAHOMET HEARD THE SOLEMN PRONUNCIAMENTO OF THE SHERIFF
IN SPEECHLESS AWE"

## A NEVADA SAMARITAN

### BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

Author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

I



AD Mahomet Ben Ali's circus been furnished with fulminate, which had suddenly exploded, scattering horses, actors, wagons, and canvas in every conceivable

direction, the utter annihilation of the show could scarcely have appeared more complete than it did this morning, at the edge of the small Nevada town of Alderville.

To be sure, the improvised "ring" of turf and sand remained in place, and a few battered stakes and tent-poles marked the spot as one of previous activities, but of all the "superlative and glittering aggregation of marvels, wonders, and beauties" there was nothing left to exhibit save Mahomet himself and his big blind elephant Habiba.

By the morning light they stood there, "hand in hand," deserted, forlorn, and wretched, Habiba with her great wrinkled trunk across Mahomet's arm, while her master clutched the shirt upon his body and vacantly stared into space.

Once more, by the sickly light of dawn

he beheld the demolition of his show—the wild, irresistible scramble of equestriennes, acrobats, drivers, clowns, and roustabouts to lay mad hands of possession on something in lieu of wages, and to flee the scene. On the horses, in the wagons, and even by foot, they had gone, snatching anything and everything in sight, and trooping forth by roads and trails, till not a stitch of even side-show canvas had been left behind.

The one apparent consolation was that the town still stood in place. Alderville had been casually jotted down on the map, where cow-boy and mining country met. In addition to many saloons and two or three stores, it boasted a newspaper, court, and jail; yet its real importance lay in the wisdom of its citizens. The proof of this was soon to come to Mahomet.

The sheriff and half a dozen stalwarts of the town came hastening to the site whereon the show had briefly flourished, and served no fewer than thirteen attachments—levied on the elephant. Boardbills, hay-bills, and drink-bills comprised the majority of the claims, but no one in town who conceived himself in any manner

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whatsoever a benefactor of the vanished circus or its people had neglected to pounce upon Habiba.

Mahomet heard the solemn pronunciamento of the sheriff in speechless awe. The thing was incredible; a cataclysm like this could not be real.

Stunned, unable to fathom a dread so utterly profound, Mahomet led the great blind beast away behind the long, slim minion of the law, obeying, as one in a trance, when the sheriff presently bade him house Habiba in a shed and tie her fast to a stake.

Mechanically still he left the lorn big creature there and saw her locked inside.

"She 's hungry, boss," he said at length.
"She ought be having something for eating."

"That 's all right, my friend," replied the sheriff; "I 'll send around a bag of peanuts and a bale of hay. And don't you try no game of clearin' out with the critter till these here bills are paid, fer it won't be healthy a minute. The law 's a-goin' to keep its eye on you, Mr. Mahomet, to see you don't pull up and skedaddle, like that there circus done in the night. So git away from the shed."

Mahomet got away. He wandered idly down the street, too dazed to know why he went or where he was going. In his hand he held the notices of his thirteen-ply calamity. Vaguely, and for lack of a more enlightening employment, he looked the bundle through. At the end he wondered if any one in town possessing a business had neglected to sue out a writ.

After a time he found himself staring at a sign, which he read and re-read, time after time, for no particular reason. It spelled out the legend:

#### ALDERVILLE ENTERPRISE

JOB-PRINTING OFFICE

Mahomet could see no reason why such an office should exist in Alderville, till at last the fact entered the dim uncertainty of his cogitation that the "Enterprise" had advertised his circus in its columns and printed the dodgers tossed about the country. He owed this office money, yet where was the editor's attachment on Habiba?

Without requiring any specific reason, save that all the country editors he had ever known were generally penniless, and therefore sympathetic, he crossed the street and climbed the outside stairs to the sanctum of the publication.

Now Post B. Nichols not only owned and edited, fathered and mothered, nursed and carried the "Enterprise" alone, but he felt that he had a herd of other troubles into the bargain. He had, just two days before, received the worst of the bruises in a private affray of the heart in which Miss Ellen Watt had declared his hopes and aspirations to be silly, unwelcome, and futile. He listened attentively, nevertheless, to all that his visitor had to impart.

There should have been something pathetic in Mahomet's tale, but Nichols was not apparently saddened.

"I used to be an actor once myself," said he, with a grin. "I 've been broke and abused and underfed and undershod and underestimated so many times I even forgot how to dream of turkey dinner. But don't you worry over what you owe the 'Enterprise.' We won't slap another attachment on the elephant, you can bank on that, and I 'll do what I can to help you out; but I have n't got a cent to liquidate your bills."

"No, no, no," said Mahomet, earnestly; "I do not expect. But maybe you have some work my elephant can do. She is wonderful animal. Habiba do everything but talk."

"All pet animals can do everything but talk," agreed the editor. "But unless Habiba can get up copy or stick a little type, she could n't be of any use to me. Is she all they left you of the show?"

Mahomet raised his hands to heaven.
"Allah! She is all I have in the world!"
he said.

"Seems too bad for the boys to freeze onto one poor elephant," Nichols mused aloud. "Where did you say they 've got her locked?"

Mahomet described the shed, which the editor knew. For a moment the ex-actor lost himself in thought.

"Your proposition now is simply how to get Habiba out of the county," said he. "Could n't you tell her to break down the shed and head due north across the hills? Once she gets over into Piute County, the courts here would have no jurisdiction."



"HE LISTENED ATTENTIVELY . . . TO ALL THAT HIS VISITOR HAD TO IMPART"

Nichols's thoughts gravitated naturally to Piute County, for there Miss Ellen Watt had domicile.

"I could get Habiba to break this shed," answered the saddened Mahomet. "She could come out, yes, but she is blind. She don't know this due north."

"That 's so," agreed the editor. "But if you left the town and she broke out later, could n't she follow your trail?"

Mahomet shook his head. "She never is train' this way."

"Then she ain't as smart as a dog," was Nichols's decision. "I 've got a dog that will go right over into Piute County, day or night, whenever he gets unfastened. I have to keep him chained up all the time. He 'll go to his old-time home from anywhere on earth."

Mahomet could make no reply. Habiba's ways were not the ways of the canine family.

The editor was thinking. A merry twinkle began to glow in his eyes. He presently said: "By George!" Mahomet waited. "Look here," said Nichols; "I think perhaps I can fix it, with the dog. Can you work up any plan to get your elephant to break down the shed and

come outside, about twelve o'clock tonight?"

"If I could stan' outside this shed and speak Arabic love to Habiba, she will come out," replied Mahomet. "She will come out of a mountain if I speak this love in Arabic."

"Yes, but if you go fooling around there the sheriff is going to see you, and the jig will be up," imparted Nichols. "That won't do. I'll have to think." This he did. He added in a moment: "The only puzzle for us is to get Habiba out of the shed to-night without you being around."

Mahomet felt a confidence in his editorial Samaritan. He did some fine Oriental thinking for a space of several minutes. Then he said:

"You speak this Arabic?"

Nichols barely knew that "Habiba" had to do with love.

"No," he said; "not a word. But I guess I could learn a line or two, if it is n't any worse than Hamlet's soliloquy."

"Ah—my friend! my friend! That is it!" cried the suddenly exultant Mahomet. "You will learn this love in Arabic and speak it outside this shed to-night, and Habiba—she will come!"

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"All right; that 's just the ticket," said Nichols. "Give me the lines."

He wrote the jargon down, as Mahomet poured it forth. Such a mixture of Allahs and terms of endearment was certainly never before committed to paper. "Habib" and "Habiba" were employed in every accent, modulation, and construction of verbal caressing, affection, and partnership; but that was all the editor could guess. He practised, twenty times or more, the voice, the tempo, and the intonation. His dormant powers of mimicry responded to his needs at once. A sharper, more fastidious beast than an elephant might have listened in vain for the tones whereby to detect the difference between the editor's speech and Mahomet's. And then the men shook hands.

"Here 's a dollar to get you a breakfast," said the man with troubles of his own. "This afternoon you start for Piute County-Meadow's Ranch-by the road that leads due north from here, and tonight I 'll do the rest."

As he sat alone in his dingy little office, Post B. Nichols chuckled warmly to himself for a time, and then became unduly sober. He was thinking of Ellen Watt and the severity of her indifference to his overtures. He shook his head in lugubrious melancholy, then got down to the task of carving up exchanges for the daily feast of news.

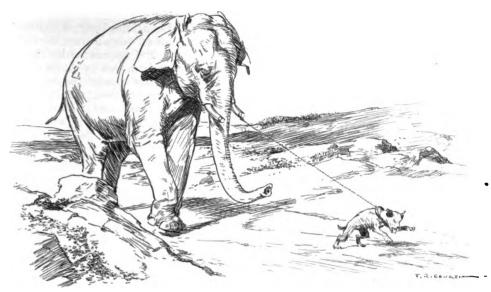
Early in the evening, while the sun still illumined the valley, the editor went to the sheriff, accompanied by his dog. The vigorous little mongrel was held in leash by a light steel chain. He was not much to see, that dog, being a fuzzy little black-andwhite combination of energy, audacity, intelligence, and plain doggishness, whose hold on Post B. Nichols's affections was nearly as stout as his own devotion to the far-off home of his puppyhood. He now proceeded to sniff about and otherwise appraise the sheriff, with more or less contempt in his deportment.

"Say, Batts, look here," said Nichols, quietly; "I've got a certain interest in that elephant you locked in Borden's shed, and I want to leave Blix, my dog, in there to watch and give a warning if the circusman should happen to sneak around and try to nail his beast."

"He 's gone; went and had a talk with



"THE BUILDING OPENED LIKE A BURSTING NUT"



"HE TOOK UPON HIMSELF THE WHOLE RESPONSIBILITY OF HABIBA'S TONS OF BULK"

his critter, and left this afternoon fer Piute County," said the sheriff. "Said he thought he might be able to raise some money from a friend and liquerdate the animile. I don't mind leavin' you put the dog on watch, but Mahomet ain't a-goin' to steal no elephant to-night."

"He might come back, is what I had in mind," explained the editor.

"That 's so," agreed Mr. Batts. "I was half-way thinkin' of that when I said I did n't mind your leavin' the dog. Here 's the key. You kin give it back this evenin', and go and tie the dog inside right off. I 've got to put fer home and supper. Elephant 's all fixed up and fed and watered fer the night."

Nichols made his way to the shed at once. The great gray bulk of the elephant within the structure loomed prodigiously as Post and his dog entered the place. Blix immediately trotted to Habiba's bale of hay and saw the active, wrinkled trunk swing suddenly toward him. He could not move for doggish awe, but something was quickly vouchsafed his animal intelligence. The trunk was the elephant's all, in her blindness, and the rapid, accurate investigation that it gave to Blix was evidently assuring, for the half-scared visitor was received as a friend at once, and up against Habiba's mighty "hand of fellowship" he climbed in immediate confidence.

Nichols meantime drew from his pocket a second chain, and snapping this to the other, fastened the end to the ring secured in Habiba's polished trunk.

He left the strangely assorted chums together, locked the door, took the key to the sheriff's office, and went back again to the sanctum of the "Enterprise."

Night came on, and with it troubles for the editor. The press broke down while the sheet was being printed, and Nichols wrought like a demon to annul the untoward calamity.

He won in the struggle with the obstinate mechanism, but when he had finished, the hour was four in the morning, and Habiba, Mahomet, Blix, and even Ellen Watt had been utterly forgotten. Worn, but triumphant, the man was the last to leave the office. Then he finally thought of the prisoned elephant.

Already the morning was coming and the world was emerging from darkness. Fearing he might be too late for the execution of his plan, Nichols hurried to Borden's shed, beating his memory hotly as he went, to conjure back the rigmarole Mahomet had taught him the previous day.

There, with all his arts and sympathies combined in the effort, he raised his voice and sung out the abracadabra—Mahomet's honeyed string of love-words, coaxings, and wooings.

For a moment nothing happened. With subtler mimicry Nichols spoke again. Then, with one mighty quiver and rending and crashing, the building opened like a bursting nut, with splinters of beams and boards all raggedly bulging out from the center, and there was Habiba, stalking from the wreckage, bearing upon her massive back a swaying frame of planks that presently fell to the ground.

Nichols stood stiffly and stared. His gaze was searching the scene in a swift, worried way for his dog. Then he saw him. Blix was on hand, leaping to the fore at once, in terror of the huge eruption.

The blind elephant halted uncertainly, raised her trunk, and swept it about as if to feel for a presence. She sounded a shrill little trumpet—her answer to Mahomet Ben Ali, master, lover, and friend. Nichols watched her silently as she wavered a little in her tracks and swung her ponderous head. Already Blix was straining at his chain. As if the intelligent beast presently remembered what Mahomet had told her in his "talk" the afternoon before, she put out her trunk, and, feeling the chain, hesitated only for a moment longer, then suffered herself to be led away by the dog.

True to his homing instinct, Blix was headed "due north," for the place of his birth, a good ten miles away in Piute County. It was this on which Nichols had counted. The dog began to lead with all his might; he tugged at Habiba in a fever of impatience. He fairly had a list to port,

so mightily did he strain.

Leisurely, quietly, out to the road swung Habiba, like a great dark ship in tow of a tug, for Blix was hotly panting and choking in his superabundant earnestness of purpose. He gouged out the sand of the highway in his lusty scheme of propulsion; he took upon himself the whole responsibility of Habiba's tons of bulk, as if he felt that he was dragging her bodily. His feet slipped from under him, he lost a heap of motion, but he scrambled forward in an effort to go a hundred times faster than Habiba meant to walk. His one idea was to get to his old-time home.

Out through the sage-brush, lining the road, the blind and the faithful proceeded, while Nichols, greatly pleased, went home to snatch an hour or two of sleep before he should start for Piute County to re-

cover his dog.

The sun came up, and Alderville was calm. Apparently not a citizen had been disturbed in his lulling dreams.

It was seven o'clock when Habiba and

her straining and panting little pilot crossed the divide, came on down toward the Piute County farms, and approached a ranch that was hidden from view by a turn of the road. As they came around the curve the dog espied a group of three small children walking by the fence, and farther away, in the orchard, a plump young woman.

Blix gave a bark, and the children turned. For a moment the sight of a huge gray beast, occupying all the road and swinging forward toward them, held them rigid with alarm. Then one found legs and found his voice. He ran like one possessed and screamed:

"Aunty Ellen, the mountain 's coming! the mountain 's coming! the mountain 's coming!"

At his heels his two small companions joined in the fright and retreat, and, like so many quail, the three dived under the fence at once, into the orchard where the plump young woman stood as if petrified with awe. Then abruptly inspired, she hoisted the youngsters into a tree, and herself scrambled into its branches in a panic.

Meantime Blix redoubled his pressure to tow his vast companion faster. Habiba, however, had heard the childish voices. She liked children. Moreover, the odor of apples came deliciously upon the air from certain of the orchard trees. She slowly extended her trunk to the chain, drew in the dog, and taking him up in her gentlest, firmest manner, placed him on top of her head.

Momentarily appalled, Blix looked about from his eminence in peculiar silence: he could not fall from a lump so broad, and he dared not leap from a monument so high; but he presently regained his wits, and barked and yelped, in fury, protestation, and scolding. Habiba calmly turned from the road, bumped up against the fence, went through it as a warship goes through a smack, and entered the orchard with confidence, the frenzied and helpless little Blix walking restlessly about on her cranium and voicing the sharpest indignation.

"Aunty Ellen" gave a half-smothered scream of terror. The children were momentarily dumb with consternation. Habiba, guided by the human voice, came ponderously up to the tree and extended her trunk in mute appeal for apples, almost in the faces of the horror-stricken occupants of the branches. Finding the

children indisposed to assist the blind, she directed her "fingers" from twig to twig till she found an apple. She tucked it away and began to hunt for another.

tree, with food, the creature continued to strip from the boughs, in a calm that

and fright, in which the children joined. Nichols heard it above the barking of Blix, and then descried Habiba, standing eating apples in the orchard.

At the voice of "Aunty Ellen," who was otherwise Miss Watt, he leaped from the buckboard, hastily secured his trembling horse to the fence, and strode in, unafraid, to confront the elephant.



"HABIBA TROD ABOUT THE TREE AND TOOK ITS OFFERINGS"

Blix, for all his noisy energy, could not disturb.

For half an hour Habiba trod about the tree and took its offerings; for half an hour Blix stamped in futile rage upon her skull and barked and yelped.

Then, from far up the road, in the clear morning air, came the rattle and clatter of a buckboard, almost advertising, by its dry-bone song, that it hailed from the sand and sun of Alderville. It was Post B. Nichols, driving to Meadow's Ranch, the next farm beyond, to call on Ellen Watt and to get his dog.

The plump young woman knew his rig. She gave a lusty scream of mingled joy What he should do he did not know, till he suddenly thought of the abracadabra, spoken so successfully at dawn. He repeated it at once.

Habiba paused in the act of plucking an apple. She lowered her trunk, and swinging about, approached him quietly.

"Post! Oh, Post dear! Post! Look out!" cried the terrified Ellen from the tree.

But Nichols smiled assuringly, and softly repeating the "Arabic love," led the puzzled Habiba serenely away, toward the fence.

As he reached the road, a wild, strange shout of joy resounded abruptly from near at hand, and poor Mahomet, dusty, weary, abandoned of hope, and all but unstrung with worry, bounded forward in a madness

of glee.

Trumpeting shrilly, the blind Habiba trotted awkwardly, actively ahead. She met Mahomet, and the two were instantly embracing. She heard his wild, soft speech of love, endearment, and reunion.

Then at last the faithful Blix was lifted down by Habiba herself and leaped upon his master in a frenzy of doggish adoration.

As Nichols took the four from the tree,

they clung to him fondly, crying in his arms, and Ellen Watt declared he was the bravest man that ever lived.

Then, when they reached the road, they saw, almost down at the turn, the big gray form of Habiba, with Mahomet riding like a raja on her head. He waved his hand in token of his thanks. Habiba halted, wheeled in her tracks, saluted with a trumpet note from her upraised trunk, then turned and disappeared into the glory of the sunlit trees.



### THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY

FIRST PAPER: A RÉSUMÉ OF THE EARLY EXPERIMENTS

BY FRANK J. SPRAGUE

Former President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers

THE development of the trolley and other forms of electric traction is one of the most significant phenomena of our time. Its commercial and social importance is beyond computation. In the United States there are few communities that are not practically concerned in some method of its employment, present or prospective. In New York city alone above \$80,000,000 is about to be invested in trunk-line terminals, made possible by electric power. Meantime there is a wide-spread agitation for the municipal ownership and operation of street railways. These considerations give timeliness and special interest to the narrative of Mr. Sprague, whose preëminence as an inventor in this field lends unique value to his record of the origin, growth, and present condition of transportation of this kind and of the part taken in it by various inventors.

Mr. H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan Railway of New York, writing in 1895 in "One Hundred Years of American Commerce," said: "In 1888 Frank J. Sprague, first among the younger electricians of America, obtained sufficient capital to make an actual test upon a street in the city of Richmond, Virginia. He brought together the best features of all the systems which had been devised, applied to motive power the fundamental principles which he had learned in building electric-light plants and establishing stationary motors, added new and simple but effective methods of motor control and suspension, and in general worked out a well-defined system, the essential features of which have not been changed in the seven years which have elapsed since he installed the first practical electric railroad in the United States."

In a second paper Mr. Sprague will continue the record by a fuller account of his own contributions to the subject, including a graphic narrative of experiments and successes in the establishment of the Richmond electric railway, the first to be operated on a large scale, with a further account of the later developments of the "art" and a forecast of its future development.—The Editor.

HE honor of first suggesting an electric railway must be accorded to Thomas Davenport of Brandon, Vermont, blacksmith and electrician, inventor and scientist. In 1834 he ran a toy motor mounted on wheels on a small circular railway, and a year later he exhibited it at Springfield and at Boston. Then it gave up the ghost, and for more than twoscore years various inventors, in utter ignorance of the principles of the modern dynamo, and with no source of power except the zinc-burning primary battery, labored with small reward.

About 1838 a Scotchman of Aberdeen, named Robert Davidson, began the construction of a locomotive equipped with a motor similar to one used by Jacobi in experiments on the river Neva. Davidson's engine was tried on the Edinburgh-Glasgow Railway, and attained a speed of about four miles an hour.

In 1840 the use of the rails for carrying the electric current was indicated in an English patent issued to one Henry Pincus, and a like use in an American patent to Lilley and Colton in 1847. In that year Professor Moses G. Farmer, late government electrician at the Newport Torpedo Station, one of the ablest of the early investigators, operated an experimental car, carrying two passengers, at Dover, New Hampshire. Three years later Professor Page of the Smithsonian Institution, aided by a special grant from Congress, constructed several forms of motors, in one of which a reciprocating motion was obtained by two solenoids or hollow magnets which ately attracted iron cores mounted on which was attached to a crank with a heel. This was used as a locomotive, and, driven by a battery of one hundred Grove elements, was tried April 29, 1851, upon a railroad running from Washington to Bladensburg, and attained a maximum speed of nineteen miles; but this speed destroyed the batteries, and the experiments were given up.

In the same year Thomas Hall, an instrument-maker of Boston, made a small model operated by a current conveyed through the rails from a stationary primary battery; and in 1860 he exhibited another model called the Volta, at the Mechanics' far in Boston. Meanwhile patents issued in 1855 to an Englishman named Swear and to a Piedmontese named Bessolo in-

dicated the possibility of taking current from a conductor suspended above the ground.

But every attempt made during this first period was necessarily doomed to commercial failure; for the source of power in all cases was a primary battery either carried on the car or supplying a current through rails or a wire, and all the motors were constructed on the crudest lines.

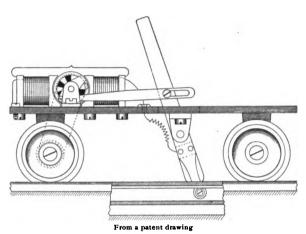
The evolution of the modern dynamo, however, was proceeding, although in a slow and labored fashion. First, electromagnets separately excited were replaced by permanent magnets, a system patented by Wheatstone and Cook in 1845. Other improvements by Hjorth, a Swede, followed in 1854. Then came an unknown inventor—such is the trick of fame—who, in 1858, clearly set forth the vital idea of self-excitation; but 1860 really saw the first great step toward ultimate success in the invention, by the Italian Pacinotti, of the continuous-current dynamo, which was followed by the announcement of the principle of complete self-excitation of the fieldmagnets, developed almost simultaneously and independently by Wheatstone, Varley, Siemens, Ladd, and Farmer in 1866-67.

Three years later, these two vital features were combined in a single machine by Gramme, who thus produced the first practical commercial machine for continuous-current operation, and made the world forever his debtor, following this achievement by a series of machines of high and increasing efficiency. The ring form of armature of the Pacinotti and Gramme machines, although for a long time widely used, ultimately gave way to the drum form of winding, proposed in 1872 by Von Hefner Alteneck of the Siemens firm, and also independently by the late Professor Henry Rowland.

Some time elapsed after the development of the self-exciting machine before the marvelous characteristic of reversibility of function was discovered, with the necessary corollary, the electrical transmission of energy by the use of two similar machines, one to be driven by power and to generate electricity, and the other to receive electricity and to develop mechanical power. It is claimed that this vital fact was discovered and described by Pacinotti in 1867; but, if so, the discovery remained dormant until 1873, when Messrs. Gramme

and Fontaine independently demonstrated it at the Vienna Exposition. The exact circumstances of this discovery will probably never be known, but one account says that it was accidental, and was due to the mistake of a workman who coupled a machine to a live circuit, and was astonished to see it begin to rotate. This is a quite natural possibility, as a similar thing has happened many times in recent years.

From 1851 to 1875, a period in which the modern dynamo and motor were cre-



SIDE VIEW OF THE FIELD CAR

Showing motor on the platform connected to the axle, and lever for reversing motion and making contact with the conductor in an iron conduit between the tracks.

ated, seems a long time; but during those years, in the United States at least, there appears to have been an entire and incomprehensible cessation of electric-railway experiments. In the latter year, George F. Greene, a mechanic of Kalamazoo, Michigan, built a small motor which was supplied from a battery through an overhead line, with track return; and three years later he constructed another model on a larger scale. Greene seemed to have realized that a dynamo was essential to success; but he did not know how to make one, and, being without means to buy, his work came to naught.

### EARLY YEARS OF COMMERCIAL WORK

THE developments of the house of Siemens of Berlin in building dynamos for electric lighting and other purposes naturally soon tended to investigations into the transmission of power; and in 1879 the first elec-

tric railway which took current from a stationary dynamo, used a modern motor, and carried passengers was put in operation at the Berlin Exhibition. (See page 444.) This was about a third of a mile long. The dynamo and motor were of the well-known Siemens type, and the current was supplied through a central rail, with the running rails as a return, to a small locomotive on which the motor was carried longitudinally, motion being transmitted through spur and beveled gears to a central shaft from which

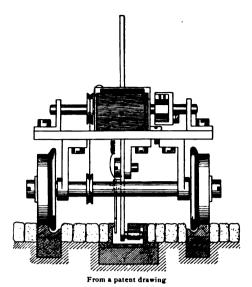
connection was made to the wheels. The locomotive drew three small cars having a capacity of about twenty people, and attained a speed of about eight miles an hour.

At Vienna, in the following year, Egger exhibited a model of an electric railway, the current to be supplied through the running rails; and Messrs. Bontemps and Marcel Desprez made a study in Paris of a scheme for replacing pneumatic transmission of despatches by miniature electric locomotives.

Meanwhile two American inventors, Stephen D. Field and Thomas A. Edison, began electric-railway experiments almost simultaneously; but it would seem that, more than to any

other, the credit of the first serious proposal of this period in the United States should be awarded to Field, who filed a caveat in 1879, following it by regular patent application in March, 1880, which disclosed plans for an electric railway designed to use current from a stationary dynamo, transmitted through a third rail or an insulated conductor inclosed in and protected by an iron conduit, the traffic rails, which formed the return circuit, being divided into sections.

In the patent the conduit was shown both as a part of one of the rails and as a separate structure. Contact was made by an underrunning wheel on the end of a lever the movement of which could make or break contact and also operated a rockshaft so as to shift the contacts with the armature, and hence its direction of rotation. Curiously enough, in the spring and summer of 1880, Siemens and Edison also filed patent applications in the United



END VIEW OF THE FIELD CAR

Showing the iron conduit between the tracks, containing one conductor, the conduit being the other.

States, all being within three months of one another; but priority of invention was finally awarded to Field. In an account of his work published over twenty years ago it is stated that he early contemplated the operation of street-cars in San Francisco, but had not been able to conduct any experiments because of the lack of a dynamo, and that in 1878 he ordered both Gramme and Siemens machines for experimental purposes, the first being the operation of an electric elevator.

Edison was perhaps nearer the verge of great electric-railway possibilities than any other American. In the face of much ad-

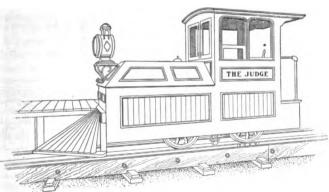
verse criticism, he had developed the essentials of the low internal-resistance dynamo with highresistance field, and many of the essential features of the multiple-arc system of distribution; and in 1880 he built a small road at his laboratory at Menlo Park. There he ran a car operated by one of his earliest lighting dynamos as a motor, from which the power was transmitted to the axle by a belt; one set of wheels was insulated, and the two rails were used for current. (See page 445.) Experiments were conducted here for about two years.

In view of the general advance which had been made in dynamo-electric machinery and the novelty of the electric railway, the paucity of controlling claims obtained in these early patents is remarkable, and, save in a general way, the features shown do not represent the details of modern practice; in fact, save for some experimental work, and the taking out of some ingenious patents, Edison and Field early ceased to be active factors in the art.

The invention of accumulators, or storage batteries, about this time directed attention to the possibilities of a self-contained car; and in 1880 a locomotive with these was used in the establishment of Duchesne-Fournet at Breuil, and in the following year Raffard, with a large battery of Faure accumulators, made experiments on the tramway at Vincennes, France.

Meanwhile Messrs. Siemens and Halske were active in Europe, and the demonstration in Berlin was followed by others for exhibition purposes at Brussels, Düsseldorf, and Frankfort; but the first regular line to be established was a short one with one motor-car at Lichterfelde, near Berlin. This road was one and a half miles in length, used all rail conductors, and was opened for traffic in May, 1881. (See page 446.)

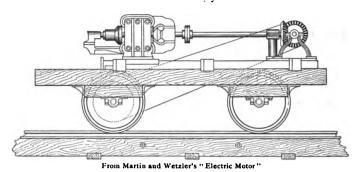
The motor was carried on a frame under the car, between the wheels, and the current was transmitted by steel cables from the armature to drums on the axles. The



From Martin and Wetzler's "Electric Motor"

"THE JUDGE"

Field experimental locomotive tried at the Chicago Railway Exhibition, in 1883.



SIDE ELEVATION OF "THE JUDGE" WITH CAB REMOVED

Showing the motor mounted on the platform and connected by gearing and belt to one axle.

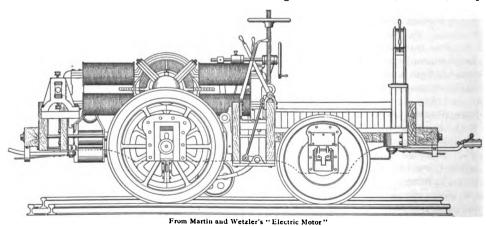
car had a capacity of twenty-six passengers, and attained a maximum speed of about thirty miles. The electrical pressure was low, only about one hundred volts being used. This line was continued in regular service, but twelve years later the rail method of distribution was replaced by two conductors carried on the tops of poles, upon which ran a small carriage connected with the car by a flexible cable.

This equipment was followed by one at the Paris Electrical Exposition, where overhead distribution was used for the first time. In this case the conductors consisted of two tubes slotted on the under side and supported by wooden insulators. The tubes carried skids, which were held in good contact by an underrunning wheel pressed up by springs carried on a framework supported by the conductors, connection with the car being made by flexible conductors. The motor was placed between the wheels, and the power was transmitted by a chain.

About this time also Field constructed

and put in operation an electric locomotive in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Dr. John Hopkinson, an English scientist of exceptional ability and knowledge, in patenting the application of motors to hoists, proposed both for them and for tramways what is now known as the series-parallel method of speed control of motors. By this method two motors, or one motor with two armature circuits, can be run at half or full speed by providing a switch so that current from a source of constant pressure or potential can be sent through the two circuits in series, thus reducing the pressure and hence the speed one half; or each can have the full pressure delivered to it by coupling them in parallel, then running at full speed. The same method is available for three or more motors or armature circuits, with corresponding range of speed variation.

The change-over from one combination to the other with high electrical pressures or large currents would be, however, abrupt

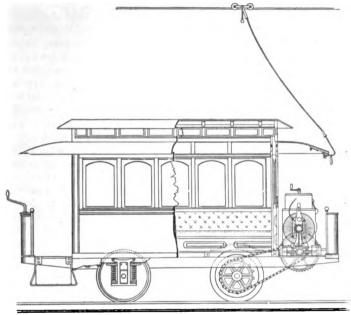


SIDE ELEVATION OF THE DAFT LOCOMOTIVE "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN"

Showing the motor hinged at one end and a screw for increasing the friction contact between the motor and the driving-wheel

and destructive of the controlling switch, and some years later there was combined with the simple series-parallel control that known as the rheostatic method, or variation of current strength by altering resistances in the circuit of the motors. This makes the change-over much more easy, and also gives a possibility of additional speed variations. All use of resistance is wasteful, but it is a temporary necessity, and the combined methods are now universally employed on all tramway work where continuous-current motors are used.

becoming active. In the fall of 1882, Dr. Joseph R. Finney devised a system for operating electrically propelled omnibuses, the current to be taken from two overhead wires on top of which ran a small trolley connected to the vehicle with a flexible cable. In England, about the same time, following a paper on automatic railways read by Professors Ayrton and Perry before the Royal Institution, Dr. Fleeming Jenkin proposed a scheme of telpherage, or automatic overhead railway, which was largely developed by those gentlemen.



From an old catalogue (Van Depoele)

TYPICAL EARLY APPLICATION OF THE VAN DEPOELE ELECTRIC MOTOR TO STREET RAILWAY CARS

The motor is carried on the front platform and connected by counter-shaft and chain to one axle.

The current is taken from an overhead wire by a traveling trolley connected to the car by a flexible cable, the track carrying the return current.

In the same year, 1881, I constructed independently a machine at the Torpedo Station, Newport, having two armature circuits, and a plug switch by which like series-parallel combinations could be made.

Soon afterward Siemens constructed an experimental road near Meran in the Tyrol to demonstrate the possibilities of electric traction for the St. Gotthard Tunnel, and later small lines at Frankfort, Molding, and elsewhere. These were followed by a comprehensive scheme for a combined elevated and underground road, submitted to the city authorities at Vienna.

Meanwhile several other inventors were

Opportunity is often responsible for inventions, and certainly largely so for my entry into the railroad field. While a midshipman in the United States naval service, I had become intensely interested in various electrical inventions, much to the annoyance, I suppose, of my shipmates, who were often compelled to listen to my descriptions; and during 1879–81 I was active in experiments with dynamo-electric machines. Ordered in 1882, at my request, to the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition at Sydenham, England, I soon became impressed with a belief in the possibility of operating the underground railway elec-

trically. I first considered the use of main and working conductors, the latter of moderate size and carried between the tracks, the return circuit being completed by the traffic rails—what may be called the third-rail or conductor system; but later, noting the complication of switches on certain sections of the road, I conceived the idea of a car moving between two planes which were to be the terminals of a constant potential generating system, the driving motor to complete the circuit between them. For practical application the lower of the planes was to be replaced by the running track and all switches and sidings, and the upper one by rigid conductors supported by the roof of the tunnel and following the center lines of all tracks and switches, contact to be made with a self-adjusting trolley-wheel carried on the car roof over the center of a truck. Although I did not apply for a patent on the latter idea until three years later, and was then partly beaten by Mr. Van Depoele,—my return to the United States being the earliest permissible date of reference,—I have always felt that this was really the forerunner of the modern trolley, or at least that Van Depoele and I had independently and almost simultaneously made similar inventions.

Keenly alive now to electrical developments, I soon afterward obtained leave, handed in my resignation from the navy, and, returning to the United States in the spring of 1883, entered the service of Mr. Edison, and, after spending a year on central-station work, began the development of various kinds of motors.

The year was prolific in experiments. Pending the settlement of patent issues, Edison and Field combined their interests in the Electric Railway Company of the United States, and operated a small locomotive called "The Judge" around the gallery of a building at the Chicago Railway Exhibition. (See pages 437, 438.) The motor used was a Weston dynamo mounted on the car, and connected by a beveled gear to a shaft from which power was transmitted by belts to one of the wheels. The current was supplied through a center rail and track circuit. A lever operated clutches on the driving-shaft, and the speed was varied by resistances. The reversing mechanism consisted of two movable brush-holding arms geared to a disk operated by a lever, each arm carrying a pair of brushes, only one of which could be thrown into circuit at a time in such a way as to give the proper direction of movement.

Early in the year, Charles J. Van Depoele, a Belgian by birth and originally a cabinet-maker, a tireless worker, ardent electrician, and prolific inventor, who had become interested in electrical manufacturing, energetically attacked the railway problem, on which his impress has been permanently left. His first experiment was conducted near his works in Chicago, in the winter of 1882-83, where a car was operated by a five-light dynamo used as a motor, the current being taken from a wire laid in a trough between the tracks. In the autumn a car was operated at the Chicago Industrial Exposition, and was the beginning of much work to which reference will be made later.

Among the American workers of this period one of the most active and prominent was Leo Daft, who, after considerable development in motors for stationary work, took up their application to electric railways, making the first experiments in 1883 at his company's works in Greenville, New Jersey, and resuming them in November of that year on the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad. The locomotive used there was named "The Ampere," and pulled a full-sized car. The motor was mounted on a platform and was connected by belts to an intermediate shaft carried between the wheels, from which another set of belts led to pulleys on the drivingaxles. A center rail and the running rails formed the working conductors. Variation of speed was obtained by variation in the field windings.

Meanwhile work had begun in Great Britain, where the first regular road put in operation was that known as the Portrush Electric Railway to the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, installed in 1883 by Siemens Brothers of London. Power was generated by turbines, and the current was transmitted by a third rail supported on wooden posts alongside the track, the running rails being used to provide a return circuit. The pressure used was two hundred and fifty volts. This was followed in the same year by a successful short road at Brighton, installed by Magnus Volk, the running rails alone being used; and experiments



SOME OF THE PIONEERS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC TRACTION

were also carried on with storage batteries at Kew Bridge, London, but these were soon abandoned.

The following year showed equal activity. Van Depoele operated a train by

Horse Railway Company. The equipped section of the road was two miles long, the conduits were of wood laid between the tracks, and two cars were employed, each of which was equipped with a motor car-



From a photograph by Hollinger FRANK J. SPRAGUE

a dummy at the Toronto Exhibition, current being taken from an underground conduit; and Daft installed small showroads at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston, at Point of Pines, and at Coney Island.

In August Messrs. Bentley and Knight, who had conducted some experiments in the yards of the Brush Electric Company in the previous autumn, installed a conduit system on the tracks of the East Cleveland

ried under the car and transmitting power to the axle by wire cables. This was operated spasmodically during the winter, and then abandoned.

In this year, also, Dr. Wellington Adams of St. Louis proposed a departure in motor mounting which recognized the necessity of removing the motor from the car body and directly gearing it to the axle. In his plan the armature was carried by

and revolved directly on the axle, and the field-magnets by a frame rigidly joined to the axle-boxes, this frame also carrying an intermediate gear which formed the connection between a pinion on the armature sleeve and a gear on the car axle. In operation, of course, the armature and

axle revolved in opposite directions. The scheme was impracticable, and found no commercial application.

In 1884-85 John C. Henry installed operated in Kansas City a railway supplied by two overhead conductors on each of which traveled small trolley connected to the car by a flexible cable. The motor was mounted on a frame supported on the car axle, and the power was transmitted through a clutch and nest of gears giving five speeds, very much in the fashion of the automobile of to-Subsequently a portion of another road was equipped. A number of experiments seem to have been conducted there. and in some of them the rails were used

as a return. The collectors were of different types, and it is said that, among others, one was carried on the car. The final selection was a trolley having four wheels disposed in pairs in a horizontal plane, carried by and gripping the sides of the wires. This feature, but using one wire and rail return, characterized a road installed by Henry at San Diego, California, two years later.

The succeeding two years were marked by considerable activity. In the early part of 1885 Professor Short of Denver began a series of experiments on a short piece of track, which was followed by the construction, in conjunction with J. W. Nesmith, of a section of road for conduit operation on the series system—one in which the same current was sent through all motors on the line by automatically



From a photograph

TWO SPRAGUE MOTORS BEING RUN BY JOHN CRAWFORD AT THE DURANT SUGAR-REFI-NERY, NEW YORK, WINTER OF 1885-86

The motors are mounted on the truck under the platform, and the current is taken from the third rail in the center.

sectionalizing the conductors. This plan contemplated using a current constant in quantity. with variation of pressure according to the number of motors. The speed and direction were varied by shifting the commutator brushes or diverting a part of the current around motor. These experiments were continued during 1885-1886, and were repeated at Columbus; but were doomed to ultimate failure because of the principles involved. Subsequently multiple system of distribution, each motor of which is independently supplied from a source of constant pressure, having been proved the suitable Short adopted it, and for a time essayed the use of gearless motors for

tramway work, but reverted later to the geared type.

Daft began work on the Hampden Branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway Company in August, at first with two, and a year later with two more dummies, which pulled regular street-cars. A central and the running rails were used for the normal operation, but at crossings an overhead conductor was installed, and connection was made with it by a transversely hinged arm carried on the car and pressed upward against it by a spring. The driv-



From a photograph

# FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY OF THE WORLD, INSTALLED BY SIEMENS AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION, 1879

The current is taken from a dynamo and conveyed through the rails.

ing was by a pinion operating on an internal gear on one of the axles.

This was, I think, the first regularly operated electric road in this country, and the conditions under which the contract was taken, including waiting a year for payment conditioned on satisfactory operation,—and finally, even on these onerous terms, secured only in the face of an opinion by a well-known scientist that no one but "a knave or a fool" would undertake it,—were anything but encouraging. Fortunately for Daft, however, T. C. Robbins, the general manager of the railroad company, was strong in the faith.

This equipment was followed by a more ambitious one—that of a section of the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad for a distance of two miles, where a series of experiments was carried on, during the latter part of the year 1885, with a locomotive called the "Benjamin Franklin." The motor was mounted on a platform pivoted at one end, and motion was communicated from the armature to the driving-wheel through grooved friction-gears held in close contact partly by the weight of the machine and partly by an adjustable screw device. This locomotive, pulling a train of cars,

made several trips; but the experiments were soon suspended, and they were not resumed till three years later, when, during several weeks, a rebuilt and improved "Benjamin Franklin" was frequently run between the steam-trains on the section between Fourteenth and Fiftieth streets, attaining at times a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and on one occasion pulling an eight-car train up the maximum grade of nearly two per cent. at a seven-mile rate.

In the summer of 1885 Van Depoele resumed operations at the Toronto Exhibition, using on this occasion an overhead wire and a weighted arm pressing a contact-wheel up against it. His first commercial installation was made in the autumn on the South Bend, Indiana, Railway, where five small cars were operated; then one in Minneapolis, where an electric car took the place of a steam-locomotive. These were followed in the following year by small roads at Windsor, Canada; Appleton, Wisconsin; Port Huron, Michigan; Scranton, Pennsylvania; and Montgomery. Alabama; and one was also started by Fisher Rae at Detroit, using a depressed third rail.

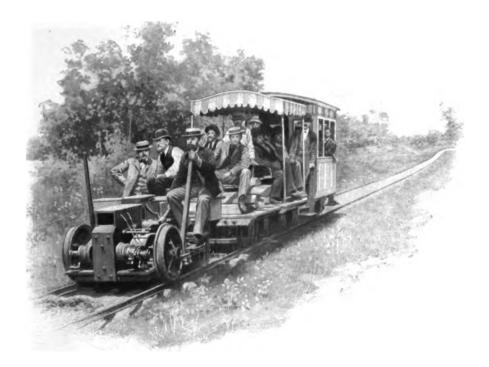
During this period little work was done

abroad. Mr. Anthony Reckenzaun, an ardent advocate of storage-battery operation. who in 1883 had conducted some tests with an electric launch, began the operation of a car at Millwall in the autumn of 1884, and another in the spring of 1885 at Battersea, following with a like demonstration in Berlin in December. His car body was mounted on bogie trucks, and the motors were connected by worm-gearing to one axle on each. Reversal was effected by using two sets of brushes, and regulation of speed by variously grouping the motor armatures and field circuits. There was also installed a short road at Bessbrook-Newry in 1885, under the direction of the Messrs. Hopkinson, and at Ryde in 1886, in which latter year was also installed the Blackpool road by Holroyd Smith. In the latter case the conduit system was used with complete metallic circuit. The motor was carried under the car, between the axles, and was connected by chaingearing. Fixed brushes with end contact were used for both directions of running.

Meanwhile my early interest in electric-

railway work had been renewed. On resigning from Mr. Edison's employ in 1884, I had formed the Sprague Electric Railway & Motor Company, of \$100,000 nominal but no cash capital, with which I made a contract by which virtually all its capital stock was issued to me, on my agreement to assign patents and inventions. conduct experimental work, and pay myself the munificent sum of \$2500 a year salary. Two friends took, I think, about sixteen shares of stock, the proceeds of which quickly went for personal needs; and, being without means, I made an agreement with Mr. E. H. Johnson, then president of one of the Edison lighting companies, by which he was to meet my financial obligations to the company for a portion of the profits. I was vice-president, electrician, treasurer, and general factotum. One small room sufficed for our needs, and much of the mechanical and electrical work I did myself.

In the autumn of that year I sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition a number of motors which attracted considerable attention,

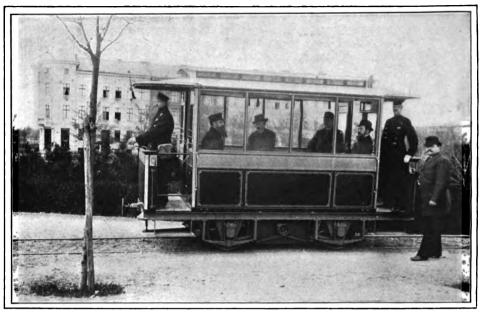


I-rawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph

IVE, OPERATED EXPERIMENTALLY AT MENLO PARK

EDISON ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, OPERATED EXPERIMENTALLY AT MENLO PARK IN 1880

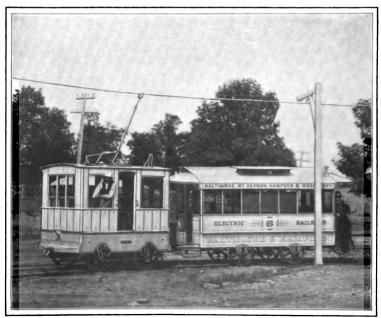
It is pulling two small cars. The current passes through the rails.



From a photograph

### SIEMENS CAR AT LICHTERFELDE-THE FIRST REGULAR ELECTRIC RAILWAY, 1881

and one type was officially recommended for use on the Edison circuits; another was intended for railway work. This was a starter, and after making rapid advance in the installation of stationary motors, I took up the railway problem, and, having in 1885 schemed out a system using motors under each car, shunt-wound so as to enable current to be returned to the line in reducing speeds, I read a paper in De-



From a photograph

DAFT DUMMY CAR ON THE HAMPDEN ROAD, BALTIMORE, 1886

The under-contact trolley was used at crossings. This was the first regular electric road in the United States.

cember before the Society of Arts, Boston, in which I advocated the equipment of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. I had already begun the construction of experimental motors. Shortly afterward a regular truck was equipped with two motors of an aggregate capacity of about twenty-five horse-power, and in the early part of 1886 a long series of tests was made on a private track between the walls of the Durant

when the instant excess rush of current blew the safety-catch into a small volcano, and Mr. Gould was strongly inclined to find interest elsewhere. He never came back.

About this time I was visited one day by Superintendent Chinnock of the Pearlstreet Edison station, who congratulated me on the outcome of the experiments, and offered \$30,000 for a sixth of my in-



From a photograph

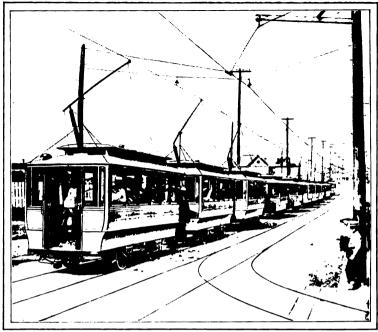
THE DAFT LOCOMOTIVE "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN" OPERATING A TRAIN ON THE NINTH AVENUE ELEVATED ROAD, NEW YORK, JULY, 1885

sugar-refinery on East Twenty-fourth street, New York, where the Edison-Field interests had installed a battery of dynamo machines for making tests of their own, which for some reason or other had been suspended. (See page 443.)

Two incidents connected with these experiments stand out vividly in my recollection. A number of people connected with the Manhattan Railroad witnessed them, and, among others, at one time the late Jay Gould. The motors were mounted on a truck placed under a full-sized car platform on which were loaded iron bars; the regulator was on top, and near by what is known as a safety-catch, a strip of lead, was inserted in the electric circuit. Keenly alive to the importance of the visitor, and confident in the possibilities of the machines and control, after several ordinary demonstrations I suddenly reversed them,

terest. His arguments were sound, being to the effect that if success came the remaining five-sixths interest would probably bring me riches; but if failure should be the outcome, \$30,000 was not to be despised. Although I probably did not have money enough to pay my board for a month, I declined the offer, much to his surprise, expressed by the retort: "Well, you're a —— fool!" Measured by every common-sense view, I was. But the story has a sequel.

At the end of April, while away getting a much-needed rest, I received a telegram from Johnson, who was, if anything, strenuous, stating that he had promised Cyrus W. Field that four days later he would show a car in operation on the Elevated Railroad. It seemed an impossibility, but I hastened back, and we got together car body, truck, and motors, and finished a



From a photograph

# VAN DEPOELE ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY AT DAYTON, OHIO, CONSTRUCTED IN 1888

An under-contact arm brings the current from the overhead trolley wire to the motor carried in the front end of the car.

controller, in spite of a strike, making our connections by candle-light.

At one o'clock on the appointed day an impressive crowd of railway and banking interests had gathered; and as we did not get current for testing until after their arrival, initial failure seemed assured, and I was fighting mad at the predicament in which I found myself. But I had to make an attempt; and finally, after trying first one machine and then the other with no response, in sheer desperation I threw both motors into circuit, moved the regulator, and the car responded perfectly. For two hours every feat which could be tried with the machines was performed without a hitch. With something of relief I finally saw the car deserted, and, exhausted by the exciting experiences through which I had passed, I sat pondering over the run, when Chinnock came to me again, apparently much impressed with what he had seen, and this time offered \$25,000 for a one-twelfth interest. I cared little at the time, but he was persistent and finally got it: a few weeks later another twelfth went to some one else for \$26,250. A curious rumor came to me later, to the effect that the first purchase was for a prominent spiritualist, and was made on spirit advice!

The result of the day's work determined us to continue the experiments, and they were not terminated until December of that year; but in all these months, so far as I remember, not a director or a stockholder of the road ever took the slightest interest in what was being done. During the summer the first pair of motors was supplemented by a second set, and, in addition to metal resistances, salt water was used as a regulator to vary the speed of the car. This latter accidentally led to a curious result—the maintaining at will of a brilliant electric arc under water.

The machinery used on these experiments may be termed the parent models of the modern railway motor. They were centered through their brackets on the driving-axles of the truck, and flexibly suspended at the opposite ends from the transom, wheelbarrow fashion, the elliptic or main springs intervening between this support and the car body, and hence not being affected. The motors were single-geared to the axles, had one set of tilting brushes, were run open,—that is, unpro-

tected,—and were used not only for propelling the car, but also for braking it.

One of them was put into service at the East Boston sugar-refinery, the current being supplied from a trolley carried on an overhead wire, and is, or at least was a few months ago, still in existence. Two others operated a snow-sweeper and an ice-cutter on the Alston division of the West End Railway in Boston; but these have gone the ultimate way of all pioneers.

Work on the Manhattan system was evidently ahead of the times, and yet I was not sufficiently discouraged but that I immediately began the construction, on the suggestion of J. H. Vail, of a locomotive car to be equipped with four seventyfive horse-power motors, each with two armatures geared to the axles. But, the elevated field offering little of promise, I soon turned my attention to tramway work, and began the development of the type of motor finally adopted in Richmond, one earlier form being used in Julien storage-battery experiments in Philadelphia for William Wharton, where a Reckenzaun motor was also used. Here series-parallel grouping of both batteries and motor circuits was used on the Sprague car, and a series-parallel and resistance control of motors on the car operated by Reckenzaun

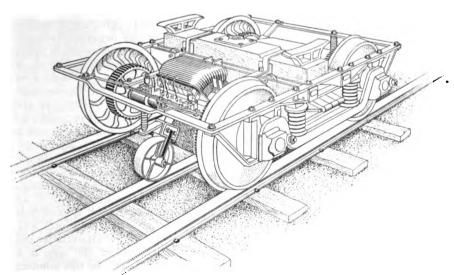
and Condict. Then a storage trolley-car was tried in New York and one in Boston.

To illustrate the pessimistic attitude of the time, I recall that while preparing for one of these experiments that veteran father of tramways, the late John Stephenson, told me that he was acquainted with every trial which had been made with selfpropelled cars in this country and abroad, and that he did not think the conditions met with on American roads and grades could ever be successfully overcome. I stated my intention to gear a motor to each axle, and to use all the weight of the car motor and passengers for adhesion; to which he replied that possibly that might accomplish the result, but it was the only way. He lived to see my prophecy come

A paragraph in the New York "Sun" about August, 1887, seems curious reading to-day. It was in part as follows:

### ELECTRICITY ON WHEELS

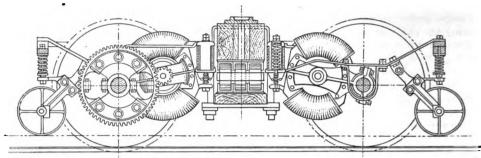
They tried an electric car on Fourth Avenue yesterday. It created an amount of surprise and consternation from Thirty-second street to One Hundred and Seventeenth street that was something like that caused by the first steamboat on the Hudson. Small boys yelled, "Dynamite!" and "Rats!" and made similar



From the "Electrical World"

TRUCK OF THE SPRAGUE CAR USED AT THE DURANT SUGAR-REFINERY AND IN THE ELEVATED RAILWAY EXPERIMENTS IN 1885-86

The two motors are centered on the axles, geared to them, and flexibly suspended from the transom. Subsequently this became the universal practice.



From the " Electrical World "

SIDE ELEVATION OF THE SPRAGUE ELEVATED RAILROAD CAR TRUCK, SHOWING THE METHOD OF CENTERING, GEARING, AND SUPPORTING THE MOTORS, AND THE CONTACT-WHEELS RUNNING ON THE THIRD RAIL

appreciative remarks until they were hoarse. Newly appointed policemen debated arresting it, but went no further. The car horses which were met on the other track kicked, without exception, as was natural, over an invention which threatens to relegate them to a sausage-factory.

Reviewing the conditions at the beginning of the year 1887, eight years after Siemens made the Berlin exhibit, statistics compiled by Mr. T. Commerford Martin, including every kind of equipment, summed up only nine installations in Europe and ten in the United States, with an aggregate of less than sixty miles of track and about one hundred motors and motor-These were characterized by the utmost diversity of practice. There were high and low pressures, traffic-rail conductors and conduits, third rail and side, with rail return, slotted overhead tubes, single and double overhead wires, single and double travelers on them, and upwardpressing arms carried on the cars. The motors were of varied construction and control, and generally used two sets of brushes. One to a car usually constituted an equipment, and it was carried on a dummy or the front platform, and connected to one wheel by a belt or chaindrive. The cars were mostly single-ended and controlled from one point. The science was in a chaotic state, and commercial success on a large scale, involving radical departures in practice, was needed to focus the advantages of electric traction, even then thrusting themselves into prominence.

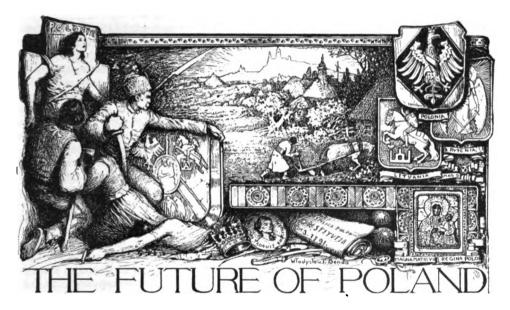
Supplementing small additional roads by Van Depoele at St. Catharine's, Ontario; Lima, Ohio; Binghamton, New York; and Jamaica, Long Island; and by Daft at Asbury Park, New Jersey, and Les Angeles, California, such an opportunity came in the spring of 1887—and, by good fortune, to my company—in the contract for the Union Passenger Railway of Richmond, Virginia; and about the same time one of somewhat different character to the Bentley-Knight Company, on the Observatory Hill Passenger Railway in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania; and that year may be said to mark the beginning of active commercial development.

The latter road was about four miles long, one quarter being of conduit construction, and the remainder of double overhead line on the side, with traveling trolley connected to the car with flexible cables. It presented unusual difficulties. There were thirty-four regular curves and numerous heavy grades, the maximum being over twelve per cent., and one averaging six per cent. for nearly a mile. The cars were each equipped with two fifteen. horse-power motors geared to the axles and overhung. The control was by resistance variation. This line was opened early in 1888, and continued in successful service for some time; but the conduit was finally abandoned, and a new equipment was installed with underrunning trolley.

Reserving to another article the narrative of further progress, I may here emphasize the fact that whatever was accomplished was often in spite of most discouraging financial conditions, and was largely due to individual initiative and sacrifice on the part of the men in actual charge of the work. In this connection I may cite a few of the experiences of Elmer P. Morris, who was Van Depoele's immediate assistant, and engaged in actual construction for him during the six years beginning with his first experiment.

A personal letter is eloquent in the tale of lack of experience and funds, owing to which many amusing and annoying expedients were often necessary. For instance, in the winter of 1886, at Port Huron, Michigan, Mr. Morris states that their party, having much difficulty with the rail return, sent a man over the line with a bag of spikes. Standing on the rear end of the car, he watched the rail, and whenever arcing was seen at the rail joints he stopped the car and drove a spike between the rails. As the road was poorly constructed, the spikes gradually worked loose, and the replacing became a daily habit. Sometimes, as in Binghamton, New York, where an old horse-road was made over into a trolley-line, the rails, never heavy, were so thin and worn that the cars

actually ran on the web of the rail. On the road between Brooklyn and Jamaica, which was constructed in 1887, in many places where the line crossed the roads used by the truckmen, rails were missing, and it became necessary to push the car The schedule achieved between across. Jamaica and East New York was six miles an hour. When on this work Mr. Morris's total personal receipts in eleven months were ninety-five dollars, and later being ordered to Ansonia, he had to walk part way for want of car fare. These were strenuous days, and it is to a number of devoted and resourceful men like Mr. Morris that the pioneers of electric traction are indebted for much of the success that attended their efforts at a time when hard work and loyalty were vital.



# BY DAVID BELL MACGOWAN

Like conflagrations by night, mutinies of reservists, revolutionary outbreaks, and bloodily suppressed strike riots have forced Poland upon the attention of a world that seemed resolved to forget her. The last Polish uprising was coincident with the central year of the American Civil War. It may help to an understanding of the present situation of the ten provinces of the kingdom of Poland to assume that the Confederate States are still under mar-

tial law, and to imagine such a state of things as this:

All Southerners excluded from offices with salaries exceeding five hundred dollars a year, and the entire South run by corrupt "carpet-baggers" animated by racial hatred.

Scarcely a new school or post-office opened since the inauguration of Lincoln.

The States without legislatures; counties and cities handed over to Washington

appointees; the courts intrusted to aliens ignorant of the laws of the land.

The press under a censorship as capricious as it is severe—the newspapers forbidden even to copy sympathetic articles from Northern journals; the theaters controlled by the police.

Railway tariffs discriminating against home products, and taxes in some instances eight times as high as in the North, and devoted mainly to the support of the national government, which makes no concealment of its policy of encouraging racial and class discord.

Then imagine Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, southern Indiana, and southern Illinois ruled in the same manner, with a view to the suppression of "Copperheads"; suppose persons of Southern descent denied the right of buying, leasing, or farming land in these State's, or of bequeathing it except in direct succession, and you will have a faint notion of the restrictions still imposed, after the lapse of forty years, upon the former grand duchy of Lithuania and the Ukraine, which were united to Poland for four hundred years and still have a large Polish-speaking population.

# OPPRESSION AS TO RELIGION AND LANGUAGE

This imperfect comparison takes no account of religious differences felt by those concerned to be as great as between Protestantism and Catholicism, and differences of language as wide as between English and French. Consider, therefore, the following situation:

The Russian language used exclusively in the courts and in public buildings, and in such schools as exist even in teaching Polish, which is forbidden altogether in Lithuania and the Ukraine; Roman Catholic priests, like ticket-of-leave men, forbidden to leave their parishes without police permission, and subject to fine, imprisonment, and deportation if, for instance, they obey their consciences instead of the constables and heed a death-bed call while on a visit away from home, or if some one reports that they read the prayers for the safety of the imperial family with less than due care.

A large number of the people having

been dragooned into nominal orthodoxy eighty years ago, their descendants are denied the privilege of the religious offices of Catholic clergymen, and therefore those that cannot afford to go abroad for ceremonial purposes prefer to live out of wedlock and to die unshriven.

One would naturally suppose that such conditions could not be endured for more than a generation. One would expect to find the Poles engaging in repeated rebellions. It has not been so. The Poles have had their schooling of a hard master. Not only do they not rebel: they have become modest in their demands. Finlanders are struggling with fair prospects of success for the restoration of their hereditary constitutional liberties; 1 the Poles would be grateful for such crumbs of freedom as the Russians already enjoy. They ask mainly for teaching that their children can understand, for zemstvo and municipal institutions, for the right to exist as a separate race, and the right to worship God—I would add the usual phrase, "according to their own consciences," if there were any other way to worship.

The educated people, the leaders of all party groups that pursue national aims, realize the futility of employing violent means for the attainment of these privileges. The masses of the peasantry would doubtless rally to the White Eagle should any one have the criminal folly of raising it; and the factory hands, under the influence of various socialist organizations, have shown repeatedly within the last twelve months that they are ready to engage in any sort of revolutionary violence. This is the peculiar danger of Poland-and, indeed, of Russia, which appears to be following Polish footsteps in many respects. The result is that the political movements of the present moment are passing from the stage of intelligently directed constitutional effort to elemental sansculottism.

# THE CZAR TO HAVE POLISH CONDITIONS STUDIED

THE single letter of introduction which I carried on my first visit to Poland last winter proved as good as a hundred. It procured me access to the palaces of mag-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Emperor has just yielded to the united protest of the people of Finland, expressed in a petition adopted by the unanimous vote of the four estates of the Diet, and has suspended the operation of the military edict for three years, and promised the consideration of their other demands.

nates and the i.omes of socialists. The mere fact that I desired to study Polish conditions caused me to be treated as a benefactor of the country—of long-forgotten Poland, whom all the world had turned its back upon. Half the people of Warsaw seemed to have put themselves at my disposal. A schedule was made up, and I was called for and delivered without knowing why or when.

It would be a pleasure to describe the charming social life of the Polish capital, the grace and polish of public manners, the tender and respectful attitude of men toward women, the gaiety free from frivolity, the sincere and natural hospitality to strangers, the universal note of patriotism, and the pathetic devotion to historical recollections, in spite of their proscription by the government. I made a number of futile efforts to buy a few souvenirs—spoons or pottery decorated with the White Eagle, old prints, or other historical mementos. I called one dealer aside and asked if he did not have what I wanted put away out of sight.

"No longer," he replied. "I cannot afford the risk. I was fined five hundred dollars less than a month ago for selling an ash-tray with the White Eagle on it. You will find nothing."

The evening of my arrival I received a polite note in English stating that one of the prominent members of the Polish nobility whom I desired to see would be at home the next morning. This was accordingly my first call.

### AUSTRIAN POLES THE HAPPIEST

"WE are an atomized people," this gentleman said; "we have no social or political organization. We are discontented, but not revolutionary. Revolutions are made by those who are either very weak or very strong. We are not strong enough to undertake a revolution with hope of success; but we are not so weak that we cannot prevent one.

"We no longer tell the Russians, 'Allez vous en,' as Count Andrew Zamoyski did in the sixties when asked what concessions would satisfy us. We accept the threefold loyalty imposed upon the Polish nationality, but remain conscious of our racial unity and cannot help comparing the present situation of the three dissected parts of the former republic of Poland. Prussia

has given material prosperity and civilization, though she refuses to concede rights of nationality. Austria has given her Polish subjects both advantages of culture and national rights. Russia has given nothing and allowed nothing. Galicia, once the Polish Bœotia, is become the center of national life and culture. Has Austria suffered for her generosity? Not at all. Her Polish subjects are a stay and a support of the Hapsburg monarchy. We want the kingdom of Poland to become the Russian Galicia. Our social and political action is necessarily largely dependent on Galicia, for an artificial frontier is a vase with a vascular partition.

"We are los atendados. We wait. We are not allied with the Russian constitutionalists. We are willing to accept concessions from anybody, and cannot afford to antagonize the Russian government. Besides, an alliance with the Russian liberals would hurt their cause by rousing Russian national feeling.

"Our primary needs are a bit of human civilization. The children grow up on the streets for want of schools, and the people are degenerating morally. There were nine murders in Warsaw last Sunday, ordinary stiletto affairs, and it was nothing unusual."

#### ALL HOPE OF INDEPENDENCE LOST

COUNT KRASZINSKI is a leader of the compromise party. As far as human reason can peer into the future, he sees no hope for the restoration of an independent, united Poland. He would fain have his countrymen make peace with Russia and take their places as equal citizens of the Russian Empire.

Fifty thousand persons perished on the scaffold or were deported after the last uprising. They were the flower of the land. No country could stand such blood-letting without long and profound exhaustion. The estates of the proscribed were confiscated and passed for a song into the hands of Russians, often the state's attorneys, judges, police, and civil and military officials that had condemned their owners as disaffected, with or without the mockery of law.

### POLAND'S INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

POLAND sank into a moral stupor that lasted until a decade ago. The demagogic attitude of the government toward the peasantry helped to turn the energies of the

people from agriculture to manufactures, which received a great impetus also from the abolition of the customs frontier and the opening of the markets of Russia to Polish industries. The valuation of Polish manufactured products in 1870 was \$32,-000,000. Before the Russo-Japanese War it had attained \$250,000,000, and the number of factory hands had increased from 64,000 to 244,000. The cotton branch employed 51,600 in 1901; the woolen, 44,-000; the textiles altogether, including linen and silk, 122,000. The value of textile products had increased sixteenfold, instead of an average of eightfold as the industries as a whole did, and amounted in 1897 to \$126,000,000. The great spinneries of Lodz now seek a market not only throughout Russia, but in Persia, Asia Minor, Spain, Africa, and the Balkan pe-Industrial development has increased the urban population to 27 per cent. of the whole. Warsaw, which had 261,000 inhabitants in 1875, numbered 515,000 in 1894 and 800,000 in 1904. Lodz, a village of 1000 in 1827, had 115,-000 in 1875, and now claims 400,000. Sosnovice, the iron center, grew so rapidly that it was still ruled as a village in 1893, though it then had more than 100,000 inhabitants.

This industrial growth has come to be regarded by some patriotic Poles as a not unmixed blessing. The factories work mainly for the cheap markets of Russia, leaving the more luxurious requirements of Poland itself to the Germans. The commercial bonds between Poland and the rest of the empire run counter to the aspirations of the people for the ultimate restoration of their independence, and are not without their darker side.

# DEBASEMENT OF THE INDUSTRIAL POPULATION

THE rapid industrialization of the country, without corresponding civilizing efforts, is pronounced its greatest danger. The reign of terror in Warsaw, Lodz, and other cities in January was actually predicted by my friends as a possibility at any moment.

It was pointed out that besides striving in every possible way to estrange the masses from the educated people, the government had done absolutely nothing in the way of constructive social legislation, and had ruthlessly destroyed all the voluntary aid associations which had been introduced into the country from Germany by the first manufacturers and their employees during the days of Polish autonomy. Sick and old-age funds had followed the Saxon spinners and the German railway mechanics, and had flourished until 1864, when Russian factory inspectors were introduced into Poland. They immediately decided that such institutions were foreign to an autocracy and ordered their dissolution.

The external appearance of the manufacturing centers fully confirmed the misgivings of my friends. Lodz, the mushroom Manchester of Poland, is typical. One will rarely find larger, and nowhere more imposing, spinneries than three or four establishments in this city. It has several fine streets of modern business houses, served by excellent electric railways. Some of the hotels are luxurious, while one of them has the largest and finest café in Russia. A multitude of small textile establishments contribute to make Lodz a veritable beehive of human toil. The laborers, however, live in sordid squalor. Schools are almost unknown, and are hidden away in miserable tenements. Libraries and reading-rooms, clubs and recreation societies, are conspicuously absent.

# STARTLING EDUCATIONAL CONTRAST BE-TWEEN AUSTRIAN POLAND AND RUSSIAN POLAND

RESTRICTING itself to police functions, repressing the spontaneous social activity of the people, and doing nothing itself for their enlightenment, the government is brutalizing the largest and wealthiest of the fragments of the ancient so-called Polish republic. It was pointed out that Galicia, with an area of 75,000 square kilometers and a population of 93 per square kilometer, has 4500 common schools, 50 intermediate schools, more than 200 industrial schools, 2 universities, and an academy of sciences. The two capitals, Lemberg and Cracow, are virtually free of illiterates. The schools share equal favors between the Polish and the Ruthenian (Little Russian) languages.1

<sup>1</sup> The latter, spoken by 25,000,000 people, is not recognized by the Russian government as having the right to exist in public office, in the courts, in the schools, or as a literary medium.

In the kingdom of Poland, with its 127,000 square kilometers, somewhat less thickly settled than Galicia, it is true, having only 73 inhabitants per square kilometer, there are less than 2200 common schools. Fifty per cent. of the adult population of Warsaw is illiterate. With a school population of 110,000 between seven and fourteen, this city has a total primary school accommodation for not more than 40,000. The public schools, conducted in an alien language (Russian), have a capacity for only 14,000; an equal number are accommodated in the Jewish schools, which teach Yiddish and Hebrew. while private enterprise gives facilities for 10,000 or 12,000. The first common-school building ever erected in Warsaw was opened in 1903. All the others are housed in second-class private lodgings. Lemberg, Galicia, with only 130,000 inhabitants, has thirty handsome school-houses.

# SECRET SCHOOLS TO TEACH THE OUTLAWED LANGUAGE

THE indifference of the government and the outlawry of the native language have caused innumerable illegal schools to spring up. They are held in almost every well-to-do private house. The children are taught to steal in one at a time, with their books concealed in their blouses and a plausible lie upon their tongues in case they should be questioned. Kindergartens and sewing-schools are not molested except to prevent their training mind as well as hand. The children keep a bit of mending or a toy upon the table before them, and are ready to hide their copy-books upon a moment's warning.. The moral effect of such practices is admittedly bad, but morals go down before the behests of self-defense. Add to this sinister picture fifty or sixty thousand children growing up in Warsaw without ever seeing the inside of a school-room.

"You will have to go to Turkey to find the like of this in all Europe," observed one of my friends; "and yet Poland, in 1766, established the first ministry of public instruction in the world."

Comparison with Galicia appears childish after one has discovered that the percentage of illiteracy is much greater in Polish cities than in Russian. It is, officially, 46.5 in Warsaw, 60.8 in Lodz, and 69 per cent. in one of the Polish provincial capitals, compared with 37.2 in St. Petersburg and 40.7 in Moscow. Of the 4,000,000 grown men in Poland, 2,000,000 are officially recognized as illiterates, though illegal education has unquestionably reduced their number. This mass is leavened insufficiently by 12,000 land-owning families comprising 50,000 persons, 100,000 fairly educated people in Warsaw, and 50,000 in Lodz, Sosnovice, and other towns; altogether about 200,000 people, who coincide in the main with the recipients of incomes exceeding \$500 a year.

# IGNORANCE IN SCHOOLS AND ON THE BENCH

THE manner in which the Russian "Ministry of Public Enlightenment" travesties its functions in Poland is too characteristic of the whole Russian régime to be treated merely by means of statistics. The Polish teacher,—the salary is too small to attract teachers from Russia, who has only a smattering of Russian himself, is required to instruct children, from homes where only Polish is spoken, in a language as foreign to them as black-letter Latin. The result in most cases is doubtless as a friend of mine found it to be when accompanying an inspector recently. They inquired their way of a ten-year-old girl. She shook her head and declared she did not understand Russian. An hour later she was presented as the prize scholar. By dint of sheer memorizing, as they discovered on closer inquiry, she answered without the least difficulty all the questions they put about the lessons.

The Polish hour is invariably early in the morning or late in the evening. The teachers are not allowed to punish for absence from this hour, and it counts nothing in making up the certificates. The instruction is carried on in Russian, just as Latin or Greek is taught. The same system is maintained even in the University of Warsaw, where there is not even a Polish lecturer on the Polish language and literature. The principal duties of the intermediate-school teachers and the university professors is to see to it that no Polish is spoken or read. Such functions are naturally little relished by self-respecting Russian savants, and some have been known to take the first train out of Warsaw as soon as they had ascertained what was expected of them.

The people take no interest in such education. Many communes with thousands of inhabitants have no public schools at all, and nobody is making the least effort to establish them. The number of intermediate classical schools has remained unchanged for thirty years, though the population has more than tripled. Their place is being taken partly by so-called commercial schools, the only reason for the existence of which is the comparative liberality of the Ministry of Finance in educational matters. They are supported entirely by private means. The smattering of bookkeeping that they teach is only a pretext. They differ from the institutions of the Ministry of Public Enlightenment only in the fact that they strive to teach something and confer no privilege of entrance to the universities or of service in the army as a one-year volunteer. They are of course an evasion.

"But everything in Poland that is worth while is an evasion," I was told by a leading barrister. "Everything is done by stealth or bribery, everything takes a side turn. The educational energies of the people are wholly directed in illegal channels. There are educational institutions whose existence is unknown to the government. Inspectors are employed on regular salaries. Young ladies that do not teach are frowned upon in good society.

"The Russian university professors and classical-school teachers are despised by the students, who regard all knowledge that bears the official stamp as a lie.

"The Code Napoléon is still law in civil and commercial matters. The professors sent here from Russia have never studied the Code Napoléon, and are content to cram from a cheap text-book. The same thing is true of our judges. Our position is growing worse all the time. Fifteen years ago half the judges were Poles, now virtually all are Russians. Cases are all conducted in Russian, interpreters being employed for nearly every witness. The bar is helplessly at the mercy of the colossally ignorant bench.

"It must not be supposed that reasons of statecraft are alone or even mainly responsible for the continuance of these disgraceful conditions. Inertia counts for more than policy. Things are so because they are so. The Russian government moves slowly; besides, the system affords good pickings for the Russian officials, and few people in Russia trouble to think about Poland at all."

# A PRESS CENSOR WHO SUPPRESSED A SPEECH OF THE CZAR

THE press censorship is a subject for both tears and laughter. The newspaper editors, without exception, relate stories of arbitrary and wilful treatment, of constantly delayed issues, of laxity one day and unheard-of rigor the next, of stylistic and literary butchery, of bribery unceasing and unblushing.

The Emperor visited one of the provincial towns of Poland a few months ago to review troops being mobilized for the war in Manchuria. The editor of the local newspaper told me that he spent from noon until midnight getting his Majesty's address properly censored by the military and civil authorities. He went to bed tired but happy in the confident expectation that everything was in readiness for the press. What was his surprise to find the next day that the Emperor's speech had been omitted! He went to see the local censor and demanded an explanation.

"Yes, I know the generals with his Majesty and the governor had all given their consent to the publication of the speech," the censor coolly replied; "but I did not think his Majesty ought to have spoken as he did, and I could not be responsible for it."

An equally characteristic incident of considerable political significance occurred in Warsaw in November, when the Emperor received deputations representing all classes of the population. In his address he said: "When this bloody war is concluded, there will be a very desirable rapprochement between the two fraternal nations."

This was a gratifying reference to the separate position of the kingdom of Poland. The official text sent to the newspapers by the general-governor changed the wording to "between all the nationalities of my empire."

The good Catholics of Warsaw were horrified a short time ago to see his Holiness the Pope described in one of the leading newspapers as the "General-Governor of Christ." The editor explained to his indignant readers that he had written "Christ's Vice-regent," but that the censor had altered the phrase to avoid anything which might recall the dignity of Viceroy of the Kingdom of Poland, which has been replaced by that of General-Governor of the Vistula District.

### VIEWS AND HARDSHIPS OF A JOURNALIST

A PEDAGOGUE and publisher, a man to whose cheerless apartment I was conducted late one evening, had much to say about both the censorship and the schools.

"The questions, 'Why?' 'What for?' 'Wherefore?' meet one at every turn," observed this gentleman. "It is not enough that a request be harmless; perhaps it is superfluous. A learned man, on being sent to prison, asked to be allowed to have his books on psychology.

"'What for?' was the inevitable query.
"'I want to complete a book on the

subject that I have begun.'

"'That is not necessary,' replied the official. 'We already have psychology treated in Russian.'

"A fifteen-year-old school-boy a week or so ago asked permission to attend a public lecture. His teacher asked, 'What for?'

"'Because I wish to learn. You do not teach us everything.'

"The boy was promptly expelled from school. His career is ruined unless influential friends succeed in getting him pardoned.

"As a publisher of a newspaper I assure you that without regular bribery not a single issue would ever appear. One can abuse the Jews as much as one likes, but not print a single just or sympathetic word about them. Not long ago a newspaper was suspended for eight months for offering the censor an article about Bismarck. It was suspected of being aimed really at Mouraviev, the hangman of Vilna. An article on animal-training was suppressed last week on the ground that it was a covert slander of the Russian officials.

"Appeal to the law, and you invite the revenge of a horde of officials who rarely lose an opportunity of showing their contempt for the laws. A business man about a month ago went to a certain provincial governor and made a protest against some

flagrant abuse of authority. The great man airily waved aside his expostulations.

"'But the law—' began the visitor.

"The governor took a thick book from his table and held it so that the title could

his table and held it so that the title could not escape being seen,—it was the Russian code,—and then put it on his chair and sat upon it.

"Bribery is our constitution, money our law. We do everything by crooked means. All our educational efforts are illegal. In Warsaw alone I know six hundred people who make their living by illegal teaching, and the number of unpaid teachers is legion. We could easily equip a university and fifty intermediate schools.

"The officials well understand that Russification is hopeless, but they like the pickings. Poland is treated as a milch-cow. The only question is how much she can

be made to yield.

"Of course we shall accept any concessions that may be made to us, but we shall not be satisfied with them. We are used to struggle, and I for one shall always fight. I am hopeful because I believe national aspirations will in the long run prove stronger than brute force. In the language of a noted historian of Polish literature, I say, 'In 1800 we prayed to be allowed to live. In 1900 we know that we shall live.'"

#### THE PARTIES OPPOSED TO COMPROMISE

AFTER I had talked with a number of the aristocratic leaders of the party of compromise, I asked a professional man who is counted an influential member of the National Democracy concerning the attitude of his friends toward Russia. He looked at me with wide-eyed surprise and answered:

"Hate. With criticism a political crime punishable with exile to Siberia, with iron bonds upon all our social aspirations, with officials who make no effort to conceal their pleasure in tormenting those compelled to deal with them, what else can be thought possible than hatred and contempt? The people of Poland abominate the government and repudiate the compromisers, who mean well, doubtless, but are degrading the country with their profuse declarations of loyalty. Why should we be loyal? Though only one twelfth of the population of the empire, we are now [December, 1904] supplying forty per

cent. of the troops in Manchuria. Our land taxes are eight times as high as in Russia. The railway tariff on grain is 75 copecks from Odessa to Warsaw; it is 92 copecks from Lublin, a Polish town on the same line of railway and only a fifth as far as Odessa. This is to give the Russian grainproducers a market at our expense. Here is the report of the Department of Control for 1899. Any other year would serve as well. The revenues derived from the ten provinces of Poland are stated as 135,000;-000 rubles. Of this sum 37,000,000 was transferred to the imperial treasury, 48,-000,000 was expended for the army and the public debt, and only 47,000,000 was allotted to the support of the civil government and for civilizing agencies in Poland.

"The National Democracy refuses to recognize the obligations of tripartite loyalty. We want future independence, like Hungary. For the present we demand the recognition of national rights, while remaining in the Russian Empire. This is the program of the immense majority of the Polish people. The National Democracy is the chief agency for the instruction of the people, particularly the peasants and artisans, in history and geography. It circulates immense numbers of newspapers printed in Galicia. There are special organs for the educated classes, the peasants, the school-children. A philanthropist has furnished money for the publication of a cheap edition of the patriotic works of Henryk Sienkiewicz, five volumes for twenty-five cents, which has been sold by the million. The Polish Socialist Party pursues virtually the same ends as the National Democracy, putting country ahead of socialism. Even the Social Democrats are organized on a national rather than on an international basis."

"Would you take us for criminals?" asked the refined and gentle wife of this man a few evenings later. "We are; for all of us"—waving her hand to include the tea-table circle of a dozen persons—"have had a taste of prison life. On one occasion my husband, I, and my son were arrested. I was released first. I wanted to see my son before he was exiled. I went to police headquarters at nine o'clock on the regular visitors' day to get a card of admission to the prison. I sent in a note explaining what I wanted. No answer.

The prison, situated a mile away, closed at three. At a quarter to three the permit was handed me, with a meaning leer at the clock."

A HOSTILE AND NEGLECTED PEASANTRY

THE ardor of national aspirations among the peasants, who are almost to a man under the influence of the National Democracy, has been a surprise and a disappointment to the government, which long deceived itself with the fond hope that in estranging them from the nobles it would make them friendly to Russian rule. Sixty per cent. of the farm land was allotted to the peasants. The government forfeited their gratitude, however, by doing nothing for their education or for the improvement of their condition, by continuing to collect the land-payment taxes long after the debts had been paid in full, and by oppressing them with arbitrary police misrule.

The peasant tillage is antiquated and negligent, and is handicapped by the fractional parcels, often widely separated, into which the holdings, averaging originally thirty acres, are divided. A hundred and fifty associations for agricultural improvement have been promoted by various nobles, but they are greatly restricted by governmental jealousy and are in danger of dissolution. Of the lands remaining in the hands of the nobles forty per cent. are latifundia of 12,500 acres or more. Count Zamoyski, the greatest landowner, is the possessor of 400,000 acres. These large estates are managed in approved modern fashion. Several hundred properties could easily be called model farms. So unproductive, however, are the peasant lands that agriculture now supplies only two fifths of the national production.

I had little opportunity to observe the rural districts for myself, and I quote from a country gentleman whom I met:

"It would be impossible to give you an adequate conception of the desolation of the country, the absolute heedlessness of the government of everything but police duties, the ignorance that prevails. All the civilization we have antedates Russian rule. All existing *chaussées* were constructed while Poland was self-governing. Not a single one has been made since 1867. There are no new post-offices. My mother cannot name a single one that has been opened in fifty years in her part of the

country. There are no rural letter-carriers, and post-offices are often fifteen miles from large settlements. All public buildings in Warsaw, with two exceptions, are former private palaces."

"Our country is in such a state of desolation"—I quote from a statement of Henryk Sienkiewicz which was placed at my disposal—"that some of the provinces recall Turkish vilayets in the matter of roads. Nor are there schools, hospitals, asylums, sanitariums, or popular amusements."

# PERSECUTION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS

CATHOLIC and Polish are so nearly synonymous in eastern Europe that the restrictions imposed upon the Catholic clergy are felt as a grievance even by Polish Jews and Protestants. I can do no better in treating this subject than to quote from a parish priest:

"I was born in the province of —, and lived there until I was seventeen years old. As the son of a nobleman, I had the right to travel all over Russia on an unlimited passport. I have lost this privilege. I am now treated just as a vagabond is. I cannot travel more than a few miles at most without the permission of the police. What crime brought me into this plight? I became a Roman Catholic clergyman. When I want to visit my parents now I must send a petition to the Metropolitan, who transmits it to the Department of Foreign Confessions in St. Petersburg. This department makes inquiries in all the provinces that I may desire to visit, and in the province where I live, whether my journey can be tolerated. Of course all the governors cannot know all the priests personally. The upshot is that my petition is granted or denied in accordance with the opinion of the constables serving in the neighborhood where I live and in those that I may propose to visit. Woe to the priest who is unable to cultivate the friendship of the constables and gendarmes! He may expect to be denounced for not reading the prayers for his Imperial Majesty with sufficient solemnity, or for burying somebody on some imperial holiday. One weapon the priest has, - bribery, - and many use it. But suppose all goes well, and the inquiries develop no objection to my visit to my sick parents. A month will

have elapsed in the most favorable circumstances, and they may have died or recovered.

"Assume that I really make the journey. I may miss a train and be compelled to spend a night at some town not noted on my passport. Woe betide me! I may be hauled out of my bed and be invited to hasten my departure or incur the risk of being transported back to my home like a felon. Such was my experience a few weeks ago at ---. Such was recently the experience of a professor of the Roman Catholic Academy of St. Petersburg at Warsaw. I finally reach my father's home, and, lo! the constable arrives and demands my signature to a promise that during my stay I will not take part in any religious service or office, bury, baptize, or marry anybody, or administer the last unction, though the nearest Catholic priest may be a day's journey distant.

"Why this padlock on my conscience? Why should I be forbidden to comfort the dying and hearten the living? Because Mouraviev of Vilna arranged matters so, and nobody has troubled to change them.

"The seminary student is the subject of minute police researches when he enters the institution, when he becomes a priest, whenever he secures a new appointment. Above his head always hangs the threat of the cloister or of deportation. Trial and opportunity of defense are never given. Gendarmes arrive at dead of night, to avoid popular demonstrations, and the priest disappears.

"Poland is the land of graves and crosses; to repair a cross or wayside crucifix without special permission is a high crime and misdemeanor.

"The hierarchy are interfered with in hundreds of ways in the management of their dioceses, in the control of the seminaries, in the matter of ecclesiastical discipline and professional instruction. Catholic communities may wait a generation for permission to erect a church or a belfry, while the people are forced to contribute to the erection of Orthodox churches for no other purpose than to decorate the towns with the familiar onion cupolas which are supposed to symbolize Russian influence."

The lot of the Catholics is, however, comparatively happy when one considers the Uniats, descendants of Ruthenian

peasants that accepted the authority of the Pope while retaining the Slavonic tongue and rites. Nicholas I attempted to dragoon them back into the Orthodox Church. Nicholas II has time and again issued orders that they shall be allowed freedom of conscience, but the officials have always decided that the orders of the Czar did not apply in any individual cases that were raised. According to official data, these so-called "stubborn" Uniats numbered 87,994 in 1889. Among them 10,737 couples were living in marriages which the authorities refused to recognize as legal, and 29,239 persons had remained unbaptized. The real number of the Uniats is far larger than the official figures indicate.

### CONDITION OF THE POLISH JEWS

THE Jewish problem in Poland is far more social than religious. I got my first insight into it while traveling from Warsaw to Lodz in a third-class car. Among the passengers were several Polish women of the middle class and half a dozen Germans. The others were Jews, whose eager, restless faces contrasted sharply with the stolid Saxons and the refined Poles-all Polish women above the working-class have an air of distinction. On the one side I observed good-natured contempt, on the other barely concealed hatred. The Jews remained seated scarcely a minute during the first hour of the journey. They would gather in groups, obstruct the passages, and lean over the other passengers, incessantly talking over business matters. The car became a sort of exchange. News was imparted and bargains were struck. Here there was something doing, there business was dull. The Jews, though mainly strangers to one another, were a close corporation of keen business heads. Every one was ready to travel twenty miles for the prospect of a few pennies above the railway fare, which might, after all, not have to be paid. The car was overcrowded, and the air soon became more than indifferent. The Germans and Poles occupied all the space they could, and unblushingly claimed places as taken which were really free. The skeptical Jews scowled and slunk away. Smelling-bottles were ostentatiously applied. One of the Polish women opened a window.

"We shall take cold. We may get

sick and die," protested several Jews in a

"So much the better," was the imperturbable response, though it was of course not meant seriously.

Shop and cabal talk exhausted, the Jews one after another began mumbling prayers in Hebrew. The aged were especially fervid. With closed eyes and swaying bodies, they continued their exercises an hour at a time. From their glowering looks one could more readily imagine their incantations were imprecations than blessings.

The esteem for the Jews was not heightened by their unconcealed efforts to beat the railway. Tickets were passed under the very nose of the conductors and inspectors, who follow hard upon one another. I returned to Warsaw in the same class. All the other passengers in the car were Iews. The moment the inspector had passed, two half-grown boys rose from beneath different benches and brushed the dust from their clothes, half the passengers sharing their happy grin. There was a spy in the car, however, and an inspector soon asked for fares. The mother of the boys rose and, having emptied a few coppers from her own pockets, silently solicited contributions from the other passengers. A sum about one fourth the fares was collected and handed over to the inspector, who divided it with the spy in the eyes of all the passengers. The affair excited no comment whatever.

I moved to another car. A passenger was detected without a ticket. His neighbor, an entire stranger, silently held up his ten fingers. The passenger handed over ten copecks, which was pocketed without a word, though the fare was fifty copecks.

Returning to Warsaw, I visited the Jewish quarters, saw multitudes of shops scarcely larger than hen-coops, and scanned myriads of hungry faces with burning eyes. It was quite evident where the root of the trouble lay: over-competition on account of artificial residential restrictions, particularly on account of the expulsion of the Jews of Moscow and St. Petersburg, whereby the Jewish population of Warsaw was doubled in a decade.

NO JEWISH OFFICIALS OR PEASANTS

I SHALL quote from an educated Jew upon whom I called:

"The intelligent Jews mainly class themselves with the liberals, who are indifferent in religious matters or anti-clerical. We have come to consider ourselves Poles rather than Jews, and many of us would become Catholics—for Catholicism and the national spirit are in many ways identical—only that we think that by remaining Jews we can exercise an influence on the uncultivated masses and guide them into Polish national channels. Contrary to the general opinion, the educated Jews of Poland are far less devout than those of France or Germany. We are assimilants. We hope for the final absorption of the Jews of Poland into the Polish nationality.

"Three other great tendencies must be noted. The masses are wholly uncultivated and fanatical. Distinctly superior to these intellectually, the Zionists are zealous for Jewish nationality and talk of emigration to Palestine; but actual emigration can always wait. Zionism is merely a symbol for nationalism. Finally, there are the Jewish socialists, largely organized into the 'Bund,' which is very radical and very strong. It is concerned mainly with questions of bread and butter. The Jewish proletariat is always hungry and often half starying.

"The position of the Jews is very complicated. The Code Napoléon placed them on an equality with other persons, but this equality has been nullified in many ways by administrative orders. Jews cannot become lawyers since 1886. There are no Jewish officials.

"We compute more than 2,000,000 Jews in Poland. Five per cent. are rentiers, three per cent. belong to the liberal professions, six per cent. are beggars; day laborers, artisans, and petty commissioners make up forty per cent.; forty-one per cent. are classed as merchants, but only six per cent. earn more than \$250 or \$300 a year per family. It is worth noting that 4140 Jews are farmers. Nominally all Jews are free to farm, but actually it is not so. Peasants are forbidden by law to sell their lands to any one except peasants, and there are no Jewish peasants.

"Jewish scholars may not exceed ten per cent. of the attendance of intermediate classical schools and universities in the Jewish pale. Elsewhere the percentage is three or less. Hebre'w and Jargon schools enjoy legal sanction, and virtually every Jew can read and write Jargon and read Hebrew.

"The Jews amount to a third of the population of Warsaw and furnish half the soldiers. This is due to adroit manipulation of the enrolment and conscription."

Our conversation was interrupted by resounding applause in an adjoining room.

"We are always having political meetings," explained my host. "They are against the law, of course; but everything is, and we have to find means."

# THE RUSSIFICATION POLICY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONDITION OF POLAND

No argument is needed to show that the highly unsatisfactory state of the country is due mainly to the ill-conceived design of the Russian government to transform more than nine million Poles into Russians, instead of trying to make them loval subjects of the Russian Emperor. The Poles have been able to resist, not by their own numerical strength in the ten provinces alone, where they are in contact mainly with populations little more friendly to the government than themselves, but sustained likewise by the sympathies of the 2,000,000 Poles of Lithuania and the Ukraine, the 8,000,000 of Austria and Prussia, and the million or more living in the United States. Besides the Jews, the non-Polish population of the ten provinces comprises only 500,000 Ruthenians and 200,000 Lithuanians. Moreover, the Poles have the strength of a growing people. The republic of Poland had in 1772, before the first partition, only about 7,200,000 inhabitants, including all nationalities. The portion comprising the present kingdom of Poland had a population of only 3,300,-000 in 1815, when it was definitely incorporated into the Russian Empire. The total population is now nearly 11,000,000.

The period of resistance by mere multiplication came to an end a little more than a decade ago. Signs of activity were observed about the same time in the two social extremes. In 1893 the small warring factions of the Polish socialists united to form the Polish Socialist Party, and a few rural and financial magnates resolved to begin a quiet campaign for an improvement of the political and social condition of the country on the basis of mutual confidence and concessions between the Rus-

sian government and its Polish subjects. The party of compromise entered the arena with a well-conducted weekly organ, the "Kraj," issued at St. Petersburg on account of less onerous censorship conditions at the capital, and the daily "Slovo," published by a staff of talented editors at Warsaw. The intellectual leaders were Erasmus Piltz, publisher of the "Kraj." and the author and advocate V. D. Spassovich. Great hopes were based upon the first visit of the Emperor Nicholas II to Warsaw in 1897. There was a rude awakening from these dreams soon after, when the publication of a secret report of General-Governor Imeritinsky disclosed the determination of the government to persist in its old policy of complete Russifica-

The leading rôle passed into the hands of the young National Democracy, which announced as its program the restoration of Polish independence on a democratic basis. It differs from the Polish Socialist Party and the loosely organized liberals mainly in being a pronounced clerical party.

# PRO-JAPANESE SYMPATHIES OF THE

THE magnates attempted to regain their lost position, at the outbreak of the war with Japan, by agitating for an address of loyalty. It found so little support that it was dropped, and \$30,000 was raised instead for the equipment of a Polish sanitary corps with Catholic sisters as nurses. When this idea was first mentioned to Minister Plehve, he asked dryly if the Poles "regarded the war as a sort of bazaar where they might have a Polish booth," but no real objections were interposed. Polish society as a whole made no effort to conceal its pro-Japanese sympathies. Every Russian defeat has caused smiles of satisfaction throughout Poland. Excepting the Social Democrats, however, who have latterly begun to challenge the predominance of the Polish Socialist Party among the factory hands, few cared to display their sentiments by public demonstrations. These were favored by the dullness of business on account of the loss of the Siberian markets and the slack demand in Russia, which soon threw 60,000 hands out of . employment. The government itself provoked outbreaks of hostile feeling by con-

triving claptrap patriotic demonstrations. Red-flag processions became more and more numerous as the industrial situation became worse, and to them were soon added mutinies of reservists throughout the country. Thousands escaped service by emigrating without passports, the summons to the flag was flagrantly disregarded, and the country was thrown into a turmoil by the hunting down of the delinquents by the police. To the casual observer the situation seemed to threaten an armed uprising, but this view left out of account the lessons of caution administered to the Poles in 1831 and in the sixties.

# PRESENT DEMANDS OF THE POLISH PARTIES

THE war and the removal of Minister Plehve gave Poland, along with the remainder of Russia, a momentary breathing-spell. It became possible to exchange ideas on the situation of the empire and to organize the reform forces. The St. Petersburg zemstvo conference had just adjourned when I reached Warsaw. few great noblemen had been in conversation with the Russian liberals and Prince Mirsky, and were prepared to report their observations to the various nationalist party groups. Prince Mirsky passed word that the Poles should be allowed entire freedom of private discussion. Hundreds of small gatherings were held, and finally, only a day or two before my second visit to Warsaw, a delegate meeting of one hundred and five persons assembled in the home of a nobleman, under the chairmanship of the Catholic bishop of Warsaw, and adopted a long memorial for presentation to Prince Mirsky. It closed by making the following demands:

- 1. The use of the Polish language in the schools, courts, and public offices.
- 2. The appointment of Poles to all public offices.
- 3. Self-government on an elective basis in town and country, with the retention of the existing commune, or "gmina."
  - 4. Freedom of conscience.

Such were the minimum demands of all the parties, excepting the Social Democrats, the "Bund," and the "Proletariat," as another radical labor party is called. Many of the liberals and National Democrats were disposed to add a fifth clause: a national diet and an autonomous government subordinate merely in matters of imperial concern to the authorities of St. Petersburg.

The majority of the Poles both of the kingdom and of Lithuania and the Ukraine realize that in these territories Polish influence is bound to diminish steadily. The demands of the Lithuanian Poles, made about the same time in petitions to Prince Mirsky, were therefore for the rights of a minority population. They ask to be allowed to talk Polish freely, to hold schools in Polish at private expense, to conduct their worship free of molestation, and to own land and engage in business on the same terms as other Russian subjects. In other words, they ask for the same privileges that German subjects and residents of the empire already freely enjoy.

The reluctance of the parties represented in the meeting I have mentioned to ally themselves with the Russian liberals is due not only to their unwillingness to revive the enmity of the Russian government, but to the fear that the future Russian parliament may prove a more successful if not a more resolute advocate of Russification than the autocracy has been. In giving their sympathies to the reformers, they do not conceal from themselves the probability that constitutional Russia will follow the example of constitutional Austria.

# INFLUENCES AT WORK AGAINST OPEN REVOLT

THE dictum of a compromise leader that the Poles were not strong enough to undertake a revolution with prospects of success, but were strong enough to prevent one from being begun, was put to the test sooner than he could foresee. Perhaps recollections of that February day in 1861, when multitudes of Polish men and women were fired upon with cannon while they knelt in the snow in front of the Warsaw palace and sang the national hymn, added to the

indignation which the tidings of "Red Sunday" in St. Petersburg aroused in Warsaw. Certainly nowhere else was the reaction to this stimulus as strong as in Poland. The Social Democrats and revolutionists throughout Russia vied in demonstrating their power, if only for a moment. Only in Poland were the strikes strictly general. That there was for a time danger that the frenzied, unschooled masses might be misled into an effort to throw off the Russian domination was evidenced by sober appeals issued to the Polish people by the Polish National League of Warsaw, the central organization of the National Democracy, and by a gathering of Galician noblemen in Lemberg. The people were told that even if Russian troops should refuse to fire upon Russian rioters, they would not hesitate to employ their arms against Poles; and that if the disorganized Russian government faltered and lost its head, there was no reason to doubt that the German Emperor would come to the aid of the Czar.

The crisis passed, for the moment at least, and the Poles again became "los atendados." The school-children struck for the native language, in imitation of the university and polytechnic students throughout the empire; and delegations were sent to St. Petersburg to present the language and the religious problems to the various reform commissions that are engaged in endless discussions, but seem little likely to arrive at any tangible result until further catastrophes, martial, financial, political, and criminal, shall one day brush them all aside or set them working with an energy born of desperation. But even if the revolution under way in Russia should satisfy the demands of the Poles as previously outlined, they will still "wait," for they dream of nothing short of the restoration of an independent and united Poland. Many of them believe that Galicia is destined to play the rôle of a Polish Piedmont, and that their opportunity will come, as that of Piedmont came, through a great European war.

### EDITORIAL NOTE

Since the above article was made ready for the press, the Czar, in a rescript issued May 16, 1905, removed many of the restrictive ordinances from which Poland has suffered. Permission to introduce the Polish and Lithuanian languages into the primary and secondary schools is granted; the assemblies of Polish nobles are reëstablished; the purchase of land by Catholic peasants is permitted; and these measures, it is understood, are to be followed by local self-government through the zemstvo. Should these reforms be put in force, the result will mark a complete reversal of Russian policy in Poland.

# NOTABLE WOMEN: THE LATE PRINCESS MATHILDE

(BORN MAY 27, 1820; DIED JANUARY 2, 1904)

BY MME. BLANC ("TH. BENTZON")

THE CLOSE OF THE LAST GREAT SALON OF FRANCE



I is not long since M. Victor du Bled contributed to this magazine an entertaining sketch of the Princess Mathilde, 1 and yet

already those witty eyes are closed, those lips, eloquent in discussion and gracious in welcome, are silent forever. The queen of the last Paris salon is no more. I take the word "salon" as it was understood when first used, for it is needless to repeat that there are still in Paris many drawing-rooms where men and women talk; the art of conversation will last as long as France herself. Still, what was implied by the word "salon" has disappeared with two or three maîtresses de maison of the old school. whom our fashionable women of to-day, though they may, perhaps, equal them, cannot replace. This seems to contradict what I said in these pages ten years ago,2 but then ten years bring forth many changes.

# WHY THERE ARE NO MORE SALONS

That there should be no more salons in Paris is easily accounted for. First, we have more men's clubs now in France, and once a man is accustomed to the independence and the easy-goingness of club life he finds the tyranny of a salon irksome; for a salon imposes a certain constraint, a little self-sacrifice. Secondly, women nowadays cannot stay at home. The life of their grandmothers, who never traveled, never

had any outdoor amusement, never paid the thousand visits which are now considered a duty, would be to them something like prison life. Bicycling has done as much harm to reading and conversation as it may have done good to the health. Thirdly, the influence of the cosmopolitan element destroys sets or coteries. Now a salon is a coterie where people meet who agree and who can understand one another's half-spoken words. An outsider strikes like a false note. One may call this narrowmindedness, but the fact cannot be denied. No one can have a salon with the doors wide open; it would turn immediately into a club. Its chief charm lies in its exclusiveness, which fosters the necessary intimacy between the habitués. Of course from time to time a foreign celebrity makes his or her appearance, and, so to speak, renews the air; or a stranger may pass through and interest the guests by the very law of contrast: but the real aim of those whose presence constitutes a salon is to meet in order to spar as brightly as they can with some friendly adversary, upon some known subject, before people whom they desire to please. How, in this troubled year of grace 1905, could any one unite in a salon the Nationalists and the Drevfusards, the friends and the detractors of the government, even supposing them all to be intelligent and well-bred? It would not be a salon, but a menagerie with the animals eating one another up. Only think! I myself have heard girls ask, when invited to a dance at the house of a wealthy banker

1 See THE CENTURY for February, 1902: "The Salon of the Princess Mathilde."
2 See THE CENTURY for August, 1894: "Conversation in France."



From a photograph by Disderi et Cie. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PRINCESS MATHILDE

suspected of Jewish proclivities: "Shall we at least have Christian partners?" The other camp stands in a defensive—too often an aggressive—attitude, and raises subjects of conversation chosen as if to irritate or to draw out the opinions of their opponents. The day is long past when French society asked of a man no more than that he should be a gentleman.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PRINCESS

THERE was, there could be, no element of discord at the Princess Mathilde's. It has been said again and again that she not only permitted, but even courted contradiction. In fact, she never seemed to notice that among her guests were A. Franck, the Jew; Renan, a man separated from the church; Mérimée, an atheist who had never been baptized. Yet we learn elsewhere how she quarreled with Taine, and the Goncourts have told of her violent dispute with Sainte-Beuve. The discussion which she invited had to be bounded by careful politeness; had to be a neat tournament encounter, not a free fight. Above all, she suffered no blame, no criticism, of her idol, Napoleon I. Apart from that, opinions were at liberty to express themselves. She even excused the impartial judgments of history upon her own family. Her friendship for Frédéric Masson is a proof of this.

Her sure and firm hold of the scepter of conversation was strengthened by her title of "Imperial Highness," and its use was thereby justified even among democrats. The princess claimed for herself alone the right of saying anything or everything; she knew how to turn or check conversation in a way that admitted of no reply. The truth is that though free and kindly, though much of what some called "a very good fellow," the princess, for half a century, and especially after the fall of the empire, made of her salon a small court where the rules of etiquette were strictly observed even when she strove to forget them. I confess that the reserve which always reigns in a court, even when presided over by a gracious fairy, prevented me from seeing the Princess Mathilde as often as I might otherwise have done. Having to remember those easy words "your Highness" sufficed to make me dull, and such the princess must have thought me. I am all the more grateful to her for her constant kindness to me.

#### AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK

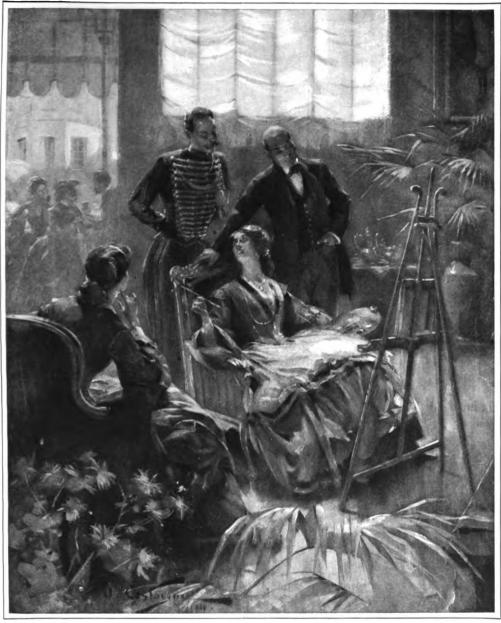
ONCE—once only—I lost in her presence the sense of social distinction. I had just returned from breathing the free air of America. It was in 1894, on my return from a first journey to the United States. She questioned me with amiable curiosity, listened attentively, and seemed amused at the enthusiasm of a person who showed naïvely the impression of having discovered a new world. As I was describing Baltimore, she said: "You seem to like that city very much." The Count T-, who was present, showed some want of tact by remarking that I was not the only person who had admired Baltimore, her Highness's father having done so before me. I should not care to meet the glance which the daughter of King Jerome flashed at the imprudent speaker. The pleasant questioning ceased, and I grew silent, thinking of a house in Baltimore where the memory of the First Empire is preciously kept, and where family souvenirs, though less numerous and less costly than in the hôtel of the Rue de Berri, are not less dear to their owners.

#### THE PRINCESS'S LOYALTY

It was at Arcachon, whither, contrary to her habit of never leaving Paris save for St. Gratien, she had gone to spend a few days, that I was able to judge of that eloquence which, like her brother the Prince Napoleon, she possessed to a degree. She was speaking of love, the only real joy of a woman's life, and she spoke with all the passion of a fiery, unsophisticated Italian. She had in her heart of hearts a ray of the sun of Italy, though she would be all French and waved away what was said of her cousinship with every royal house in Europe, answering: "I am only a Napoleon."

She did, indeed, know how to speak as a Napoleon of France and of our national glories. Such was her respect for them that if, while driving in the Champs-Élysées, she met a regiment, she alighted from her carriage in courtesy to the flag. Her greatest grief was caused by the attacks and the insults leveled against the army of late years. Otherwise she would have had no animosity for republican institutions.

In a letter written in 1865 she says:



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson IN THE STUDIO OF THE PRINCESS MATHILDE

As I am not of sufficiently high birth to have had relatives guillotined, I have had only the roses of the Revolution; I love it, I understand it, and I wish every Frenchman to feel its grandeur.

HER DIRECTNESS OF THOUGHT

To return to my own reminiscences. I recall a dinner at which I met Anatole

France, then known only as the author of that delightful book, "The Crime of Silvestre Bonnard," of "The Book of My Friend," and of "Thais"; but the princess seemed to forefeel that he would develop in directions with which she would be unsympathetic, to wit, "L'Anneau d'Amethyste," "Crainquebille," or other offsprings of Dreyfusism and socialism. However this



From a photograph by Braun, Clement et Cie. of the pastel by Lucien Doucet

#### THE PRINCESS MATHILDE AT WORK

may have been, she did not put him into a happy vein.

He probably felt out of his element and uttered none of those original remarks, those sparkling paradoxes, which strike his hearers all the more forcibly that he generally says them hesitatingly, as though he were seeking the newest, most perfect form of expression, whereas he really halts from some natural defect. The princess and he were not made to understand each other. She was averse to far-fetched subtleties of thought. As Sainte-Beuve remarks:

The eaglet loves the sun. . . . Her mind, like her character, was simple and straight-

forward, without a shadow; it was elevated and open, marked by pure good faith. Her thoughts were well defined, with never an instant's doubt or hesitation. She understood only what was clear and easily explained. It was useless to talk to her of those ambiguous, complicated ideas which reflect both sides of a question. Twilight definitions, half-scen, dusky things, she did not comprehend. In this respect she was a child of the South; what she did see, she saw clearly defined. With her it was all day or all night; an Italian sky of light, with well-marked horizons, cloudless, hazeless, pure blue and neatly cut outlines.

I may as well say at once that she hardly grasped the rapid evolution of ideas and

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tastes which marks the last five-and-twenty years. The newer forms of art, the psychological complexity in many of the novels of to-day, she considered mere affectation.

She fell back upon history, upon memoirs, with delight; and she herself uttered history in its most captivating, most lively form, when, as she would sometimes do of an evening among her familiar guests, she told tales of her early life; of her grandmother, Madame Lætitia; of her aunts, the sisters of Napoleon; of her pinched life in Florence; of the melancholy time of exile; of the pleasant welcome given her by Louis Philippe, which she later paid back in greeting the Duc d'Aumale. Some of these reminiscences were made all the more living as, while speaking, she pointed to the busts and portraits of the older Bonapartes that were round the room. She had never forgotten anything, and could paint a vivid picture of what she remembered. As she talked, her face, in its unfading beauty of feature, shone with the light of youth.

#### A COMPLIMENT FROM THE CZARINA

THE princess remained beautiful to the last. When the Emperor and Empress of Russia visited Paris and its sights, the Princess Mathilde received them under the dome of the Invalides, near the tomb of her uncle. It had been agreed that she should do so alone, and without any official escort.

It must have been a striking apparition when, with her Napoleonic face, she, in whose veins the blood of the hero flowed,—she, the sole representative of the mourning race,—stood robed in dark purple on the steps of the funereal vault. She did the honors of the place with inborn majesty; no one I ever knew had such a sovereign air, such a dignity of mien or of rhythmic step. But even as she acquitted herself of a mission so well suited to her, a trifling incident worried her. The young Empress, whom she saw for the first time, had gazed at her bewildered. "Certainly," thought she, "my bonnet is on one side."

The next day, after the luncheon at the Russian embassy, she seized the opportunity of a moment's tête-à-tête with the Empress in the room of the little grand-duchess to ask what had seemed so ex-

traordinary. The Empress smiled and said: "When I thought of the length of years attributed to your Highness I did not expect to find you so young."

#### THE BEAUTY OF THE PRINCESS

This confession was far from being unpleasant, nor was it a form of flattery. In the evening, by the light of lamps or candles, the princess showed arms and shoulders as white as the pearls that half concealed them and that were always her favorite ornament. Her skin was like satin in the uniform paleness which spread over her once rose-leaf complexion. A light touch of art kept her hair from growing white. The lines of her profile remained pure, as can easily be seen in the pastel by Lucien Doucet, which shows her painting in water-color, with one hand, of exquisite shape, stretched over a slanting drawing-She was remarkably well made, and, though perhaps stout, she was never heavy nor fat, while the native elegance of her gait, demeanor, and movements was heightened by her perfect naturalness, which was, indeed, her most characteristic feature.

#### HER FRANKNESS

It is impossible to be more natural than was the princess. The freedom of speech for which she has been blamed was part of her frankness, like a grain not precisely of Attic salt, but of genuine sel gaulois in the formation of a mind which could be serious and thoughtful when it chose. All the eminent men, whose society she preferred to that of women, agree in rendering justice to the correctness of her judgment. She was too thoroughly a Frenchwoman of the old school not to utter, from time to time, some bold expression calling things by their names; but these startling sallies, like her bursts of anger, were mere lightning flashes, and sprang from her greatest charm, the charm of spontaneousness. How could she help being at times violent, she who had jealously preserved the power of feeling indignant at all the meanness, the falsehood, alas! so common in life? Of course those about her suffered from these sudden storms, but she knew how to heal the hurt she inflicted. A word or a note in her rapid, almost illegible handwriting brought the injured one back to her more devoted than ever.



PRINCESS MATHILDE'S COLLAR OF WHITE PEARLS, WHICH FORMERLY BELONGED TO QUEEN SOPHIA OF HOLLAND, AND WHICH BROUGHT AT THE SALE OF HER EFFECTS 940,000 FRANCS

### ARTISTIC SYMPATHIES

PRINCESS MATHILDE was an artist in the passionate protection which she afforded to artists as well as by her love for the beautiful and her constant effort to attain it. Her talent was by no means despicable, though it produced nothing very remarkable. She studied attentively, and her drawings were frequently hung at the exhibitions of art, but in her own house they were banished to the studio. She never "showed off"; besides, no one knew so well as herself where they were wanting. "When I am gone," she would say, "what will be the use of them? They may light a fire."

### HER GOOD WORKS

On the other hand, she *could* show off her friends. She never tired of helping them, of pushing them on. Her influence with the Emperor was mainly employed in aid of her friends. Innumerable are those for whom she obtained the Legion of Honor or an order for a picture.

I will not enlarge here on what has been said of her unceasing care in helpful and active good works. Even as I write, the widow of Jules Machard, the painter, is telling me how, after the death of her husband, the princess came to her one winter's day, when she was alone in the country with her inconsolable grief. The princess braved the inclemency of the weather, drawn to the solitary house by the sorrow of one who had been, in days of youth and happiness, a charming ornament of her salon.

How many of her habitués—of those, too, whom she had to complain of, who had failed her or abandoned her-saw her at their bedside when they were ill; were consoled and amused by her; and were always forgiven! She had a motherly love for children of all ranks. At Christmas and at Easter she gave them merry parties. She was fond of making presents, and she chose her gifts with that care to please the receiver which is a kindness in itself. Her charity was as graceful as her friendship. Nobody can tell how much she gave away, but the foundation for incurable girls, at Neuilly, will be a lasting witness to her charity. She never ceased looking after it.

One might almost think that this woman,

who had enjoyed life so intensely,—rejoicing in her affections, her health, her intelligence, the variety of her tastes, her high spirits, the perfect harmony of her temperament with her surroundings,—felt herself bound by the law of compensation to relieve the worst of ills, the helpless ill of incurable disease among the young.

#### THE PRINCESS'S HOME

THE Saturday guests at St. Gratien will no longer come to enjoy a hospitality which called to mind that formerly offered by the most French of all the princesses of the Renaissance, Margaret of Navarre. those long avenues where the hostess would walk with her elastic step, followed by her dogs, conversation worthy of the " Heptameron" would be carried on by men of such names as Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Flaubert, Émile Ollivier, Théophile Gautier, or the Goncourt brothers. To the latter many cruel indiscretions may be forgiven in consideration of their having included in their " Journal "a minute and faithful account of the life led at St. Gratien. They have depicted, without omitting a single one, every detail of this mansion, which, if it has nothing regal in itself, is rendered beautiful by the view it commands over the lake of Enghien and the forest of Montmorency. The studio, crowded like a conservatory with palms and ferns, relieved by picturesque, exotic ornaments, contains immense divans, where the assembled guests whiled away the warm hours of the afternoon. They read or drew or conversed, while the princess sat before her easel or at her tapestry-frame, talking; or, listening to some one who read aloud, embroidered marvelous patterns invented or designed by herself. Then came the large rooms on the ground floor, drawing-rooms, library, and diningroom, all hung alike in chintz with oleander flowers on a sea-green-tinted ground, of which she used to say: "I am so fond of my old chintz with friends sitting upon it."

Then came the more private apartments: in their toy furniture she kept dainties for herdogs; the great looking-glasses mirrored the knickknacks scattered about; the walls and chairs were decked with fresh-colored stuffs the brightness of which pleased her.

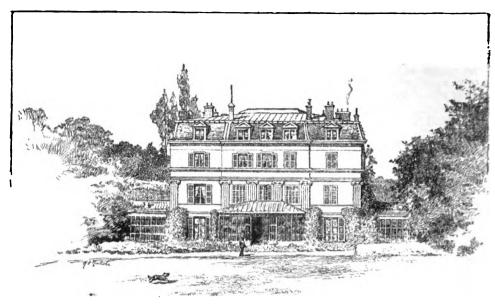
### HER LAST ILLNESS

It was in front of the writing-table in her bedchamber that she had the fall which eventually caused her death. Just a few days before, one of her intimate friends, Émile Gebhardt, the historian of the sixteenth century in Italy, had spoken to me of the lively way in which she walked her guests through the park and took them to see the improvements in her poultry-yard and some new species she had introduced there. Never had she been in better spirits; "and yet," he added, "for some time, when leading her to the dinner-table, I have noticed that she leans more heavily on my arm." All her youth of mind and body did not prevent her being past eighty years of age.

She was brought back to Paris to be taken care of, and, for the first time in her life, this ever-active woman was seen lying on a sofa; and there she lingered for weeks and months. Such was the strength of her constitution that for long weeks she bid defiance to death; and when at length she yielded, it was with admirable courage and serenity. She was surrounded by her family: the Princess Clotilde, who had come from Italy; the Empress Eugénie; Princess Lætitia, Duchess of Aosta; her cousins, the Princesses Bonaparte; and a son of one of the latter, Count Primoli, himself a great lover of arts and letters, and for whom she had always shown a marked affection. As before, her friends formed around her an attentive court. More often than others came the curé of St. Gratien, her constant ally and almoner in her good works. The princess had never been a devotee; this was the great difference between her and her sister-in-law. Princess Clotilde; but, when her time came, she did not hesitate to set her conscience in order according to the law of the religion in which she was born and which she respected even if she did not follow its practices entirely. Simple in her faith, as she had been in everything else, it was to the good old country priest she had recourse. After many alternatives of hope and fear, her last moments came so suddenly that the Empress, who had passed the day with her, was not present, having thought she might leave without risk.

### RELATIONS WITH THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

SINCE the fall of the empire and their common misfortunes, the two cousins had lived on terms of sincere cordiality. Before then



Drawn by H. D. Nichols after a photograph
ST. GRATIEN, RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCESS MATHILDE

they do not seem to have felt much affection for each other, the coolness being especially in the side of the Princess Mathilde, who could not easily reconcile herself to the love-match of Napoleon III. This did not spring from any personal feeling in the matter; for, if it be true that a marriage was proposed between her and Prince Louis Napoleon in their youth, no romance existed between them, as some people have tried to make out. The princess was not one of those young girls who allow themselves to be sacrificed by their family, independence and a strong will being her chief qualities. One of the people who knew her most intimately said to me: "If she had desired this marriage it would have taken place, for what she wished always happened."

#### THE OBSEQUIES

On New Year's day, when many friends would come to kiss the hand of the princess and offer her their good wishes, only sad faces were seen to cross the threshold of the hôtel in the Rue de Berri. The names of the Orléans princes were the first written down at the top of the list opened on the 2d of January. The body of the princess lay in state in the bedroom for two days. In her white satin robes the dead woman seemed to sleep on a bed of violets,

her favorite flower-Napoleon's flower, too. An image of the Virgin hung at the head of the bed. Then a bier, covered with mourning drapery displaying a cross in white watered silk, was borne below into the great hushed drawing-room, where, in winter, on Wednesdays and Sundays, so many lively talkers used to meet. Later, the coffin was transported to the church of St. Gratien, to remain till the funeral, which could not take place before the arrival of Prince Louis Napoleon. Prince Victor, as head of the family, had notified the sovereigns of Europe of the death of his aunt, but the law of exile prevented him from being present. He who bears, under a foreign flag, the glorious name of General Bonaparte arrived from Russia on the 12th of January, as sole legatee of the princess. He executed her last wishes hurriedly, like a soldier obliged to return at once to his

The obsequies were most impressive. The poor children of the Mathilde Asylum wept bitterly for the loss of their benefactress. With the nuns who take care of them, they came to the solemn service for the princess at the parish church of her Paris residence—the Church of St. Philip du Roule. They were there with the notabilities of the Second Empire, with the representatives of almost every royal house of Europe, with friends gathered once more

in common grief for her who had so long united them by the charm of her presence. The whole nave of the church was hung in black; the choir was dazzlingly lighted; the catafalque was magnificent; the music of Beethoven, Stradella, and Chopin, added to the majestic pomp of the Catholic liturgy, -all united to make the funeral rites worthy of an imperial highness. But the real burial—the burial she had wished took place, a few days previous, in the humble church of St. Gratien on the 18th of January. There the service was austere, plain, and strictly private. No one was present save the family and the peasants of the neighborhood, who had been the organizers of the ceremony, inasmuch as the commune—that is, the village authorities—insistently petitioned the government for leave to bury the princess in the church itself, such burials being now forbidden in France. Hither they came in procession, with their band at their head, to pay a last tribute of respect to the lady of the Château de St. Gratien. An incident fraught with emotional interest marked the passage of the Empress Eugénie. As she stepped out of the little church all heads were bowed. while she, as if in memory borne back to her imperial past, returned the marks of respect, saluting right and left with the graceful, majestic bow unseen in France since she left. Who that ever saw her does not remember those gracious inclinations of the head natural to the Empress from the swanlike form of her neck, the peculiar shape of her perfect bust, and the elegant carriage of her head? Beneath her white hair, veiled in crape, she was still the same; and before this transient resurrection of a vanished past more than one of the beholders shed tears.

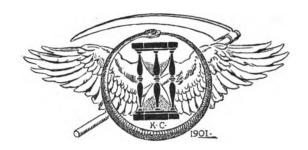
Now the good princess sleeps her last sleep in the transept of the church she restored, opposite the tomb of Catinat, marshal of France. He was one of her favorite heroes, a man who refused honors, riches, titles of nobility, and caused Louis XIV to say of him: "He is virtue crowned."

The estate of St. Gratien belonged to him, and the old house in which he lived, a pavilion of the time of Henry III, still exists. The princess used to lodge her best friends there, delighted to have in her keeping the memory of this great man, which she surrounded with respect. The ivory crucifix given to Catinat by Fénelon she

had placed in the village church. It will remain, perhaps, as a last and only relic of St. Gratien, the château and grounds having been immediately sold in lots—in fact, parceled out.

Alas! everything which belonged to the princess went to the auction sale, except a few pictures bequeathed in her will to the Louvre, and which are already placed in the National Museum, her portrait by Doucet among them. Probably Prince Louis Bonaparte could not, without this public sale, have found money for the charitable legacies of his aunt. It was, however, pitiful to see the gems which one remembered having admired on those queenly arms and shoulders pass into the hands of the jewelers, who fought for them. A necklace of pearls brought 489,500 francs, the sheer value of the pearls themselves. But what was that intrinsic worth compared with the historical interest of such a jewel, the engagement gift offered in 1807 by Napoleon to his brother's bride. the young Princess of Wurtemberg? The three strands of pearls which belonged to Queen Sophia of Holland were bought by a dealer for 940,000 francs, and were resold the next day for more than a million. This is among the highest prices ever reached at public sale for a piece of jewelry, a painting, or other object of art. A collar of thirty-three black pearls, formerly belonging to the Queen of Westphalia, reached 101,000 francs. Perhaps the most extraordinary of all, a string of twenty-two diamonds from India brought 128.000 francs. Two pendants, each formed of a single pearl, brought 200.750 francs. The exact total is 3,181,841 francs. But who cares? Family jewels are priceless—above all, when the family is this of Napoleon. Not only the pearls and diamonds, but the splendid lace which the princess loved has been disposed of: old guipure, point d'Alençon of the eighteenth century, etc.; the whole collection for little less than a hundred thousand francs.

The house in the Rue de Berri has become the property of the Belgian government, which has there installed its legation in Paris. When one passes by its doors, closed as those of a tomb, one cannot help thinking sadly that it is not merely the close of a life, but the close of a society, the end of a world which had a prestige and a grandeur of its own.



# THE PASSING OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

BY R. W. G.

SOME element from nature seems withdrawn,
The world we lived in being of his spirit wrought,—
His brightness, sweetness, tender gaiety,
His childlike, wistful, and half-humorous faith
That turned this harsh earth into fairy-land.
He made our world, and now our world is changed.

The sunniest nature his that ever breathed; Most lovable of all the sons of men; Who built his joy on making others happy: Like Jesus, lover of the hills and shores, And like him to the beasts and flowers kin, And with a brother's love for all mankind, But chiefly for the loving—though the lost. In his own art,—ineffable, serene, And mystical (not less to nature true And to the heart of man),—his was the power To shed a light of love on human waifs And folk of simple soul. Where'er he went, Sweet childhood followed and all childlike hearts. His very presence made a holiday—Affectionate laughter and quick, unsad tears.

Now, he being gone, the sun shines not so bright And every shadow darkens.

Kind heaven forbid Our lives should lack forever what he gave,-Prove mirage-haunted, every good unreal! Let the brave cheer of life we had through him Return, reflected from his joyous soul That cannot all be lost, where'er it hides,— Hides, but is quenched not, -haply smiling still Near where his well-loved Shakspere smiling sits, Whose birthday for his own new birth he took Into the unseen world, to him not far But radiant with the same mysterious light That filled his noontime with the twilight dream. And it was Easter, too,—the golden day Of resurrection, and man's dauntless hope. Into the unseen he passed, willing and glad, And humbly proud of a great nation's love;

In honored age, with heart untouched by years Save to grow sweeter, and more dear, more dear,—Into that world whereon, so oft, he mused; Where he forgets not this, nor shall we him,—That magic smile, that most pathetic voice, That starry glance, that rare and faithful soul.

From dream to dream he passed on Shakspere's day—So dedicate his mind to pleasant thought,
So deep his feälty to that great shade;
He being, like him of Avon, a fairy child,
High-born of miracle and mystery,
Of wonder, and of wisdom, and of mirth.



# TOPICS OF THE TIME

# CLEARING-HOUSES FOR HUMAN BETTERMENT

OLUMBUS and his successors re-Uduced the world from an unimaginable infinity into imaginable vastness. Since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it has grown continually smaller, but never perhaps, since then, so rapidly as within the last five years. Recent Occidental and Oriental wars with their sequelæ, and other causes, such as the extension of railroad and telegraph and telephone lines, have brought the ends of a still pretty big world together as never before. This great change is evidenced in the fact that the average American at last is able to occupy his mind with foreign news; even with Oriental news; even with Oriental news not warlike.

One of the things that the awakened mind of the average American now perceives is that he cannot complaisantly confine his attention to home affairs, without comparison with those of foreign countries. He at last sees that he must "care" very much for "abroad"; he realizes that American problems are world problems, many of which must be solved by availing ourselves of the contemporary experience of other nations. He recognizes that the

new form of industrialism,—namely, manufacture,—which diminishes the agricultural populations and augments the urban, is a condition which affects, in greater or less degree, the whole world. With this great change of conditions come all the new problems, physical and moral, of concentrated living; all the dangers to the individual and society from congestion of population, and from the new forces of steam and electricity as applied to transportation and to machinery of all kinds.

It is now seen that these new conditions affect not merely the centers of civilization, but the most distant parts of the earth where the spirit of modern enterprise has penetrated. Meantime, everywhere experiments are being made in the solution of the new problems; the successes and the failures all being of the greatest use as examples or warnings—if the knowledge of them can be promptly carried to other communities throughout the world, where similar conditions induce similar experiments.

For many years special studies by individuals, or by official commissions, have made a shift at supplying to single communities, or single groups or individuals, or to the general public, practical information and advice in these matters. But during the past few years it has been realized that there were no agencies which were doing the work of gathering and wisely disseminating practical information on all matters of social welfare with sufficient thoroughness to supply the demands arising on every side.

So far as we know, the Musée Social in Paris was the first practical response to the demand occasioned by the new conditions. This institution was founded and endowed in Paris, in the year 1894, by the Comte de Chambrun. Its field is limited to concerns of labor; but in this field it is of the highest utility. Any person in the world may send to the Musée Social an inquiry on any subject within its purview and receive an expert answer; if the material for such an answer is not at hand in the archives of the institution, it will be immediately obtained from the best expert authorities in France. From time to time the Musée sends out commissions of inquiry into foreign countries. Within its walls are meeting-rooms for consultation and for public lectures, and a library kept up to date along its special line.

But before the establishment of the Musée Social, Dr. Josiah Strong, then connected with the Evangelical Alliance, had outlined a similar institution, but on a broader basis, for America: what may be called a clearing-house for human betterment. In the year 1898 he was enabled partly to realize his own ideal in the formation of what is now known by its new name of the American Institute for Social Service, an institution of which he is himself president, and Dr. W. H. Tolman is director. This institute represents what may be called the American idea of a Musée Social, which includes the functions of the admirable Paris foundation, but only awaits a proper endowment to cover the whole field of social betterment.

It seems to us that this is one of the most practical and hopeful ideas ever formulated, and we are not surprised that the Institute has enlisted the support of statesmen like President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland, who are among its "Associates," and that the idea has been taken up energetically in other countries, the movement in some cases being directly inspired by the American Institute, and in the case of Great Britain having, in its beginnings, the personal coöperation of the founder and president of the American

Institute. The Swedish Institute of Social Service was directly modeled on the American Institute of Social Service.

The work of such clearing-houses for human betterment is not merely remedial, but preventive. The American Institute includes among its proposed features such a museum of safety as the museums at Amsterdam, Milan, Munich, Charlottenburg, and Paris, where are shown, and in some cases operated, appliances connected with machinery for the prevention of accidents. It proposes also a departmentgreatly needed—of comparative legislation, to register the laws on social subjects as they are passed in every American legislature, as well as foreign legislation. The Institute already records and disseminates information on schemes of industrial betterment, of village improvement, of housing reform, of municipal housekeeping, and all cognate subjects; and it answers inquiries on these subjects from all parts of America and, indeed, of the world.

But we cannot here describe all the functions of the American Institute and similar foundations abroad. We desire merely to name these foundations as among the most useful, original, and hopeful of the new agencies of civilization.

Better than all, such institutions are a fresh manifestation of the noblest side of the human spirit,—the sentiment of brother-hood, of disinterested helpfulness. There is so much of energetic and successful selfishness in the world that we sometimes overlook the powerful organizations and tremendous energies at work not only to help the afflicted, but to prevent affliction; to build up right and wholesome conditions; to make this hard world a cleaner, better, happier place to live in for all the children of men.

### THE STAGE WHISPER

IT is a matter of frequent comment that within the last two years there has been a marked improvement in the American stage, both in matter and manner. It would be an evil omen were Shakspere to be absent from the boards for long, since it is better that he should be played poorly than not at all; but it is pleasant to record that of late some very creditable representations have been given, enlisting Miss Marlowe, Miss Matthieson, Miss Eleanor Robson.

Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Otis Skinner, and others, and that these happily have proved successful at the box-office. For the rest, the new plays have often been up to the comprehension of intellectual people; Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Shaw in particular have exhibited skill and wit in refreshing combination. Of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's beautiful poetic tragedy of "Judith," with Miss Nance O'Neil in the title rôle, we have spoken heretofore. Mrs. Le Moyne's interesting and creditable representations of "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" and "In a Balcony" keep alive the tradition of Browning's tragedy. Mrs. Fiske has given us a successful melodrama. Mr. Klein's admirable play "The Music Master" has advanced Mr. David Warfield to the front rank of comedians in this country. Another welcome addition to the playwrights is Mr. George Ade, who is making excellent progress in humorous work of an admirable and wholesome sort, and only needs to let his ideality have a little freer play to realize his best possibilities. Both in the success of good plays and in the failure of bad ones, there seems to be a healthier condition of affairs.

In one respect, however, there is little if any improvement—in the cardinal defect of poor elocution. With the increased cost of living in general, the cost of good seats has, by the aid of the speculator, reached a price that to many a theater-goer makes them a luxury. Does it ever occur to the managers that if the actors were well trained in voice-production and enunciation, all seats in the theater would be good ones? There is rarely any difficulty in see-

ing the stage, but many a reader of these lines can recall his controlled impulses to cry, "Louder!" The handsome but untrained actor or actress who reaches the fortunate few in the nearer part of the orchestra probably is unaware of the penumbra of mystification that often extends halfway from the lobby to the stage. It is indeed a rare experience in any performance to hear all the actors all the time. It is not so much that the American voice is to blame: a compensation for its nasal quality is that, whether in speech or singing, it carries far and that it may yield to treatment. The English voice, though lovely in quality, is not always free from mumbling and monotony. In each case it is training that counts, and upon this point certainly less stress is laid in this country than elsewhere. The dramatic schools maintain a high ideal, but they reach a small percentage of those who face the footlights. The theater, like most other educational institutions in America, is lacking in discipline, in the fundamentals of technic. Most actors, as Mr. Stedman says of writers, learn their business, as barbers do theirs, by "trying it on the public," while the victims wince.

It was one of Joseph Jefferson's distinctions that he was not only an advocate, but an example, of good stage elocution. He was, however, an exception that proved the rule. The first step toward a better state of affairs is to convince managers and actors that it is desirable. With the memory of many a bad quarter-hour of strained effort to hear what should be apprehended with ease, we respectfully submit this word of suggestion.



### Note on Emperor William

AN "Anglo-Saxon" writes to us, from Germany, taking exception to ex-Ambassador Andrew D. White's statement, in THE CENTURY for February, regarding the popularity of the German Emperor in his own country.

The writer says he has lived in Germany for some years, "in close contact with the 'plain people' of all descriptions," and that he has "never heard any word from these which expresses a sense of personal regard, devotion, or affection for the present incumbent of the German throne." He goes on to criticize his policies with regard to both Asiatic and European matters, condemning him for his attitude toward China and Turkey, and for his supposed Pan-Germanic designs.—THE EDITOR.



# **Humor in School**

SECOND PAPER

IT was in the wilds of Vancouver Island. The teacher boarded with the wife of the trustee and wore brown shoes. These were a rara avis in that forest land. One day there came a timid tap at the teacher's bedroom door, followed by a voice: "Teacher, will you lend me your Browning?" Teacher, overlooking the "two foot nothing" of little Mary Inverarity (her father a rancher, her mother an Indian squaw), asked: "My Browning, kiddie? What would you do with Browning?" "Brown my shoes, teacher, please," replied Mary, with a modest look at her mother-made moccasins. The parity of reasoning was plain,—blacking, that which blacks boots; browning, the thing that browns them.

The text-book in English history, accounting for the untimely death of Henry V, says: "In the very noon of his glory he died. The debaucheries of his early life sowed the seeds of his early death." Confronted with the examination demand, "What killed Henry V?" the small boy wrote: "He swallowed a seed in his early youth and forgot all about it. But it grew and it grew and after the battle of Agincourt it sprang up and choked him."

With a heart attuned to "nature-study," a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian Northwest exclaimed: "Yah, teacher; it 's certain beautiful on our prairie, where the birds and the small sheep run about raw." It is this girl's brother who states: "Plumage is the foliage of a parrot or hen."

It is, of course, a little girl who declares with conviction: "Nature is the loveliest thing in the world. If we had no nature we would all be unhappy and die."

That we are fearfully and wonderfully made is borne in upon one after reading such replies as these from the anatomy class:

"The thoracic duct is a tube or canal which equals a goose-quill in weight."

"The bones which meet at the knee are the shin-bone and the submaxillary."

"Circulation is a beet that goes all over the body."

"Cause of natrow chests is most female folks tie in their waists."

"Delicut people should not eat hot or warm bread: it 's apt to give you pastry of the stomach." "The food enters the human body at a cavity behind the collar-bone."

The workings of the Salic Law are not easily grasped by the infant mind; so we get answers like these: "The Sallick Law declared that no man who once married a woman might hope to set on the throne of England." The question is irrevocably disposed of by the extremist who records: "The Salic Law declared that no man should be born of a woman."

There is a mixture of kingdoms if not of metaphors in the next two. "He stretched his sultry length beneath the ewe-tree's shade." "Away back as far as the time of Jack Cartier England sent her ships into Hudson Bay to trade beads and muskets with the Indians for ivory off the walrus-tree."

"Charles I died of excessive ambition, and John I died of peaches and new ale."

"Henry VIII had many wives and favorites; he burned the Pope's bull in effigy, and said if he had served the Pope as God had served him, he would never have dyed in his old age."

"George IV was unfeeling and immortal."
"Florence Nightingale is referred to as 'Nature's Soft Nurse'; she was very tender to the soldiers in the Crimea, and led on the noble Red Cross Society."

"Alfred Austin was chosen by the Queen to be the poet laureate; he said, 'If you let me make the songs of the nation, I care not who sings them.'"

It was in a Victoria Sunday-school that a teacher tried in vain to convince a seven-yearold that he was wrong. The boy was as insistent as Wordsworth's "we-are-seven" girl, and calmly closed the argument with: "I think I'm right; my father is a B.A."

Only last week there was trouble in the infant class. Little Dorothy had been guilty of some childish peccadillo, and her teacher (very young and very impressive) was moralizing: "You know, Dorothy, your father will be sorry to hear this, your mother will be sorry, and God will be sorry." "Yes," Dorothy sadly agreed, with a sigh; "and Jesus Christ and King Edward will be sorry."

Revelstoke is a little place far up in British Columbia, hedged in by the mighty hills; and the circus does n't often come to town. I climbed up there two years ago to report a teachers' convention. Two cow-boys leaning against the drug-store corner watched the

stream of invaders. "What kind of a roundup is it, Bill?" "Kid-punchers," was the

laconic reply.

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy on an examination paper. "My teacher says it 's round, the book says it 's round, and a man told me it was round." At his high-school entrance examination the physiology paper asked, "How many times does your pulse beat a minute?" Sandy put down his pen, opened his watch on the desk beside him, grasped his pulse, and calmly counted.

His deliberation was equaled by that of a Canadian teacher who fell heir last year to an English estate of £20,000. In the lawyer's office the clerks made bets as to how she would take it. One thought she would scream, two were of opinion she would burst into tears, two others favored hysterics. Her reply to the messenger was disconcerting: "I shall finish my monthly report, hear these spelling errors, whip two boys, and be at your office in

forty minutes."

"Are you talking again, Pearl?" asked the teacher. "Yes, ma'am; I was just saying to Elsie Prowse that I was going to tell the teacher that my pa has his new teeth in now." "Oh," said the teacher, "was that it?" "Yes, Miss Gillespie; the top ones was all right, but the bottom ones teeter a little."

In the geography class I asked: "Tom, your father is a sailor: would it be possible for him to start to-day to go round the world, and keep on sailing always in the same direction till he came back to his starting-point?" "No, Miss Cameron." "Why?" "He 's in jail." Tom himself is a great sport. Last spring I asked the class to name some of the most useful things we dig out of the earth. "Worms," returned Tom.

In the history class: "Who prompted Mary?" No answer. "Mary, did you not hear some one prompting?" Mary, with a twinkle: "Well, I thought I did, Miss Purves; perhaps it was history repeating itself."

Again: "King Alfred burned the neatherd lady's cakes. He amused himself with Roman candles, but was an untiring man to study: he translated the Fables of the Saxon Church and was afterward made the poet laureate. Queen Victoria called him the Beautiful Pearl of her Dominions, and sadly mourned his early death."

Around the great striking figures of history the small boy weaves curious answers. "Moses' mother pitched his little cradle within and without with pitch and left him there in the pool of Siloam. But when the daughter of Solomon got the green leaf from the dove she hastened and brought food convenient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."

I treasured the above answer for ten long years before I found one worthy to go with it. Here it is: "When Moses and Aaron went up to the Mount of Olives to prey, Moses threw a deep veil over his face, and, being drawn up in a fiery chariot to heaven, cried aloud in a still, small voice that he was the Prodigal Son."

It is a little girl whose imagination takes the bit in its teeth with this audacious run across country: "Elizabeth is well known in literature. She patronized Shakspere and encouraged Sidney. She was dearly fond of hawks and horses and hounds, chivalry and cavalry, and other animals of the chase. In glory and honor and majesty we see her strut in her German garden. Raleigh set his cloak for her, but Elizabeth fondly died a maiden queen."

It is the boys who furnish the crisp definitions: "Irony is small articles made out of iron." "Anticlimax is a brand of chewing-tobacco." "Facile, a little face." "An autograph is a money-grabbing scheme set on foot by one man." "Antifat and antitoxin are those new, cheap breakfast foods." "A blizzard is something inside of a hen." "Our ancestors are our back relations." "An octagon is an eight-sided devil-fish."

It is a boy also who states with precision: "When a gentleman walks with a lady on the public street, no gentleman walks inside the lady."

To the question, "What is dew?" comes the well-reasoned reply: "The earth revolves on its own axis three hundred and sixty-five times in twenty-four hours. This rabid motion through space causes its sides to perspire: this is called dew."

It was the opening day of a Vancouver kindergarten. Little Billie had worn out the teacher's patience, and, being of the old school, she administered the time-honored remedy for naughtiness. As fate would have it, Billie belonged to the elect. His mother was a member of the School Board, and forthwith bore down upon the school like a mano'-war on a Bering Sea poacher. Her tones were icy. "Miss Harrington, I wish some information on this outrageous proceeding. Kindly tell me just what end you had in view in punishing my son." Teacher (sweetly): "Mrs. Grant, I had the same end in view that anybody would have in spanking a little boy."

Very scathing was the applicant for admission to a divinity school. He had filled out an application blank in which were two questions: "What previous religious instruction have you had, if any?" "Who gave you that religious instruction?" To the first question he answered, "None," and to the second, "The rector."

Agnes Deans Cameron,
Principal of South Park School,
Victoria, British Columbia.

### Automobilia of Punbad the Railer

JUDGE not an auto by its smell: all comparisons are odorous.

A TACK in the tire is as a thorn in the flesh: both are tiresome.

IT is a short ride that hath no mending.

ALL does not go that glitters.

An auto is not without odor save in its own front seat.

SAY not, "We shall return at five"; ye may return at sixes and sevens.

OILS well that ends well.

APPROACH railroads warily, lest they lead thee to heaven.

THOUGH thou swear by thine auto seven times, the eighth thou wilt swear at it: that is Kismet.

THE horse goeth not ten parasangs an hour, neither doth he explode.

To speed is human; to be caught is-fine!

### Wan Side O't

IT mak's me weep how wummin a' must wait Until a mon cooms knockin' at theer gate. Theer lives must be sae fu' o' vain regret For the braw men they lo'ed but could na get. An''t is na fair tae mak' them hauld theer voice, An' never hae the dares tae name theer choice.

Ye askit, did ye, why I never wed?
I was na fool enough tae lose my head.
Ah, lad, on baith sides o' the starmie sea
Theer hae been lassies pined an' died for

Bonny sweet lassies ither men fought o'er, An' fared nae better after than before.

Yis, theer be wummin, auld an' warn an'

Wha wanted me, but could na tell me sae.
'T is weel, nae doot; for it had been unkind
Tae tell them that they did na suit my mind.
Nae Hielandmon, bred on the braes o' Lomon',

Wad be sae beastly tae a gentlewumman.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

John Charles McNeill.

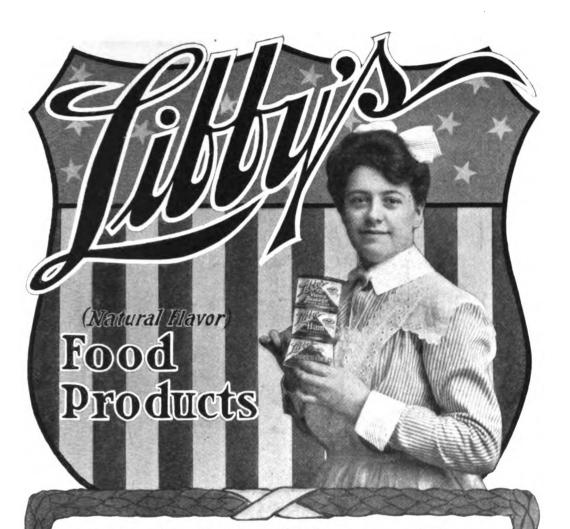


Drawn by J. R. Shaver

#### A MODERN CALCULATION

TEACHER: If a man gets four dollars for working eight hours a day, what would be get if he worked ten hours a day? JOHNNY: Ten hours a day? Gee! He'd get a call-down from de union.

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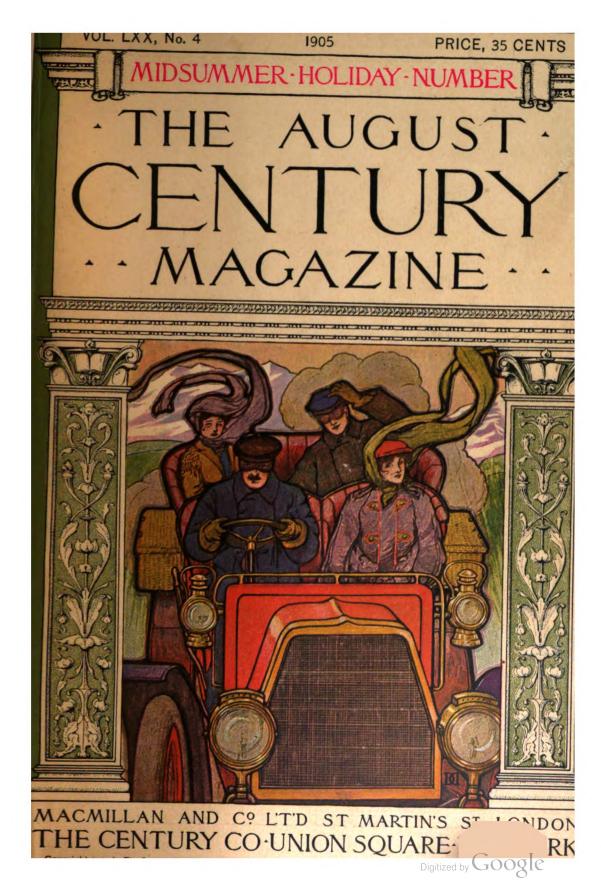
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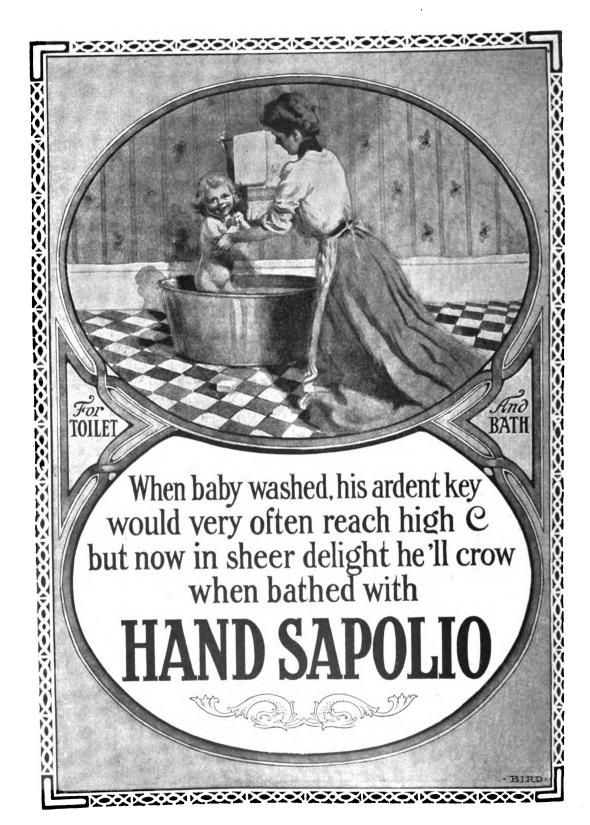
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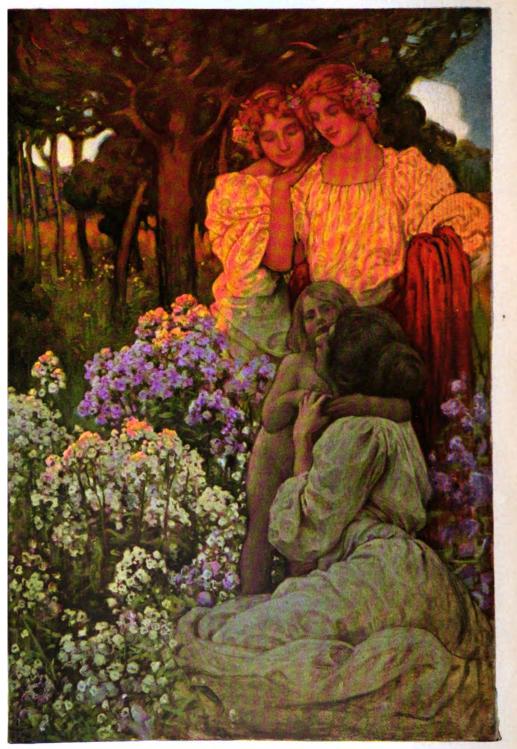


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MIDSUMMER GLOW

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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## THE SPIRIT OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SPORT

I. AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ROWING

BY RALPH D. PAINE

THE Stars and Stripes climbed above the Union Jack, jubilantly telling the thronged field of English folk that the track athletes of Yale and Harvard had decisively beaten their rivals of Oxford and Cambridge in the enemy's camp. A pavilion filled with American visitors exploded in barbaric "rah-rah-rahs" at this finish of a July day of last year; and while their clamor was amazing the placid Britons, the secretary of the Queen's Club, within whose grounds the contest was held, said to the writer:

"Oh, you chaps would not have come over this year if you were not cock-sure of winning."

This was not the comment of a graceful loser, but it sharply focused the opinion of the English outdoor world concerning athletic ideals among American collegians. This point of view indicts the Yankee as rowing, playing foot-ball, or speeding on the cinder-path not for pastime or recreation, but solely to win over his rivals, after an amount of arduous preparation out of all proportion to the stake involved. Our army of professional coaches and trainers, and the almost incredible cost of intercollegiate sport, have helped to feed the suspicions of the British onlooker.

"We prefer to be beaten as gentlemen amateurs who play for the sport of it, than to win as highly specialized pupils of a hired trainer," is the conclusion of the Ox-

ford or Cambridge argument.

The international boating rivalries at Henley have brought most notably into the foreground these differences in the methods and spirit of pastime. English sentiment has at length forced a ruling by the stewards of the Royal Henley Regatta which will hereafter bar from competition for the Grand Challenge Cup any foreign crew handled by a paid coach. The rea-

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sons for this hostile action throw light upon certain flaws in the American system of campus rivalries which have become a problem agitating faculty bodies, parents, and "athletic conferences" without end.

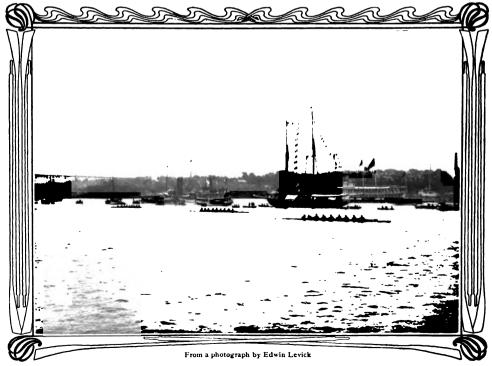
The prejudice against American crews began with the pilgrimage of Cornell to Henley ten years ago. The eight was in charge of Charles Courtney, a thoroughgoing professional coach. His methods were disliked by the English rowing men because he kept his charges so close in hand that social intercourse with their jolly and hospitable rivals was grimly tabooed. That boating men at Henley should lead the lives of galley-slaves was all at odds with the spirit of this holiday carnival. Suspicion of these secretive methods was shifted to positive resentment when Cornell left her most formidable rival, the Leander eight, at the starting-post, and rowed alone over the course to a technical and empty victory. The Americans were within the letter of the law, but the episode left an unfortunate shadow on the sportsmanship of the visitors.

A contrasting impression was made a year later, when Yale invaded Henley.

Mr. Robert J. Cook was then recognized as the leading "gentleman coach" of the United States, with a wide acquaintance among English rowing men. The lavish courtesies showered upon these guests were returned in kind at the Yale quarters, where the life had none of the self-isolation associated with Cornell's visit.

Four years ago the University of Pennsylvania crew tried its fortune at Henley, and rowed two brilliant and plucky heats before meeting defeat in the final struggle. Ellis Ward, a professional coach, returned to the Cornell policy of secluding his crew in remote quarters and holding them aloof from social diversion among the boating men, although with more tact than Courtney had displayed. An aftermath of criticism against "professional methods" followed, old prejudices were revived, and notice was served that American crews wishing to row at Henley must leave their salaried instructors at home.

But while Yale and Harvard have preferred the professional coach as the price of victory to the more wholesome spirit of graduate control of rowing, they have gleaned some beneficial lessons from Hen-





THE YALE BOAT-HOUSE AT GALES FERRY

ley influences. In my rowing days at Yale it was the habit of the coaches, by means of the most elaborate mystifications, to delude Harvard about the time-records made in practice. Occasionally the freshman eight was disguised in varsity jerseys, with the conspicuous "Y" on their chests, and sent over to the start of the course. If the ruse succeeded, the Harvard launch scurried across the river from Red Top. laden with coaches on observation bent. The coast thus cleared, the genuine Yale crew slid up-stream in order to practise far from the spies, or to row a mile measured by hidden marks on the shore.

Again, a Yale or Harvard eight ostentatiously paddled home to its quarters, the shell was carried into the boat-house, and the men were seen splashing under the shower-bath or diving from the landingstage. The scouts of the opposition, taking these signs to mean the end of the day's work, wearily rowed home to supper. A little later, in the dusk of the evening, the crafty crew slipped across the river and swung down the four-mile testing stretch. After such a spin, the verdict of the stopwatches was guarded as jealously as a secret of state; the coxswain was dumb

to the pleadings of his men, who sought to know how their work was rated; and the coaches withheld all information from the reporters, who must sneak along shore and lie in ambush to catch the time for themselves.

Social intercourse between the rival camps of Yale and Harvard was as cordial as that between Cossack and Japanese outposts. Only once during the training season at New London was a flag of truce displayed. The occasion was the "annual call" of one crew at the quarters of the other, one year at Gales Ferry, the next at Red Top. If it were the turn of the Yale oarsmen to "receive," an air of strained expectancy in "best clothes" hung heavy over the place. The Harvard men, equally formal and bored of aspect, landed from their launch, stalked up the hill, and met the enemy on the Yale lawn. There ensued a half-hour of polite and uneasy conversation, each man instinctively "sizing up" his particular foe who held the same seat in the rival shell. The staple pleasantry was a suggestion to match the two coxswains, who looked absurdly like bristling bantams, for a "feather-weight scrap."

When the guests had departed, the hosts

were wont to breathe heavy sighs of relief and murmur:

"Thank God, that 's over till next year!"

No Yale or Harvard man dared imagine what would happen if he strolled into the other fellows' quarters (less than a mile away) for a friendly "How-d'y'-do," because nobody ever thought of trying it.

In all this unsportsmanlike nonsense lurked a flavor of professional athleticism, which the frankness and hearty good-fellowship of the Henley tow-path have helped to banish from New London and Poughkeepsie. The atmosphere of a coaching tyranny survives to-day most strongly at Cornell, where Courtney's chosen pupils are so many cogs in a finished mechanism the operation of which is singularly foreign to the spirit of pastime. In such a system as this may be found the faults which supply ammunition to English critics. A reporter for an Ithaca newspaper said to me during a recent call at the Cornell boathouse:

"I am sorry I can't help you out with some rowing news, but Courtney has put me on the black-list. I got some information about the day's practice from one of the crew; and, shortly after that, Courtney told my city editor over the telephone that I must not try to get any rowing news except through him. The oarsmen are forbidden to talk to reporters, and if I offend again I am to be barred from the boathouse. The policy is absolute secrecy except when Courtney chooses to issue bulletins."

An Englishman to whom was related this bit of the Cornell boating code made comment:

"But why in the name of all the gods do they want to maintain a Russian censorship of this sort? What is there the press or the public ought not to know? There's nothing mysterious about rowing, is there? My word, it sounds like a prizering dodge to influence the betting odds."

Since the professional coaching system has held sway in Yale boating, what little sentiment once lightened the long training season has been lost. It was formerly the custom of many old oarsmen to flock back to Gales Ferry in the last weeks before the race, to renew in the old quarters their memories of college glory. These informal reunions were very dear to alumni who had

won their "Y" over this historic course, and they were both welcome guests and helpful counselors in the coaching tasks. They go to New London no more, because in the businesslike preparation of the eight there must be no distraction or confusion of advisers, and a professional coach, with his reputation and thereby his livelihood at stake, wishes to take no chances of interference with his trade.

In fairness to American sportsmanship, it should be recognized that conditions, not theories, have had to mold the differences between our own and English athletic methods. "Trying too hard to win" is not a wholly culpable American failing, nor does it deserve too sweeping an indictment from English critics perched at a condescending altitude. While it is true that there exists in this country a distorted view of athletics as recreation, the professional coach is not the cause. He is both a symptom and a resultant issue. It is a plausible half-truth that while the Oxford or Cambridge man makes of boating a whole-hearted pastime, the American athlete makes of it a heartbreaking occupation. But to acquire the knowledge and physical fitness needed to reach a high standard of oarsmanship, the youth of the American campus must expend tenfold the toil and effort demanded of his English cousin, and it would be un-American to expect him to be content with anything short of the highest possible standard of excellence.

Early in January, for example, the Yale crew captain calls together the candidates for the university shell. Fifty sturdy youths may assemble in the gymnasium, among them only three or four of last year's "veterans" as the backbone of the eight which must be picked and welded by sheer hard work and persistence. Next come last year's substitutes, the members of previous "second" and freshman eights, and several plucky survivors of other class crews. Leavening the mass of wholly raw material are three or four freshmen from St. Paul's and Groton, the only preparatory schools at which rowing is taught. The captain is lucky if he faces a score of young men who have previously handled a sweep. He cannot afford to overlook the likely-looking novices, among them lithe and muscular foot-ball men who have yet to feel the jump of the skittish

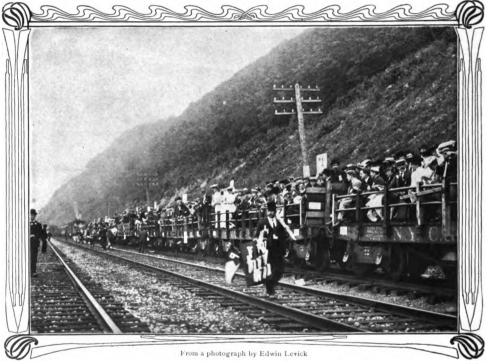


THE BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON, LOOKING UP THE THAMES

BOAT BACE AT NEW LONDON LOOKING HE THE T

shell. Although the race is six months away, the time is none too long in which to train eight effective units into harmonious combination. The oarsman who learns first-class form in less than two or three years is the rare exception.

The harbor is locked in ice, the playingfields are snow-bound, yet the squad of devised in clumsy imitation of a shell floating in "real water." In the basement of the gymnasium is this cemented rectangular pool, down the middle of which is built a narrow trough equipped with sliding seats and outriggers. When the oar-blades are swept through the sluggish water that surrounds this trough, a current is set in

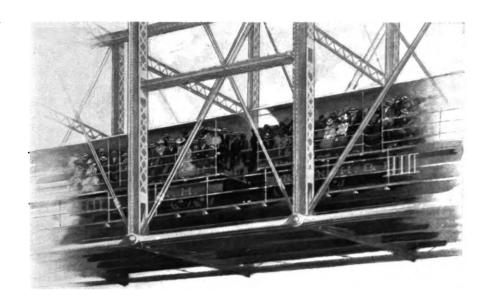


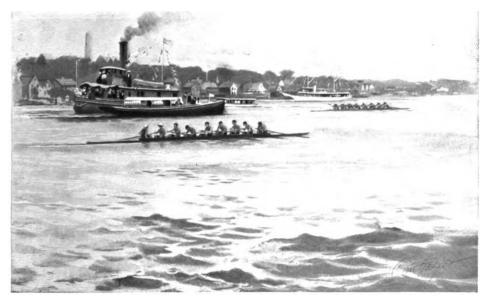
THE OBSERVATION-TRAIN AT POUGHKEEPSIE, TRAILING ABREAST OF THE VARSITY CREWS

recruits must be somehow hammered into shape, and every day is precious. The gymnasium and the town streets are the training-ground from January into March. Stiffened muscles must be made limber and obedient, lungs drilled to rally to agonizing calls for breath, unwieldy bodies taught alert responsiveness. The afternoon's work begins with a long, jogging run through the streets and into the suburbs, a monotonous grind of from four to seven miles, and a trailing hardship to the fat and shortwinded. Panting, steaming, the squad files back to the gymnasium, and strips off sweaters for such a trying round of callisthenics as would amaze the most rigorous physical-culture exponent.

All this is in preparation for rowing in the tank, an ingenious instrument of torture motion, while the "boat" remains most emphatically fixed. Although the oarblades are whittled to half their width, the resistance to the weight of water they must shove round and round is so great that to pull in the tank is to taste hard labor raised to the nth power. At the end of the afternoon's exercise the unconditioned oarsman in the early season will have lost from four to seven pounds' weight.

This program eliminates the unfit until the ice breaks and the working-barges can be launched. On the water in the early spring the spray freezes where it flies on bare arms and legs, and now and then the barge is wrecked by floating ice, and the oarsmen forlornly scramble ashore as best they can. There are no interested onlookers, no cheering undergraduates, no-





Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph by James Burton

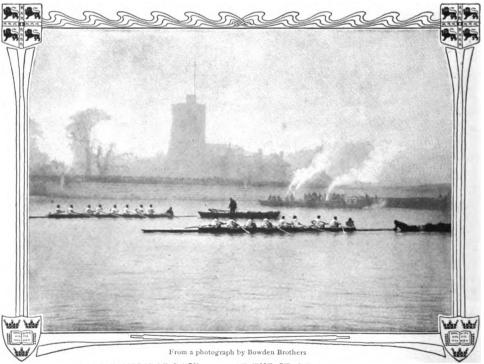
THE OBSERVATION-TRAIN ON THE BRIDGE AT NEW LONDON-JUST AFTER THE FINISH

thing but steady grind far from the campus throngs, under the eyes of unrelenting coaches. The "veterans" must suffer for the sins of the raw material, which needs the punishing persistence of effort to develop it. Warmer weather brings some comfort, and the satisfaction of work well done; but the crew continues to be a thing apart from the college interests, toiling in dogged isolation.

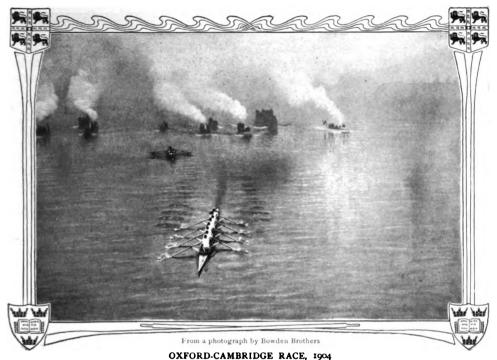
June brings the pilgrimage to New London or Poughkeepsie, and increased nervous tension and more wearing work. There are no diversions to inspire a holiday spirit among these stern-faced, sunblackened young men sequestered among the country hills in their own little communities. There is little to occupy their thoughts beyond the looming race, the importance of which has been steadily magnified by six months of unremitting preparation, all for twenty minutes of surging down four miles of shining river. They are proud of their distinction, they have won great prestige among their classmates, and, if victory crowns their struggle, their joy is altogether beyond words. But if defeat be their portion, the disappointment is profound, and there is little of joyous pastime to recall as compensation.

The handicaps of hostile climate and inexperienced material have combined to make the rowing systems forced and machine-made at American universities. To achieve the excellence demanded by college sentiment, which thinks only of the race, the professional teacher is employed because graduate coaches cannot afford to give half the year to laboring with the crew. If the interest in boating were more wide-spread, the available material would require less preparation. But rowing in America is not a popular recreation, whereas at Oxford and Cambridge it holds a more important place even than foot-ball or cricket.

While the American oarsman is sweating in the gymnasium or puffing in the tank, his happy English cousin is in the full tide of the outdoor boating season, which runs almost unchecked the year round. Most Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates are interested in boating as a matter of course. One in every five of them is actively on the river, while the other four swarm on the tow-path. Where



OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE RACE, 1904: AT THE START, PUTNEY, 7:45 A.M., IN A DRIVING RAIN



The boats are approaching Barnes Bridge, Cambridge leading a long way. The boats following are umpires, varsity, and press boats.

Yale struggles to turn out half a dozen class and "scratch" crews and the varsity eight, every one of the score of colleges of Oxford University turns out a flotilla of four-oared boats, from one to three "torpids," or comparatively green crews, and the more finished college eight. The varsity crew at Oxford or Cambridge is the cream of the college eights, and, therefore, of several hundred oarsmen who seek the water because they like to row, and because the sport is made mightily attractive.

Every college at Oxford has its barge handily moored to the bank of the Isis, as a boat-house, reading- and club-room, and grand stand. This is the gathering-place of the boating men of the college, where they come to lounge and chat in boating costume when not on the river. This garb is not the ragged and faded remnants of a jersey and pair of swimming-trunks such as delight the American collegian and offend self-respecting observers. The clean white flannel "shorts," flapping about the knees, the half-sleeved cotton shirt, the soft woolen scarf tucked into the collar of the flannel blazer, and the cap embroidered with the college arms, are comfortable and fit for loafing in the club-house of a barge or for working on the river. An American critic has commented:

"This seemingly elaborate dress is in effect the most sensible in the world, and is the best expression I know of the cheerful and familiar way in which an Englishman goes about his sports. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is no more than is required by comfort and decency."

The freshman at Oxford is "tubbed" through the autumn, a process which fairly coaxes one into fondness for boating. The "tub" is a pair-oar working-boat in charge of a kindly critic anxious to unfold the rowing-primer. An American student at Oxford was amazed when the first suggestion that he go out to be "tubbed" came from the gray-bearded dean of his college. He told the dean that he had been kicked out of his class crew at Harvard after three days' trial, but his mentor fell a pace behind, looked him over, and said he "might at least try." When his tutor, before advising him as to his studies, also urged him to row, he gave the matter some serious thought. It is this sentiment, which makes rowing an intimate part of the college life instead of the toil of a

chosen few, that has deeply impressed the American Rhodes scholars at Oxford.

From the wholesale autumn "tubbing" are winnowed the men who will row in the college "torpids," which race in February. The "torpid," as its name may hint, is a novice crew, boated in a heavy, clinkerbuilt, eight-oared barge with fixed seats. It is the rowing nursery from which are recruited the men who win promotion to the college eight. Inasmuch as each college of the university mans at least one "torpid," about thirty eights are listed in this great midwinter scramble for budding honors. As a spectacle they are a rush and a scramble, afloat and ashore.

The Britons' love of boating is not measured by the supply of navigable water, for both the Cam and the Isis are too narrow for two crews to row abreast, necessitating the ingenious device of the "bumping race." The crews are started in a long procession, two lengths apart, jumping away from their posts at the one signal, the object of each being to catch the boat in front and escape the one behind. A "bump" is made when any boat overhauls

the leader next in line, and the bow of the one touches the stern of the other. A "bump" ends the day's racing for the two crews involved, and they pull aside to let the boats behind them finish their encounters. Next day, the "bumper" and the "bumpee" change places, and the survival of the fittest is fought out, after the changing order of a spelling-match, through a week of racing, until the proud place at the "head of the river" is decided for the year.

The tow-path is uproarious from start to finish. Every crew has its crowd of supporters, who run and cheer and splash through mud and water abreast of the struggling crews. The throngs increase toward the finish, until, packed like sardines, panting, jostling, yelling, with an infernal clamor of fog-horns, whistles, ancient pistols, and watchmen's rattles, the university en masse subsides for lack of breath.

This small army of helter-skelter oarsmen has known neither gymnasium, training-table, nor systematic exercise outside the boats. The graduate from the "torpid"



OXFORD "TORPIDS," ACCOMPANIED BY ENTHUSIASTIC COLLEGIANS, WADING THROUGH THE WATER ON THE FLOODED TOW-PATH



WATCHING THE RACES OF THE OXFORD "TORPIDS" ON THE ISIS FROM NEAR ST. CATHARINE'S BOAT-YARD

now tries for his college eight, and trains through the spring. If he is one of the elect, he rows in the "May eights," which make the gala week of the Oxford or Cambridge year. Twenty good crews fight for the "head of the river," in a rarely wellrowed series of "bumping" heats. During this training season, the college crews breakfast and dine together, as one another's guests, or are invited by college friends who can afford the entertainment. They are on a most liberal diet, and there are easy-going rules touching regular hours and habits; but there are almost no signs of "training" as rigorously practised in American boating.

While this drag-net system has swept the mass of boating men through the active year, another distinct set of operations has been molding the varsity eight. This squad begins work in the autumn with the new men who have come up from the college eights of the previous spring, seasoned fellows of several years' experience. A little later the veteran "blues" join them. This material is divided into two eights, which row the "varsity trials," in December, over a course of three miles at

Cambridge and two miles at Oxford. This test is preliminary to the selection of the varsity crew. After the trials a dozen men from the two eights are selected to prepare for the Oxford-Cambridge race in March. Eight weeks of training prepares the eight for the famous tussle over the four-and-a-quarter-mile course between Putney and Mortlake.

Popular interest has kept abreast of the lusty boating spirit of the universities. The crowds at New London or Poughkeepsie are trifling compared with the outpouring along the Thames for the university race. The English background lacks the gay and colorful beauty of our panoramic regattas, but the black masses of people at Hammersmith and Putney bridges, the clustered swarms on every near-by roof, the solid multitudes packed along the banks, make it seem as if all London were gathered by this four miles of tiny river. The luckless managers of a New London race are roundly scored if they fail to consider the convenience of the spectators in fixing the starting-hour; for the public point of view holds that the race is rowed as a diversion for the observation-trains.

In 1904, because the tide served best at that hour, the Oxford-Cambridge race was started at seven-thirty o'clock of a rainy morning, yet every vantage-point along the course was jammed with eager Londoners.

After the varsity contest the "blues" have a brief rest during the Easter vacation, and then join their college eights for the May races. Eight months of hard rowing have not wearied these enthusiasts, and when college boating slackens most of them will be found making ready for the punishing races of Henley regatta week in July, where they wear the colors of Leander or some other first-class club. Our coaches think one four-mile race a year is all that young physiques can safely endure, for which reason the mind of the American oarsman is concentrated upon the one chance of showing his mettle, until his nerves are a-quiver, and the fag-end of the training season becomes a waking nightmare. The English oarsman rows in his varsity race, two months later is pulling for dear life in his college boat, and, as an enjoyable sequel, goes after Henley honors with vigor unimpaired. He does all this with ease and pleasure, because he has been rowing for several years, until watermanship is an instinct, and because he keeps fit the year round without need of hard training.

Nor are his nerves ever keyed as high as those of his American cousin—a difference partly temperamental. One has only to compare the crowds at New London and Poughkeepsie with the spectators at Henley to perceive that what is natural enthusiasm in the one would be "shockingly bad form" in the other. The Henley carnival of house-boats, flowers, fine frocks, smart young men and maidens, gossip, tea, and picnics, frames the finest oarsmanship in the world. It is sport as pastime beyond compare. But the friends of the English athlete venture no more than a "Well rowed!" between the tea-cups if he wins, or a "Too bad, old chap!" if he loses. Why, then, should he take it cuttingly to heart and mope over disaster? When he has rowed the day's race, he drifts from one boat-house to another along the crowded bank, mingling with his rowing friends and rivals in all manner of glad reunions, or sociably paddles among the clustered skiffs and punts that make the river like a vast and eddying flower-garden through a half-week of summer.

The American oarsman on his Hudson or Thames knows nothing of this genial flavor of sport. College tradition, the vi-





A SUNDAY SCENE ON THE THAMES AT BOULTER'S LOCK DURING HENLEY REGATTA WEEK

Over one thousand pleasure-boats pass through this lock every fine Sunday during the season.

brant spirit of the campus, have bred him to feel that the burden on his young shoulders is weighted with the prestige of alma mater and with his hopes of future happiness. On the day of the race, the thousands of excursionists pour into town by special train, madly hurry into observationcars, and cheer while they watch far-distant rows of tiny figures sway above threadlike shells, down four miles of river, like so many clockwork mechanisms set to run for twenty-odd minutes. The yachting flotilla that lines the course, the color, the noise, and the whole marine picture, are unique; but, beyond the issue of winning or losing, the crews are so many isolated details. The finish-flags fall, the cannon and whistles make commotion, and the crowds make haste to run away home as fast as steam can carry them. Heartbroken and alone, the beaten crews return to their quarters, filled with emotions of black disgrace.

There was one Yale oarsman who won a place in the varsity boat in his freshman year, an uncommon distinction. And because he was the only freshman of the eight, he felt that his responsibility was greatest of them all. It happened that Harvard broke a long string of defeats by thrashing her ancient rival to the abounding measure of ten boat-lengths. When the sad-eyed youths from New Haven had wearily paddled to their boat-house at Gales Ferry, they disembarked in grim silence; but, once within sheltering walls, began to weep each after his own fashion. To them entered the coach, and the youngest of these brawny giants blubbered:

"It was all my fault, Mr. Cook. That's what you get for having a —— freshman in the boat. I—I'm not coming back to college after this."

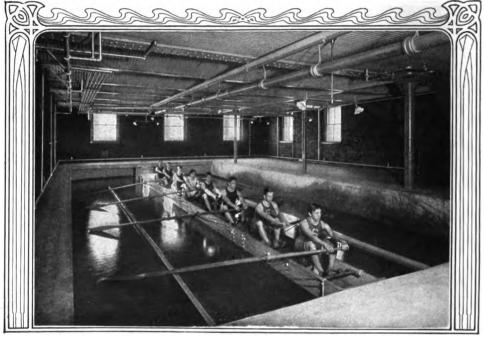
In a like situation an English varsity oar was heard to remark to one of the victors in the rival shell:

"Bully race, was n't it? We were awfully ragged; but we'll have a jolly good dinner together to-night, and forget it until next year."

The American point of view was fairly outlined in the opinion of one of the oarsmen of the University of Pennsylvania while at Henley:

"These fellows over here row as if the devil were after them when they 're in a race, and they are too fast for us; but the rest of the time you'd think they were just playing at rowing, they get so much fun out of it. That's fine, and I wish we had more of it. But I think sport can be refined too much. They'd want to arrest a man if he yelled a good old college cheer

should have led them all in developing rowing as a recreation; for St. Paul's at Concord, New Hampshire, has more oarsmen on the water through the spring term than any American institution of learning except Harvard. More than thirty years ago, Dr. Henry Coit, then rector of St.



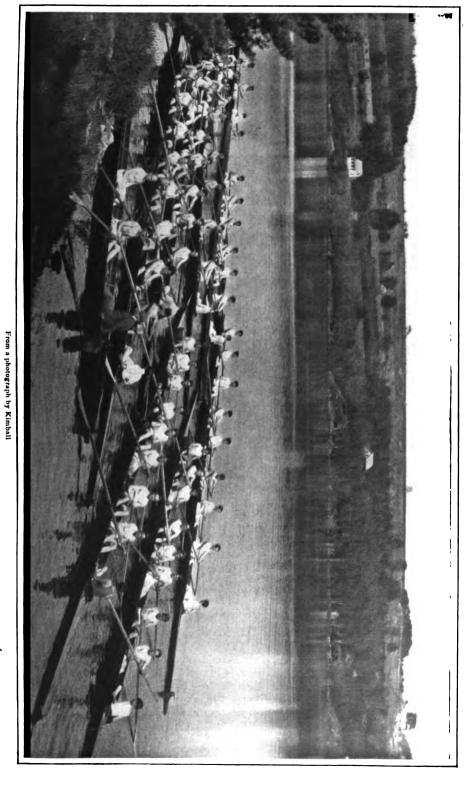
From a photograph by Kimball

WINTER DRUDGERY OF A SHATTUCK CLUB EIGHT IN THE TANK AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

on this course. And their ideas of caste in sport can't be transplanted to our side of the water. This is rowing for 'gentlemen,' and the rules bar any one who ever earned honest money by the sweat of his brow, even in order to work his way through college. It made me hot to talk to a couple of men belonging to the Henley Boat Club here in the town. One is a postman who has won dozens of prizes as a sculler, and has never rowed for money. But he can't compete in the regatta because his calling is under the ban. The other is a drug-clerk, and a mighty nice fellow, but he can't get his entry past the stewards because he is in trade. Give me democracy in sport as long as a man is clean and honest."

It is not creditable to the sanity of sport at our universities that a preparatory school

Paul's, established boating on a basis that has stood as an object-lesson for those who were too blind to see it. The spirit of keen rivalry and wholesome enthusiasm for outdoor sports flourishes in the school without the stimulus of any outside competition. Of four hundred boys nearly one hundred row under the tutelage of Lester Dole, who has been the school's rowing-teacher for a quarter of a century. The older boys maintain six eight-oared and two sixoared crews, while the smaller lads row in "pairs" and "fours." The course is on Long Pond, a jewel of a lake, two miles from the school. Because of the belated grip of the New England winter, the season on the water is only thirty days long, and the boys are in the boats only an hour an afternoon. In spite of these formidable handicaps, these youngsters gain such good





From a photograph by Kimball
A GROTON SCHOOL FOUR OUT FOR PRACTICE

form that most of them who go down to Yale and Harvard win seats in the varsity eights.

The boys who wish to row are divided by lot between the Halcyon and Shattuck clubs, the rival boating organizations. Each club turns out a first, second, and third eight, and a six-oared crew. These are pitted against each other in a series of June races, and the tussle between Halcyon and Shattuck "first crews" is the climax of the year's boating. Challengecups presented by alumni are held for a year by the winners of each duel of the series. The June regatta is a joyous school festival. Tradition ordains that the flag of the winning club and the oar of the boy who strokes the fastest "first eight" shall adorn the top of the school-flag pole for twentyfour hours after the races. This club rivalry has gathered stimulus through many years of intelligent endeavor, and has solved for St. Paul's the most important problem of American campus life, which is to keep the enthusiasm for athletic sports within wholesome bounds as a source of "the greatest good to the greatest number." Mr. Lehmann was so much interested in the repute of boating at St. Paul's that he visited the school while coaching at Harvard, and said what amounted to high praise:

"These boys show, on the whole, very fair form, though in this respect they cannot equal an Eton crew."

Notably significant of the success of this system is the fact that boating is a more popular sport at St. Paul's than base-ball.

From the foundation of Groton School, twenty years ago, the Rev. Endicott Peabody, head master, has been able to work out his admirable theories of pastime unhampered by faulty traditions. The vigorous interest in rowing, as in other sports, has the merits of the English structure of school athletic life, wherein the student body is sufficient unto itself for that incentive which rivalry breeds in the normal Anglo-Saxon youth. The Nashua River winds within a mile of the school grounds, and on its wooded banks are embowered the pretty club-houses of the Hemingway and Squannacook clubs, which claim the competitive allegiance of the rowing boys. The club crews row in four-oared shells, a first and second boat for each club, which meet in early summer races. Thereafter an eight is picked from the best oarsmen of the two clubs for practice-spins in charge of the coach, Mr. Abbott, a master at Groton, who rowed in his college boat at Oxford. Rowing at Groton is one link in a notable system which aims to attract every able-bodied boy to the river or the playing-fields, without undue stress of outside competition.

Eton boys have responded to the call of the Thames through a full century of boating organization. During the summer term a thousand of these English lads are simply classified as "wet-bobs" or "dry-bobs," as they go in for rowing or for cricket. The career of the promising "wet-bob" who at length finds a seat in the Eton eight, with the honor of wearing the "old light blue," leads him through a school of oarsmanship as thorough and as steadily progressive as that of the university into which he is graduated. He must first of all "pass" in swimming, a precaution attended with picturesque formality. Squads of dripping and nervous youngsters are put through their paces on stated days at Cuckoo Weir, under the eyes of two or three masters. "Passing" consists in achieving a "header," swimming the breast-stroke for ten yards and return, treading water, and paddling a few strokes on the back.

The Eton boy then becomes eligible to hire a boat of his own and teach himself the rudiments of watermanship. Paddling about as a "lower boy," he finds much fun in the sport, and begins to cast envious eyes at the "novice eights," which are the beginning of real rowing. In his second summer, if he has the right stuff in him, the "wet-bob" has done some pair-oar racing and qualified for the skittish excitement of pulling against his fellows as a novice in an outrigger boat. The best of the lower boys and novices are picked up for the "novice eights," which race at the end

of the summer half. Four of these crews comprise the material from which are selected the "lower boats," in which the young oarsman can wear the school colors and row in one of six eight-oared crews which have not yet reached the dignity of sliding-seats.

Each year there are races among the lower eights and lower fours, to sift out the most promising candidates for the "upper boats," the next step in rowing advancement. A grade beyond these are the two "trial eights," from which the Eton eight is chosen. The proud survivor of these years of elimination may wear white flannels ashore and dress in the "old light blue" on the river. He is in training through the late spring and early summer for the crowning reward of going to Henlev and rowing for the Ladies' Plate. From time immemorial the English sovereign has graciously permitted the towing-path hard by Windsor Castle to be used by the crowds which watch the nightly practice of the eight on the Datchet Reach. Old Etonians and masters who pulled lusty oars in their day make up the "duffers'



"PASSING" AT CUCKOO WEIR ON THE THAMES

"Passing" is a swimming test required of every Eton boy before he is allowed to go in a boat. He must dive, swim ten yards, tread water, and return. Masters are present as judges.

eight," a formidable combination which gives the "light blue" the stiffest sort of practice during the last weeks of training for Henley. For one boy who wins a place in the eight, half a hundred are pulling, sculling, or paddling in a richly varied round of activity.

Twice each year all the "boats" go up the river in a gay procession: on March 1,

tions of climate, river, and tradition, one finds new admiration for the pluck and sacrifice of American youth, which counts no pains too great in learning oarsmanship. One realizes also how brave a showing American crews have made at Henley even in defeat. To fare so far to meet, on strange waters, the pick of the oarsmen of England, trained through years of Eton



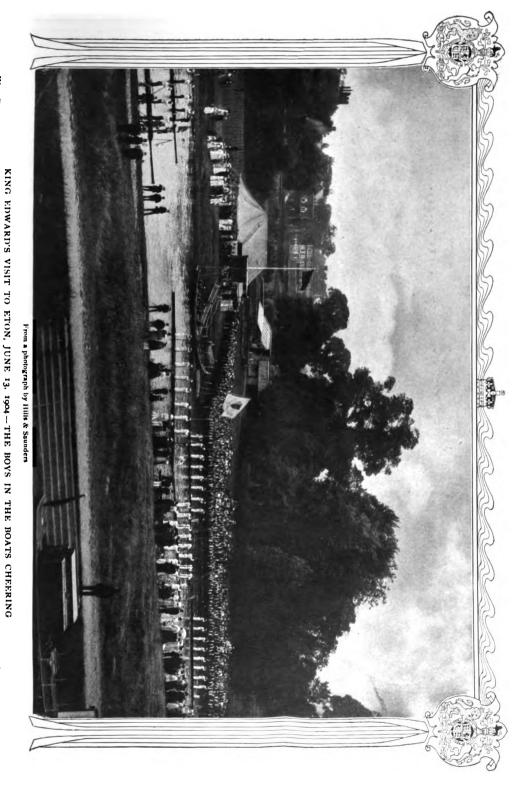
THE ETON EIGHT OF 1904-SHOWING THE FINE FORM AND TRIM GARB OF THESE OARSMEN

which is the official opening of the boating season, and on June 4, the birthday of George III, and Eton's most elaborate outdoor festival. Fancy costumes afloat, and throngs of notable visitors, make this aquatic parade unlike anything else in the boating calendar. Throughout the season this spirit of pastime pervades every nook and corner of what is the finest school of scientific oarsmanship in the world. The gymnasium is missing from this athletic equipment, and the drudgery of the rowingtank, which even the school-boys of St. Paul's undergo with Spartan zeal, casts no shadow over the pleasure of rowing as a sport.

After glimpsing how attractive boating can be made under such favoring condi-

and college and varsity schooling, is to face hugely adverse odds.

There is one style of rowing for all England, while there are almost as many different "strokes" in this country as there are rowing universities. Eight Englishmen who have rowed for their colleges can step into a shell and swing off together at any time in after years. They can and do keep up their active interest long after graduation, pulling strong oars into early middle age as members of such splendid organizations as the Leander, London, and Thames rowing clubs. The American oarsman drops his sport when he receives his diploma; and if a few of them be gathered together in the same town, a confusion of "strokes" balks their attempts to pick up



THE PROCESSION OF BOATS AT ETON ON THE 4TH OF JUNE—WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND, ROYAL SWANS IN THE FOREGROUND

a crew for pastime's sake. Nor can they be blamed for lack of interest in a field of recreation which in their college experience held more hardship than pleasure.

Despite its heavy handicaps, however, more of "sport for sport's sake" can be infused into American rowing. But the path to betterment in this most delightful and beneficial of skilled pastimes will be blocked so long as it is wholly in the hands of professional coaches, to whom sentiment is an incongruous element in their business, which is to teach crews to win races and to gain nothing else.

The worst fault of the professional coaching system is that it adds fuel of its own to the tense eagerness to win that inspires the American youth in the world

of sport.

The whip and spur are applied where the curb is needed. While the visits of Mr. R. L. Lehmann, the foremost English varsity coach, did not win victories for Harvard, his influence achieved more important results; for he taught the undergraduate that rowing was, by right, a pastime, and that where one eight was seen on the Charles, a dozen ought to flourish.

The "torpid" and the college eights were imitated by the organization of club crews, and this stimulus has given Harvard the distinction of a rowing system

in which hundreds of young men find health and enjoyment.

Those of us old rowing men who have regretted the sway of the professional coaching element would not wish to take from our college crews that golden spirit of sacrifice and loyalty without which no toil is worth success. It shines in such an incident as this, which is to be held as fairly typical of the mettle of American oarsmanship:

During a class race at New Haven several years ago, a man in the waist of the boat broke his oar. The crews were far up a lake, where there were no onlookers to inspire a spectacular deed. The season was early spring, when the water was melted ice, and the boat was almost a halfmile from the nearest bank when the mishap befell. Without hesitation, the youth dived overboard in order to lighten the shell of his useless weight. By a miracle of luck he was not hit by one of the heavy sweeps, and swam ashore, after a desperate struggle with cold and weariness. Naked to the waist. he landed in a swamp, and through briers and tangled undergrowth made his painful way to the foot of the lake. Scratched, bleeding, and chilled blue, he joined his comrades, and had only this to say:

"What else did you think I 'd do? Sit like so much freight for the rest of you to haul?"

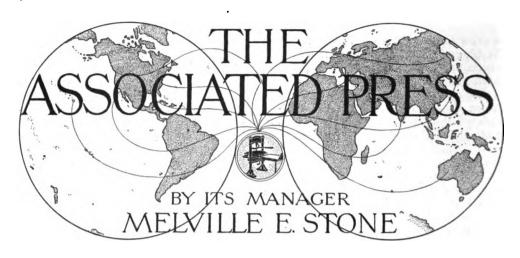


### AT THE GATE

#### BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

OST in the dusk, he walked life's maze;
Heartsick, he turned him toward the gate
To break the woven mesh of days
And dare the final word of fate.

But as he stood before the door,
With burning touch an unseen hand
Wrote: "Turn, nor seek new life, before
The old life thou canst understand."



### FIFTH PAPER: ITS WORK IN WAR

HE Associated Press has reported seven wars in the last twelve years; and, while all of them were prosecuted in countries allotted by our general agreements to the foreign agencies, it has been admittedly wise to send American newspaper men adequately to cover them in almost every case. The first of these wars, the Brazilian Revolution, occurred in 1893. President Peixoto had vetoed a bill making it impossible for the Vice-President to succeed to the Chief Magistracy, and one of the periodical South American insurrections followed. The Agence Havas, our ally, attempted to report the affair; but the service was so insufficient that Associated Press men were despatched to the field of operations. There was a rigorous press censorship throughout the disturbed area, but it was successfully evaded by the use of a code system which wholly misled the authorities. A number of apparently inoffensive telegrams addressed to New York commission houses, and relating to the condition of the coffee crop and the coffee market, were rendered in the home office of the association into very accurate and interesting despatches detailing the progress of the war.

When a like revolt broke out in Nicaragua, and all foreign telegrams were interdicted, President Zelaya was appealed to, and replied with personally signed telegrams relating the causes of the war and reporting its progress. They were doubtless partizan, and were perhaps inaccurate, but they were the best to be had.

#### REPORTING THE WAR WITH SPAIN

IT was in the Cuban and Spanish wars, however, that the Associated achieved its first notable success. Although by the terms of the existing compact the field of operations, both in the Caribbean Sea and in the Philippines, was territory which the French agency had engaged to cover, early preparations were made for an American service. In the Cuban insurrection, special correspondents were stationed at various points of interest and did creditable work. Neither of the contestants desired publicity, and following midnight marches and early-morning raids, and transmitting news to New York by surreptitious means, were efforts which taxed the courage and ingenuity of the best-trained men. When General Weyler was in command at Havana, he forbade all newspaper work. Nevertheless, thrilling accounts of the horrors attendant upon his reconcentrado system were smuggled out by Associated Press men at imminent risk of being shot for their pains. It was an Associated Press story of the destruction of the United States battle-ship Maine in Havana harbor that was published exclusively throughout the world the morning after that unhappy event.

But the work of these correspondents ended when the United States and Spain joined issue. A new plan of campaign was then organized. The situation presented serious problems. Land battles had been reported many times. But this must

be a naval contest, and prompt newspaper reports of battles upon the high seas were unheard of. The outlook was made more unpromising when all the ocean cables touching Cuba were cut. But the Federal Government was reasonable and lent its aid. A capable reporter was installed upon the flag-ship of each of the squadrons, and both Sampson and Schley gave them every possible facility to enable them to do their work. A number of fast sea-going despatch-boats were chartered and sent to the Cuban coast. The whole service was placed in charge of my assistant. Colonel Diehl, who managed it wisely and succeeded in making a new record in the business of war reporting. A splendid staff of correspondents was landed at Santiago with General Shafter's army, and their copy, as well as that of the men on the flag-ships, was carried by the despatchboats to the cable stations on the Iamaican or Haitian coast.

When Hobson sank the *Merrimac* at the mouth of Santiago harbor, four men wrote a composite story which was so skilfully interwoven that the reader thought it all the work of a single pen. In the actions before Santiago, the Associated Press men showed great courage and transmitted reports which, for descriptive power, accuracy, and comprehensiveness, have never been surpassed. The story of the fateful encounter with Cervera's fleet cost, for cable tolls alone, over \$8000, and the total expenditures for reporting the war exceeded \$300,000.

It was dangerous work. Menaced by innumerable forms of tropical disease, exposed to death on the firing-line as often as any trooper, braving the horrors of a Caribbean hurricane in a wretched little vessel, or taking the chance of being sunk at any moment by either friend or foe, our men performed a gallant service; and, happily, all came out alive. It was a cruel fate that compelled them to write anonymously, while much less capable men were written into temporary notoriety by the newspapers which employed them as "specials." The public never heard of these Associated Press men, but in newspaper offices and in army and navy circles they have always been recognized as the real historians of the war. Poor Lyman, one of the most conscientious of them, contracted a disease from which he after-

ward died. "Ned" Johnstone and "Nat" Wright are now managing the Cleveland "Leader." Beach, Nelson, and Copp are trusted representatives in Western offices of the Associated Press. Collins is Reuter's manager for the Chinese Empire, but temporarily serving at General Kuroki's headquarters. Thompson and Mitchell are directing the bureau of the Associated Press at St. Petersburg. Roberts is chief of the Berlin office. Goode, who served on Sampson's flag-ship, was, until recently, attached to the London bureau. Graham, who was with Schley, was, before this year. the Associated Press correspondent at Albany. It was Thompson who wrote the story of the dramatic surrender, by the United States, of Cuba to self-government, and by a unanimous and voluntary act of Congress his account was made part of the Congressional Record.

In the campaign for the relief of the legations at Peking, the organization won fresh laurels. Mr. Collins was despatched from the Manila bureau, and Messrs. Kloeber and Egan were sent from New York via San Francisco. The Pacific cable had not been laid, and the messages were carried by Chinese runners from the army headquarters before Peking to Tientsin, and cabled thence, via Chefoo and Shanghai, the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, to London, and across the Atlantic Ocean to New York. Even following this tortuous line, they came, as a rule, a day ahead of the special telegrams to the London papers.

There were numerous occasions, during the progress of the Boer War and of the contests in Venezuela, in which brilliant exhibitions of courage and enterprise were presented; but it is in the Russo-Japanese struggle that the service has reached its highest level of excellence.

### THE QUALITIES NEEDED IN A WAR CORRESPONDENT

In reporting a war, the first and most important question naturally arises over the selection of correspondents. The number of men qualified by nature and education for such a task is very limited. Your war correspondent must be physically capable of withstanding the hardships of the field. He must be also as courageous as any soldier. Indeed, his lot is an even harder one, because he must put himself

in places of the greatest danger without the patriotic fervor, the touch of the comrade's elbow, or the possession of a rifle, all of which are large factors in making up a trooper's bravery. He must be capable of describing what he sees accurately and graphically. He must have as large a perspective as the commanding general, if he seeks to tell the whole story of the battle.

But he may have all of these primal requisites and still prove a failure. He must be temperamentally a diplomat and capable of ingratiating himself into the sympathetic and helpful friendship of those with whom he comes in contact. He may be an ideal representative at the headquarters of an American general, but wholly incapable of serving satisfactorily with the Russians or the Japanese. As an illustration, all of our men on the Russian side speak either Russian or French. If they did not, they would be useless. At least three of them are long-time personal friends of General Kuropatkin.

Above all, the war correspondent must possess in marked degree that familiarity with events and affairs which will command the confidence of those in power about him. His influence often extends beyond his primary mission of reporting, and strays into the field of international diplomacy. For instance, during the Boxer rebellion in China, one of the Associated Press correspondents was sought out and consulted by the commander of one power represented in the allied expedition as to his proper attitude toward the military representative of another power whose actions were causing grave concern in that delicate hour.

### DIFFICULTIES IN TRANSMITTING DESPATCHES

But when the battle has been fought, and the correspondent, at great hazard, has written his story, then his troubles have only fairly begun. He must "pass the censor." This may be easy or it may be most difficult. Much depends upon the character and intelligence of the censor. It is only fair to say that we have found the Russians very reasonable. They have shown far more wisdom than did the American censors during the Spanish War.

Next, the messages must be transmitted. The correspondent must be "first at the

wire," or his work may all come to naught. Here, again, he must exercise tact; otherwise a petty telegraph official, who is often a very monarch in his field, may spoil everything. And all along the long linefor the telegram is retransmitted half a dozen times before it reaches San Francisco or New York—the cable officials must be friendly and painstaking and intelligent, or the news will fail to reach its destination promptly and in the form in which it was sent. Delays in transmission are inevitable, and it speaks volumes for the efficiency of modern telegraphy that they are so infrequent. Russian operators, Danish operators, Japanese operators, French operators—all handle and transmit these messages, often in bad chirography, in a language which they do not understand, and they seldom make a serious mistake.

But our troubles do not end with the receipt of the message; for, with all the care that has been observed by correspondents and telegraph officials, it does not often reach us in shape to go at once to the press. There is no "padding," but, for the sake of speed, the correspondents omit all unnecessary words, such as "and" and "the," and these are filled in at our receiving offices. The telegram is very carefully written out to convey the correspondent's precise meaning. In these receiving offices are all the war maps, English, French, Russian, German, Japanese, and libraries filled with books and documents that may prove of value in deciphering a message. Lists of Russian and Japanese officials and war-ships and army organizations, spelled correctly and sent over by mail from St. Petersburg and Tokio, are on file. There are complete sets of all directories of every important city in the world. But, more valuable than all else, there are carefully indexed scrapbooks containing every cable message received by the Associated Press during the last twenty years. These serve to illuminate every new event with the antecedent and the collateral history.

### SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OUTDONE IN THE PRESENT WAR

Long before the troubles between Russia and Japan had reached a critical stage, I ordered Mr. Egan, then of our New York office, a gentleman of wide experience and rare ability, to Tokio to establish an independent bureau. He coöperated with Mr. Collins, who had left our service to take supervision of Reuter's Chinese service. I went to St. Petersburg, and was there when diplomatic relations with Japan were broken off and the war began. I engaged a number of Russian correspondents, who set out at once for the Far East.

One of them, Mr. Kravchenko, was received in private audience by the Emperor before his departure. I cabled directions to my assistant in charge at New York, and he sent a corps of men to Tokio to act under Mr. Egan's orders. Returning from Russia, I spent a few days in London, and arranged with Baron de Reuter for a joint service in reporting the war. He had men scattered throughout Japan, Korea, and China who were instructed to serve under the leadership of Messrs. Egan and Collins. Thus the men of the two forces were so assigned as to cover the widest possible area, and the duplication of reports was avoided. It was also arranged that all telegrams from Japan, Korea, and China should be transmitted to the Associated Press at San Francisco by the Pacific cable, and they were forwarded thence to Europe by way of New York.

By this plan we were enabled to place correspondents at every point of possible interest, and their telegrams were transmitted much more rapidly and safely than if sent by the long lines through the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. The great newspapers of London and New York promptly engaged the ablest special correspondents available and sent them to the front. Among these were a number of war reporters of long experience and international fame. It soon became apparent, however, that no special service could successfully compete with the Reuter-Associated Press alliance. For months the special men were held in a courteous imprisonment at Tokio, while the Associated Press men at the Russian headquarters and at points of vantage in China and Korea were forwarding daily stories of surpassing interest at each step in the great contest. In the end, nearly all the special men were ordered home, and the work of reporting the war was left to the press agencies. An attempt by the London "Times" to utilize despatch-boats and wireless telegraphy proved a failure.

#### NOTABLE AND HEROIC PERFORMANCES

A NUMBER of our American and English representatives were welcomed at General Kuropatkin's headquarters to coöperate with our Russian correspondents. Among these were Mr. Middleton, former chief of the Associated Press bureau at Paris, who died of disease at Mukden. He was buried with military honors; but later, at my request, Viceroy Alexieff sent the remains through the lines, and a second burial took place at Chefoo.

Mr. Kravchenko waited three nights and three days on the bluffs about Port Arthur for the sea-fight which Admiral Makaroff was certain to have with Admiral Togo. He was rewarded by a sight of the tragic destruction of the *Petropavlovsk*, which he described in a telegram so graphic that, by common consent, it is held to be the best specimen of war reporting extant.

Mr. Danchenko, another Russian correspondent, went out of Port Arthur with the last railway-train to leave the city before the closing of the stronghold by the Japanese, and described his experiences with a vividness which awakened the enthusiastic applause of newspaper men throughout the world.

Mr. Popoff, a young Russian known by his nom de guerre of "Kiriloff," was wounded at the battle of Liao-yang. He had completed on the battle-field a wellwritten pen-picture of the Japanese attack upon Stakelberg's corps, when a shot pierced his lung. He had ridden to a battery on the firing-line and found that, out of sixty gunners, forty were killed or wounded. The officers had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and Popoff shared with them such provisions as he had. "Prudence urged me to leave the spot, but I was fascinated," he wrote. And here the message ended. A Russian officer, who sent the telegram forward, added: "Kiriloff was shot through the right lung while standing by our battery, and fell back, suffering intense agony. . . . He insisted upon being placed on a horse, so that he could get to Liao-yang and file his despatch. It took him five hours and a half to cover the five miles to the telegraph station. When he reached there he was so exhausted and weak from loss of blood that we got him into the hospital, although against his protest. He asked me to complete his message for him. I am a soldier, and no writer; but I will say that after the awful fight to-day we are still holding our position. Japanese bodies bestrew all the heights. Their losses must have run into tens of thousands. We have lost five thousand thus far."

Mr. Frederick McCormick, one of the American representatives of the Associated Press with the Russians at Liao-yang, also had an interesting experience. He had been assured by the Russian general to whom he was attached that the city would not be evacuated for at least twenty-four hours, and he entered a hospital to give aid to some of the wounded. While there the Japanese entered the place, and when he emerged he found himself a prisoner. He was taken to General Oyama's headquarters and closely questioned concerning the Russian strength. He steadfastly refused to betray any of the secrets of those who had trusted him, and the following day General Oyama released him and sent him under escort to Niu-chuang, whence by a circuitous and dangerous route he was enabled to rejoin the Russian forces at Mukden.

On Mr. Middleton's death it was necessary to send a substitute, and Mr. Denny, who had been serving the Associated Press at Chefoo, was ordered to Mukden. He had been our correspondent at Vancouver, had edited one of the outgoing reports in the New York office, and had been chief of the Manila bureau. Quiet, modest, almost shy in his demeanor, he was ready to face any danger in the discharge of duty. To reach General Kuropatkin's headquarters, he traveled in a Chinese cart through a territory infested by Manchurian bandits, and narrowly escaped death.

# HOW THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AT PORT ARTHUR BEAT THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS

MR. HAGERTY, from the Chicago office of the Associated Press, succeeded Mr. Denny at Chefoo. He was at the nearest cable station to Port Arthur. He organized a corps of Chinese junkmen, who ran the blockade and reported to him. There was sharp competition with a number of spe-

cial correspondents of London newspapers, and he put in service every available dock-laborer in the port. On the arrival of a boat, day or night, he was notified by his uncouth assistants, and thus enabled to report every story that came out of the beleaguered city. Two Associated Press men in Port Arthur sent messages to him whenever possible.

Mr. Richmond Smith was detailed to accompany the besieging Japanese army. He was not permitted to report daily, but was given every facility for observing the movements, and finally was permitted to charter a despatch-boat specially privileged to convey him to Chefoo, whence he transmitted a telegram of over five thousand words, which was the first authentic report from a newspaper eye-witness cover-

ing the operations.

On the second day of last November, Mr. Smith was told by the Japanese authorities that he might send from Chefoo his cable story of all that had happened from the beginning until October 29, inclusive. A boat, the Genbu Maru, was at his disposal for the journey, and was lying in the adjacent harbor of Shao-ping-tao. Smith at once set out. He rode to the Japanese press headquarters, had his message censored, and then went forward to the port. It was no easy ride, the twentysix miles which intervened. The roads ran up and down the slopes of almost impassable mountains, and were in horrible condition. He arrived at Shao-ping-tao about ten o'clock at night, and found the Genbu Maru at anchor in the roadstead. He had been ordered to report to the naval officer in command of the harbor. He went aboard the commander's ship, and was astounded when that official politely but firmly notified him that under no circumstances could he or his despatch-boat leave before daybreak. This was indeed a blow. because Smith had private information that the Japanese, with their usual diplomacy. had given all the other correspondents like permission to send messages; and these correspondents had set out for the telegraph station at Yinkow, each believing himself specially favored. He was heartbroken. The commander took pity upon him, and showed him his instructions, which stated definitely that the Genbu Maru might sail after the fall of Port Arthur and not before. "These instructions can be changed only by an appeal to the rear-admiral at Shao-ping-tao and the admiral of the fleet," he said.

This meant a delay of several days. The commander would not insist upon the letter of his instructions, as he could see from Smith's message that it was properly censored, and he would allow the ship to go at daylight. But this concession meant nothing. The other correspondents would be at Yinkow, and Smith would be beaten. Then, in a dramatic attitude, he took his precious telegram and held it over the blazing fire in the cabin, and said that if he could not sail until daybreak, he would burn his message, and the important objects which the Japanese War and Navy departments had sought to attain would never be accomplished. This was too much, and the officer relented. He agreed that the Genbu Maru might go out to the guard-ship, and if the officer in command there would assume the responsibility of passing it, it might sail on to Chefoo. Fortunately, that commander shut his eyes, and Smith went his way. It turned out later that the extreme caution exercised was due to the fact that the roadstead was full of mines, which were invisible at night and might have destroyed Smith's boat at any moment. He reached his destination in safety, and, as it turned out, his rivals were delayed, and his message was printed in New York and London four days ahead of those sent from Yinkow. It was no mean tribute to the Associated Press and its representative that the Japanese authorities read his telegram, approved it, and then sent him alone to Chefoo, accepting his word of honor that he would not change it, or add to it, or disclose to any one the disposition of their troops or their plan of campaign.

Readers of American newspapers need not be told, however, that the best work of the war has been done at the capitals of the contending nations. At Tokio, very early in his service, Mr. Egan established a relation with the government which was easily more intimate than that of any other journalist. His high sense of honor, his administrative ability, and his tact were appreciated, and soon won for him the confidence and esteem of the Japanese authorities. He was given the official reports from the generals in the field several hours ahead of any other correspondent,

and his wishes in regard to the treatment accorded to Associated Press men at the front were respected in a remarkable manner. At St. Petersburg Mr. Thompson was given copies of the official telegrams by direct command of the Emperor, and was able to present a daily pen-picture of Russia which has won high praise from every intelligent observer.

#### TRAGIC EVENTS IN BULGARIA AND SERVIA

DURING the recent Macedonian outbreak trained war correspondents were stationed at Salonica and Monastir, and they were able to perfect relations with the insurgent leader. Boris Sarafoff, which enabled them not only to catch the spirit animating the struggling mountaineers, but in many cases personally to observe the operations. Secret agents were also appointed, and these transmitted messages by courier over the frontier and delivered them to the Associated Press representative at Sofia. Meanwhile, the Agence Turque at Constantinople presented the case from the point of view of the Turkish government, although naturally with less detail and frequently with far less accuracy.

When the great tragedy occurred at Belgrade, the first announcement of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga was furnished by the "Cologne Gazette." Instantly all of the forces of the Associated Press were set in motion. Not alone did the Servian agency augment its corps by the employment of additional local men, but Mr. Atter, chief of our Vienna bureau, hastened to the scene. Fortunately, Belgrade was separated from Austrian soil only by the Danube River; and although a rigid censorship was imposed within the limits of Servia, it was not difficult to send despatches to the Austrian town of Zimony, a mile distant, whence they were telegraphed promptly and without interference. But, startling as were the events at Belgrade, there were other points of equal interest. With the death of King Alexander came the end of the Obrenovitch line, and Peter Karageorgevitch, head of the rival house, was an exile at Geneva, Switzerland. Thither American correspondents were despatched at once to describe the king-to-be, his manner of life, his associates, and to talk with him of his plans. Another group was

assigned to sketch the life of his brothers and sisters and other near relatives, then living in Paris. The opinions of the foreign offices at Paris, London, Berlin, and Rome concerning him were also ascertained and reported.

## REPORTING AS A MEANS OF HUMAN PROGRESS

SUCH is the process by which the Associated Press is writing history. Now it is an exhaustive review of the causes leading up to a war; again it is a scene painted in high lights to illumine the march of the world's progress. Here it is the first announcement of the negotiation of a treaty; there it is a thrilling interview with a refugee from Port Arthur, depicting all of the horrors of a desperate and sanguinary campaign.

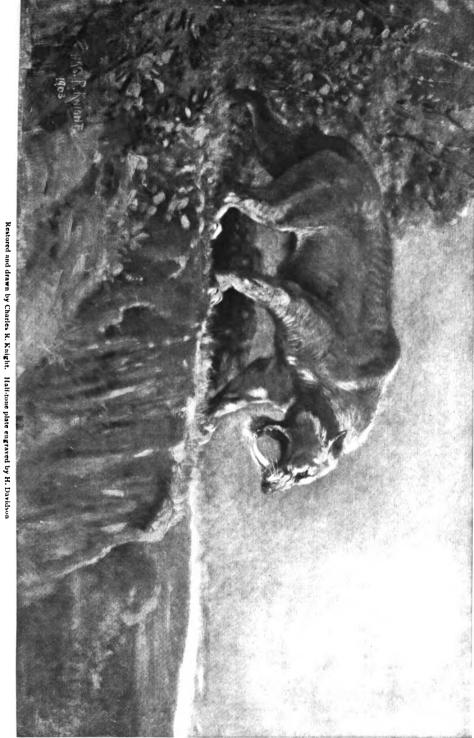
It seems hardly necessary to say that in all of this work the Associated Press is writing the real and enduring history of the world, and is not chronicling the trivial episodes, the scandals, or the chit-chat. And the search-light which it throws upon the world's happenings has a substantial moral value. The mere collection and distribution of news has an ethical worth. No great and lasting wrong can be inflicted upon the sons of men anywhere so long as this fierce blaze of publicity is beating upon the scene. For, in the end, the world must know, and when the world knows justice must be done. The most absolute and irresponsible authority must finally vield to the demands of a great public sentiment.

#### NO MONOPOLY IN NEWS

THE assertion, often made, that the Associated Press is a monopoly rests upon the fact that its news service is available to a limited number only. There could be no pretense that it controls the information at the point of origin, or that it has any advantages or exclusive rights in respect to the manner of transmitting its news to those who publish it. At the point of origin, the news, in order that it be news at all, must be of such moment that every one may have it if he chooses. None of the events reported by the Associated Press is a secret at the point of origin. The destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor, and the eruption that overwhelmed St. Pierre, were known by everybody in Havana and Martinique, and the rates paid to cable companies for transmission to New York, or to the telegraph companies for the distribution of the news throughout the United States, are such as are open to any one. Any other association may gather, transmit, and distribute the news on equal terms. But "A," who is a member of the Associated Press, may receive and publish its news, while "B," who is not a member, may not. Does this make it a monopoly? If so, it is unlike any other monopoly. It is the essence of the charge against other alleged monopolies that they are able to control the output of certain products or to ship it over quasi-public routes of transportation at rates not open to their competitors, or that by reason of some unfair advantage which they enjoy they are able unduly to advance prices to the consumer. None of these objections lies against the Associated Press. What, then, is the allegation? It is this, that by reason of the magnitude of its business it is able to deliver news to its members cheaper than a rival is able to, and that it will not admit to its membership every one who applies.

The Supreme Court of Illinois, after mature deliberation, decided that news was a commodity of such high public need that any one dealing in it was charged with a public duty to furnish it to any other one demanding it and ready to pay the price. The Supreme Court of Missouri, in an equally well-considered opinion, held in effect that news-gathering was a personal service, and to say that a public duty to serve every one attached to the business was to say that any one—a lawyer, for instance—was obligated to give any information of which he was possessed to whomsoever might demand it.

Rivals of the Associated Press do exist, and do profess to furnish their members an equally valuable service. They have the same opportunity for securing the news at the points of origin, and are accorded precisely the same cable and telegraph tolls for its transmission. Their revenues are smaller, to be sure, and therefore their ability to cover the field is more restricted, their service less complete, and, naturally, since there are fewer to pay the bills, the cost to each is greater. But who, on reflection, can say that this fact constitutes the Associated Press an unlawful monopoly?



THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGER

### THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY

SECOND PAPER: LATER EXPERIMENTS AND PRESENT STATE OF THE ART

### BY FRANK I. SPRAGUE

Former President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers



N a previous article, printed in the July number of THE CEN-TURY, I traced with considerable detail the inventions and experiments by various per-

sons in the direction of electric traction. These experiments were not on lines which warranted their adoption for commercial purposes, and down to the year 1887 the electric tramway was in an experimental condition. The record now comes to the installation, at Richmond, Virginia, of the first commercial railway to be undertaken on a large scale.

#### THE PIONEER RAILWAY (RICHMOND, VIRGINIA)

THE story is an old and typical one. A new confederacy was assaulted, but this time it was one of physical difficulties, adverse conditions, and all the ills of a new and untried system.

The contract for this road, which immediately followed that for a small one at St. Joseph, Missouri, was made in May, 1887. In terms, price, and guaranties it was one which a prudent business man would not ordinarily assume, especially in view of the unprepared state of the company to undertake a work of so great magnitude. It called for the completion in ninety days of the equipment of a road having about twelve miles of track, at that time unlaid, and with the route only provisionally determined; the construction of a complete steam and electric central-station plant of three hundred and seventy-five horsepower capacity; and the furnishing of forty cars with eighty motors and all

appurtenances necessary for their operation. This was nearly as many motors as were in use on all the cars throughout the rest of the world. Thirty were to be operated at one time, and grades as steep as eight per cent. were to be mounted. Finally, the payment was to be \$110,000, "if satisfactory.'

My immediate assistants were two young officers, Lieutenant Oscar T. Crosby, a West Point graduate, and Ensign S. Dana Greene, from my own alma mater, the Naval Academy. Although without experience in the new field, they had energy, pluck, and endurance. Overwork and exposure on my part brought on an attack of typhoid fever, so that I was, at a critical period, absent from work nine weeks, leaving almost the entire burden on my associates.

When the contract was taken we had only a blue print of a machine and some rough experimental apparatus, and a hundred and one essential details were undetermined; but during my absence everything possible was done by Greene in Richmond and by Crosby at the New York works. On my way back from a convalescent trip to the West, I had the pleasure of seeing one of my most trusted men, David Mason, start a car on the track at St. Joseph, and immediately afterward I resumed general charge of the work. I had not yet seen the Richmond road, but much of the track-work was finished. poles were set, many of the motors constructed, and experimental work on them and the controlling switches and trolleys was under way.

The construction syndicate was clamor-

ous for operation to begin; excuses on our part were without number. I shall never forget my feelings when, after inspecting the improvised car-sheds at one end of the line, I reached the foot of the steepest hill on my return, and faced a grade varying

roughly covered sheds. To gear motors independently to each axle; to carry them under the car, exposed to dirt and moisture; to control them from either end by new methods; to run with fixed brushes in both directions; to operate without rheostats;



PAT O'SHAUGHNESSY SETTLES THE SLEET TROUBLE IN RICHMOND WITH A BROOM

from four to ten per cent. and about a mile long. The condition of the track was simply execrable; it was built for profit, not for permanence. The flat twenty-sevenpound tram-rail, of antiquated shape, was poorly jointed, unevenly laid, and insecurely tied; the foundation was red clay. The many curves were sharp, some with a twenty-seven-feet radius; they had only one guard-rail, and spread easily. The carhouse was an open lot on which were two

to use a four-hundred-and-fifty-volt constant-potential circuit, with track and ground return, under conditions which were stated by electricians to be impracticable; to operate a multiple-arc circuit on a large scale, which had been declared equally absurd; to use an overhead trolley-wire of small size, supplied at intervals by a system of main conductors and feeders; to get current by an under contact carried on the car; and to mount grades much

more severe than those contracted for, which had been pronounced by street-railway men and electrical engineers as impossible of ascent by a self-propelled car—these were the problems we had undertaken.

The motors were of about seven horsepower capacity, with one reduction of gearing; and the torque of these machines, while great, was not sufficient for the duty now demanded of them. An eight-per-cent. grade would strain them, a ten-per-cent. grade would likely be ruinous. If unable to mount the heaviest grades, I contemplated using a short cable to be run by electric motors in pits sunk beneath the track, depending upon the motors for the regular duty on the rest of the road. On the other hand, if a car did have sufficient adhesion to mount the grade, it was plain that there must be a change in the machines. A little conference was illumined by President Johnson's laconic remark: "Guess the best thing to do is to find out whether the car can get up the grade at all"; and so one night about nine o'clock we started out with a number of employees and General Manager Burt, who was in Richmond representing the syndicate's interests.

If we succeeded in climbing the hill I knew what would probably happen to the machines; but it was vital to learn whether a self-propelled car could be made to go up that grade at all. We went steadily up that and another hill, around several curves, and finally reached the highest point of the line in the heart of the city, where we stopped. I knew that the motors must be pretty hot.

An enthusiastic crowd soon gathered, and in the delay I was in hopes that the motors would cool down sufficiently to permit us to continue the journey. No sooner, however, had we started than I felt a peculiar bucking movement, and knew that we were disabled. The trouble was due to a crossed armature, then a little-known difficulty. Unwilling to admit serious trouble, I told Greene, in a tone that could be overheard by those near, that there was some slight trouble with the circuits, and he would better go for the instruments, so that we could locate it. Then turning out the lights, I lay down on a seat to wait, while the crowd gradually dispersed. After waiting a long time for Greene's return with those "instruments," inwardly praying that he would be late, he came in sight with four of them—big, powerful mules, the most effective aids which could be found in Richmond under the circumstances.

This was one of many similar night experiences, but the experiment had been a critical one. We then knew that with all the weight of the car being used for traction, something more than a ten-per-cent. grade could be ascended; but it involved the solution of a serious mechanical problem—the introduction of an intermediate gear in a limited space on a machine apparently incapable of being adapted for one.

I hastened back to New York, happily hit upon the one possible solution, and, with the help of the Brown & Sharpe Company of Providence, the necessary tools and jigs were made ready, the machines in Richmond were changed, the new gears cast, and we were again ready for running.

But troubles with gears formed only a small part of our difficulties. The field-magnets were wound in sections, the insulation was crude, the work hastily done, and grounds and crosses were frequent. The armatures had a commutator at each end, and were connected in such a way as to bring the brushes on each side on top, so that they could be adjusted or inspected from the car. The switches in the overhead work were giving trouble. No fewer than twoscore designs of under-contact trolleys were tried.

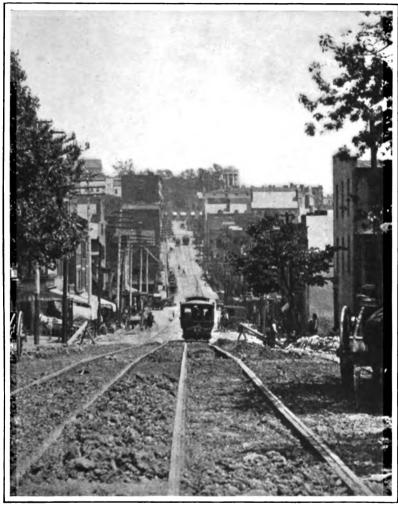
We had begun experimental runs in November, 1887, but various troubles had brought us toward the end of the following January, when it had become vital to begin regular operation. The road must be made to go at any cost. Its failure would prove a serious blow to railway development; to my own future, as well as to that of my associates, failure in Richmond meant blasted hopes and financial ruin.

At the end of January we prepared to open the line with about ten cars. By this time matters were running with comparative smoothness, the central station was in good condition, and our overhead work was fair. The new gearing had accomplished its object, and many of the difficulties with the machines and switches had been overcome. As a preliminary to regular operation, we spent a day carry-

ing loads of children without any serious trouble, and about the 2d of February, 1888, in a drizzling rain we opened the line for regular service.

The day was one of disappointment; we carried crowds of people, but car after car

distorted, and there seemed every evidence of this after inspecting those that had been running; but an Irish mechanic, Pat O'Shaughnessy, who had been with me for years, and who had a most happy mechanical judgment, insisted that it was

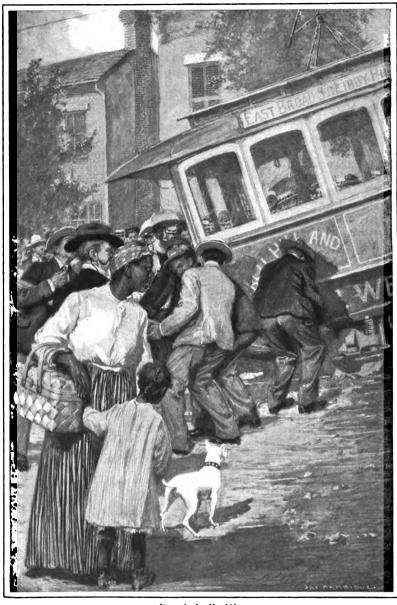


From a photograph

A TEN-PER-CENT. GRADE ON THE SPRAGUE ROAD AT RICHMOND, 1888

would suddenly stop in the street, and refuse to move under any conditions, for the new gears had a freak of locking. The men got under the cars, took off the disgruntled gears, and continued, if possible, with the other machine, or bodily hauled the car off the track so that another could go by. My first impression was that it was a mechanical fault, that the gears were not properly cut or the castings had been for lack of proper oiling, and after a while had the cars running again.

Of all the difficulties met, one of the most exasperating was the attempt to run with fixed brushes—a device which seemed for a time destined to prove a failure. For a long time the armatures were continually grounding, more often crossed, and one of the commutators badly burned. In fact, the arc-ing was such that the mica itself



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

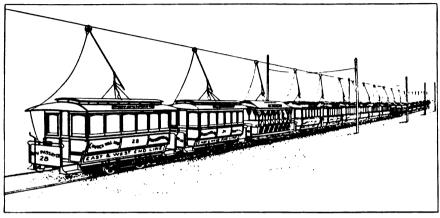
ALL HANDS TO RESCUE A DERAILED ELECTRIC CAR-A FREQUENT INCIDENT OF THE FIRST TRAFFIC IN RICHMOND

would be frizzled and the copper blistered. After a time we found that this occurred with only one commutator, and, on tracing the circuits, we learned that it was the commutator out of which the current passed, while the other one would be comparatively smooth and free from destructive troubles. This gave us a cue to change the switches so as to reverse the

current in the armature instead of in the field. The trouble was then more nearly equalized, and possibly of less frequent occurrence. It seemed, however, that we had no commutator good enough, and I somewhat hurriedly condemned copper bars; so our next move was a wholesale change of every commutator on the road. Not only were special forms made, but, in

order to resist the destructive sparking largely due to brushes getting upended and shifting out of position, special bars and commutators were made, some of hardcast brass, and others of silicon bronze.

Before the final adoption of carbon, as was later proposed by Van Depoele, there was the greatest variety of brushes. At first we used flat ones, solid and laminated. account of the small clearances at the ends, every one was unwound, the body shortened up, and then rewound. Disabled armatures were without number, and, to keep the road in motion, they were often shipped by express. To maintain the equipment it was necessary to exchange parts, and, not being constructed on a strictly interchangeable plan, the machines,



Drawn from a photograph

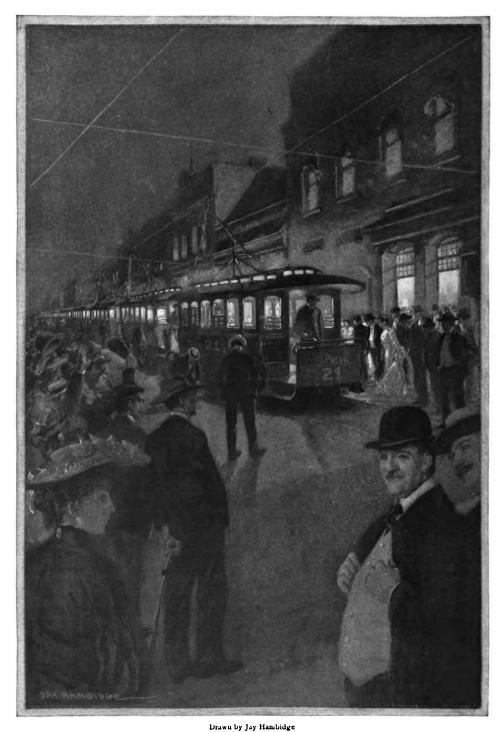
THE BUNCHING OF TWENTY-TWO CARS IN RICHMOND, PREPARATORY TO A TEST FOR PRESIDENT WHITNEY OF THE WEST END ROAD, BOSTON

which would wear through, double over, and hug an arc of the commutator, or oblique, solid, and laminated brushes which would catch in the bars, reverse or split, and straddle half a dozen bars, with the result of ruined commutators, crossed armatures, and burnt-out fields. Then we tried tilting-brushes, and various shapes of copper, bronze, and brass, set on end and pressed down by springs, and also solid bars of brass.

The track soon looked like a golden path, for the rough commutator bars acted like a milling-cutter and sheared off the ends of the contact bars with marvelous rapidity, sending a shower of shimmering scales over machines and roadway. At this period we were using about nine dollars' worth of brass per day for brushes; not a half-trip was made without inspection, and generally a change of brushes: but the road must be kept in operation somehow while other experiments were being made.

The combination of commutator and brush troubles was not all. We changed the winding of the armatures, and, on after a few weeks, were of a most heterogeneous character. We managed, however, to keep going, and gradually our difficulties seemed to lessen, even if new ones cropped up. Little by little the number of cars in operation was increased from ten to twenty; then, by May 4, to thirty; and finally forty cars were in operation.

On the day that we first operated thirty cars the highest normal reading on the current-measuring instruments was less than three quarters of the regular capacity of the dynamos, and the average reading for this number was only a trifle over half the normal output. This test settled conclusively all immediate questions as to distance, speed, and power; and it was particularly interesting because circulars were about that time issued in favor of a series method of operation, in which it was stated that two thirds of the number of cars thus operated on a multiple-arc system would require about ten times the power actually used for the thirty cars, an error of twenty to one in prophecy. It is almost needless to say that on that day we felt that we owned the street and the city as



A BUNCH OF ELECTRIC CARS IN FRONT OF A RICHMOND THEATER

well. Fatigue and worry were all forgotten in what was to us a supreme moment.

A most important experiment of banking the cars occurred one night on the occasion of the visit of President Henry M. Whitney and a number of directors of the West End Railway of Boston, who had been prevailed upon to visit Richmond, stopping on the way at Allegheny City to see the Bentley and Knight road. General Manager Longstreet of the West End Railway, who was a strong cable advocate, had expressed doubts as to the possibility of handling the cars electrically

when badly bunched. Burt and I talked it over, and I made up my mind that I would try to settle that doubt.

Mr. Whitney was more than willing to see the experiment, and we were soon on our way to the eastern sheds, where twenty-two cars were collected. I had previously told the engineer to load the feeder safety-catches, to raise the pressure to five hundred volts, and to

hold on, no matter what happened. He did so, and it was a good thing that he did; for when, at the wave of a lantern, twenty-two motormen started their cars at the end of a section of line designed for four distributed cars, the lights went down and the potential dropped to about two hundred volts. But it gradually rose, and all the cars were soon merrily running out of reach of signals. This was conclusive, and the fate of the cable in Boston was settled.

But enough of Richmond, whose troubles were buried under an immediate financial loss to my company of about \$75,000, fully compensated for, however, in the subsequent unparalleled growth of a great industry.

#### THE BOOM

To enliven the general situation, however, no sooner was track return adopted as an essential of the electric railway than there began a battle with the telephone companies, who claimed the earth and all that

was therein, which was fought, first to a draw, then to a legal and technical finish, in twenty-seven States of the Union, as well as in England. The troubles which they were already experiencing because of the use of grounded circuits were intensified wherever there was an electric railway, partly by sympathetic induction and partly by derived circuits, which made the hissing and frying noises intolerable, to say nothing of frequent burn-outs of telephone circuits. Hence a row; but in the end we remained below, and they, for their own salvation, went up higher and adopted complete

metalliccircuits; therefore the electric-railroad men are entitled to the gratitude of the community.

Pope, in a historical sketch read before the Electric Club in 1891, said:

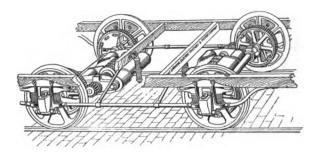
Laboring under enormous difficulties and drawbacks, Sprague succeeded, by the completion and operation of this [Richmond] plant, in establishing beyond peradventure the future supremacy of the electric street railway, and

many of the characteristic features at that time designed and introduced by him have practically become standards in the modern system, and are found in nearly every one of the thousands of cars now in service.

During the progress of the installation of the Richmond road, the Van Depoele Company was offered to me by William J. Clark; but partly because of confidence in my own work and lack of appreciation of Van Depoele's, - to say nothing of our resources being already taxed to the limit. - it was not long considered, and shortly afterward it fell into the hands of the Thomson-Houston Company, which had only a short time previously entered the railway field. The final success of the Richmond road, the rapid equipment of a number of others, and especially the adoption of electricity on the West End road of Boston by Mr. Whitney, whose first installation was part conduit and part trolley, and to whom must be awarded the credit for initiating the modern consolidations of street railways, were followed



A LONG ISLAND RELIC OF EARLY STREET-CAR DAYS



From an old catalogue

EARLIEST SPRAGUE MOTORS AT RICHMOND, 1887

by a period of extraordinary activity in commercial and technical development, in which for a time the Sprague and Thomson-Houston companies were the principal competitors. The rivalry of these companies was of the keenest sort, and the methods of exploitation most varied; but in the general progress they were aided by the rapidly growing interest and belief in electric railways and the pressure exerted in communities to abandon old practices. An amusing illustration is afforded by the call for a mass-meeting which originated in New Orleans, the heading of which is here reproduced:



LINCOLN SET THE NEGROES FREE!

SPRAGUE HAS SET THE MULE FREE!

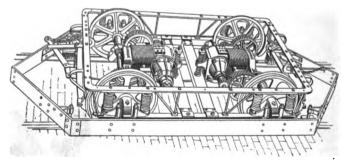
THE LONG EARED MULE NO MORE SHALL ADORN OUR STREETS.

The progress made in the United States soon commanded the attention of the Old World, and work was begun along the same lines in Italy, where I installed the Florence-Fiesole road in 1889, and then

in Germany and elsewhere; but it was not until a number of years later that there was any general adoption of the electric railway in the more conservative countries.

Meanwhile the Sprague Electric Railway & Motor Company was absorbed in 1890 by the Edison General Electric; and soon after, embittered by personal experiences and the suppression of my name, I severed my connection with it, and took up the development of high-speed and automatic electric elevators. The Edison Company later combined with the Thomson-Houston Company and others in the General Electric Company. The Westinghouse Company had meanwhile actively entered the field, and for a number of years these great companies have done the larger part of the electric-railway work in this country and abroad.

The record of the succeeding years is largely that of an extraordinary industrial development, with continuous improvement and increase in the size of apparatus. Form-wound armatures proposed by Eick-emeyer replaced irregular windings, and metallic brushes gave way to carbon, this single change, initiated by Van Depoele



From an old catalogue

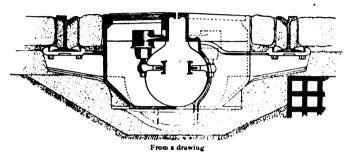
THE SPRAGUE MOTOR-TRUCK (15 HORSE-POWER), RICHMOND, 1888

in 1888-89, going a long way toward making the art a success. Cast- and wroughtiron yielded to steel, two-pole motors to four, double-reduction gears to single, and open motors to closed ones protected only by their own casings. In 1892 combined series-parallel and resistance control was adopted, when the Thomson magnet blowout was successfully applied to controllers by Mr. Potter, and proved a most effective agent in reducing the troubles of operation.

The horse and the cable virtually disappeared on old lines, and new ones in great number were created, the overhead trolley system being almost universally adopted. The conduit system used on a portion of

sity of utilizing the discoveries and inventions in alternating-current transmission and conversion which had been made by Tesla, Ferraris, Stanley, Bradley, and others. All the earlier work had been performed by direct currents at moderate potential, and this limited the distances for economical installation and operation from the main supply station.

In the new practice, alternating current was generated at or stepped up through transformers to high potentials at the main station, and transmitted over small wires to substations. There the pressure was reduced by static transformers, and then through the medium of rotaries, which



A TYPICAL SECTION OF A CONDUIT ON THE METROPOLITAN SURFACE SYSTEM, NEW YORK CITY

Showing traffic rails, conduit, insulating supports, and conductors.

the Allegheny and Boston lines had been abandoned; and although in 1893 a short line was tried in Washington on the Love plan, it was not until the following year that work was begun in New York on the Lenox Avenue line, and finally carried to that successful conclusion which warranted its wide-spread adoption in that city under the auspices of William C. Whitney and Herbert Vreeland, and soon after in Washington under Connett. Abroad, a Siemens road had been in operation at Budapest since 1889. All this of course was largely because of the necessarily heavy cost of construction, and because street-railway managers could not undertake any such investment except under most favorable traffic conditions, and with prohibition of the use of overhead wires.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERURBAN LINES

About this time there began the introduction of interurban or cross-country roads, and this soon emphasized the necesmay be considered as continuous-current dynamos operated by alternating currents, delivered as continuous current to the trolley-lines.

The first serious proposal for using high-tension transmission in this fashion seems to have been made in 1896 by Bion J. Arnold in plans for a road to run from Chicago to the Lake region; and although this road was never built, the general plans were utilized for a line actually put into operation about two years later, which was the forerunner of the standard practice of to-day, by means of which the limitations of distance have been effectively reduced.

The use of electricity for single cars having proved successful, heavier operations were naturally attempted, and in November, 1890, a line on South London Road, which was originally designed for cable, was opened, the trains being pulled by electric locomotives equipped with a pair of gearless motors having armatures mounted on the axles of the drivers.

Meanwhile, although for the time being out of active railway work, I was keenly interested in the rapid-transit problem, and urgently advocated a four-track underground electric railway in New York. To silence the objections of a portion of the daily press, in February, 1891, I offered to install on the elevated road a train to be operated by a locomotive car, and also one with motors distributed under the cars, and to make an express speed of forty miles an hour. The offer passed unnoticed.

Two years later the Liverpool overhead railway was put in operation. Here the trains were composed of two-car units, each car having one motor, the two being operated by hand control. In the spring of the same year, 1893, the Intramural Railway was constructed at the World's Fair, Chicago, the equipment being supplied by the General Electric Company. Motor-cars with hand control were used to pull trail-cars, and a third-rail supply with track return was adopted. In 1895 the Metropolitan West Side Elevated road in that city was equipped on the same general plan. In the following year the Nantasket Beach road, a branch of the New York & New Haven Railway, was put in operation, and in September the Lake Street Elevated of Chicago. Soon after electric service was instituted on the Brooklyn Bridge, motor-cars being used to handle the trains at first at the terminals, and later across the bridge.

There were few attempts, however, to replace steam operation on regular roads, and only occasionally were electric locomotives used for special reasons. Among the earlier ones was one of one thousand horse-power, designed by Sprague, Duncan & Hutchinson and built about 1892–94 for Mr. Henry Villard for experimental operation on lines out of Chicago, which was never undertaken. A still larger locomotive was built by the General Electric Company, which was used for the trains in the Baltimore & Ohio tunnel in 1895.

## THE MULTIPLE-UNIT SYSTEM

THESE various equipments, all following steam precedents, seemed a pitiful falling short of the possibilities of electric-train operation. Soon after taking up the development of electric elevators, I made distant control of the main motor-con-

troller from a master switch a sine qua non for all important work. On the first large contract—that for the Postal Telegraph Building in New York—I had provided, in testing, for the additional control and operation of any elevator in the plant from a single master switch in the basement, as well as the possibility of simultaneous movement of a number of them.

Pondering over the elevated-railwaytrain problem one day, the thought suddenly flashed upon me, Why not apply the same principle to train operation? That is, make a train unit by the combination of a number of individual cars, each complete in all respects, and provide for operating them all simultaneously from any master switch on any car. This idea, sketched on a scrap of paper, marked the complete birth of this new method, then named and now nearly everywhere known as the "multipleunit system." Its great possibilities instantly absorbed my interest, as I saw the opening of a new epoch in electric-railway operation. Here was a way to give a train of any length all the characteristics of a single car, with every facility of operation which could be demanded by the most exacting conditions of service and capacity.

After two abortive attempts to get the privilege to demonstrate the advantages of the system at my own expense on the Manhattan road in New York, an unexpected opportunity suddenly arose in the spring of 1897, when I was requested to act as the consulting engineer of the South Side Elevated Railway of Chicago. A brief inspection of the layout showed a field ripe for multiple-unit application, which I briefly explained to Sargent and Lundy, the engineers, and to Mr. Clark of the General Electric Company, fortunately all old friends. I hastily drew up a report, the main feature of which was an argument in favor of the abandonment of locomotive cars, and the adoption of individual equipments under common control—in short, the multiple-unit system. As an earnest of my confidence, I supplemented the report by an offer to undertake the equipment of the general plan outlined, which met with the indorsement of the engineers. This was followed by a visit to Chicago; but the contract was not concluded until after I left for Europe, and then only after a very bitter fight with various companies, and under most onerous conditions, supplemented by a \$100,000 bond for performance.

Among other things, I was immediately to begin work on the entire equipment, and to have six cars ready for operation in two months, on a standard track supplied by me, the manner of making the test to be prescribed by the officers and engineers days. Should these equipments prove unsatisfactory, the right remained to cancel the contract and to require waiver of all claims against the company.

I did not return to New York until about the middle of June, so that most of my instructions for the trial equipments were by cable, and the actual preparation



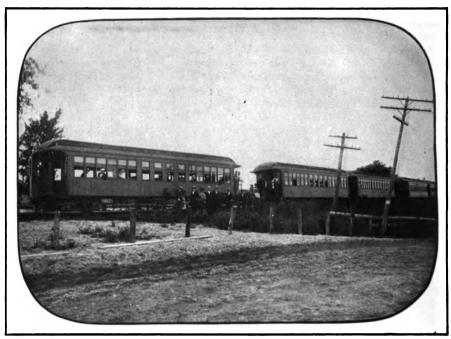
From a photograph

THE FIRST EXPERIMENT WITH THE MULTIPLE-UNIT SYSTEM ON THE BERM-BANK OF THE CANAL AT SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1897

of the road, and to be to their satisfaction. Should the test be not concluded by the date set, or be unsatisfactory, the contract could be canceled. Satisfactory further tests could be called for elsewhere, and the remaining equipments were to be completed by specified dates. As soon as the power-house and road were ready there was to be another test of not less than twenty equipments under service conditions for a period of not less than ten

was made within thirty days, despite a wholesale strike of the machinists employed in the shops of the new Sprague Electric Company, which soon took over the contract.

On July 16, 1897, two cars were put into operation on the tracks of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, and on the 26th, the half-century anniversary of Professor Farmer's test of a model electric railway at Dover, New Hampshire,



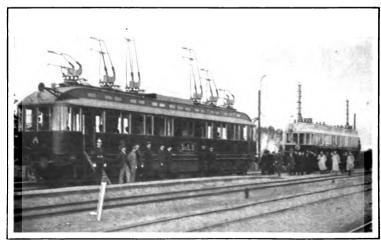
From a photograph

MULTIPLE-UNIT EXPERIMENT AT SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1897

The train was broken up into sections, each complete in itself.

my ten-year-old son operated a six-car train in the presence of the officers and engineers of the South Side Elevated Road at Schenectady.

In November a test train of five cars was put in operation in Chicago, and on the 20th of April following twenty cars, seventeen of which (one in flames) were taken off during the day because of defective rheostats; but with the last three-car train I had the satisfaction of pushing a steam-train around a curve. Three months later, a year after the Schenectady test, locomotives had been entirely aban-



From a photograph

CARS USED AT THE ZOSSEN HIGH-SPFFD EXPERIMENTS ON THE POLYPHASE SYSTEM, USING THREE WIRES OVERHEAD AND 14,000 VOLTS PRESSURE

doned, and the whole one hundred and twenty cars were in operation, the local work being largely supervised by my assistant, Frank H. Shepard.

The system, with sundry changes in detail, has now been universally adopted for

fifty volts; but this has often required the conversion of alternating current transmitted at high potential into continuous current, as already described. While this bids fair to be the practice for some time, there are of course certain limiting objec-



From a photograph

## FIRST ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY It was operated on test tracks near Schenectady, New York, November 12, 1904. This locomotive weighs 100 tons, and has beaten the Pacific type of steam-locomotive.

electric train operation on underground, elevated, and suburban roads, and the largest present enterprise in substitution of steam operation, the electrification of the New York Central terminals and a portion of its main line, is likewise dependent upon it. There not only the suburban cars, but the great locomotives supplied by the General Electric Company, of twentytwo hundred horse-power capacity, and weighing one hundred tons, are to be controlled on the multiple-unit plan, so that two or even three locomotives, representing an aggregate of several thousand horsepower, under simultaneous control, can be put at the head of any train which may be made up.

### ALTERNATING-CURRENT MOTORS

Down to comparatively recent times almost all electric railways have been planned for operation with continuous-current motors at from six hundred to six hundred and

tions which are apparent, and the best energies of many of the ablest electrical engineers have for some time been bent upon solving the problem of operating directly with alternating currents, in order to eliminate the moving parts of the substations, and to enlarge the radius of economical operation. But no matter whether continuous- or alternating-current motors are used, the advantages of initial alternating-current transmission and conversion are of course common to either method of motor operation, because in any large system there will be a number of substations which are really local stations supplying sections of a road.

Among the noteworthy achievements have been those of the Ganz Company, whose Valtellina line, equipped on the polyphase plan for the Italian government, is of special interest. Another interesting installation is that made by the Allgemeine and Siemens companies under the auspices

of the German government on the Zossen military line, where the highest record for speed of a car carrying passengers—about one hundred and twenty-six miles an hour—was made over two years ago, the current being collected at ten thousand volts from three overhead wires by sliding contacts.

The multiplicity of conductors, however, distinctly militates against this as any general solution of the larger railway problems, quite independently of other limitations affecting trunk-line transportation; and hence single-phase alternatingcurrent operation, using one overhead conductor with track return, is being energetically prosecuted. Among the workers who have sought solution and been active in invention along this line, as well as one of the earliest and most persistent advocates of single-phase railway operation, is Mr. Arnold, who has developed an electropneumatic plan in which is combined on a locomotive a constant-speed singlephase alternating-current motor with reversible air-pumps and a storage-tank, the starting and running being controlled by compressed air, which has been submitted to limited tests. Another plan is that of Ward Leonard, who proposes to operate the car motors from a variable-potential dynamo driven by a constant-speed alternating-current motor. The more direct use of the alternating current, however, has appealed to most engineers who have become interested in the development, among whom may be specially mentioned Finze, Lamme, Winter, Eichberg, and Steinmetz. The work has been with two general types. One was originally proposed by Thomson, and known as the "repulsion" motor, in which the field is supplied direct from the trolley at high potential, the armature being short-circuited upon itself and operating at low potential. This seems to have been largely abandoned in the United States. An alternative of this form is that developed by European engineers, in which a variable potential is delivered to the armature from a transformer, the field being supplied direct from the line.

The other, and seemingly the more successful, general type is the series one, much like the ordinary motor, except that the iron in the magnets is laminated—that is, built up of thin sheets to prevent loss—and the pole pieces have an additional "com-

pensating" winding across their faces. The high-tension current from the trolley is transformed to low tension on the car, and regulation is through rheostats or voltage variation by transformers.

There have been many variations in construction made possible by the peculiar combined transformer and motor characteristics of the alternating-current motor, but several roads are in practical operation, and the commercial results attained must be considered in any important application.

#### THE FUTURE

SUCH is a brief and all too imperfect review of an industrial development which has had few rivals, and which has led to many roseate predictions of the early electric operation of trunk lines. There are indeed nearly thirty thousand miles to the credit of the electric railway in the United States alone, but the character of the traffic and the house-to-house service performed by a large portion of it is essentially distinctive, and reason enough for its creation irrespective of the conditions and requirements of trunk-line operation.

Save on elevated and underground roads of short length, it has been essentially a service of single cars at frequent intervals and convenient stops. But it is hardly necessary to point out that trunk-line operation as at present conducted consists largely in the despatching of heavy units at infrequent intervals over long distances. and this is maintained in the United States on over two hundred thousand miles of road, or fully half a million miles of track, with terminals, routes, and service in the main well settled, and on which exists a system of train make-up and interchange of cars, both freight and passenger, which cannot be readily changed.

Yet right in the metropolis of the United States we are confronted with grave and complicated problems incident to local conditions which are calling for an expenditure of nearly eighty millions of dollars, supplementing the electrical equipment of the surface, elevated, and underground lines, all made possible chiefly because of the electrical development. And the solution of these problems will demonstrate that, so far as speed and power are concerned, the maximum capacity of any steamlocomotive will be more than equaled. If

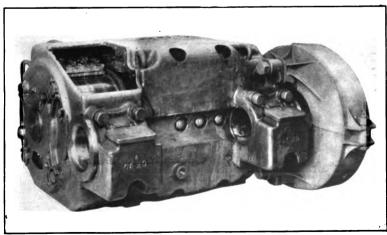
so, then it may be asked, Why does it not settle the trunk-line problems? Largely because the conditions are special in character, and must be solved, simply because they can be, without too great a regard to cost

It should be stated, however, that despite the difference of opinion among electrical engineers as to the best method of doing it, there is not a railroad in the country which cannot be operated electrically if we are concerned only with the physical possibility of achievement. Energy of any amount can be transmitted economically any distance required commercially. Motors of large power and aggregated in combinations to capacities greater than those of any locomotive can be built and perfectly controlled. And with great power there is of course the possibility of high speeds; but a well-ballasted track, free from curves, grades, and grade crossings, a reserved right of way, perfect brakes and signals, infrequent stops, and favoring outward conditions, are equally essential to steam or electric traction of the first order. It is sustained, not extraordinary, maximum speed which is required in practical service, and sustained speed is a matter of finance.

What, then, will determine the future? Chiefly this financial factor, as it must the future of any other great industrial problem. When savings in operation and the

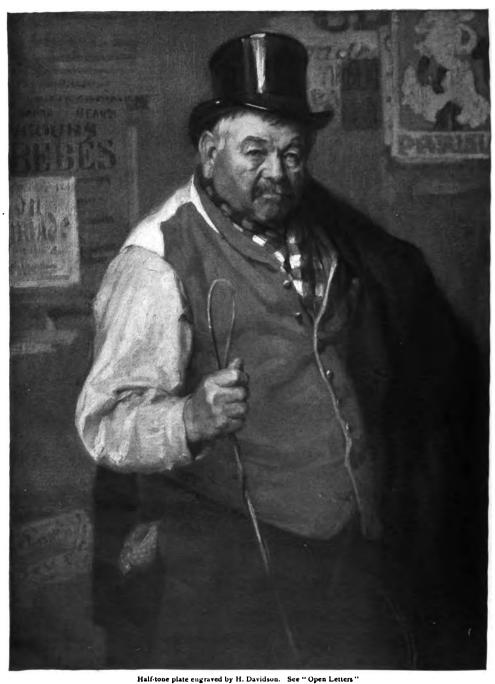
increased return from traffic on any road will more than pay a fair dividend on money invested for electrical equipment, and more perhaps than may be earned by the control of competing electric lines with valuable franchises and established business, then, and then only, will trunk lines be operated electrically. As I have often stated, the problem resolves itself into a question of relative density and the character of load-factor, and these elements are vitally interconnected with the allowed working potential on a trolley-line. Generally speaking, any road, so far as physical handling of traffic and reasonable cost are concerned, can be operated electrically, provided there is sufficient density of traffic, at known allowable electrical pressures; and, on the other hand, no matter to what trolley potential one may go, and no matter how perfect the motor development, there are conditions on some roads which are prohibitive to successful commercial electric operation.

With a fair distribution of load and a good load-factor, except in special applications such as to terminals and the overcoming of heavy grades, a number of units on the line are ordinarily the elements essential to commercial success. Every road presents a special problem, and the wisdom of adopting electricity can be determined only by a most careful analysis of all the conditions affecting it.



I rom a photograph

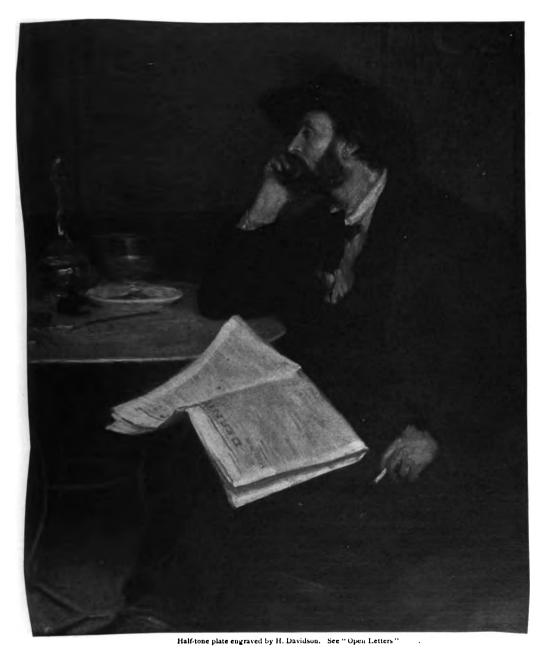
A 200 HORSE-POWER GENERAL ELECTRIC MOTOR, SHOWING INCLOSED FIELD-MAGNETS, COMMUTATOR OF ARMATURE, AXLE-BEARINGS, AND GEAR-CASING, SUCH AS IS USED ON THE INTERBOROUGH SYSTEM, NEW YORK CITY



A PARISIAN TYPE: THE CABMAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. S. HUBBELL

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES



A PARISIAN TYPE: THE CAFÉ POET
FROM THE PAINTING BY II. S. HUBBELL
THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES



Drawn by Lisa Stillman. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

## SQUIRREL LAND

BY W. J. STILLMAN



HE readers of "Billy and Hans" in a former number of THE CENTURY will readily understand that the touching death of my pet squirrels left me little

disposed to invite a repetition of the pain of their loss. It requires fortitude to ask death to enter into the household as a contingent guest, even when a favorite quadruped is the probable victim. The death of my two dear little friends had been a pain which I felt ill-disposed to hazard again, and I said to myself, "No more pets." But, two years after the death of Hans, a very dear friend who shared my love for squirrels, and who was very much attached to one which she called Paul and which was her constant companion, sent me a pair of baby English squirrels; and to avoid the chance of one of them dying and leaving a disconsolate partner, and to prevent, as well, a concentration of my interest on one, I bought two more from a dealer in London. I took them down to the cottage in Surrey at which I was passing my summer vacation. My daughter named them according to their external appearance, the brightest in color being called Rufus, the next in that order Rudyett, and the

original pair had names which were later changed, and which I forget. As the little Paul of the lady who gave me the original pair died soon after, I gave his name to the male of my pair, and the female we called Virginia. Rudyett was from the outset morose and intractable, and never responded to the caresses we offered him; but the four enjoyed their frolics in the sitting-room, of which they had the liberty, and throve alike until we returned to Rome again in the autumn. But Rufus was the merriest and most affectionate of the group, resembled Billy in character, was never tired of caresses, and always came for his food to the table with us. Paul was more sedate, but still most friendly. Virginia was neither so familiar as Paul nor so morose as Rudyett, and submitted to being caressed with a shy consent and a sotto voce scolding all the time.

Arrived in Rome, I installed them in my study, on the window-bench where Billy and Hans had passed the most of their days, and I gave them a living firtree as high as the room admitted, set in a huge garden-pot. Rudyett grew more and more shy, and permitted no familiarities, but took refuge in the tree-top when they were attempted, and from there ful-

1 See THE CENTURY for February, 1897.

minated his anger, and at the same time began to refuse his food and grow emaciated. It was clear that he was mortally ill. His angry reproaches at this prison life for a wild creature made for the woods and liberty hurt me, though I had not taken him from his nest, and I would gladly have turned him loose had I had a place into which he might go. Meanwhile dear little Rufus began to fail, losing his gaiety, but never his affectionate ways. Like Billy, he used to come to me when I came into the study, and loved to lie in my pocket. Unlike Paul, who throve greatly, he had not grown, but remained a perpetual baby; and his head, unusually round and chubby for his species, and which had always given him more of the baby-face than the others, added to the charm of his pretty, affectionate ways. He grew weak, and hobbled to his food when I brought it, and, having eaten, went back to the sleeping-box and nestled for warmth with his companions. When I called him, he pricked up his ears and showed that he recognized the call, but more and more rarely came forward for the caress.

Paul and Virginia, however, remained with apparently normal health, enjoying their fir-tree, and content with their lot. Paul loved to be petted and fondled as much as Billy did, and his favorite spot when not eating or sleeping was my writingtable, where he would lie by the hour, often coming to sleep in my pocket. Though not gifted with the singular intelligence which Billy possessed, he was of the same affectionate nature, and evidently enjoyed our relations keenly. The two adopted city ways, and instead of being awake and riotous in the early morning hours, as is the way of the squirrel at home and generally in confinement, they slept late, and were often asleep when I brought them their morning bread and milk.

The period of my superannuation as correspondent of the "Times" arriving, we left Rome, and in England, always on the lookout for a home for ourselves and the squirrels, where we could make, if not find, a Squirrel Land, we took temporarily a cottage at Cranleigh, with a large studio attached, in which they continued to romp, and where they were happy. With the autumn we took them to London, where my daughter built them a cage across the foot of her garden, and I left them to

make a visit to America. The unfortunate notion of taking back several species of American squirrels led, on my return, to their sharing the cage with two pairs of gray squirrels and a pair of Mexicans, the former half-tamed savages whose rude and bellicose ways so dominated the gentle English creatures that they lost all their life, and became so panic-stricken that they rarely dared leave their sleepingcage; while the male of the Mexicans delighted in hazing them like a school-boy, so that Virginia, always the more timid of the pair, never left her sleeping-box, and I had to send the whole of the foreigners to the Zoölogical Gardens. But unfortunately poor Virginia had become so completely demoralized that she drooped and died soon after, and I had Paul sent to me at Bournemouth, where we were living temporarily while I was looking for a permanent home with a bit of woodland in which I had hoped to turn them out to live in a protected liberty, which was what I had always wanted for them.

I found our home at last at Deepdene, on the edge of a great tract of moorland on which the pines and the heather hold the soil. Our cottage stood in a little clearing of half an acre, surrounded on all sides by trees, in one of which, before my window, was an abandoned squirrel's nest, the whilom occupants of which had probably been the victims of our predecessor's three cats. We purchased an acre of woodland, adjoining the house-lot, on which grew various trees, pines, oaks, chestnuts, and a few others, a real paradise for squirrels, beyond which, on three sides, spread hundreds of acres of the original forest, in which we soon saw indications of squirrels, though not one was brave enough to risk himself in the cat-haunted grove adjoining the house. Here I could finally release my poor Paul.

Having decided definitely that I would never again attempt to admit into my life another of these delicate natures, I had to find some way of repeopling our wood with squirrels. There was an old man in the near-by village who was a professional squirrel-catcher. Him I sent for, and offered to take off his hands all the young squirrels he caught. He brought me two families of three and four babies, the most pathetic little creatures one could see, unable to walk, and hardly able to climb a

little, or to eat even bread and milk. I had to cut fine sponge into the form of udders, which when soaked in warm milk they sucked greedily, and when satiated they nestled between my waistcoat and my body to sleep until hungry again. One died quickly, unable to adapt himself to the change of diet. A second lingered for weeks. Paul, meanwhile, took the little brood under his care, and they slept at night with him, curiously tender of them in a quaint, awkward way of his own. The other five, promoted from the wet-nursing to a bread-and-milk diet, rapidly went on to nuts and romping. They had an extravagant fondness for the kernel of the hawthorn-berry, which I discovered late in the autumn, and thenceforward ransacked the hedges for what remained of the fruit. And one of the prettiest sights I ever saw was the five around a plate of haws, all eating, and chuckling with delight as they ate.

I decided to release them only in the following spring, but there I was mistaken, for they grew wild and shy later on. A man brought me afterward a family of three, too old ever to be thoroughly familiarized, and of them I gave two to a friend; the third, being a female, the only one among the ten, I wished to keep with a view to future families colonizing my wood; but she proved untamable, and so given to panics—which are with the kind very contagious and soon demoralize the best-natured squirrel—that I had to put her in a cage in the garden with one of the original five males, which became as wild as she.

I had intended to release them in the spring, when food should be abundant in the wood, the seeds of the pine in their green and milky state being the food they prefer. She drooped rapidly, and he, unable to endure the spectacle of the freedom before him, although in apparent perfect health and full activity, gave up the struggle with his prison and died of a broken heart. I know them better now, and see that it is useless to keep a squirrel in confinement, even in a room, when he begins to grow sullen and look at you with angry eves, longing for the woods. Meanwhile I had been baiting the wood-putting pockets made of the toes of old boots and slippers on the trees nearest the house, in the hope of luring the wild squirrels to

them. They are a very conservative folk, the squirrel tribe, and the fear of the cats that used to hunt the wood lasted long; but one day as we sat looking into the wood from the dining-room window, after lunch, we saw *Sciurus* steal in among the bracken, darting here and there, a red flame through the green shadow and in the patches of sunlight.

Our red-letter day had come. How the squirrel news spreads, who knows? The squirrel became the forerunner of many, and they began to frolic in the wood, take the food we gave them, and, when they could eat no more, hide the rest of the nuts all over the wood. I put up sleeping-boxes in the pine-trees, hoping to lure them to make their homes with us. So far as we know, this is still a pious hope, for the little folk rarely abandon their old nests until they are driven out, and our hope is in the rising generation. We occasionally see a whole family, parents and young, frolicking in one of our big pines, up and down and around and around the huge trunk, then across through the branches, leaping from one tree to another, and traversing the grove in a charming display of lofty acrobatics, the prettiest sight the kingdom of the vertebrates can show. And when snow is on the ground it is a sight to see the squirrels vaulting through it to the pockets near the house, where the nuts are deposited.

The four little ones which remained having begun to grow wild, through my being much out of the study, I mistakenly tried to bring them back to familiarity by driving them out of the box, where they hid when I or a stranger came into the study. This made matters worse, and, with the disturbance caused by the bustling housemaid in cleaning the study in the morning, soon caused such shyness and even panic that it was clear that longer confinement was injudicious.

One beginning in the early spring to show signs of moroseness, I caught him and put him out of the window, having already arranged supplies of food and water on a shelf outside, with sleeping-boxes for them under the eaves of the house, besides those on the trees of the wood. He wandered about the place for two days, and then came in by the kitchen door and found his way back to the study, solitude not satisfying him even with liberty. I then

threw open the window, and all went into the strange world together. I left the window open, so that there should be no compulsory exile from the old refuge, and for many days they used to stroll in and ask for food; but there were no more of the delightful breakfast parties, the chuckling quartets at which I had sat for weeks.

They seemed not to care for the wood. but hung around the house, lodging in the large bird-boxes I had put out for them, and coming to eat on our window-benches. Little by little they wandered away among the trees, and two made a temporary nest in a box in a large pine opposite the study window; but an immense increase in the traffic on the road that passes my house, due to some government works which caused an incessant train of vans, tractionengines, batteries of artillery, and all the accompaniments of huge barracks being built on the heath a half-mile away, drove them off, and I can now recognize only one of my protégés of last year as coming regularly for his breakfast on my windowledge. I am forgotten.

In June the old squirrel-catcher brought me another family of four, as helpless and pathetic as those of the previous year. With all the reserve I had put on my interest in the little creatures, the almost human pathos in their baby ways dragged me out of my decision, and I accepted the new charge. Suspecting consumption as the cause of the death of the others, for the new family, therefore, I got goat's milk, and sterilized it for greater security. One of them, not yet able to walk well, tried to climb, and got a fall which proved fatal; but the others are, as I write, in splendid health. The old man brought me, a few days later, another family of three. It is one of the drawbacks to a large zoöphily that the animals are cruel to one another; but the fascination of keeping young squirrels overcomes all the drawbacks, if you release them when the fascinating age is past.

And in a few days Croppy and Tippy and the brother sans nom will follow the other babies out into the world, and, like last year's brood, will reacquire a large measure of their natural shyness; and though they will always come to my window-bench for their food, they will never come to my hand again, or taunt me to play catch-catch around the study, which

will be lonelier than ever, for the last year's pets had ceased to be familiar before they went out, and they were six months older, when released, than these. It is now January, and the low English winter sun will not make the greenwood gay for them; and it may well be that, in spite of freedom and the pine-tops, they may regret the foster-nest in which they had better care than nature will give them, and neverfailing food with tranquil quarters, and the great wheel of their cage in which they found an inexhaustible resource. There will always be a little window-opening for a return to my hospitality, and a board always spread; but I know the end. Do not we, the higher species, as we think ourselves, lapse into savagery, tramphood, and degradation when left utterly to ourselves? And shall not they, nature's earlier children, follow the law? When summer returns it will bring with it no more "furry angels" to ask a caress or a cracked nut, or wander over my writingtable with curious quest, for I shall have become as all men to them, and my only compensation will be the conviction that their true life was in the wild-wood, not with me. For although the memory of Billy is an immortal regret, and would fain persuade me to be the foster-father of his race, I know nature's way is better.

The "handiness" of the squirrel is something extraordinary in the animal world. He sits up on his hind paws and uses the fore paw in many ways just as a man does. He strikes with it and wards off a blow from another, and their little quarrels rarely go further than attempts to cuff each other like children. A lady who lives in our county, and who is the protector of squirrels in that region, told me that she had contrived a little rack to be filled with nuts, so that they came to the opening singly, one dropping into the place as another was taken out; and this was fixed by her window so that she could watch the squirrels come. One day a squirrel took the last nut, and was quietly eating it on the window-bench, when another came, and, finding none in the rack, went up to the eating squirrel and gave him a deliberate box on the ear and went awav.

Hans used occasionally to bite, and I generally gave him a flip on the ear for it; and when I made the movement he

put up his paw on guard, just as I did when my mother cuffed me as a little boy.

I cannot express the real delight it gave me, after the absence of many years, to find in Central Park, New York, the gray squirrel familiarized. It was such a tribute to the spirit of humanity as I had not looked for from our matter-of-fact population, and made me more than ever regret that my fortunes had led me into other parts of the world while this bloom of the better civilization was coming on. In England I have not had evidence of a single town or city in which the beautiful and interesting native squirrel is cared for. though in some of the great German crown woodlands the killing of them is forbidden. But I have been informed by correspondents that since the publication of "Billy and Hans" they have received absolute protection on several great English estates on which they were previously killed. Sir George Birdwood, in a late communication to the "Westminster Gazette," says that in the United States there is "sounder and more generally diffused knowledge on the common things about us—a knowledge of which is so efficacious in promoting pure patriotism and orderly citizenship—than in any European country, not excepting Germany." And this knowledge leads to humaner treatment, and the evidence of its existence and increase consoles me for Tammany and a certain amount of misgovernment, for it is a testimony to the real sentiment of the people more eloquent than an election manifesto—an element of civilization which will ultimately work out. even in politics.

Exiled from my native land by circumstances over which I have no longer any control, in an old age rapidly approaching its natural term, it is a supreme consolation that that land is the scene of an awakening to the finer and more practical love of nature, which is the foundation of the love of the Supreme Good, and the cure for the vices that grow from selfish and inverted lives—that natural religion which uproots creeds and sects, and in its growth becomes the religion of humanity, the love of all that the bountiful Father has given life to. It is impossible to say of England as a whole that it is humane in its treatment of the animal world, or to exonerate it of the charge of national brutality. The masses in that country are not reached by

the humane movement, and the classes are not moved by it. And the squirrel is, more than any other wild animal of England, the subject of the ignorant persecution and brutality of the rabble, utterly unprotected by any law or usage from any treatment it may please men to give it. It is accused by the gamekeepers of robbing the pheasants' nests, by the foresters of killing the trees, and even by humane people of devastating birds' nests; it is the subject of a form of sport, popular with the crowd, in which a mob of boys and men chase the poor little creature through its native forest with sticks and stones, pelting it until it falls, with broken legs and crushed body, into their hands.

The accusation of robbing the pheasants' nests is absurd; I have tried five species of squirrels, kept hungry purposely, with eggs, and not one would touch them, even when broken; and I have never been able to induce a squirrel to eat eggs, cooked or raw. That, when reduced to starvation by the total want of their natural food, they have eaten animal food or robbed small birds' nests, is possible; but animal food of any kind mine always refuse, with the exception of a taste of bacon, which I have known them to take. That they kill the trees is an accusation equally absurd. I have seen them bite off the end of a pine twig to lick the sap, and that they are intelligent enough to tap the trunks of the pines in the spring, when the sap is running, to drink, I can believe; but in my wood we have all the trees the squirrel is accused of damaging, and not a tree has ever been touched, for there is always a vessel of water for them.

They might do a good deal of injury to my belongings before I would have one killed. My present neighbors on each side are of the same mind, so that, except for occasional robbing of their nests, which we try to prevent, for many acres around they enjoy an immunity which few large estates in England give them, and I have opportunities to study the pretty creatures which are unique, for they come for their food every morning to my windows and gambol among my trees, without apprehension of danger. And the wild routine of life is followed exactly by those in the study. Early in the morning they are afoot and riotous for an hour or more, during which time they dispose of all the food put out

late in the day before; and then they go to sleep, rarely appearing in the morning hours. But when we are at lunch they return, and eat or carry away the nuts put out in the morning. As this has been going on for more than a year, I am able to dispose authoritatively of certain superstitions concerning the Sciurus vulgaris, namely, that he hibernates and hoards. In the sense of having a special deposit of his surplus food for the winter, he does not hoard; but every day he disposes of what he finds and does not eat by hiding it in little holes which he digs in the ground near by, never putting two nuts in the same hole. And I have seen a squirrel distribute a dozen nuts over a circle of a hundred yards in diameter around the pocket where I put them, without going to the same spot twice, or going to a distance.

The grounds around it are now thickly sprouting with hazels, chestnuts, and oaks, the last year's planting of the squirrels, which leads to the superficial conclusion that they forget where the nuts are hidden. But they do not forget; and I have often seen them go to the spot where the nut lay, and dig it up; and I have noticed many incidents showing that they remember where they have hid nuts. They evidently smell them in the ground, for I myself have buried them at the depth the squirrels use, and they were always dug up at once. I saw, one day, a squirrel go to a spot of bare ground which had been trampled smooth, and dig down to where a nut had been hidden, take it out, and examine it carefully, put it back, and cover it up again. Some are left to germinate, because there is always a fresh supply every morning, and the cache is not exhausted for daily subsistence.

The American gray squirrel, in default of a secure hiding-place, resorts to the same practice of hiding in the ground, though, if permitted, he makes a storage of his surplus, and I suppose that he hibernates; but our little English pensioner is always in evidence, leaping through the snow when it is deep enough to bury him, gradually turning gray, as the winter comes on, but always the same merry little fellow.

Their language is much more complicated than I had imagined. They have several distinct cries of warning, or suspicion, or danger: cooie, raising the note at

the end, sets the whole family in alarm; a cluck, easily imitated, and resembling slightly the cluck of a hen with chickens, is purely personal, and calls for no remark from the others; a sound that is like a chrrrr, prolonged like that of our chickaree; and a bark of defiance which one hears in the wood when they are at home and a stranger comes in, which is accompanied by stamping and waving of the tail. But their personal communication is carried on by contact of noses, which seems to put them in a sort of mental rapport.

I brought into the study, one day, one of my turtle-doves, and it flew up to the pole on which the squirrels run round the room. One of them came cautiously to see what this strange thing might be; but as he ventured timidly to smell the bird, it struck him with its wing, and he bolted back, jumping over another which had followed him close with the same curiosity, and which ventured in turn to question the sphinx, with the same result, when he retreated like the other.

They met face to face, and the second, with a curious expression of query, rubbed noses with the first, as if to say, "Was that what happened to you?" After a moment's consultation, they advanced together with the same caution, when the dove flew away, leaving them in evident amazement.

Life has grown less hard, and the familiarity with us greater, since we began to content ourselves with being a little providence to them in the woods. From the breakfast-table we see them scurrying among the ferns or across the lawn, hiding the nuts I had put out in the pockets, or deliberately feasting on a table set out among the trees. So far as one man can regulate their condition, they will have regained paradise unmolested while I live. a sanctuary with daily nuts and waterall they want. I find my sufficient compensation in their cheerful presence, which brings me every day in contact with sentient nature, the constant reminder of the universal kinship with the great Life that inundates the world around me. It is to me a great happiness; and a great estate without that presence would be worthless. If men knew how cheaply happiness may be had!

## THE MOCCASIN-FLOWER

## BY EMMA BELL MILES

WHERE the bronze boles of pines rise shadow-straight, Like standing pillars round a ruined shrine, Low in the spacious calm a Buddha sits In perfect knowledge, ages since attained. There is no tremor in his brooding soul, Nor falters once the river of his thought. No visitor disturbs his holy dream, For only Bombus knows the hidden way—The honest bumblebee, whose blameless life Entitles him to come and go at will, Like a fat villager with his offering.

## UNDER ROCKING SKIES

## BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY M. J. BURNS

x



HE group on the quarter-deck staggered together in a huddled bunch, then fell apart as Medbury and the captain slipped out and ran forward.

Then the brig rose on another swell, and came up bumping, with a snarling sound along the fore-chains.

"It's some barnacled old derelict," Medbury turned to shout to the captain, who was following him with surprising swiftness, but with short, quick strides, like a waddling duck, and breathing heavily. Medbury was on the rail, peering over into the darkness, when the captain reached the fore-rigging. A group of sailors huddled about the rail.

"Here, you," called Captain March, "get fenders quick! Bring that spare royal-yard—anything!" Then he lifted himself into the rigging by Medbury's side. The next minute he was calling for a lantern and the flare.

They quickly had the yard and some

planks lashed over the side, though they knew that such protections were almost futile in the lift of the swell that was then running. Under the light of the flare, gray and almost invisible in the thick night, awash at one moment, at the next showing a jagged line of railless stanchions, they saw the derelict lying almost parallel with them. With the flare in his hand, Medbury lowered himself down to the channel, looking for the place of contact. Forward of the chains the side of the brig was badly scraped, and a part of the channel was splintered; but they could see no other injury.

"Lucky she did n't come under us when we dropped," Medbury said.

"She may yet," replied the captain. He straightened up, and held his hand above his head. There was not a breath of air stirring. He turned to the mate again. "Get a boat over the side quick, Mr. Medbury," he said; "we 've got to pull out of this."

They swung the boat off the centerhouse, and with difficulty, in the heavy swell, got her over the side and away, with Medbury and five of the men as her crew. A line was paid out to them, and run through a forward chock and passed about the capstan. Standing by the port cathead, Captain March "held turn."

"Don't know what may happen," he said aloud to himself. "I'd better keep a hold o' this in this swell." He sent a man up to the top with a lantern, and the second mate to the wheel. "Straight ahead, now!" he roared to the boat. "We don't want to swing her counter over it. Straight ahead, now, you!"

He could hear the thud of the oars in the rowlocks and their irregular beat on the water, for rowing in the swell was hard; but he could hear, too, the zip! zip! of the line as it tautened, and then the splash as it dropped slack. At times the two hulls came together with a jar, but with no great shock after the first.

Drew had come forward, and once he asked the captain if he could be of assistance. Captain March was leaning over the side, peering into the darkness for the derelict, and had not answered. When he turned to his line again, Drew repeated the question.

"No, no; just keep out of the way," replied the captain, with the impersonal contempt of the sailor for the landsman affoat in time of need.

They drew ahead but slowly; it was only by inches at the best, and there were times when they fell behind as the sweep of the sea caught them and rolled them from side to side through a wide arc. Fortunately, they were to the leeward of the wreck, and what advantage there was in their greater buoyancy and height above the sea added its little to the feeble efforts of the crew of the boat. Captain March could hear the unsteady ding-donging of the oars in the rowlocks as Medbury urged them on. He peered over the side of the brig with straining eyes.

"It would n't be no way to go—like this," once he said aloud. It seemed a trivial end, without the pomp of storm and the exaltation that comes with the last struggle for life. He longed for the struggle for himself, he longed for it for his vessel.

At last there came a time when he could no longer see the derelict, and he grew restive under the uncertainty. All at once he thought he felt a breath of air across his face. He straightened himself, and held his hand up to the wind. It was surely a puff, and, quickly making the line fast, he hurried aft to take the wheel.

"Get your staysails on her," he told the second mate, as he relieved him. "Set your maintopmast staysail first,—there 'll be a steadier air up there,—then get your fore-topmast staysail on her." He turned to Drew. "Just bear a hand there, will you?" he said to him.

He heard the staysail run up and the cry of the second mate to belay; then he heard them sheeting it home.

"Not too flat, Mr. Barrett! Not too flat!" he called. "Give her an easy sheet, so she'll lift a little. Now up with the others!"

He saw Hetty's face at the companionway, and glanced at her with half-averted eyes. She was a true sailor's daughter, he thought with pride. He did not object to her presence, for she never worried folks with questions. Then he called to her:

"It 's all right, my girl. Don't you worry. Just tell your mother it 's all right."

He heard the staysails flap from time to time, and so began to whistle for a wind. "Deuce take it!" he muttered, "why don't it blow?" Every moment or two he stepped to the rail and peered into the darkness to note his progress. They had slowly drifted away from the wreck, the stern of which now lay opposite the quarter-deck of the brig. The second mate came running aft.

"Shall we brace the yards around, and try to get what canvas we can on her, sir?" he asked.

Captain March shook his head.

"No," he answered; "you could n't do much, short-handed as you are. Maybe we'd just lose control of her. But you go forward and call to Mr. Medbury to keep a-going—keep a-going."

It was a quarter of an hour before the derelict's stern was clearly past the brig's. Slowly the house crept past—a high house, Captain March could now see plainly, and painted white. "Some foreigner," he thought with scorn, "scared to his boats before he was hurt." He felt all the contempt of his race and kind for timid unseafaring peoples.

Once when the wreck sank deeply in the hollow of the sea, and the swell broke over her, she came up sputtering, and Captain March heard the water gushing from some opening with the rhythmic chug-chug of water gurgling from a bottle.

"That 's what we heard," he said aloud. It sounded uncanny even now. "I guess it 's a water-butt that 's shifted over on its side and the sea washes full," he thought. "Well, it 's creepy enough."

Suddenly he gave a start, for from the wreck came the faint, unmistakable crying of a cat. He walked to the rail and listened, muttering to himself: "The scoundrels, to leave her behind!" He stood by the rail for a moment, and presently called: "Kitty! kitty! poor kitty!" Then he went back to the wheel again, whistling loudly for a wind, that he might not hear the plaintive response to his call.

For a time the situation had worn for Hetty a certain pleasurable aspect of romance; but in the dragging moments that followed the sending away of the boat, her nerves grew tense under the strain, and seemed to present, as it were, sharp edges to the irritating suspense. The low-riding wreck, awash at one moment, at the next looming threateningly above them, showing its jagged outlines uncertainly through the enlarging fog, took on an aspect wholly sinister. With only the desire to get beyond sight of it, she crossed to the starboard main-rigging, and gazed steadily out across the vaporous expanse of the windless sea.

Her resolute refusal to watch the derelict took on, in her mind, something of the character of a senseless game with her fear: she told herself that she would count two hundred before she looked to see if it were farther away, then five hundred; after that she resolved not to look until she heard a footstep or a voice. The latter task, unrelieved by the mechanically mental exertion of the whispered numbers, became speedily unbearable, and she began to count again. Presently a step sounded on the deck near her. In the tension of the moment she looked up, dangerously near to hysteria.

It was, of course, Drew, the only idle man aboard.

"We have passed it," he said gaily.

Her hand was resting against the rigging, and now, as he spoke, in a revulsion of feeling she laid her forehead against it and laughed.

"You poor child!" he murmured.

At that she lifted her head quickly and said:

"The whole night has been so unreal—that strange sound, the fog, our ghost talk,

and this danger—" She looked past him in a strange mental relaxation, feeling the inadequacy of words to convey her immeasurable relief.

"It has been hard for you," he said gently. "I thought of you, and wished that I might help you, but I'm a helpless creature here." He smiled.

No one else had come near her or thought of her, she told herself unreasonably; and now she turned upon him the frank, open look of a child.

"You do help me," she said.

Alone in that strange calm, but barely escaped from a grave danger, they looked at each other for a moment through the distorting glass of their common isolation. Suddenly he moved toward her.

"Then may it not be for always?" he whispered. He could gather no other meaning from Medbury's speech at sunset than that he had given up all hope. He himself was free to speak at last. Yet he must have spoken in any case.

She gave a little backward spring, and laid hold of the shrouds with a hand that trembled.

"Not that!" she gasped. "Oh, I did n't mean that!"

"But I mean it," he urged. "Try to think of it favorably. You know the work I desire: let us work together. Life would mean so much to me with you near! And for you—it would be in the path of your own desires, to work among the poor."

For a moment it seemed like an open door to her hopes.

"I had thought of your work since you spoke of it," she said in a low voice; "and I wondered if they would let me try that—alone, of course, I mean," she added with pretty confusion. "I should like to do some good in the world. I seem so useless now. It gave me a new hope."

"And I," he urged—"do not put me apart from it!"

She had put him apart from it, she thought. She laid her hand upon the shrouds and dropped her face to it for a moment.

"Oh, I cannot tell!" she whispered.

"Do not try to tell now," he said. "Wait! It—"

Then sharply across their absorption they heard her father calling to the second mate to order in the boat. Without a word, she slipped aft. As the boat drew near, Captain March went to the rail.

"They 've left a cat aboard," he called to Medbury. "She's forward. I should n't like to leave even a cat like that." Then he added, as if to show that his humanity was dictated more by pure reason than by sentiment, "It seems unlucky—as if we'd left her."

"All right, sir," Medbury replied; "I 'll get her."

"Well, don't get stove. Just as soon as you come aboard, we'll make sail. There's a little air stirring."

As the boat swung away behind them, the captain told the second mate to rig and sound the pumps. The brig was unusually tight, and it was with no uneasiness that he gave the order, which he considered merely perfunctory.

The first half-dozen strokes told a different tale. He was stooping to grip the spokes of the wheel when the first rush of water sounded on the deck, and its fullness stopped him like a blow in the face. Instantly he blew his whistle over the stern, and called to Medbury to come aboard at once. He heard Medbury's "Aye, aye, sir," and called to the second mate for a lantern. It was already on the quarter-deck when the boat swung out of the darkness in under the stern.

"We got her," Medbury called, but Captain March made no reply. He swung the lantern down toward the boat by a lanyard.

"Find where we struck," he said, and, giving the wheel to the second mate, hurried forward.

He was standing on the fore-channel when Medbury brought the boat up and, going as near as he dared, held the lantern over the side.

"There!" cried Medbury as the light of the lantern flashed over the scarred and abraded spots that they had already noted; but Captain March shook his head impatiently.

"No," he said curtly; "lower down. Watch when she rises."

The lantern shed a wan light upon the oily sea and the glistening black hull. Five times the brig rose and fell on the easy rollers; then she leaped to a great height, and for an instant, far below the load waterline, they caught sight of a jagged stretch of copper, torn, and shrunken like a with-

ered apple. One glance showed that nothing could be done.

They had the boat over the side again in an incredibly short time. As he was rigging the fall to hoist her to her old place on the center-house, Medbury hesitated, and then hurried aft.

"Shall I lash the boat on deck, sir?" he asked, adding significantly: "We may need it."

"No, sir," replied the captain; "hoist it to its place. I don't make preparations to abandon my ship till I 've done something to save her. Besides, I want the boat in the safest place if I 've got to use it, after all. But I 'm not thinking of that yet."

It was not long before the wind was coming out of the northeast in quicker and stronger puffs, and, under every thread of canvas, they began to forge ahead to the dismal clank of the pumps. There was no question of breaking out the cargo and trying to patch the leak from the inside. It was to be a rush for port, to the music of the pump-brakes.

Medbury and Drew were standing by the port rail at four bells when Captain March came on deck from a study of his chart. He glanced aloft, looked to windward, then at his binnacle.

"Ease the sheets a little, Mr. Medbury," he said, "and keep her off half a point." He gave the course, then added: "Change the men at the pumps every hour; we'll all have to take a hand at it before it's over. The wind 's freshening fast, and that's our chance. We've got to carry everything to-night. Call me in an hour."

He was going down the companionway when Medbury called to him.

"That vessel was burned, sir," he said. He held up his hands, blackened with the charred wood.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the captain.
"How did that cat happen to escape?"

"Somehow she got forward, and the fire spread aft. It was the only spot untouched —the forecastle-deck."

"What did you do with her?" asked the captain. "I forgot all about her."

"Oh, I gave her to the steward; she was half starved."

"All right," said the captain; "all right." Then he went below. It was the last bit of sleep he was to get for many an hour.

With started sheets and a freshening

breeze, the brig began the song of the road. The laced foam went hissing past her sides, flecked here and there with spots of phosphorescent light; under her forefoot was the growl of the heaped-up, rolling wave; now and then the shock of a higher sea, thrown back from her bows in a smother of spray, shook her from stem to stern. The fog had gone with the coming of wind, but the rack, like a flock of birds, swept by overhead. The wind began to sigh and whine in the rigging; with a tremulous, muffled roar the canvas strained and thundered: but through every other noise, insistent, penetrating, sounded the steady thump of the pumps and the rush of water from the spouts.

Once Medbury came aft after changing the men at the pumps, and stopped at the corner of the house to look aloft; he had felt the deck swinging wide under his feet.

"Steady, man! steady!" he called to the man at the wheel. "Don't let her yaw!"

He watched the sails for a moment, turning at last with a sigh of satisfaction to Drew, who was standing near.

"She's picking up her skirts like a little lady," he said. His tone was almost exultant.

"It's good to feel the rush of movement again," said Drew; "but I 'm a little bewildered yet, it has come and gone so quickly—this strange experience."

"That 's the way with things at sea," replied Medbury. "We're always expecting things to happen, and surprised when they come. But I don't know as it's much different with life in general," he added gloomily. "Trust in nothing—that's the only way to escape being disappointed. Trust in nothing, and be prepared for the worst."

ΧI

A SLIM shape came softly up out of the companionway, and, closing the door, paused uncertainly. Facing the wind, the girl thrust back her blowing hair, and looked about her.

"I thought my father was here," she murmured, not knowing whether to go or stav.

"He 's below," Medbury told her.

"I thought he was here," she repeated. She hesitated a moment, and then turned suddenly to Medbury.

"Where are we going?" she asked him.

"Better ask your father that," he replied. "He only gave me the course."

"I did ask him. He said he believed we were chartered for Santa Cruz."

"Then that 's where we 're going," he said promptly.

"I can't realize yet what has happened," she went on; "it was so calm and peaceful. It seems the strangest thing."

"Oh, this sort of thing's been done before," replied Medbury. "They can't accuse us of inventing any new kind of foolishness; so don't you go to feeling proud because you think you 've found something strange. When you get out to Santa Cruz all the old captains in port will drop aboard and spin yarns about what 's happened to them, till you 'll think this is the commonest thing in the world."

"You're trying to make me feel safe," she declared; "that frightens me all the more. You take too much pains to assure me. Tell me truly: have you ever been

in greater danger?"

"Yes," he answered; "many a time, and only last winter, for once. For five minutes, one night, I thought of more things in my life than I'd done for twenty years. I have n't done that yet, to-night. I never thought to walk the streets of Blackwater again."

Hetty tried to think how it would seem to feel that she, too, would not walk the streets of Blackwater again. In two months, she remembered, the cherry-trees would be in bloom there; she could see them whitening the whole village. She looked at him and smiled.

"Did you think of it in cherry-time, with all the streets and dooryards white with blossoms?" she asked idly, with a vague notion of distracting her thoughts from the present hour.

"Yes," he answered quietly; "and of other white things—of drawing my sled home from school through the drifts, and

glad to be alive."

She caught her breath, and turned her face away. She was beginning to understand, she told herself, what it was to be a sailor, and face danger year after year, living one's life mainly in dreams, with only far-off memories to feed upon. Her eyes filled with tears. Finally she turned to him again with a little smile.

"I'm beginning to know what it is to

be a sailor," she said.

The clock in the cabin struck, and the bell forward repeated the four sharp strokes. A man came aft to relieve the wheel. A moment later Captain March appeared on deck, and walked over to his daughter's side.

"Heh! young lady," he said, "I thought I told you to turn in."

"I'm going to stay with you a while," she answered, and took his arm.

"Cap'n," said Medbury, "had n't you better keep your watch below? I 'll change the men at the pumps and take a spell at the wheel myself. We don't need you now."

"No," replied the captain; "my place is on deck to-night."

They stood in silence a long time, listening to the sounds of the night, and having no inclination to speech. Suddenly, above the roar of the wind, they heard the voice of the lookout crying from the forecastle-deck:

"Light ahead on the port bow! Light ahead! White light!"

Captain March sprang to the wheel and jammed the helm hard up; Medbury ran forward. He had scarcely reached the forecastle-deck when the light came abreast, a cable's length away. All at once it began to swing in a short, quick arc, and the people on the brig heard the cry of voices. It swept past them like a banshee, with the light swinging frantically, and the sound of oars chopping the sea in short, irregular strokes. The next moment the brig came up into the wind with rattling blocks and slapping canvas, and Captain March was roaring orders in a mighty voice, while the watch below streamed out upon the deck like a hive of frightened bees.

They lay with sails aback and a flare burning over the quarter, and listened for the sound of oars again, with the brig rolling and thrashing under them. They heard it at last, and a voice urging the rowers on; and soon a boat came out of the blackness of the night, reeling crazily over the

Medbury stood on the rail, with the crew clustered behind him, as the boat swung in.

"Steady!" he sang out. "Steady there, or you'll swamp her! Hold off, and watch your chance!"

There came a "smooth," and the boat shot in, and a black little figure leaped

upon a thwart, and, steadied by two men, was swung up over the rail and to the deck by Medbury almost before he realized that it was a woman.

As her feet struck the deck, she turned with a little laugh.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, "eet iss betteh—dees." She watched the others coming over the rail, and, when all were safe, turned to Medbury with a little courtesy. "Eet iss ve'y romanteec tow be safed from doze salt watch by so nize young gentleman," she murmured, with a gleeful face. "Yo' happen tow be a mah'ied man, maybe?"

"No, ma'am," Medbury answered soberly.

She laughed in his face.

"Yo' sad faw das, maybe?" she asked mischievously.

"Oh, no," he answered, laughingly recovering himself.

"Das iss mo' betteh," she said demurely, and turned to Hetty.

Taking both her hands in her own, she kissed her impulsively.

"Ah ahm mo' gladdeh faw tow see yo' naw ahnybody," she said. "Ah see nut'ing but doze mens all tam. Ah t'ink Ah go git crezzy," she added laughingly.

They got the brig on her course again, and took the captain of the boat and his two passengers down into the cabin. The captain said his vessel was a Danish bark from Copenhagen, bound for Santa Cruz, and she had been burned two days before. They had taken to their boats, but, as there was no wind, they had lingered near, in the hope that the smoke from the burning vessel would be a beacon for some rescuer. But no vessel had been sighted, and before night came on they had started on their long road. Their other boat had been lost in the fog.

The captain had told his story in fair English, and at its close he turned to his passengers, and said they were going home to Santa Cruz, where the young man, a lieutenant in the army, was stationed. His sister, Miss Stromberg, he added, lived with her brother. As he mentioned their names, he bowed.

Both rose, and, passing gravely around the group, shook hands with all. They were much alike—small, dark-haired, with handsome, piquant faces. Life seemed a huge joke to both. As they seated themselves again, the girl looked about her and smiled.

"Ah t'ink dees iss mo' nizeh naw das

liddy boat," she said.

"Mooch mo' nizeh," her brother agreed. He smiled, and bowed to the collected company, beginning with Hetty and ending with her.

"I hope so," said Captain March; then he turned to the Danish captain and added: "I'm glad to get your men; I've

already found your vessel."

When he had finished the story of his own misfortune, he went up on deck, fol-

lowed by the two rescued men.

"My dear," said Mrs. March to the girl, "you must be tired out. Now you must have something to eat, and then go to bed. My daughter can take you in her room."

The girl laughed, and, leaning forward, placed her hand on the speaker's knee.

"Ah t'ink das iss mos' kind, lak ma own modder. Das iss ve'y nize. How s'all Ah say no at so kind heaht? Ah t'ink Ah ahm 'mos' t'ousand year' old, and 'mos' aslip—me." Her shoulders drooped; her eyes closed. "And das iss ve'y impolite wiz so kind, good peop'!" Her eyes opened again, and begged forgiveness for the discourtesy.

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. March.
"I should think you 'd be half dead. I only hope you won't find worse trouble here; though I must say we deserve all we get for trusting ourselves on the water—

we women."

"Yo' lak not doze wateh?" she asked.
"Like it!" said Mrs. March. "I 'm afraid every minute."

"Ah!" she murmured piteously. Her eyes caught Drew's look, and she smiled. "Yo' lak eet, maybe?" she asked him.

"Yes," he answered; "or at least until to-night. But I do not know it well."

"No?" she said.

"Mr. Drew is a minister of the gospel," explained Mrs. March, with dignity; then she added with smiling derision: "He thinks he's taking a pleasure trip."

"Ah!"—Miss Stromberg flashed a bright smile upon Drew—"das iss ve'y nize tow be a mineesteh—tow be so good as tow prich tow peop'. Ma fader one also wass; but me—" she shrugged her shoulders—
"Ah find das ve'y hahd tow be so good all da tam. Eet iss ve'y sad not tow tek doze examp' off ma fader." She sighed.

Her brother and Captain Rand joined her at supper, and brother and sister were very gay; but the captain ate hurriedly, and speedily returned to the deck. Lieutenant Stromberg soon followed him, but Drew lingered. Miss Stromberg had been telling her experiences in the wreck.

"And you were not frightened?" he

asked.

"Mos' exceeding'," she answered gaily.
"Your brother says you were very

brave," he told her, smilingly.

"He!" she exclaimed, with gay scorn.
"He knows not. Eet iss woman's paht
tow deceife efer. Yo' learn so not alretty?" She laughed in his face.

"Ah, I have much to learn!" he an-

swered, with a smile.

"Eet iss so," she agreed; "doze theo-

logic school tich not efer't'ing."

"Now I shall be on my guard," he answered, and, going up the companionway, laughingly bade her good-night.

"On guahd!" Her scoffing voice followed him. "Das iss doze mos' worse

tam."

Smilingly he walked to the rail, and, leaning his elbows on it, looked out into the night. Medbury, walking the deck, stopped at his side.

"Jolly little bit of flotsam we picked

up," he said.

"Yes," answered Drew; "she is charm-

ing,

"Well, she 's a little flirt," said Medbury. "Did you hear what she said to me when she came aboard? It took away my breath for a minute." He laughed.

"She 's audacious," said Drew; "but I think that 's all. I should rather say she is bent on amusing herself. I should call

her remarkably sincere."

"Well, she's remarkably pretty," replied Medbury. "And what a voice! She makes that lingo of hers sound like a pretty little piece of music. I hope we'll not have to make her take to the boat again."

Until then Drew had hardly thought of the wind. Now it seemed like the pressure of a hand against his face. The darkness of the night was relieved by a luminous haze close down to the sea, which seemed to radiate a mysterious light that was like an opaque spray. The stars were gone, and the wind no longer came in gusts, but



in a great rush of sound that overbore speech like the beat of a corps of drums, near and threatening. Every strand of rigging twanged in the sweep of the gale; the canvas hummed with a muffled roar; now and then a wave broke amidships, with a sudden shock, and ran hissing across the deck.

Medbury had gone forward to the pumps, which stopped suddenly, and Drew felt his way along the house to the break in the deck. A group stood about the well with a lantern, and Medbury was bending over it. "Slack three feet and a half," he said, straightening up. Captain March turned away without a word, and walked aft; but Drew stayed to see the pumps rigged again and their wearying thump begin once more, with four men at the bars. As Medbury passed him, Drew asked him what it was.

"Three and a half feet," he said, and hurried past.

Then Drew at last understood that there was that depth of water in the hold.

It came on to rain at last, at first a few small drops out of the black sky, and then a driving sheet that seemed to sweep straight on and never to fall. One by one the passengers disappeared, and Captain March and Medbury, in oilskins, held the quarter-deck with the man at the wheel. Back and forth across the deck the captain walked, now climbing to windward, with his body bent forward and his legs far apart, now braced back, and taking short steps down the wet incline, and sometimes breaking into a little run and checking himself at the rail. Medbury stood for the most part at the windward corner of the house, going forward from time to time, but never for long. They rarely spoke.

Once Medbury went to the binnacle for a moment.

"Steady, man! steady!" he said. "You 're yawing over half the card."

"Steady, sir," the sailor replied in an emotionless voice.

Captain March stopped his walk at the wheel, and looked aloft.

"Steer hard?" he asked good-naturedly. He had shouted, for the uproar was now too great for ordinary speech.

"Yes, sir," the man replied, and bent to the spokes.

"Guess I 'll take a hold with you,"

shouted the captain, and stepped to his side; but Medbury touched his arm.

"I'll take it," he said; but the captain shook his head.

"No," he answered: "I'll try it a spell."

Medbury cast an uneasy look aloft at the maintopsail. In the murky light he could see it bellied out like a great bowl.

"It's that topsail makes her steer hard," he cried in an aggrieved tone.

Captain March did not glance up.

"Yes," he shouted; "but I guess it 's drawing some."

Medbury looked at him sharply, and then turned away, grinning.

"Well, I guess it is!" he muttered to himself. "The old pirate!"

He made his way to the topsail-sheet, and shook it; it was like a rod of iron.

"Could n't budge it, if I wanted to," he said to himself. "I wonder how long that sail's going to stand all this,"

He started forward, shot in under the lee of the center-house as a great green sea came over the rail, and, dripping, mounted to the forecastle-deck. The lookout stood with his arms clasped about the capstan-head, staring straight ahead. In his yellow oilskins, he had the look of a wooden man, washed by the seas, immobile, without sensation.

Medbury took him by the shoulder, and he barely turned his head. His face was as emotionless as his figure; only his eyes showed life.

"You'll—" Medbury lowered his head as he began to shout, for a sheet of spray sprang at his face like a cat, blinding him and making him gasp. Then he felt the deck slipping into a bottomless abyss, and, opening his eyes, saw the jibboom disappear, then the bowsprit, and over the bow rolled a great green wave, shot with white, and irradiated with phosphorescence. Almost to the waist it buried them, while they stood for what seemed an interminable time, clasping the capstan, with the dragging water roaring about them. strange fancy flashed across Medbury's mind that it was like being on the nose of a gigantic mole frantically burrowing underground. Then the bow rose again, shook itself free, and they looked at each other.

"You 'll have to get out of this," shouted Medbury, finishing what he had begun to say. The man nodded.

"That was the first bad one, sir," he yelled back. "I don't know's I mind bein' drownded, but I don't want to be speared to death." He looked aloft, where the lighter spars and sails seemed like a falling arch above him. "I 've been expectin' to get that royal-yard through my back for the last hour. Could n't hear it if it did tumble."

"Well, you'll have to get out of this," Medbury repeated mechanically. "Go up to the top of the center-house. You'll be safe there."

They made their way down, the man going up to his station, and Medbury aft.

"She 's burrowing a good deal," he shouted in the captain's ear—"like an old mole."

The captain nodded.

"Good reason," he replied.

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Good reason.' There 's a lot of heft in this wind."

"I sent the lookout up to the top of the center-house," Medbury now called. "No place for him forward."

"That 's right," answered Captain March; then he nodded his head to show that he had heard and approved.

The watch was changed at twelve, and the second mate came on deck, but Medbury still lingered. Captain March would not leave the wheel. At three bells Medbury sounded the pumps again, and reported a full three and a half feet of water in the hold. It had gained two inches in three hours.

Captain March merely nodded when he was told, and turned his inscrutable face aloft.

#### XII

THE night was dragging on toward the hour when the watch on deck is the hardest to bear. In his weariness of body and mind, Medbury had grown indifferent to the tremendous rush of the wind. The noises of the night no longer seemed near him, but far off, muffled by some strange mental wind-break that hedged him in as if by a wall. Once or twice he caught himself nodding, and looked up, startled, to take a turn or two across the deck. His mind was tense with the mental strain, and the changing of the men at the pumps, or any pause in the monotony of the uproar, irritated him, as the stopping of a railroad

train at stations affects one dozing through a long journey. He was not afraid,—he had even begun to exult in the self-control of his superior, seeing in his perfect handling of his vessel something uncanny, even godlike,—yet he was all the while keenly alive to the thought that Hetty lay below, within the circle of impending danger. It was like being compelled to run for one's life under a great weight.

It was past four bells when the maintopsail split with a sharp report like musketry fire, and, looking up, they saw black space where just before they had seen a gray hollow of canvas loom through the night. A ragged fringe of gray flapped along the bolt-ropes, whipping straight out in the force of the gale. They let tack and sheet go with a rush, and strove to clew up the sail, trying to save, in the stoical following of habit, what was no longer worth saving.

Medbury came aft when they had clewed up what remained of the topsail. It seemed ludicrous to try to stow that frazzled bit of whipping canvas. He went close to the captain.

"I did n't stow it, sir," he shouted in his ear. "Did n't seem worth while to send a man aloft. No place for him. Nothing but a rag left."

"No, no," the captain roared. "That's right. Don't want to expose anybody more 'n we can help." His voice seemed far away—detached, as it were, in some strange manner.

Medbury still lingered near. He was a bit excited, and wished to talk.

"Steer any easier, sir?" he roared.

Captain March nodded, then he leaned toward his mate.

"Yes," he yelled. He nodded aloft. "Been expecting that." Then, for the first time in his life, he became communicative as to his plans at sea. "It's like this," he went on: "We've got five hundred miles to run in this craft or an open boat. I'll make it in this, if I can. Got to take some risk, you know. Can't afford to take in sail as long as she carries it. When it goes of its own accord, well and good. Can't help that."

Medbury had begun to long, with an indescribable sense of weariness, for the coming of day. Once, as he looked eastward, it seemed to him that the curtain of darkness had lifted: the crests of the waves

no longer showed a vivid contrast to the black body of the watery waste, but both were fading into a neutral tone of gray, and objects on board began to have more definite outlines. Then all at once the royal flew out of its bolt-ropes, like a hound loosened from its leash, and went twisting and snapping into the night.

Medbury saw the yard lowered to its place and all things made snug forward. As he passed under the foresail to go aft again, he had to brace himself against the wind, which drew under the sail like a great flue. Every cord of the sail seemed vibrant with sound; and as he staggered on, out of the tail of his eye he watched the mainsail tug at its sheet, and boom and gaff swing up like straws. As his head rose above the top of the house he saw that Captain March's eyes were following him, and he turned his own away.

"If he sees me watching that mainsail," he said to himself, "he 'll think I 'm wondering why he does n't take it in." He smiled grimly. "Well, that would be God's truth; but he sha'n't know it." So he stood and gazed steadily seaward.

Now it was surely day — day that showed itself in a gray sea leaping against a gray sky. A driving mist, too vaporous to be called rain, gave the same neutral tone to the vessel, which seemed to have lost her individuality overnight. She had the tired, lifeless look of the men on her deck; and as she groaned and whined along the watery road, her aspect was at once human and wholly sad. Though they were far to the south, the mist was cold upon their faces. Now and then a dash of spray flew across the quarter-deck, and its greater warmth was pleasant in comparison. By eight o'clock the water in the hold had gained six inches, and the crew were beginning to lose heart.

The group that gathered in the cabin that day had the restlessness of people waiting to start on a long journey. In her growing fear, Mrs. March hungered for companionship; she steadily kept to the cabin, refusing to go to her room, but half sat, half reclined upon the lounge, and watched the wooden walls reel about her. Whenever an unusually heavy sea rolled them down, she gripped the back of the lounge and prayed in silence; and when it passed she looked about her with a spent face. Hetty and Miss Stromberg sat in

steamer-chairs, talked a little, and sometimes laughed without reason: from time to time they staggered to their room, never remaining long, or losing for a moment the aspect of being about to do something quite different. Drew tried to be cheerful. but felt that he was only inane; now and then he read in a book that at other times he held closed over his finger. All day Lieutenant Stromberg sat at the table and played solitaire, resolutely forbearing to cheat himself, being restrained by the thought that he might be near his last hour. At times he made jokes that no one seemed to understand, and then looked up wonderingly when he laughed alone.

It was afternoon when Hetty, unable longer to bear the thought of the dark. close cabin,—all the windows had now been battened down and the skylight covered,—made her way to the forward companionway, and, opening the doors, looked out upon the deck with eyes wide with wondering fear. The leeward rail was level with the sea, which boiled about it; the deck ran like a mill-race. The sky was lost in the driving mist, which closed about them in a gray wall that seemed like a barrier to hide the impending dangers beyond. Clinging to the door, she stepped out upon the deck and glanced aft. The wind beat her down like a flower-stalk, and she crouched upon the door-step. But Medbury had seen her, and hurried to her side.

"You must n't stay here; you know you must n't," he protested. "We may ship a sea at any time." He himself was dripping, and his face was rosy with the damp wind: he looked like Neptune's very brother.

"Yes," she cried; "yes; I 'll go in a minute. I could n't stand it down there another second." She lifted her face above the house for an instant, and nodded aft. "What is that for?"

Above the taffrail, from quarter to quarter, a stout piece of canvas had been stretched between two upright poles, shutting off the outlook astern. Medbury glanced toward it before he replied.

"That?" he said. "Oh, to keep the spray off the glass of the binnacle. It clouds it so the men can't read the compass." It did not seem to him wise to tell her that it was to keep the helmsmen from glancing over their shoulders at the following seas, and perhaps losing their nerve

at a critical moment. "Please go down now; it makes me nervous to see you here."

She crouched down upon the door-step and looked up at him with a smile.

"I did n't suppose you were ever nervous," she told him.

"Well, I am, about you—any woman, in a sea like this."

"Oh," she murmured, and looked away, thinking of his qualifying "any woman." He had never spoken like that before—classed her with other women. It showed that he had accepted the situation, and she told herself that she was glad; nevertheless, it was not an unmixed gladness: for the first time she felt that something had gone out of her life that she had always calmly accepted as being as unchanging as her native hills. Yet it seemed unreasonable that it should sadden her. With a little shrug of impatience she put the thought away just as he leaned to speak to her again.

"Won't you go below now, Hetty?" he said, with a touch of impatience. "I can't

stay here."

"I 've not asked you to," she replied.
"You know what I mean well enough,"

he said. "I can't leave you here alone. You are a little tease, for all you can be so dignified at times."

"If you call me names, I shall certainly be dignified," she declared. She looked away as she added: "You would n't call Miss Stromberg a tease, I 'm sure."

"She 's a little flirt," he answered promptly.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Oh, I just think so. The dominie says she is n't, though. It 's only fair to say that."

"I wondered what men found to talk about so much," she said.

He did not think it necessary to answer this, but stood looking out over the deck with unseeing eyes. A wave broke at the side, leaped up, and swept across the deck in a sheet of spray.

She gasped as it struck her face, and

then she laughed.

"You see," he warned her. "The next

time it may be worse."

"It's better than that stuffy cabin," she answered, feeling an exhilaration in the salt spray and the wind. There was comfort in his presence, too, though she hardly acknowledged it to herself. It had needed this storm and the danger to bring back to her all her old ideals of manliness, cherished in her girlhood in the little seaport, but weakened by her later acquaintance with a widely different life.

She looked up suddenly and said:

"Can't we still be friends Tom,—just friends?"

"I'm your friend," he answered. He did not look toward her as he spoke.

"You would n't speak to me yesterday."

"I was a fool," he said, still looking away from her.

"It hurt me," she said. She paused, but he did not speak, and she went on: "We can always be friends, then, can't we?"

For a moment he did not speak or look at her.

"Oh, yes," he said at last; "we 'll be friends. I'm going back to the old long voyages again as soon as I can-in Santa Cruz, if your father will let me off. In a year or two, or perhaps three, I may go back home, and we may meet on the street, and shake hands, and smile, and you will go away satisfied. 'He 's my friend yet,' you may say, and maybe think of me again in a year or two, or perhaps meet me and bow as we pass. Or, more likely, you will go away, and, coming back again after a long time, meet a bent, brown old man and not recognize him. Or you may ask about me, and be told: 'Oh, he died long ago, in the South Pacific or Japan, or some other God-forsaken place.' 'I knew him long ago,' you 'll say, and then go on asking about others. I guess that 's what friendship like ours comes to mean."

He turned to her as he ceased, and saw her rising to a stooping position under the low sliding-hood. Her face was white.

"I'm going below now," she said.

"It 's best," he answered; "I 'm afraid to have you here."

She descended two steps and then turned.

"You are cruel," she said. Her voice trembled.

He leaned over toward her, for the gale had drowned her words.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said, 'You are cruel.'"

"Oh," he said vaguely, and watched her as she disappeared below.

(To be continued)



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THERE CAME A 'SMOOTH,' AND THE BOAT SHOT IN"



STUDLEY CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE

# LADY WARWICK'S FARMING COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

## BY HUGH SPENDER



HAT shall we do with our girls? This is a question that many an anxious parent asks at present. The American girl has a habit

of solving the question for herself. If she does not marry, she sets up in business. She may begin as a clerk or a typewriter, but she has no idea of remaining in that position all her life.

But the English girl has less initiative. She is not brought up to regard life from the business point of view. The result is deplorable, for the girl who does not marry must either remain at home, too often a burden to her parents and herself, or swell the ranks of the army of badly trained women who are willing to take a salary in almost any position, from that of waitress in a tea-shop to that worst of all drudges, the underpaid governess. Of course there are some who are clever enough to learn a profession like shorthand or typewriting;

but the supply of women clerks is greater than the demand, and the long hours in the close atmosphere of offices or stores have a serious effect on the health. What we want, then, is a new vocation for the educated girl, in which she can gain a fair livelihood without injuring her health.

Such a profession has been discovered by an Englishwoman with one of the oldest and most historic titles in the British peerage, whose high position in society does not prevent her from giving much time, thought, and money to helping those who are less fortunate than herself. The Countess of Warwick, the lady in question, has the rarest of all combinations—great beauty and cleverness. She is mistress of the historic castle of Warwick; she rules over a country-seat of many broad acres in Essex, and has one of the prettiest houses in St. James's, the most fashionable part of London.

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Lady Warwick is perhaps the most notable hostess in London, and her receptions, her concerts, and her dinners were the themes of society papers, until, a few months ago, she announced that she had become a socialist, and was determined for the time, at all events, to give up such frivolities.

And so now she addresses workingmen's meetings, presides over cooperative societies, and gives her assistance to labor candidates. In fact, she is not only a great social power, but one to be reckoned with as a political force; for she is a capital platform speaker, and when beauty and eloquence go together the opposition has reason to be concerned.

But the part of her life that she loves best is not the almost regal state of her castle and her London home, but the work of making a new profession for the middle-class girl who must otherwise seek her bread in the crowded offices and shops.

Lady Warwick's scheme is to find work for the girls on the land. This seems startling at first sight. Whoever heard of delicately bred girls, brought up to the quiet comfort and refinement of an English or American middle-class home, turning to the land as a means of livelihood? When Lady Warwick first started her scheme, there was a general shout of amazement. Since then she has convinced her bitterest opponents that in the lighter branches of agriculture, such as dairywork, market-gardening, poultry- and beekeeping, and in the growing of fruit and flowers, there is a means of livelihood for the gentlewoman in which she can live far more happily than in our grimy cities.

The idea was not altogether new when Lady Warwick started it. A certain number of women had already tried experiments, by taking small allotments of land and producing what they could. But in the majority of the cases they had failed hopelessly from lack of training. They started with only the vaguest knowledge of agriculture and no knowledge at all of business, and with no idea how to market their produce, even if they succeeded in growing it.

Such experiments have, no doubt, been tried in the United States with better success, for the American woman is more practical than the Englishwoman. She knows instinctively that to make a success

in any department she must have training and experience. But the majority of English girls are still taught to think that marriage is their vocation. They must not dream of preparing themselves even for that vocation, by learning to cook or to sew, or to do any of the menial work of a house. The marriage that they look forward to is to bring a comfortable income, with well-trained servants, such as their mothers had before them. Alas for their schemes!

The young Englishman of their own class can no longer look to the land as a means of providing a comfortable home, unless he has that comparatively rare possession in the middle classes, a little capital with which to start. Even then, with American competition to fight against, he needs a wife capable of turning her hand to dairy-work and house-cleaning like any farmer's wife. Furthermore, the young Englishmen who enter professions are not fond of burdening their slender resources with a lily-white damsel whose chief idea is to amuse herself and wear pretty frocks. So it comes about that there is a growing surplus of girls who must fend for themselves, and who too often come face to face with want when their parents

It was to provide a profitable and healthful means of livelihood for such girls that, nearly ten years ago, Lady Warwick started her hostel at Reading. The hostel consisted of a house, with twenty acres of land, on the outskirts of Reading, a town forty miles from London. Here a dozen students took up their residence, paying a small sum for board; for it was not Lady Warwick's idea to make her scheme a charitable one. The girls attended the classes at the Reading agricultural college, and what they learned in theory they applied in practical work in the dairy and the conservatories, in the market-garden, the poultry-run, and the beehives, of their own little farm.

Early to rise, early to bed, was their motto—and no nonsense. They rolled their own lawn, and killed and trussed their fowls; they baked their own bread, made their own jam, and marketed what produce they did not use. At the head of the hostel was a most capable woman, who set an example of hard work and cheerfulness. Lady Warwick was indeed very



TAKING A SWARM OF BEES

fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Edith Bradley, now the warden of the college at Studley Park. But this is anticipating events. For six years the hostel at Reading continued its work, each year more cottages and more land being added.

In 1901 the students had outgrown their quarters, and it was then that Lady Warwick, with princely generosity, bought the beautiful castle of Studley, with its three hundred and fifty acres, to give her college the room to expand that it needed. By this time her scheme had been justified by its results. It is unnecessary to give a list of the certificates and diplomas that the students won at Reading. Suffice it to say that not a single student left the hostel without gaining a post which gave her a fair means of livelihood. The majority took appointments in big country houses as superintendents of the dairy, the garden, and the conservatories; for the care of flowers was one of the chief branches of the work, and every year one of the sights of Reading was the show of roses and chrysanthemums at Lady Warwick's hos-

Some of the girls, who had a little capital, set up for themselves in poultry-farms and dairy-farms, and have done very well, although they have had their ups and downs.

It is in these ways that a number of girls have been able to gain a livelihood from the land. If, by the way, you should go to Warwick Castle when you are next in England, ask to see the conservatories and the gardens; for they are all under the management of a lady gardener. If you could see the table at dinner, you would be delighted with the artistic arrangement of the flowers. And you would then be convinced that it is not only horticulture that the students learn, but that they are also trained to make life beautiful.

In the spring and summer months the students at Studley Castle are up by five or six in the morning. Every girl has her allotted task. The dairy-workers must milk their cows, and later in the day they carry the milk into the model dairy and set about making cheese and butter. The dairy is fitted up with the best machinery and appliances. In the butter-room there is a large standard separator worked by electricity, as well as a power churn worked

by a motor. Cheese-making is an important part of the dairy-work, and Cheshires, Cheddars, and cream-cheeses made by the students find a ready market.

Meanwhile the horticultural students are busy at work in the conservatories and gardens. There is an old walled garden about half a mile from the house, with a very fair range of glass,—in all about four hundred feet,—and a gardener's cottage, bothy, and sheds. Chrysanthemums, peaches, nectarines, and tomatoes are the chief products of the glass houses; but every kind of plant suitable to table decoration has been grown in them.

In this garden are grown all the vegetables and fruit needed for the college, and there is already considerable surplus for sale in neighboring markets. Two more glass houses have been erected in a pasture outside the walled garden, and one house has been filled with young vines brought from Reading.

The grounds were in a neglected state when the castle was bought, and therefore afforded an excellent scope for demonstration in horticulture. In the year's work experiments have been made in every kind of gardening. There is a rosegarden which will be a dream of beauty next summer, and an Italian garden which requires great skill and knowledge to lay out correctly, with an ornamental conservatory of the orange-house type. Then there is a rock garden in a secluded spot reached by a flight of steps from one end of the terrace, which has been named the "warden's garden." In time there is to be a Shakspere garden, and the "Paradise Lost" of the overgrown shrubbery round the castle has already been turned into a "Paradise Regained." In front of the castle a new herbaceous border was bright with blue and white lupine and pink peony last summer; but the most beautiful part of the domain is perhaps the pinewood, with its rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, which leads by a beautiful avenue of picea and wellingtonias to the walled garden.

There are lectures in the castle morning and afternoon; but in winter these are confined to the dark hours. The billiard-room, with its oak paneling, makes a splendid class-room; and in the great reception-rooms on a line with the hall there is ample space for several classes to be held at the



Drawn by Clara D. Davidson from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
A LESSON IN BOUQUET-MAKING

same time. The lecturers are carefully chosen from the staff of the royal agricultural and royal horticultural colleges.

The orchard has a charming Old World air about it. Bottling fruit and making pickles is an important branch of the work; and when stock was taken at the end of last September, there were already 2241 bottles of fruit, valued at £82, and over 2000 pounds of jams and jellies, valued at £41, not a bad record for one year's work.

Last year the number of students was forty-three, and there is accommodation for fifty-five, which number Lady Warwick hopes to reach. This number excludes the staff of the warden and subwarden and various heads of departments.

As some of my readers may perhaps be tempted to think of entering the college to learn the lost art of horticulture, I cannot do better than give Lady Warwick's description of Studley Castle and Park, from a letter to the students.

Studley Park [she wrote] is three hundred and forty acres in extent, and not only beautifully wooded in the ordinary sense, but has also been planted with all kinds of rare trees and shrubs, especially conifers, which seem to flourish. In the gardens is a very beautiful pinetum, and an avenue of wellingtonias leads up to the castle, which is a building in grey stone in the Norman style of architecture, and I think admirably suited for our purpose.

A central tower rises to the height of eighty feet; four lower ones support it, whilst the east and west wings are also flanked by towers and turrets. It is approached by the avenue mentioned, which leads into a courtyard protected by a stone wall and iron gates. A large portico gives dignity to the courtyard and the entrance lobby, which is high and spacious. This leads direct to the octagonal hall, twentysix feet square, which is really the base of the tower, and is lighted by it; whilst about halfway up is a circular gallery leading to the principal bedrooms and east and west wings, to each of which is a separate staircase. On a line from the hall, opening out of it east and west, are the drawing- and dining-rooms, the former sixty feet long and wide in proportion, the latter forty to forty-five feet. This makes one long suite of reception-rooms over one hundred and twenty feet in length, allowing ample space for gatherings of all kinds, social and intellectual. There will be no cramping anywhere: wide corridors, huge kitchens, domestic offices-room in every direction. And the drawing-room has such a floor for dancing,

### LADY WARWICK'S FARMING COLLEGE FOR GIRLS 553

with a large bay, and raised dais for the musicians, or for the lecturer or discourser of any description! The dining-room has a carved oak hammer-beamed ceiling; and the billiardroom is oak panelled, and will make a splendid class-room. There is a delightful octagonal library with a large south window, with a view stretching for miles over the park, and opening on to a wide terraced walk.

Then the bedrooms are large and roomy, and will require little alteration to turn them into cubicles and lots of study bedrooms. Accommodation can be provided straight away for sixty students; and if there is a greater demand than supply, it will be easy to add another story over the billiard-room. Plenty of bathrooms, hot-water apparatus, and electric light supply all the conveniences of a modern house-which, indeed, Studley Castle is, as it is only about seventy years old. There is one room on the first floor, about twentyfour feet square, which seems peculiarly fitted for a studen ts' games room.

The farm, which properly belongs to the estate, has been let off: but there will be no difficulty in adapting some of the ample stabling for the many and various purposes we require in the shape of fruit-preserving rooms, a laundry, workshop, marketing office, and other things, as there was formerly room for nearly one hundred horses and grooms; therefore we shall have stalls and outbuildings in abundance.

There are also several fine lakes in the grounds, on which the students can boat. The recreative side is not indeed forgotten, and a hockey-ground is now in good order, while next summer the tennis-ground will be ready. A debating club has also been started. There is, in fact, everything to make a girl happy in the work and play of Studley Castle.

The fees vary from about f, 80 to f, 100 for three terms of thirteen weeks' residence in the year. The extra £20 gives a steady bedroom. The fees are cut as low as possible, and it will be a long time before the college is self-supporting. Shorter courses can be arranged for those who desire them, but those who wish to take up the work seriously are strongly urged to stay for two years.

In conclusion, Lady Warwick, by whose kind help I have been able to describe the life at Studley Castle, asks me to say how glad she would be to welcome American students to her college. In the happy comradeship and healthy rivalry of student life, American and English girls would learn to know one another better; and they would part with feelings of respect and admiration, which would help to tighten the bonds of friendship between two countries of the same race and blood.





At Tennis
II
Ready for the Trip
III
Canoeing
IV
On the Beach







# THE END OF THE REEF

## BY T. JENKINS HAINS

Author of "The Wind-Jammers," "The Strife of the Sea," "Black Barque," etc.



HE old keeper of the Fowey Rocks lighthouse came out upon the gallery to take the morning air. The sun was shining and the warm wind from the Gulf Stream blew

lazily through the doorway into the lanternroom. The blue sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the long, easy roll of the swell told of calm weather offshore. It was a perfect day, a day of peace and quiet, upon the end of the great Florida Reef, which stretched away for miles to the southward. Eastward nothing rose above the blue rim which compassed all. To the northward the low line of hummocks showed where Virginia Key and Key Biscavne rose above the water some ten miles distant. To the westward the little lump of Soldier Key showed where there might be a solitary human within a dozen miles. And all about the blue sea sparkled in the bright light, taking on the varicolored hues found above the coral banks. Near the lighthouse, in three feet of water, the coral showed distinctly even from the height of the tower. Old man Enau gazed down at it, watching the bright green tinge melt to deeper color until, in three fathoms, the pure limpid blue of the great stream flowed past uncolored and undefiled. Fish were swimming around the iron piles of the lighthouse; great big bonito, sinuous barracuda, and now and then a shark would drift up to the iron pillars and bask a moment in the shade of the tall structure which rose above the coral bank to the height of a hundred feet and more, standing like a huge long-legged spider upon its iron feet in the shallow water.

The quiet of the morning was oppressive to the keeper. Not a sound rose from the

reef save the low roll of the sea as it broke upon the edge of the bank, not the cry of a single sea-bird to break the great stillness and beautiful quiet of the day. The old man had been in the light for three years. He was the head keeper, and his assistant had taken the small boat and gone to the distant village of Miami for the mail. which was due with the quarterly sala-The assistant would be gone for several days, and the old man would be alone until he came back. Perhaps the younger man would take his vacation of three weeks to spend his money, for he was not supposed to remain forever upon the tower like a prisoner. Old Enau had not set foot upon the shore for nearly two years. To him the world was that eternal sea bounded by the blue rim and spotted in one or two places by the distant Keys. Whatever he had seen of human life he left behind him when he took the position as keeper. He had tried to forget. And now, as the years passed, his memories were fading. The human struggle was over. The thought of what he had seen and done was dimmed in the glare of the tropic sunshine, and the shadow of his past had faded to nothing.

He had a fine old face. Rugged and burned from the weather on the reef, his features still bore traces of culture. His nose was straight and small, and his eyes were bright and blue, the deep blue of the surrounding sea, which had kept him apart from his fellow-men so long.

He leaned out over the rail and looked down. The heat and stillness oppressed him, and as he gazed below at the white and green formations he seemed to see again the inside of a court-room. The quiet and heat were there, and the stillness was strained and intense, as he waited for

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the word which meant his ruin. The faces of the jury who were trying a murder case were before him, the man on the right looking hard at him, and the foreman bowing his head gravely in that moment of utter silence before he spoke the words which meant his end. It had been a peculiar case, a case of great brutality and cruelty, apparently, from the evidence produced. He, the master of a large squarerigged ship, had been accused of a horrible crime, and the evidence of two witnesses was there to prove it. He remembered the man whose evidence was the strongest against him, a sailor whom he had befriended, and he could see the look of pious resignation upon the fellow's face. He also remembered the furtive gleam that came now and again from the corner of his eye as he sat near the witness-box and waited his turn to tell of the horror.

Why was it? Was it the heat that brought back those scenes which were fading, or was it the ominous silence of the torrid sunshine upon the reef? The lines in the face of the old man grew rigid and drawn, and he gazed stolidly into the blue water until the coral banks took on new shapes. He saw a ship's deck with the long plank strakes stretching hundreds of feet fore and aft; the low white deck-house, with the galley smoke-pipe stretching across it and the boats upon the strongbacks or booms atop of it; the solid combings of the hatchways, with the battened hatches as strong as the sides of the vessel itself; the high topgallant-rail which shut off the view to windward, and the rows of belaying-pins stuck beneath with the neatly coiled braces upon them; the high head of the topgallant-forecastle and the long jibboom pointing out over the sea; and, above all, the long, tapering spars lifting upward into the blue above, with the white canvas bellying in the breath of the tradewind. It was all plain before him again. Then it changed—the pampero off the River Plate, the great hurricane sea which swept the ship and smashed her up, leaving her a wreck, leaking and settling, six hundred miles from shore. The fracas was there before him-the men struggling, trying to save her, until, tired out with exertion and suffering, the man with the furtive eyes had refused to do duty and managed to get the rest to back him.

Then the days following, full of des-

perate endeavor: the fellow who refused duty shirking and endangering the lives of all; the measures he took, hanging the man by the hands and flogging him until he fell in a faint; how he staggered to his feet and looked at the master—one long look full of a purpose implacable, unrelenting, and then the quiet manner he had when he obeyed. He had picked the fellow up starving upon the streets, an outcast from some country and of a social sphere above his own, taking him aboard his ship and providing food and clothing with a fair wage—and this had been the outcome.

They had left her in the one remaining boat two days after, crowding the craft almost to the gunwales; but the sea was now smooth and the wind gone, leaving a quiet strangely like that of the beautiful day about him. The row westward over that oily, heaving ocean, day after day, day after day!

One by one they had dropped off, overboard, to float astern, and all the time the rip, rip, rip of a triangular fin above a

great shadow below the surface.

He had done what he could, taking no more of the meager food than the rest. Then the last days—four of them left, the men who witnessed against him and another, a stout fellow who had kept up better than the rest. How he had discovered that the fellow had stolen the scant store of food steadily and divided it with the man he had flogged. How, when they had taken all, they had set upon him, and he had killed the stout thief and wounded the other. There was nothing left to eat, - absolutely nothing for five days,—and they had—ugh!—it was too horrible; and upon the seventh day they had been picked up with the evidences of the horror too plain for their rescuers to make a mistake in the matter, even without the two men, who openly accused him of the whole wrong—accused him of not only killing his men, but-ugh!

The trial had lasted a week and the evidence was most horrible. The jury had convicted him upon that of the fellow who sat there with a pious look and furtive glance; the other fellow had merely corroborated his story, and, as it was two against him, his own tale was not believed. He had received a life sentence for the crime, for he had admitted killing

the stout man who had stolen the last of the food. He explained that it was his duty as captain to protect his life from their combined assault. The jury had not believed him, for the man who was against him was ready to show the falsity of his tale; he had been sentenced for life. He had served seven years and had escaped by cutting the bars of his cell and gaining a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Africa, letting him get ashore unmolested. After drifting about for a time he had come back to America and taken the position as keeper in the tower, where his past was not open to inspection, for no one knew him or whence he came.

The sunshine was as quiet as before, but the blue Gulf Stream showed a darkening far away on the horizon, where a breeze ruffled the surface. He turned and gazed over the sea toward Florida, and a tiny black speck showed upon the waters of the reef. It looked like a small boat coming out through the Hawk's Channel, and he looked at it steadily for a long time, trying to see if it might be Johnson, the assistant keeper, returning.

The sunshine was very hot on this side of the tower, and it dazzled him for a little while as he gazed over the sparkling sea. The speck drew nearer, and he saw that it was a boat. It came very slowly, sailing with the light air, the bit of white canvas looking no larger than a handkerchief in the distance. Soon the figure of a man could be seen lying easily in the stern-sheets of the craft, and the old keeper saw that the man's legs were bare and brown. Then the tiny shallop took more definite form and showed to be a canoe, its occupant an Indian from the Everglades, coming out to fish upon the reef.

Indians seldom came so far away from land, and as the craft drew nearer and nearer Enau watched it carefully. The Seminoles were friendly. They were an unconquered tribe of Indians who had managed to evade all efforts made by the United States to subdue them. They had retired into the fastnesses of the great swamps, where no white soldier could pursue with any hope to capture, and after years of peace had come to the coast again with the understanding that they should not be molested. The old man had heard of them from Johnson, the assistant, and he had once or twice seen canoes skirting

the edge of the great bay in the distance, but he had never seen an Indian close enough to recognize him. The canoe had now come within half a mile of the tower, and was still heading straight for it.

The breeze died away again and the sun shone straight down with an intense heat. The tower cast no shadow either to east or west, and the ship's clock in the kitchen struck off eight bells. Enau mopped his streaming forehead and was about to turn into the galley to get a drink of water. The heat made him reel with dizziness. but the man in the boat made a movement. and he held his gaze fixed upon him. The canoe was coming close to the tower, and it was evident that the Indian would land there if the keeper allowed him. There was no way of getting up to the light except by way of the long iron ladder which reached from the gallery to the sea, a hundred feet below. It was an easy path to dispute with any number of men, especially as they must come through the heavy trap-door in the gallery at the top. There was no way of getting up over the outside, unless one could climb the long, smooth iron rods for a great distance and then reach out under the sill to get a hand-grip upon the edge of the floor and swing out over the gulf below. It would be a mere finger-grip at most, and a tap upon the bare knuckles would send the fellow to his death below. A good sailor might climb the smooth iron rods with great difficulty, but no one could climb up a hundred feet and swing out on that finger-tip hold with the hope of climbing to the rail above. The trap-door worked with a five-hundredpound weight, and if any one tried to come up the thin iron ladder the keeper could simply lower the door and the stout threeinch planks would drop easily into place at will. Enau studied it all out while he gazed below, and it amused him to think what a surprised Indian it would be when he climbed up there to find the door drop fast in his face. No; the keeper was as much his own master in regard to human visitors as though he were a resident of some other planet. A thousand men could not approach him if he did not wish it. He could be all alone for an indefinite time, for he had provisions for half a year and water enough for a lifetime.

While he gazed at the approaching boat the man in her looked up. It was but a glance, a mere look at the head upon the rail above. Enau gasped. That one glance upward was enough for him. The fellow was not an Indian, after all. The suntanned face, burned to a dark mahogany color, belonged to one he had not forgotten. That glance, furtive, half shrinking, animal-like, without the movement of a single feature, belonged to—yes, there was no mistake. It was Robledo, the sailor who had witnessed against him, the survivor of the horror, the man who had compassed his ruin.

Enau drew his breath quickly and stood up straight. The place seemed to swing about in the sunshine, the tower to rock like a ship in a seaway. Then he peered over again just as the craft came alongside one of the iron pillars. He did not show his face, - just his eyes, - for fear the fellow might recognize him and not come up the ladder. He would have the trapdoor ready for him, for it would never do to let that human devil know he was upon the light. Yes; perhaps he would let him come up, inside the gallery, but never go back. The sea would tell no tales. There would be no marks of a struggle, no evidence of a fight—a quick crack upon the head, and over the side, down a hundred feet to the waters of the reef, where the sharks lay waiting. That would be all. He could do it easily. But, then, the fellow might be missed, after all. Some one might know he had gone out to the light, and then there would be the investigation. That was what he did not want. There must be no inquiries, no questions asked him about his past. He was an old man now, and the memory of his terrible wrongs was fading. Let them die out. He would let the enemy go as he came. The fellow could not know he was in the tower, and there was no possibility of his recognizing him, as he had not shown his whole face over the rail. Even if he had, the hair and the beard of three years' growth would hide anything of Captain William Jacobs that still existed in him. No; he would let no one come up that ladder. He would live the rest of his life in peace and quiet. He loved the bright sunshine and the beautiful sea, and he could be satisfied where he was. His wife and daughter he had long given up. They had bade him farewell at the end of that trial, holding away from him, yet with tears streaming down their faces in the agony and horror of it all. He must be alone. There must be no one to tell him about them.

He looked down again, and saw the man below drawing on his trousers preparatory to climbing the ladder. Enau could see into the bottom of the boat beneath, and he noticed a harpoon used for spearing crawfish. Would the fellow take it with him? If so, it would be well not to let him come too near, for it could be thrown and might be dangerous. The man gave no hail, but turned his smooth-shaved face upward and began to mount the ladder. Enau went to the trap-door and loosed the weight softly. It creaked upon its hinges and settled slowly down until only a crack remained. Here he stopped it, with the bolts in readiness to shoot if necessary. He would watch the fellow and see if he showed signs of recognition. Ten years was a long time; the end of the Florida Reef was many thousand miles from where he had last seen him.

The man climbed slowly up the iron ladder, stopping now and then to look seaward. The current had swept his canoe to the northward of the lighthouse, where it trailed at the end of a long line. There was now nothing under him but the blue water. When he reached the first platform he climbed on to it and rested. It was very hot, and the climb made his mahogany-colored face darker than before. His hair was freshly parted, and looked as though it had been oiled or moistened. His coat he had left in his boat below, and his shirt was open at the neck, showing the strong, corded muscles of his throat and chest. His hands were brown and powerful, and the keeper noticed how his fingers closed with a light but certain grip upon the irons of the ladder.

In a moment he came on again, and when within a few feet of the door he looked upward and hailed. At that instant the old man closed the door and shot the bolts. He was now cut off as completely as though he had gone to the moon. The heat and excitement made his head whirl. He staggered away from the closed door and went back to the gallery. The sunshine danced upon the sea and all was quiet. Then he peered over the rail. A string of muttered curses floated up to him and a drunken voice called him many foul names, but he only

smiled and stood gazing out to sea. He could not see the man below now, for the fellow was too high up under the platform, and he made his way to the kitchen and from there higher up into the lantern, where the man's voice could not be heard distinctly.

Hours passed, and the sunshine began to slant sharply. The tower cast a long shadow to the eastward, but the canoe was still swinging to her painter, and the voice of the fellow below was still heard calling forth curses upon him. The keeper was evidently not recognized, for he heard the name "Enau" repeated over and over again, and this was his name as lightkeeper - Robert Enau, head keeper of the Fowey Rocks lighthouse. If the fellow had recognized him he would have called him Jacobs, and then he would have tried to kill him. It grew dark, but he forgot to light his lantern, his whole mind taken with the one thought of how to get rid of his visitor. If the lantern was not lighted, the fellow might think that there was no one in the tower, after all, and would go away. The idea flashed through his brain for an instant, and then he centered his thoughts again on the fellow below and forgot the darkness and quiet of the tropic night. Suddenly he thought of the fellow's boat. If he could endanger it, the man might leave. He seized a heavy piece of iron and dropped it at the dark shadow floating at the end of the line. A dull crash told of the accuracy of his aim. Then the shadow faded out, and he knew the boat had sunk. There was no sound from the man upon the ladder below. Evidently he had gone down to the first landing and gone to sleep or was waiting, not knowing the damage done his craft. He could now neither go away nor come up, and the idea worried the keeper greatly. He was very dizzy with the heat and excitement, and his thoughts went again and again over the scenes of that last voyage and the trial following. In the gray of the early morning he was still sitting in the lantern, gazing out to sea, waiting for the sun to rise and show him his enemy below. The day dawned beautiful and clear, and the quiet heat continued. In a little while a noise upon the ladder attracted the old man's attention. He listened. What was the fellow saying?

"For God's sake let me up!"

Not he. No! Had the fellow shown him any mercy when he was at the end of his liberty? Why should he show him any now? All he wanted was for him to go away and let him be. He did not want to see the man. Go away!

The pitiless sunshine streamed through the iron piling and upon the man. His boat was gone. It had sunk during the night from the weight Enau had thrown into it, and the current had torn it loose. There was no way for the man to get off the light without swimming. He must stay or die. He might cling for a long time to the iron ladder and rest upon the landing, but he could not swim ten miles in that current with sharks abounding.

The day passed slowly, and the man upon the ladder raved and swore, begged and cajoled, but Enau was silent and implacable. He went back into the lantern, taking some bread with him. He was not hungry, but the heat made his head swim, and he must eat something. The day drew to a close and silence reigned below. The man had given up talking. Enau lay prone upon his stomach and peeped over the edge of the platform. He could see the man crouching upon the landing, lashed fast, to keep from falling, by a line made of his clothes. Darkness came and the heat abated a little, but no wind ruffled the surface of the Gulf Stream.

With a heavy bar in his hand the keeper sat and waited for any signs of fingers showing upon the edge of the platform. He would not let the fellow up—no, not for anything. If he died there, it was not his fault. He did not want him to come out to the light. He would not have him know that he, Captain Jacobs, was keeper.

The lantern remained unlighted. Now Enau was afraid to leave the platform an instant, for fear the fellow, desperate from his position, would climb over and kill him. He sat there during the hours of darkness and waited.

About three in the morning Enau saw two eyes staring at him. They were far away in the Hawk's Channel, but as the moments flew by they drew nearer. Soon a great shadow loomed up through the night, coming straight for the lighthouse. Then there was a sudden crash close aboard, the rattle and banging of ship's gear, followed by hoarse cries and curses. Enau went inside to the trap-door in the

gallery, and sat there watching the bolts until daylight.

In the early morning there was a great noise below. Men shouted and called him by name, but he refused to answer. He peered over the edge of the platform, and he no sooner had done so than a perfect storm of voices greeted him. Two ship's boats were tied to the piling of the tower, and many men were crowding up the ladder. More were upon the deck of the vessel, which had rammed her nose high and dry upon the reef close to the light. They were coming to take possession of the tower by force, and he saw that he must now be interviewed, perhaps taken away bodily, for the fellow on the ladder had joined the rest, and they were calling to him to open that door.

The day passed without a disturbance. The men of the four-masted schooner upon the reef spent their time rigging gear to heave the vessel off, and the man had joined them. At dark Enau, seeing that no one was upon the ironwork, lighted the lantern and then came back to his post at the trap-door, holding his club in readiness to prevent any trespassing. He sat there hour after hour, but there was no sign of an attack from below.

About midnight there was a slight noise upon the platform of the gallery near the rail. The old man noticed it, but waited. Then some one rapped sharply upon the door at his feet, and he stood ready for the attack. Then all was quiet as before.

The heat was intense inside the gallery, and Enau mopped his forehead again and again. The whole lighthouse seemed to stagger, and the room went round and round. He was dizzy and failed to see the fingers which grasped the edge of the outside platform, or the form that swung out over the gulf below. A man drew himself up until his head was level with the floor. Then he put one foot up on the landing. He-could not get back. It was a sheer hundred feet and over to the sea below, and the water was only three or four feet deep over the coral. He must gain the platform or go down to his death. Gradually he drew his weight upon the landing, clutching the rail with powerful fingers. Then he quickly stood upright and sprang over. He was in the light.

Enau saw him instantly and sprang at him. It was the same hated face, the fur-

tive eyes he had reason to hate with all his soul. They clinched, and then began a struggle for life. And while they struggled the old man's mind could no longer hold his pent-up despair. He called out upon the scoundrel who had ruined him:

"You villain! you have pursued me for revenge—I 'll give you all you want," he cried. "I know you; don't think I 'll let you go." And, snarling like a wild beast, he strove with enormous power to crush the other against the rail, and so over into the sea. But the younger man was powerful. His strong fingers clutched at the old keeper's throat and closed upon it.

"I know you—I know you—I know your look—you pious-faced scoundrel!" gasped the old man. Then they fought on in silence. Suddenly those below heard a heavy fall. There was a moment's pause.

The room seemed to reel about the old keeper. He struggled wildly in that frightful grip. His breath came in bits of gasps and finally stopped under the awful pressure of those fingers. The scenes of his earlier life flitted through his mind. He saw the life-boat again riding the oily sea in the South Atlantic; the starving men, their strained faces pinched and lined, their eager eyes staring about the eternal horizon for a sight of a sail; the last few days and the last survivors, the man with that look he would never forget—stars shot through his brain and fire flared before his vision. Then came blackness—a blank.

Those below, hearing the sounds of struggle dying away, called loudly to be let in. The man released his hold of the keeper's throat and shot back the bolts in the trap-door, letting a crowd of seamen come streaming into the light.

"Get some water, quick!" called Johnson, the assistant keeper, standing back and panting after the struggle. He was nearly exhausted, but still kept his gaze fixed upon the fallen old man.

"It's a touch of the sun," said the captain of the wrecked vessel, bending over the old keeper. "We must get him cooled off and ice to his head. Quick, John! jump aboard and tell the doctor to get a lump of ice and bring it here—git!"

"It's pretty bad," said Johnson; "I've been hanging on to the irons for two days, and you lose your ship, on account of a poor devil giving way under that sun; but it can't be helped."

"If you had n't shaved and changed yourself so, and had come back in your own boat, he might have recognized you in time," said the captain; "but of course you did n't know." "I think I did all I could," said Johnson, thinking of his climb over that outer rail. "Yes, yes; I don't mean to find fault," said the captain; "but I lose my ship by it."



# "STILL SWEETER SINGS MY DARLING"

#### BY HENRY AUSTIN

THE bell-bird fills Australian shades With songs like bubbling fountains; The redstart thrills the river-glades Beneath Virginian mountains.

The oriole, that soul afire,
Pours forth a storm of singing
To the rapt mate of his desire
In soft gray hammock swinging.

Sole sings to dawn the wild, free lark; All day, the tamèd starling; The nightingale enchants the dark; But sweeter sings my darling.

By night, by day, on topmost spray, Or where the covert hushes, Plays Nature's weirdest orchestra— The mock-bird, king of thrushes! Rare plagiarist of every note,
Of every mood and meter,
Still can he conjure from his throat
Tunes of his own, far sweeter.

But all the words of all the birds,—
Ay, e'en thy songs, magician,—
All sweetest notes from singing throats,
Fade, as at dawn a vision:

When, be it catch or lullaby, Or songs of battle ringing, Love-lays or hymns of liberty, 1 hear my darling singing.

For song each bird hath times preferred— When winter winds are gnarling Each tender tree, the chickadee Outsings the housed starling.

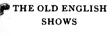
But whether blows the Summer's rose, Or Winter's winds be snarling, Be Spring abloom, or Fall in gloom, Still sweeter sings my darling.



# THE AMERICAN CIRCUS

BY E. S. HALLOCK

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST



FOR the origin of the modern circus one must go back to the English fairs of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries. Unlike the American county fairs of the present day, which are



more in the nature of live-stock exhibitions, the early English fair was a rout of dancing, fiddling, drinking, fighting, wrestling, and bull-baiting, the closest modern approach to which is, perhaps, the quarterly gathering for county court in the hamlets of the Tennessee mountains—a gathering, as it were, of merryandrews, monstrosities, bullies, jilts, tight-rope-walkers, acrobats, contortionists, equestrians, mountebanks, grimacers, scaramouches, thieves, pickpockets, idlers, beggars, fortune-tellers, gipsies, and those upon whom they prey. In 1798 a fruitless effort was made to suppress the English variety, but they survived in diminishing glory until 1855, when Parliament gave them the death-stroke. As the fairs declined, their more substantial attractions became specialized as menageries, exhibitions, circuses, curiosity-houses, and waxworks, distinctions which in former days had scarcely existed.

The English circus of the eighteenth century was stationary, usually exhibiting in some large frame structure, and was as much a playhouse as it was a circus. The

amphitheater and stage were generally built as one, on which were presented plays, farces, and burlettas. Bareback-riding, pony-races, trapeze and acrobatic performances constituted the chief attractions of the ring, and usually followed the stage performance. Sometimes the proprietor introduced for a novelty a band of Mohawk or Catawba Indians, with their wardances and their practice with tomahawk and bow and arrow. Sometimes "fire kings" and sleight-of-hand performers amazed the festive cockneys with their seemingly wonderful tricks. One of the former, a certain Monsieur Chabert, created a sensation at the Argyll circus during the latter half of the eighteenth century by "entering a hot oven and remaining there during the cooking of several dishes of raw meat."

The menagerie developed along with the circus, but differed from the latter in being an animal show pure and simple. It made a specialty of performing dogs, horses, monkeys, birds, lions, and elephants. Some of the menageries were stationary, while others traveled from place to place in large vans. The "exhibition" and the "curiosity-house" remained in one spot, and were devoted more to the exhibition of rare and curious beasts and birds, monstrosities, curios, and mechanical wonders and inventions. Besant states that a camel was exhibited at a London fair in 1650, while the first rhinoceros was brought to England in 1685. The first gorilla reached England in 1861, and was shown in Wombwell's Traveling Menagerie. Wombwell mistook the creature for a chimpanzee, and advertised it as such; and the fact that it was a true gorilla was not discovered until many years after its death. The first Brazilian ant-eater owned by the London Zoo was secured about 1850 by two Fellows of the Zoölogical Society. They found the

west coast of Africa. On boarding the vessel, after a sharp engagement, the sailors found a huge mandrill, which, unlike the majority of his kind, was remarkably tame



OLD-FASHIONED CLOWN ANNOUNCING THE HOUR OF THE PERFORMANCE

animal in the possession of two sailors, just returned from Rio, who were exhibiting the creature in a shanty at twopence per head. The beast was secured for the sum of three hundred pounds. In 1815 a British cruiser fell in with a slaver off the

and gentle. He was christened Jerry, and in 1828 was taken to Bristol, where he was purchased by a Mr. Cross, who for many years exhibited him at King's Mews, London.

Before the days of the animal-importing



OLD-FASHIONED CLOWN AND RING-MASTER

firms, the docks of European seaports were the animal markets to which showmen resorted in search of oddities, and in this way picked up many singular attractions. The founders of the great animal firms started by buying animals on docks, eventually employing their own hunters and trappers in different parts of the world, who filled orders from the "house." It is quite safe to state that the development of the American circus enabled these dealers to build up a great business,—far more so, in fact, than the orders which they received from the European zoos. The menagerie is now regarded by showmen as an adjunct rather than a necessary part of the show, and was created by the absence, at that time, of zoölogical gardens in this country. Prior to 1812, in which year Parliament enacted a law forbidding their further coinage and use, the English showmen set much store by their copper tokens as an advertising medium. These circus tokens have been rather neglected by numismatists. By means of them, one

is enabled to trace the origin of many early circus and menagerie enterprises not mentioned in the English journals.

Some have contended that the bear- and bull-baiting of the early English fairs is in no way connected with the history of the circus, but this is a mistake. Such sport was outlawed in New England from the first, the Puritans being strictly opposed to it, as to many other forms of amusement. It was popular in the South, however, where it was practised even as late as 1860. The statute-books of Tennessee, Mississippi, and several other Southern States contain laws prescribing severe penalties for bear-baiting. In Tennessee a certain class of low resorts in which such baitings were formerly held are still spoken of as "bear-pens." The first lions and tigers imported into England were used for no other purpose than fighting with bulldogs, and a description of one of these battles will be found in Ned Ward's "London Spy Compleat."

Waxwork had a place in the early

shows. It is undoubtedly a development of the waxen gods of the ancient Egyptians, the ancestor images of the Romans, and the likenesses of kings and prelates of the Middle Ages. Ned Ward, in his "London Spy Compleat," gives an amusing description of a wax-figure exhibition which he visited at Bartholomew Fair, London, in 1695. In 1721 an anatomical exhibit was held in Hamburg, in which parts of the human body were shown in wax.

The forms of amusement which in England were specialized under the various heads of exhibition, circus, waxworks, menagerie, and curiosity-house, when brought to this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century fell naturally into two distinct grades, the circus and the dime museum. The latter antedates the circus, for it existed in Philadelphia and Boston at the close of the Revolutionary War and possibly earlier.

The first traveling shows made their appearance in America about the begin-

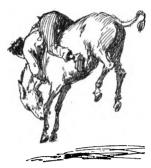
ning of the nineteenth century. In his book "The Circus," Mr. I. J. Greenwood states that these pioneer attractions were known as "rolling shows."

They were crude affairs, with no band, only a fiddler or two, no lady in tights, and no canvas tent. A man went ahead to placard the towns, rent the ground, and secure the license. Later came the bugler on horseback, heralding the approach of the show, and lastly, on the day of arrival, the clown took a turn over the hamlet, announcing the hour when the performance commenced.

These "rolling shows" increased rapidly, so that by 1820 there were, according to Mr. Greenwood, thirty or more in the region between the Appalachians and the Atlantic, showing in the towns and cross-roads hamlets from Maine to the Carolinas. By 1825 they had lost much of their primitive character. In 1828 Buckley and Weeks boasted an aggregation of eight wagons, thirty-five horses, and a canvas tent seventy-five feet in



Drawn by A. B. Frost THE LION-TAMER



THE TRICK MULE

diameter and large enough to accommodate eight hunpeople. dred In 1847 Louis Iones carried his circus as far as Chicago, then an outpost of civilization; while in 1858 Spaulding and Rogers owned

the first circus to travel by rail.

The ring performances given in the period from 1830 to 1855 differed greatly from those of the present day, despite the old saying that "When you see one o' them shows you 've seed 'em all." The grand entry formed the opening feature then, as now. After it came the usual round of trapeze business and bareback-riding. with a deal of talk and foolery on the part of the clown, who in those days constituted the leading feature of the ring-side. His jokes were, as Burton would say, "as broad as a bench, and as long as lumber," with flings at the local politicians, and complimentary remarks about the hotelkeepers and merchants of the town to whom the circus was under obligations for various things from hay to ground-rent. A "den of lions" would be wheeled into the ring, and the keeper would enter the "lair of these bloodthirsty varmints" and proceed to larrup them over the backs and heads with his whip, firing off a pistol now and then to keep the excitement among the spectators at white heat, and winding up by "feeding the creatures raw meat."

The trick mule was a feature of the oldtime circus which was never omitted, though to-day a thing of the past. The modern clown simply introduces a donkey, which he rides to perfection, but which proves mildly refractory in the hands of another clown, the performance being confined strictly to those in the pay of the show. The old-fashioned trick mule produced excitement and sometimes broken heads. and was utterly unlike the tame substitute of this degenerate age. Somewhere in its wanderings the circus would pick up an unusually wild mule which no one wanted as a gift. The clown, an expert in such matters, would get the brute under his control, and, as the bell tapped for the last act, would mount "January" and ride, cavorting, into the ring, where, after a few turns and flourishes, he would offer five dollars to any one who would ride his mule. If the circus happened to be in Kentucky or Tennessee, where the young men were accustomed to breaking wild mules, the challenge would not long remain unanswered. When the first elephants arrived in this country, a ride on the pachyderm's back formed a leading feature of the ring performance.

None of the pioneer shows owned menageries, and it is impossible to say when the first one combined with a circus appeared, for the reason that the menagerie feature was acquired gradually, an animal at a time. One showman, a trifle more ambitious than the others, would add a few monkeys. The following season another show would have a monkey or two and a camel. In order to distance his rival. the showman who first exhibited a cage of monkeys would then be obliged to add a camel and an elephant; and thus the menagerie feature grew piecemeal, a little at a time, like some perfunctory plant, until by 1830 the Great Caravan had a white-tailed gnu, an elephant, a zebra, two tigers, a leopard, a Canada lynx, a puma, and a cage of monkeys. In 1850 Hemmings, Cooper, and Whitby had five lions, an elephant, a camel, a llama, a zebra, etc., and were advertising, as an unprecedented attraction, a daily exhibition of nerve, daring, and courage in which the keeper of the lions would "enter the den of these

bloodthirsty beasts and feed them raw meat."

Such was the rivalry between American showmen that it was no unusual thing for them to journey to India and Africa in search of living attractions for their menageries, a fact which afforded them latitude for exaggeration in their handbills, which were generally illustrated with hair-breadth escapes and blood-curdling



ALMOST OFF



THE LAST HOLD

adventures experienced in the perilous work of capturing elephants and lions.

Giraffes were first brought from South Africa in 1836 by Captain Clayton for the circus of Welch, Macumber, and Weeks, of which he was manager and afterward part owner. The second pair to reach this country were landed in New York, from the steamer Washington, August 13, 1853, consigned to Bernhard Hartmann, a showman, who valued the animals at ten thousand dollars. They were captured in Abyssinia, and reached the United States via Bremen. The giraffes of northern Africa differ in many respects from the South African variety; yet, for all that the Cape was a British colony, it was not until March, 1895, that the London Zoo received its first specimen of the southern giraffe, just fifty-nine years after Captain Clayton landed the first specimen in this country. The same year in which Clayton brought the first giraffes to the United States (1836), the first four specimens of this animal arrived in England, sent by Colonel Campbell, H. B. M. consul at Cairo, Egypt, who captured them in person in Kordofan. Thus England and America made the acquaintance of this peculiar animal in the same year, those brought to the United States by Clayton being of the southern, while the four sent to England by Campbell were of the northern type. The question as to when the first elephant reached this country is difficult to answer. About the beginning of the last century an Indian elephant was shipped from England to Philadelphia on board a sailing-vessel. The ship foundered in a storm at the entrance of Delaware Bay, but the elephant managed in some way to

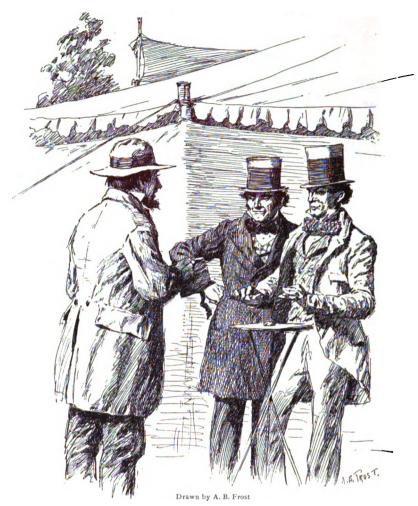
break its fastenings and swam ashore. The next morning those who came to view the wreck were astonished on beholding a strange creature wandering about the beach.

There were three factors in the life of this country, during the first half of the nineteenth century, which, more than all else, combined to give the American circus its peculiar character, and to render it altogether unlike anything of the sort in the Old World; namely, transportation, ignorance and religious fanaticism, and competition and the necessity for constant change and improvement. From 1800 to 1860 the great body of our population were country dwellers, while the American cities worthy of the name, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, like the towns, were separated by intervening tracts of very considerable extent. Moreover, even Philadelphia, then the greatest city in America, was capable of supporting not more than two dime museums or exhibitions. In the face of such conditions it soon became clear to the pioneer showmen that what America required in the way of amusement was an institution on wheels, combining the features of the English circus, waxworks, curiosity-shop, and exhibition. Thus the American circus, through necessity, became a nomadic and wandering institution.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle with which the early showmen had to contend was the puritanical hostility to all forms of amusement so characteristic of Americans of the first half of the nineteenth century. Hawthorne understood this peculiar phase of American life when he said, "We have yet to learn the forgotten art of gaiety." To put matters briefly, in the



A RACE FOR LIFE



"THREE-SHELL GAMBLERS"

period from 1800 to 1860 the Americans were on much the same plane of culture as the Transvaal Boers of the present day, except that, unlike the latter, they were restless, and longed for a change of condition or civilization. The American of that day was a singular mixture of depravity and righteousness. He saw no particular harm in State lotteries and wildcat banks, but when a circus came to town he locked his children indoors rather than have their innocent eyes behold the immoral spectacle of a circus parade. There is a tradition current among showmen that some forty years ago a circus, showing in a remote quarter of a State that is as much Western as it is Southern, was completely wrecked by a mob of indignant citizens. A "prominent citizen" had been duped and swindled by some three-shell gam-

blers following the show. Unable to find the real offenders, the prominent citizen, backed by an imposing retinue of friends and sympathizers, demanded that the proprietor of the circus make good his losses, which the showman promptly refused. Nothing remained of the show when they had finished their work except the elephant, which, for tactful reasons, the mob was loath to tackle. The owner afterward brought suit against the State, and recovered full damages for the loss he had sustained at the hands of this mob. In many of the States of the Middle West shows and showmen were often roughly handled in the period prior to the Civil War; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the early showmen and performers were men of approved grit and nerve, hard drinkers and hard hitters, capable of holding their own in a rough-and-tumble fight with quarrelsome rustics.

As the preachers and also the people presented a hostile front to the circus, one of the first problems which the pioneer American showman had to solve was a means of counteracting or circumventing this prejudice. Certain modern showmen are of the opinion that the menagerie and street parade are an outgrowth of this prejudice. The parade attracted the people to the circus, and the menagerie afforded an excuse for "taking the children to see the animals." Despite the argument of some that shows took money from the towns and left none behind, and in the face of ministerial denunciation, the circus was, nevertheless, a break in the dreary monotony of dull and uneventful lives. and people flocked to the big canvas tent as though drawn by some overmastering spell.

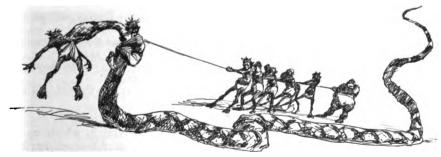
Showmen "searched the Scriptures," as Barnum said, long and well for names and terms for the various attractions of their shows, or for texts that might be tortured into a reference to objects under the canvas. In the advertising literature of American shows the hippopotamus became "the Behemoth of Holy Writ, spoken of by the Book of Job"; the Indian zebu became "the sacred cow"; the first African warthog to reach America, in the late sixties, was christened by the showmen "the Prodigal's swine"; the water-buffalo, "the ox that treads out the corn"; the camel, "the ship of the desert." The cage containing the lions always appeared on the bills as "a den," and showmen would have considered it an omen of ill luck to have painted on the sides of the "lions' den" any scene other than that of Daniel. The word "tent" might have satisfied British eyes and ears as a designation for the can-

vas walls and ceiling inclosing the circus, but in 1833 Robinson and Lake advertised that their performances would be given in a "superb Firmament Pavilion." On May 12, 1835, the New York "Sun" contained the advertisement of a New York showman who announced, as a special attraction, "A Grand Moral Representation of the Deluge, with Appropriate Sacred Music," while at a somewhat later period another American showman, with an eye to business and a due regard for the teachings of church and lodge, originated the spectacular production of "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba." This was, of course, nothing more than a rip-roaring ballet, and as such was only another example out of hundreds of the successful manner in which showmen have fed the American public with rank frivolity in the guise of religion and education.

Showmen frequently advertised strange beasts as the fulfilment of prophecies uttered of old, or as "signs" or "portents" of wars and famines to come. Thus Barnum, in one of the New York journals, in 1850, announcing the arrival of his "Happy Family" (which consisted originally of a number of cats, rats, owls, mice, a hawk, two doves, several monkeys, guinea-pigs, rooks, squirrels, a few hares, and one or two terriers, to which Barnum added a couple of racoons, some prairiedogs, and a pair of cub bears), says:

The Happy Family is the most characteristic exponent of the peace principle extant, and the best practical foreshadowing of the millennium, when, we are told, "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together," that ever haunted the imagination of a philosopher.

In 1834 the proprietor of the Western Museum at Cincinnati thus advertised the



CAPTURING THE "ANNA-CONDAI"

arrival of the first Egyptian mummies in the trans-Appalachian region:

The manager has received from the vicinity of Thebes, that celebrated city of Ancient Egypt, six strangers, illustrious from their antiquity, who count probably an existence of at least 1000 years anterior to the advent, of Our Blessed Saviour, and contemporaries, if so, of the first sovereigns of Israel, viz.: Saul and David; they are by no means insignificant aspirants to public patronage in the present day, in a country then unknown, and whose

transatlantic ancestors were at that period wrapped in the gloom of Idolatry and Paganism.

One of many ways which the old-time circus-owners employed to overcome puritanical hostility was in ornamenting the sides of cages and bandwagons with scenes from Bible history; but there is at the present time, showing in the large cities of the United States, one "great aggregation," organized less than ten years ago, where wagons are ornamented with well-ex-



A MODERN CLOWN

ecuted paintings of animals, birds, and reptiles copied from the colored plates of a well-known natural history.

Phineas T. Barnum, a Connecticut Yankee, appreciated the value of an excuse for patronizing shows and for combating ministerial prejudice and opposition. He knew the Bible by heart, and was a regular church-goer, making it a point to be on hand, whenever there was the least prospect of a preacher denouncing his show, for the purpose of boldly challenging the statements of the reverend gentleman. The Americans of that period entertained a sort of sneaking regard for any one who used big words, who was given to "argafy-

ing," and who had the Bible at his fingerends, and the glib-tongued Barnum never lost an opportunity of turning this peculiarity of the national character to account.

From the time Barnum began life as a showman until he took charge of the American Museum in New York, his life had been one long conflict with preachers, who tormented, denounced, and nagged him at every turn. Once in charge of the museum, however, the tables were turned. His predecessors had felt in duty bound

to issue passes and reserved-seat coupons to the ministers of New York. Barnum stopped their passes, and ordered several hundred cards bearing texts denunciatory of the pass evil, which he had gathered from every part of the Bible. When importuned by members of the cloth for passes to his "great moral attraction," he replied by handing them one of these cards, the contents of which were as follows:

In those days there were no passes given. Search the Scriptures:

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers xx,18.
"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges iii, 28.
"The wicked shall no

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum i,

"None shall pass."—Isaiah xxxiv, 10.
"This generation shall not pass."—Mark xiii, 30.

"Beware that thou pass not."—2nd Kings vi, 9.

vi, 9.
"There shall no strangers pass."—Joel
iii, 17.

"No man may pass through because of the beasts."—Ezekiel xiv, 15.

"Though they roar, yet can they not pass."

— Jeremiah v, 22.

"So he paid the fare thereof, and went."— Jonah i, 3.

Surely, in a land in which, as late as 1896, the fact of Abraham having purchased real estate with silver coins was the adoption of a similar currency for this country, no one can deny that Barnum

adduced as a sound argument in favor of for adjectives to advertise their "Scintillating Kaleidoscopic Unparalleled Heterogeneous Aggregation of Multiplied Won-



Drawn by A. B. Frost, Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick CIRCUS DAY AT HOME

had the best of grounds for thus opposing the free-pass evil.

Our forefathers entertained an abiding veneration and respect for "big words," and showmen ransacked the dictionaries ders." "The Grand Peristrephic Diorama," the name of a famous New York attraction of 1835, was a good specimen of this craving for big words. As for ignorance, the showmen were oftentimes as illiterate as their patrons. The general plan was, when an animal was not mentioned in the Bible, to give it as sensational a designation as possible; but frequently, in their ignorance, the showmen invented names of their own that were meaningless or without a place in natural history. American showmen applied the name of "horned horse" to the white-tailed gnu, a name which in this country has clung to that

antelope. Recently the name appeared in a list of circus animals landed during 1903 at the port of New York.

In 1829 the Great Caravan advertised, among its other attractions, a "Rompo"; and the old Charleston Museum, which in the days of our forefathers constituted one of the sights of the South Carolina metropolis, in the year 1822 boasted "a Cammoose, which makes a noise like a hog," though what these creatures were is doubtless far beyond the ability of any modern naturalist to determine. In 1830 the New

monstrous and extraordinary large serpent, of the species of the Anna-Condai, 50 feet in length and larger than a barrell "; and with this announcement goes on to relate the following bit of natural history:

The method of taking these snakes is, when the natives are attacked by them the snake instantly seizes one; another jumps on the back of the serpent and makes fast a rope round his neck. Thus the snake being loaded

with two persons, the natives are enabled to keep up with him untill they can get a turn round a tree with the rope, then they beat him to death with clubs. The snake will never drop the person which he first seized untill he is nearly dead, therefore the others are not in much danger if they keep clear of his tail.

The anaconda, indigenous to South America, does not possess the power of "slapping" with its tail. Barnum, advertising in the New York "Tribune" of July 3, 1854, said:



A MODERN PERFORMING CLOWN

York Museum issued handbills announcing the arrival of "the Sucuvoyer Serpent, 15 feet in length, being two feet longer and much heavier than any serpent before exhibited in this city." A handbill of the Boston Museum bearing date 1816, in the possession of a Washington gentleman, states that the museum had just received, "from the coast of Africa, a

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Just received. An enormous Boa Constrictor, or Prince of Serpents, from Mozambique; 29 feet long and 30 inches in circumference. Also a living Ourang outang, the only living Rhinoceros in America, and a living Sea-Tiger.

Like the anaconda, the boa is another reptile confined strictly to the West Indies and South America. Mozambique, how-



ever, appears to have been a great favorite with the pioneer showmen, as it appears repeatedly in their advertising matter.

During the early part of the last century a traveling circus pitched its tents in a New England town, where, along with the attractions common to the rolling

owner arrived the elephant had breathed its last, the bullets from the guns of the youngsters taking effect in the creature's heart. The circus-owner obtained the names of the perpetrators of this deed, swore out warrants, and had them arrested. They were haled before a squire, who



Drawn by A. B. Frost
"ZULEIKA, THE CIRCASSIAN SULTANA"

shows of the period, it was exhibiting what none of the villagers had ever seen before—an elephant. Some reckless youths of the village, whose imaginations had probably been wrought up by reading of elephant hunts in India, conceived the notion that it would be a fine thing to shoot the "critter," and without more ado loaded their muskets and lay in wait for the pachyderm to pass over a certain route which they knew the circus would take on leaving the village. As the elephant passed all three fired. Their marksmanship was better than their common sense, for by the time the

handed down a decision not surpassed since Sancho Panza sat on the bench of Barataria. He said:

I hev examined the law purty therewly in this case. The laws of this State provides proper penalties fur all them that maliciously, or wilfully, or with malice aforethought kills or cripples up of a hoss, or a keow, or a hog, but there ain't a word abeout killin' a elerphunt. What 's more, a elerphunt is a dangersome varmint that hain't got no bizness a-runnin' eround the country a-skeerin' of hosses an' a-frightenin' wimming an' children. Under them circumstances, I reckon I 'll hev to turn the defendents loost.

The circus and museum advertisements of the period sought to encourage, rather than to dissipate, the prevailing belief in the ferocity of circus animals. This is from the New York "Sun" of November. 1834:

NEW YORK MENAGERIE, 53 Bowery.—The Great Moorish Lion which was presented by the Emperor of Morocco to General Jackson is now to be seen at this place. He is said to be the largest and most ferocious animal of the species ever seen in this city, which, together with the respectability of the persons connected with him, renders him a very prominent subject of curiosity.

An old advertisement of the Western Museum of Cincinnati for 1834 says:

The Museum has just secured the celebrated Enormous Elk, whose destructive ferocity has secured but too much notice from the fact of its having recently trampled an unfortunate man to death on Mr. Jeptha Garrard's place.

The Great Caravan, announcing its arrival in Washington through the columns of the old "National Intelligencer," March 8, 1830, mentions among its attractions:

The famous Elephant Tippoo Sultan, who saved the life of his keeper from the attack of two Tygers that broke out from their cage, etc. . . . Also a Tyger, a most beautiful but exceedingly ferocious animal.

Not the least astonishing feature of the American circus was the rapidity of its growth and improvement from the condition of a rolling show in 1815, to that of an aggregation representing an outlay of several millions of dollars in 1885. This was due to increased patronage. In spite of religious bigotry and puritanical hostility, the venture was a profitable one from the start. Many engaged in it, but only those remained who could continue to present something better than their competitors. Thus the circus grew.

#### THE DIME MUSEUM

THAT most characteristic feature of American amusements, the dime museum, was for the most part a stationary institution located in the principal cities. It combined all the features of the English curiosityshop, exhibition, menagerie, circus, waxworks, marionette play, and Punch and Judy show, yet differed widely in several important respects from anything of the sort in the Old World. Museums, in the

proper sense of the term as repositories of art and antiquities, were lacking in American cities during the period following the Revolutionary War. Charles Willson Peale. the father of Rembrandt Peale, established what was perhaps the first, and, at any rate, the most ambitious exhibition of its kind, in Philadelphia in 1786. Peale's original intention was to make this museum a government institution, a repository of objects of merit; but the lawmakers of that day refused to take stock in his scheme, and obliged finally to make his collection self-supporting, he added to what few objects it possessed of genuine worth a vast collection of monstrosities and trumpery, the public taste of that day running to the bizarre and grotesque rather than to the beautiful and artistic. The museum proprietors sought to gratify the popular longing for things impossible and outrageous. In his American Museum, Barnum carried on a carnival of faking and humbugs; and the fact that he himself was oftentimes astonished at the credulity of those who flocked open-mouthed and wondering to gaze thunderstruck at his prehistoric giants made of Portland cement and Fiji mermaids fabricated of papiermâché, is evidenced by his oft-quoted saying that "the American people like to be humbugged." He was fond of advertising his museum as "a great moral attraction."

The period from 1800 to 1840 might fittingly be termed the American Age of Credulity. Strange sects were forming, the millennium was prophesied and expected, the records and relics of the Lost Tribes and the prophets were unearthed from every mound and aboriginal burial-ground; in short, there was a general craving for signs and portents, and the museum proprietors, with their usual enterprise, were quick to see and to profit by this longing for seven-day wonders. Thus the dime museum became a resort for those who could read futurity in the wrinkles of an egg-shell.

Scattered about among the attractions common to the English curiosity-shop, waxworks, menagerie, and circus, every American museum contained a choice hodgepodge of horrors: a fragment of the "pillar of salt" which the orthodox of that day believed had once been Lot's wife; the stomach of a confirmed tobacco-chewer or the heart of a drunkard done in wax; a piece of rock from Mount

Sinai upon which Moses had stood; a meteorite; Lafayette's wig; Daniel Webster's cane; a two-headed calf; and a transparent girl. Leaving out of account the Cardiff giant, the Colorado petrified man, and the Fiji mermaid, with whom every one is familiar, the following advertisements may doubtless be of interest as exhibiting the American museum in its true This one is taken from a New colors. York newspaper of 1835:

In consequence of the immense crowds of visitors to the exhibition of Joice Heth, the nurse of Washington, at New York during the past week, and the unpleasant weather which has deprived thousands of ladies and gentlemen from visiting her, who are anxious to behold the greatest of all curiosities, Mr. Niblo, desiring to accommodate the public, has great pleasure in announcing that he has effected a further engagement with Joice Heth for 2 days longer. Joice Heth is unquestionably the most astonishing and interesting curiosity in the world. She was the slave of Augustine Washington (the father of George Washington), and she was the first person who put clothes on the unconscious infant who was destined in after years to lead our heroic forefathers on to glory, to victory, and to freedom. To use her own language in speaking of her young master, George Washington, "she raised him." . . . Joice Heth was born on the Island of Madagascar, on the coast of Africa, in the year, 1674, and has consequently now arrived at the astonishing age of 161 years. She weighs but 46 pounds, and yet is cheerful and interesting. The appearance of this marvellous relic of antiquity strikes the beholder with amazement, and convinces him that his eyes are resting on the oldest specimen of mortality they ever beheld.

Aside from the question of her age, it is certain that Joice Heth was not born in Madagascar. The negroes of the United States, as well as those of South America and the West Indies, are the descendants of slaves brought from the region around the Bight of Biafra.

The following is an advertisement of the Western Museum which appeared in one of the Cincinnati papers in 1841:

Mr. Simpson, after great difficulty, has prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Finley, the parents of the Double Babe or Two-Headed Child, to exhibit this extraordinary phenomena at the Museum in order to gratify the wishes of members of a number of learned professors of this city. It has puzzled the most scientific men of the day, who have seen it and unhesitatingly pronounce it the Eighth Wonder of the World.

The showmen of the period recognized a public demand for visible signs of approaching chaos and confusion, and along with the menagerie and the street parade grew the side show or traveling dime museum. In inventing names and descriptive terms for their attractions, they preserved the same regard for the religious feelings and fondness for "big words" of their patrons as they had observed in the naming of the menagerie animals, a fact strikingly illustrated in the case of the "Circassian Ladv."

Blumenbach, one of the pioneers of European anthropology, in 1781 observed that a Circassian skull, which he had re-



INTRODUCING THE EDUCATED HOG



THE EDUCATED HOG ASTONISHES THE NATIVES

ceived from the Caucasus, was much more symmetrical than others in his collection. He forthwith jumped to the conclusion that, as a people, the Caucasian highlanders represented the purest and most primitive stock of the white or European race, and it was thus that "Caucasian" came into general use as a term descriptive and inclusive of the white variety of mankind. This, in its turn, gave rise to the mistaken and utterly erroneous notion that, inasmuch as the Circassians were the purest representatives of the white race, they must of necessity be either albinos or people whose extreme blondness ran to pink eyes and white hair.

Showmen were quick to take advantage of the general ignorance on the subject, and whenever they encountered a depigmented Irish or Norwegian female they forthwith engaged her, at a salary far in advance of what she was capable of earning at the wash-tub, as "Zuleika, the Circassian Sultana, Favorite of the Harem," and presiding genius of the dime museum. Such was the history of the Circassian lady from Jersey City.

To satisfy the public demand for things outrageous and horrible, the proprietor of the Western Museum at Cincinnati, Mr. Dorfeuille, in 1820 contrived an exhibit which was typical of the time. I cannot do better than quote direct from Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," this lady having inspected "Dorfeuille's Hell" on the occasion of her visit to Cincinnati in 1827. She says:

Cincinnati has not many lions to boast, but among them are two museums of natural history; both of these contain many respectable specimens, particularly that of Mr. Dorfeuille,

who has, moreover, some highly interesting Indian antiquities. He is a man of taste and science, but a collection formed strictly according to their dictates would by no means satisfy the Western metropolis. The people have a most extravagant passion for wax figures, and the two museums vie with each other in displaying specimens of this barbaric branch of art. As Mr. Dorfeuille cannot trust to his science for attracting the citizens, he has put his ingenuity into requisition, and this has proved to him the surer aid of the two. He has constructed a pandemonium in an upper story of his museum, in which he has congregated all the images of horror that his fertile fancy could devise: dwarfs that by machinery grow into giants before the eyes of the spectator; imps of ebony with eyes of flame; monstrous reptiles devouring youth and beauty; lakes of fire and mountains of ice; in short, wax, paint, and springs have done wonders. To give the scheme some effect, he makes it visible only through a grate of massive iron bars, among which are arranged wires connected with an electrical machine in a neighbouring chamber; should any daring hand or foot obtrude itself within the bars, it receives a smart shock, that often passes through many of the crowd, and, the cause being unknown, the effect is exceedingly comic: terror, astonishment, curiosity, are all set in action, and all contribute to make " Dorfeuille's Hell" one of the most amusing exhibitions imaginable.

The period from 1865 to the present time has seen the rise of institutions such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Field Columbian Museum, and the American Museum of Natural History,—museums in the proper sense of the word,—while the old-time dime museum has been so changed in character that it is to-day-more of a music- and dance-hall than a chamber of horrors.



MODERN ANTICS

#### THE MODERN CIRCUS

DURING the period from 1875 to 1900, W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") brought to perfection his Wild West Show, an institution more thoroughly American than any of its predecessors. Yet the Wild West Show was not altogether original with Mr. Cody. Others had attempted something of the sort, though in a half-hearted way, as early as 1844, as shown by the following advertisement from the Washington "Globe" of May 7, 1844:

BUFFALO HUNT.—The Buffaloes which have been exhibiting for a few days in this city will be turned loose on the Washington Course on Saturday afternoon next, at 4 0'clock, when the citizens will have an opportunity of beholding with what astonishing tact the Mexican Arraro will throw his lasso, mounted on his steed trained by himself. He has not his superior, having been upwards of 30 years catching wild horses and buffalo. All persons are requested not to go upon the green, the place allotted for the hunt. Tickets 25 cents, etc.

Modern city dwellers of late years may have entertained the notion that traveling shows are growing fewer in number; but one has only to dwell in a country town for a time, or to spend a season in the South, to be convinced that there are as many "one-hoss" shows as ever. In the South, and even on Long Island, one may behold the "rolling show" in its pristine character. Ground-rent and license in large cities are to-day so high that none

save the "great aggregations" can afford to show there. The survival of the fittest in the circus business occurred shortly after the Civil War, when the showman with the longest purse and the best brain won the day. In the weeding out that resulted from this struggle, those who were unable to succeed on the regular circuit turned their attention to other lines or to exploiting new territory. Several months ago one of the illustrated journals contained an account of a floating theater that is to say, a steamboat with a stage and theatrical troupe—which, it appears, plays regular stands at the small towns along the Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers. The enterprise was spoken of as entirely new and original, when, as a matter of fact, during the late seventies "floating circus and menagerie, street parade, balloon ascension, dime museum, and minstrels, all combined, possessing a magnificent steamboat," used to exhibit in the Mississippi River towns, from St. Paul to New Orleans. Just after the Civil War, balloon ascensions, which public taste and sentiment had first outlawed in England, and later in the Eastern States of this country, were very much in vogue in the South.

To-day the ring performances are vastly improved; and although modern showmen are no longer under the necessity of advertising their exhibitions as "great moral attractions," nevertheless, by eliminating that relic and survival of the merry-andrew of Elizabethan England, the talking clown, and his vulgar jokes and obscene

gibes, the moral tone of the ring-side has undergone a decided improvement from what it was in the days of Titus, Weeks, Spaulding, and Rice. Moreover, the circus has reached such proportions that when Mr. Bailey took his show to Berlin some years ago, the people returned to their homes after the street parade, thinking they had seen all that he had advertised. Mr. Bailey relates these facts in his prospectus, stating that, as a result of the failure of Europeans to appreciate what Dan Rice called "a bedizened and loud outside advertisement on wheels," the free parade was discontinued, and the band-

wagons placed under a separate canvas as part of the general exhibit.

Although the circus is an institution peculiarly and typically American, over ninety per cent. of the circus performers and specialists are foreigners. Mr. Bailey calls attention to this in his prospectus, stating that in Europe the struggle for existence is so sharp that people will attempt things in which failure means death, and which no American would think of undertaking, in order to fit themselves for the trapeze or the ring of some American circus, where they are certain of a good salary.



BOXING CLOWNS

# **BOOKS AND SEASONS**

### BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

WHEN daffodils are out, and tender veil
Of green mists all the willows by the brook,
Our hearts are drawn to thy beloved book,
Wordsworth, thou prophet of the hill and dale!
When riper Summer sweeps her scented gale
Above the rose deflowered, our senses steep
Themselves in verses deep and calm as sleep—
Shelley's "Alastor," Spenser's faery tale.
When Autumn whistles shrill, its skies invite
Heine's chill smile and Omar's smiling sigh.
To the warm hearth-fire on a Winter's night
The Roman and the Florentine draw nigh.
Each poet claims a season for his own—
Sweet Shakspere, the round year is thine alone.

### ONLY JULES VERBAUX

#### A STORY OF THE FAR NORTHWEST

#### BY LAWRENCE MOTT



OTHING had been seen or heard of Jules Verbaux since the time when, single-handed, he had captured the factor. Spurred on by the factor's offer of two hundred dollars

for his capture, dead or alive, the Indians of the post gave up trapping for a week and hunted far and wide for him, and, contrary to the custom of the posts, they were armed with rifles.

One by one, tired out and disheartened, the trappers gave up the search. As they came back, the factor interviewed each one, inquiring eagerly even for tracks of the man he wanted. The answers were all the same—nothing, absolutely nothing. Then he cursed them for a pack of lazy brutes, and swore that they had not hunted. Nothing more could be done in the matter, so it was dropped.

Whenever there were any Indians at the post, solemn meetings to talk over Verbaux's strange disappearance took place about the fires in the tepees outside of the stockade. The participants in these meetings would squat in a half-circle, and smoke, smoke, smoke, conversing in low tones. On a certain evening, Tritou, Le Grand, old Maquette, Le Hibou, and a newcomer at the post named Le Bossu because of the hump on his back, were sitting in Le Grand's tepee. Outside it was snowing hard; the great white flakes dropped so fast that at a distance of twenty feet a man was invisible. The air had a heavy, damp feeling, and Le Grand pulled the blanket which served as a door closer over the tepee entrance.

"Ce Verbaux Ah hear so mooch tell,

he beeg homme?" asked Le Bossu, after a long silence.

Le Grand nodded, and the Indians puffed on.

"He know hall dees territoire, an' he go fas' on de snow, hein?" asked Le Bossu again, and they all nodded.

"He ees vone beeg t'ief; he keel Manou, he steal, he ver' bad!" said Tritou.

"Vone lie, ça!" contradicted Le Grand when Tritou had finished speaking.

The latter looked up quickly. "V'at dat you say, Le Grand?"

"Ah say you mak' vone lie."

"V'y for you say dat moi, Trítou, mak' de lie?"

"Nev' min' v'at for. Ah say you mak' beeg lie v'en you parler dat vay de Verbaux. Ah say, an' Ah know v'at Ah say."

Tritou made no comment upon Le Grand's emphatic speech, and the conversation lapsed.

Le Bossu stared hard at the fire; then he shook himself, as though waking up.

"Ah goin' catch dees Verbaux," he said quietly.

The others smiled. "'Ow?" they asked.
"C'est mon affaire," answered the new
man; "but Ah'm goin' breeng heem halive
to la poste."

Le Grand looked keenly at the speaker; then, as though satisfied with his scrutiny, he chuckled. Nothing more was said, and one by one the trappers got up, wrapped their blankets round them, and passed out into the night and the snow, muttering, "Bon soi', Le Grand!"

Le Grand sat a long time alone; his eyes shone like a caribou's as the firelight danced and mirrored itself in the black depths; then he went to the flap and looked out. "Beeg storm," he said, half aloud, as he lay down on the heap of boughs that served him as a bed and drew the blankets over him.

At daylight next morning the post was astir. There was shouting of men and a scurrying about of women; the trappers came and went, carrying food and blankets to their tepees. The factor stood at the store entrance, checking off each Indian's load as he went out.

"Here, you humpback," he called, as Le Bossu passed with his supplies, "you got wan blanket too manny! Ye can't cheat me, ye son of a gun! Take it back to Maquette!"

In the yard trappers were getting their dogs into harness, and the din was great, what with the snarling and yelping of the brutes, the cries of children who clung tenaciously to the squaws' skirts, and the clang of the bell in the tower on the factor's house, which was calling the men for the start. At last all was ready: twenty-five men and eighteen dog-teams were assembled in front of the store, the men, cap in hand, waiting for the factor's final orders.

The sun shone warmly now, and the melting snow dripped comfortably from the store roof; a little breeze played daintily with the flag at the masthead, making it curl in graceful folds and letting it fall again. The factor held up his hand, and all was quiet.

"Now min'," he said, "get ye a lot o' fur better 'n lasht trip, or Oi 'll cut yer grub next toime. That 's all—except, av coorse, me two hunderd fer Verbaux shtands as I made ut; if anny o' ye sees 'im, don't dare come back widout 'im." He turned and went into the store.

"Who-o-o-e-e-e-e!" shouted the crowd, and with cries of "Au revoir!" "Adieu!" "Bonne chance!" from those leaving and from those that remained, the trappers urged on the dogs and scurried across the clearing into the woods. For some time their voices were borne faintly to the home crowd, who still clustered about the gate; then these died away, and every one scattered to his own duties.

"Ah t'ou't las' night vone beeg storm to-day," said Le Grand to the crowd, as they hurried along as fast as the heavy traveling and hard pulling for the dogs would allow. "Mais, by gar! de snow she ver' deep aujourd'hui!" he added. Snow-

shoes were of no service at all, and the Indians proceeded in single file, taking turns every few minutes at breaking trail.

"Ah t'ink heet goin' snow encore," suggested Le Bossu.

It looked as though it might; the sun had grown dim and misty, and the air was raw and chill. Huge masses of wet snow dropped continually from the trees—usually the sign of a coming storm. The atmosphere was thick and oppressive to the lungs, and the dogs were greatly distressed by it.

As the actual fall of snow did not come, the Indians hastened on, anxious to get as far as possible on their way before they would have to stop for the night.

The sky soon became dark, and twilight was very short; the men selected a sheltered ravine in which to spend the night, and the dogs were unharnessed from the sledges. They quickly dug holes for themselves, two or three in a hole, and curled down in them, leaving their furry backs showing over the surface. The trappers drew the sledges together and banked snow between them, forming an efficient wind-shield; then a big pile of wood was gathered and lighted. The glare of the flames reflected warm on their faces, and the long shadows kept up a merry dance as the men moved to and fro; the tree trunks stood out clear and strong in the ruddy light, and their branches seemed woven into a network of dark green that covered everything and shut out the dull, leaden skies.

Tea was soon ready in a lot of pannikins and kettles, and each man ate his supper with relish, for an all-day tramp on "breaking" snow was no easy work. The meal finished, they pulled out blankets from the bags, rolled themselves up, and in a little while everything was still, except the fire, which kept up its cheery crackling and popping. It had burned down nearly two feet, and the snow-water began to choke out its enthusiasm, when a big chunk, undermined by the heat, caved in, quenching it entirely with a loud hiss and splutter.

"Ugh-h! Ver' col'!" said Tritou, with a shiver, as he sat up about midnight and drew his blankets closer round him. "Heet snow, by diable! Dat too bad!" he added to himself when he saw the ghostly flakes dropping; then he went to sleep again.

"Hup, you mans!" called Le Hibou to the sleeping forms just as the first gray light crept through the spruce branches.

They moved and grumbled.

"Sacré! she mak' vone beeg lot snow las' nuit!" said Le Bossu, as he got up and yawned prodigiously. There had, indeed, been a heavy snowfall; the place where the fire had been was filled up smooth and white, and a big circular mound showed the location of the sledges. The dogs had kept themselves open to the air by throwing off the accumulating snow as it fell, and the sides of their nests were piled up like fox burrows.

"Dam'!" said Le Grand as a lump of snow fell into his tea from a branch overhead, splashing him with the steaming

drink.

Breakfast over, they dug out the sledges, sorted the teams, harnessed them, and started off.

The snow was three feet deeper than the day before, and the going was therefore much worse; the advance of the party was a slow and laborious one, the dogs sinking in to their bellies and floundering helplessly about, so that the men had to take hold of the traces and pull in order to move ahead at all.

"Sacré-e misère!" said Le Hibou, as he straightened up from the work and passed a rough sleeve over his face; "dat harrrd travaille!"

"Ai-hai!" answered the rest.

The day grew warmer as they proceeded, and it was hot work on the open barrens, where the sun shone with arctic brilliancy on the swearing, sweating crowd.

"Vone t'ing ees good," said Le Bossu, as they all stopped for a breathing-spell: "dere veel be vone strong crrus' to-night. Ve go hall dark taime, and res' to-mor'. V'at you t'ink, vous autres, hein?"

"Hmm, toi Bossu! V'at you t'ink? Ve goin' work hall day, hall nuit? Nevaire!"

said Tritou.

"B'en, hall sam' to me! Ah goin' sauf mes dog': go hon ze crrus' to-night, and res' v'en ze sonne she ees so warrm. 'Ou go wit' me?" concluded Le Bossu.

"Ah go, Bossu," answered Le Hibou.

"Moi aussi," agreed another of the trappers, Dumois by name.

"Bon! Ve show to you 'ow to go fas' la nuit," laughed Le Bossu.

They struggled on all day; as the sun sank lower and lower, the melted surface of the snow hardened, and it soon held the teams up, though the men sank in it even with snow-shoes. At dark it set in very cold, and the frost particles covered the men's clothing with a shimmering coat.

They stopped for the night again, and after supper Le Hibou, Le Bossu, and Dumois went on alone. Traveling was good now, and the woods were more open, so the three made fast time of it. The stars shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and Dumois stopped the others on a barren they were then crossing to look at them.

"Ah t'ink mor' snow plent' queeck," he said; "go to ze ouest; ve strike Rivière

Noire by ze short trail, hein?"

"You know de vay, Dumois?"

"Certainement. Ah go dat chemin t'ree year hago; Ah remembaire sans doute." With these assurances as to his powers of guiding, Dumois swung his team due west, and struck out at a smart pace, the two others following closely.

Their shadowy figures rose and fell over the undulations of the barren, to the click, click, click of the snow-shoes and the sharp patter of the dogs' nails on the crust. A dim thing scurried away in front of Dumois, and before he could catch hold of the sledge his dogs were off in howling pursuit, Dumois after them, yelling curses

and commands to stop. "Black fox, mabbe," said Le Hibou, as he and Le Bossu turned off slightly and followed the sound of Dumois's voice. They came up to him, and he was using his whip freely. "Tu loup!" he shouted at the big leader of the team. "Ah show toi to ronne so haftaire dam' fox!" and the lash whistled through the night air; the brute snarled a little as he felt the sting, but he knew that he had done wrong, and his tail trailed dejectedly on the snow. "Maintenant, starrt!" said Dumois, when the team was straightened out. He looked up at the stars as he spoke; they were less brilliant, and sometimes they disappeared entirely when snow-clouds drifted between them and the earth.

"C'est ça; ve go dees chemin," he said, when he had studied out his bearings.

"Mais, Dumois, you no go directe, comme befor?" interposed Le Bossu.

Dumois smiled at him derisively, and the other said no more.

They traveled on hour after hour; no one spoke, saving breath for the swift pace. Dumois stopped and examined the heavens again; the stars were not to be seen, and a chill wind was blowing. He swung off a little to the left; the others made no comments, because they could not now, and the three went on and on, now through dense forests, as dark as pitch, where they had to slow down and feel their way, and again across gray-white barrens where the wind tossed the drift into whirling clouds and carried it along in its arms.

They came suddenly to a deep gorge. Dumois stopped, and looked at it with

growing fear in his eyes.

"Dere no ravine near to Rivière Noire," he muttered to himself; then he turned to the others, who stood waiting behind him. "Ah 'm los'," he said quietly.

"Ve go back," suggested Le Bossu.

In silence the three turned the dogs on the back trail.

It had begun to snow, a little at first, then faster and faster; the flakes whirled and tumbled over one another in their long race to the earth. It fell cold and clammy on the men's faces as they breasted their way against the wind, and they wound their mufflers close up to their eyes. A big hill loomed in front of them, like some black monster; they had fought their way for two hours against the storm and were tired out.

"V'at dat?" said Dumois in a helpless way.

No one answered.

"Ve bes' res' here de nuit," finally suggested Le Hibou, in a dull voice.

They made camp as well as they could. No wood was to be seen, and they did not dare search for any, as the snow fell so thickly that a man could easily be lost fifty feet from the others. They ate a cold, cheerless meal, and having fed the dogs from their supply, they pulled their blankets about them and slept. All night the white flakes came and spread themselves thickly over everything; the wind blew dismally; and the dogs huddled as close together as they could.

In the morning Dumois climbed up on the hill. As far as he could see through the infolding shrouds of snow was a bleak, strange country; no sign, no shadowy suspicion of forest anywhere. He went down

and told the others.

"Vaire you t'ink ve go?" asked Le Hibou.

Dumois and Le Bossu thought, and drew lines on the snow with their fingers; then Le Bossu said, "Par là!" pointing to the right.

"Non, par ici—dees vay!" said Dumois,

pointing to the left.

Le Hibou looked at their lines on the snow-chart, and drew some of his own. "En avant!" was his decision, after he finished his calculations.

"Non, by gar! Ah no vant die los'!" shouted Dumois. "Ah go mon chemin!"

He fastened his dogs to his sledge, and the others imitated him mechanically; then the three started off to the left. On and on they went, over hills and down ravines, up clefts in the snow gorges, and across wind-swept barrens; and always the snow came and covered their tracks as fast as they made them.

They did not even stop for food; the snow grew deeper and heavier; it clogged their way, piled itself on their snow-shoes, and heaped in soggy masses in front of the sledges; the dogs gave up one by one, exhausted.

"Impossible!" said Dumois, after trying valiantly to drag the dogs and sledge, too, by his own strength. "Ve res' teel la neige she stop, hein?" he suggested.

Le Hibou and Le Bossu agreed by not contradicting, and the three made a rude shelter with the sledges and some spare blankets.

Le Hibou searched for his food-bag. "Bon Dieu!" he said, with white face. "Ah geeve to Tritou, v'en ve starrt yes'-day, ma food, becaus' hees sled ees mor' leet'den mine, an' Ah took hees blankeets."

The night before they had eaten of Dumois's provisions, as his bag had been more accessible than that of either of the others, so this calamity had not been discovered. Dumois looked in his bag; there was little left. The entire party had intended to reach Les Petites Colignes in four days, and had taken just enough food per man to do it, as there was at that place a big cache of flour, tea, and six caribou carcasses. Le Bossu's bag was still untouched, but it contained very little to feed three men and eighteen dogs for no one knew how long. They had plenty of blankets, and the mockery of it was terrible. They divided the food sparingly, and fed the



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SUDDENLY, WITHOUT A SOUND OF ANY KIND, A FIGURE STOOD BEFORE THEM"

dogs separately, a handful of dried meat to each.

Another night passed, and morning brought the same old story—snow, snow, snow, falling, dropping, tumbling in ceaseless, noiseless quantities. They stayed there all that day, and the food supply dwindled, even though they took but very little of it twice only in the twenty-four hours. On the fourth day of their captivity the food was all gone, and they drew lots to see who should kill one of his dogs; Dumois was drawn, and he cut the throat of one of his team, tears streaming down his face as he did so. "Blanchette, poor beas'! Ah'm désolé!" he said hoarsely.

And still it snowed. The surface of the barren was much higher than it had been. The cold was intense, and in desperation Le Hibou smashed his sledge, tore a blanket in strips, and made a fire; they husbanded the feeble flames with tender care; but it was out all too soon, and they shivered again in their covers.

Afternoon came, and the snow relaxed somewhat. The men, weak from lack of food and almost numb, were about to smash up another sledge, when suddenly, without a sound of any kind, a figure stood before them. It was a tall, gaunt figure with curious wide snow-shoes on his feet. The face was muffled entirely, only the gray eyes showing. As the three stared in wonderment, half believing it a myth, the figure spoke:

"You los', n'est-ce pas? Comme wid me!"

"Who ees eet?" whispered Le Bossu.
"Ah don' know!" answered Dumois, with awe in his voice.

The stranger helped them gather the dogs together and fasten their belongings on the two sledges that were left. "Viens!" he said when all was ready, and started off on what seemed to the lost men their back trail. This strange being exerted a curious power over them: he did not speak, but they felt security in his presence. They staggered on, he helping first one, then the other, digging out the sledges when they sank in the drifts and coaxing on the dogs by soft noises in his throat which they seemed to know.

When night closed down hard and fast he stopped.

They were in the woods, and the stranger helped them again by gathering a lot

of fire-wood. As it blazed up he spoke: "Stay here teel day. Ah comme back een mornin'."

Then he let his food-bag fall from his shoulder, and went off into the black depths of the forest, stirring up clouds of snow-dust that scintillated and shone in the firelight as he went.

The three stared at one another.

"Dat le bon Dieu!" whispered Le Bossu, crossing himself.

They took off their caps and repeated the Ave Maria, intoning it softly; then they looked into the bag the stranger had left. It contained food,—plenty of food,—and they fell on it eagerly, ferociously, as only starving men can; the dogs were also fed, and the fire was well built up; then they curled in their blankets and went to sleep, thanking the Holy Mother for her mercy.

"TAIME to go," said a voice, and they woke to find the stranger with them again. He had built the breakfast fire, and water was boiling in the pannikins. While they ate, and watched him with pious awe, he got the dogs together and harnessed them.

"Allons!" he said, and started on. The snow was not so deep in the woods, and the three had had a good night's rest, so they were able to follow fast. At noon the figure stopped again. "Le chemin—de trail!" he said.

Le Hiboulooked up and saw the blazes on the trees. "C'est le chemin—le chemin!" he cried, and fell on his knees in the snow. Le Bossu and Dumois knelt, too. "Merci, Seigneur bon Dieu!" they said to the stranger.

He laughed softly, and unwound the muffler that had so successfully hidden his face.

"No le bon Dieu," he said quietly—
"onlee Jules Verbaux."

The three stared as though bewitched; then Le Bossu got up slowly, walked over, and held out his hand.

"Verbaux," he said huskily, "Ah hear mooch bad de toi; mais Ah say dat you have vone grand beeg hearrt!"

Jules smiled and waved his hand to the southward.

"Go! Allez! sauf to de post."

Silently the men filed off, following the blazed trail; in a few minutes they looked back, but he was gone.



BRADLEY'S MILL-POND: OIL-PAINTING BY HENRY W. RANGER

# THE CHOOSING OF LOZUMY BROWDER

#### BY ALICE MACGOWAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



LOZUMY

'THEY'S both sech good matches, an' Lozumy's so cold an' 'don't keer'— as indiff'ent to the one as to t' other. Sis plumb pesters me that a-way. She says she druther stay with her maw; she don't keer fer no man."

The Widow Browder fluttered her turkey-tail fan with an air of importance. Who, indeed, had a better right to feel important than the mother of a daughter with two such suitors?

"An' you think you 'll call a meetin'

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'YOU WOULD! AW-HAW-HAW! W'Y, PAP JOHN! WOULD YOU - WOULD YOU?""

for to let the elders decide hit?" in an awe-struck voice.

"Well, I don't see how else, an' hit 's wearin' me to skin an' bone," with an air of chastened enjoyment. "The sufferin's o' them two pore men! Of all o' Sis's love-yers,"—the widow spoke as though their name had been legion,—"these outsuffers anything I ever saw. I got to have relief. I jes got to have some man-persons to he'p decide."

"I should think Lozumy might—" hinted the other.

"Aw, Lozumy! Don't I tell you she won't look at nary one on 'em—any more'n she's ever looked at any of the others?"

Again the intimation that her daughter's opportunities for marriage were notoriously numerous.

Lozumy Browder was a slim, delicatefeatured girl, quiet-footed, low-voiced, and with a look and air of unusual refinement for a mountain woman. "Meaching," her detractors called her. That "head of an unknown Florentine woman" which has come down to us through the years might stand for a likeness of Lozumy, with its wonderful purity of form, the exquisite lines of neck, head, and shoulders, and those strange, narrow eyes—those eyes scarcely more than slits, with the downdrooped lids. And Lozumy seemed to find her way about without looking, for her eyes were eyer upon the floor.

Amanda Browder began with her daughter as a very practical enterprise, the idea being to place her well in life; she ended by making of Lozumy a cult, a passion. It was a passion which gave no heed to the welfare, or even to the comfort, of its object, which sought only its own gratification and aggrandizement. As it is everywhere with the professional beauty, the reigning belle, there were girls in the Turkey Tracks who were prettier, girls who had more; but Lozumy was rendered

by her mother's manœuvers the choicest. She was the maidenly measure, the pattern to go by, the article as it ought to be.

There was more glory, however, in this campaign than substance. As a matter of fact, this paragon among mountain girls had come to be nearly twenty-three years old and unwed. The game had been kept up as long as was safe; and, if Mandy

Browder had allowed herself to look at it frankly, without real success. Good husbands more than one had she seen take up with girls of inferior claims, but of whom they had not been made afraid. Now the daughter had two suitors. The one was Jasper Drane, a preacher who had buried his first wife and had three small children, to whose needs it was



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
""HIT 'S ME YOU WANT, LOZUMY--YOU KNOW HIT 'S ME YOU 'VE
BEEN A-WANTIN' ALL, ALONG!"



thought Lozumy's virtues were well fitted to minister. The girl was a famous churchworker; indeed, anybody but Lozumy Browder would have been considered over-active for an unwedded female. Altogether, the Widow Browder, the Reverend Jasper Drane, and a large contingent of Little Shiloh people regarded the match as most suitable. What Lozumy thought did not appear.

The other suitor was Berry Loveland, a careless, confident fellow, with curling red hair and blue eyes that laughed, showing a strain of that blood which has left in the southern Appalachees the Bridgets and Patricks, the red hair and tilted noses. Berry had been in the war. Few mountaineers went into the army. Owning no slaves, a people apart, they seemed to feel that the question which was being fought out on bloody fields did not appertain to them. And so Berry Loveland was the only man in all the two Turkey Tracks who had been through the war.

The choice (not Lozumy's choice, but the Widow Browder's) lay between these two who had been temerarious enough to sue for Lozumy Browder's hand—the preacher, because he esteemed nothing in the way of a wife too ambitious for his office and his person; Berry, because he was heartily and whole-souledly in love with the slim, soft-spoken piece of young womanhood. The widow, fully realizing that her celebrity, her pearl of maidens, once reduced to the commonplace of wifehood her occupation would be gone, was bent upon making much of this last office. She stated continually in Lozumy's presence that that damsel could not make up her mind between her two suitors.

The widow applied to every old father in Israel for counsel in the matter. At the last she evolved the plan of holding an informal meeting, at her house, of the elders and officers of the church, for the purpose of a final decision. When Lozumy was inquired of as to her views, she cast down her eyes and replied demurely that she reckoned that was the best way. She was sure she did n't care, so her maw was pleased and the elders were satisfied with her

When the news of this precious meeting was brought to him, with the request that he attend, coming late to hear the decision, poor Berry was in despair. He found no

help in Lozumy. To his direct attacks the girl replied evasively, looking at him out of the corners of her long eyes with a look of indecipherable significance—a glance which disturbed, but did not direct, him. The lady he would have desired to make his mother-in-law addressed him in a tone which exasperated while it deeply puzzled him—the hushed voice in which we speak to one under deep affliction, desiring him to come after the meeting, as though she were inviting him to his own funeral. Altogether Berry could make nothing whatever of the situation.

In this emergency he went to Pap Overholt, as did every young fellow from Little Turkey Track to Tatum's, from Big Buck Gap to the Fur Cove. Pap John, with his crown of silver hair above a rosy face, with his kind, fond blue eyes that yet twinkled, and his proneness to an innocent joke, childless Pap John, whose children were so many, was standing counsel to all the youth in Cupid's toils throughout the Turkey Tracks. And Pap John listened, between mirth and impatience, to Berry's story.

"Gwine to have a meetin'! Gwine to decide hit in a meetin'! Berry, yo' po' forsaken gump! Hain't you got no mo' sense than to believe that, Berry?"

"W'y, hit 's true, Pap John—hit 's a fac', ez shore ez I set here. They gwine to have a meetin' at Sis Mandy Browder's to decide whether Lozumy shill have me er Brother Jasper Drane."

"Berry,"—and Pap John's eyes dwelt with affectionate contempt on the big fellow,—"Berry Loveland, don't you know sech a thing ain't never settled in no meetin'? The feller that a gal wants ain't never a-gwine to be picked out by a lot o' old tads."

"You reckon not, Pap John?"

"Reckon not? Co'se not! Why for the meetin'? Let the gal take him, ef that 's all. The idee of a meetin'—"

"But there 's a-gwine to be a meetin', Pap John. W'y, you 're a-gwine to be asked."

"Yes, an' I 'll vote ag'in' ye."

"W'y, Pap! W'y, Pap John—"

"I will, shore 's my name 's Overholt, ef you set round like a bump on a log—"

"But, Pap, hold on thar. I hain't set like ary bump on a log. I tried to talk to Lozumy. Hit—hit ain't like—why, I was afeard to tetch her- Hit ain't like she

was jes any gal. She-"

"Oh, yer granny's sunbonnet, she ain't like other gals! She 's jes like any other gal—only mo' so, ef anything. And you want to treat her like you was a man, Berry Loveland." Pap. John glanced cautiously about, ascertained that his wife was not within hearing, then leaned forward and spoke long and earnestly, tapping Berry from time to time sharply on the knee.

"You would! Aw-haw-haw! W'y, Pap John! Would you—would you?"

"That 's jes what I 'd do," responded the old man, leaning back now in his splintbottomed chair, and tucking his thumbs into his vest—" jes what I 'd do; an' ef—"

Aunt Cornelia came in from the kitchen. "Now, pap—now, pap," she reproved, at a venture.

"Yes, Cornely," responded her husband without turning his head. "I ain't a-keerin'. You said you was willin' to sell the brin'le cow, an'—"

"Hit 's more 'n brin'le cows that sets you to tee-heein' an' haw-hawin' like I heard you," opined Aunt Cornelia, severely.

When she had retired once more to the kitchen, the two heads—the old one with its crown of snowy hair, the young one with its red curls—were once more leaned together, and the project which had so startled Berry Loveland was thoroughly discussed. "That 's how I would go to Texas, ef hit was me a-goin'," concluded Pap John.

The council at Sister Mandy Browder's had been set for Thursday. On Wednesday Berry rode to the settlement, returning to his cabin late that night. Thursday afternoon, Lozumy, walking swiftly down the path to the spring, bucket in hand, was suddenly confronted by Berry Loveland, who stepped out from the bushes along

the pathside.

The girl started back a little, then quickly lowered her eyes, the rare red flooding her delicate face. She stole a glance from an eye corner at the man before her; something unusual in his bearing stirred her quiet pulses. It was never Lozumy's way to speak first; but Berry, led by an infallible instinct, stood confronting her so long in a sort of aggressive silence that she finally uttered a "Well?"

Berry's glance traveled boldly over the

slim figure—a glance of jealous, masterful ownership. With a quick, almost threatening motion he leaned forward, caught the pail from her nerveless hand, lifted it above his head at arm's height, and sent it spinning over into the huckleberry bushes; then turned and looked into her face, echoing, "Well! An' so they 's a-holdin' their meetin' up yon"—jerking his red curls toward the Browder cabin—"to see whether you 're to marry Jap Drane er me?"

"Yes," murmured Lozumy; but there was less than the usual measure of demureness, of quiet assurance, in the tone.

"Well, we 've got a meetin'—right here an' now. Hit 's a-plenty to settle that question. Hit 's more 'n a-plenty—one 's enough. I 've done settled hit myse'f."

The girl flashed a startled upward glance at him; again the red rose slowly in her face, warming and brightening it, making it live. "Why, Berry," she began, with a poor semblance of her usual bridling and mincing protest—"why, Berry Love—"

"You're a-gwine to marry me—that's who," declared the man, gaining strength and assurance as he saw her losing them. With a swift gesture he pushed back her sunbonnet, took her in his arms, and kissed her—kissed Lozumy Browder, the pattern of an unapproachable virgin! "Hit's me you want, Lozumy—you know hit's me you've been a-wantin' all along," and he drew her to him imperiously.

"Yes, Berry," she whispered meekly.

"You 're a-gwine to marry me," he repeated.

"Yes, Berry," again the girl whispered.
"When—how air we a-gwine—"

"Right now. I've got my nag—an' one fer you—tied over yon, 'mongst them persimmon-trees. Here 's the license. I got hit yesterday. We 're a-gwine—right this minute—to Squire Tatum's."

"Yes, Berry—we 're 'bleeged to be mighty quick." And Lozumy's willingness held an alacrity which was a new

element in the girl's manner.

"God bless you, honey; I e'en a'most thought I'd lost you!" ejaculated Berry, and, bending his tall head, he kissed Lozumy again, fervently.

"I was mighty 'fraid you had, Berry," she said in his ear, her voice as naïve as

a child's.

Up at the Browder cabin the meeting

was in progress, with the Widow Browder in her apogee. Her cherished career was about to end, but to end gloriously, to burst in rainbow splendors, rocket-wise. There under her roof, engaged solely upon her affairs, were nine of the oldest, the most weighty, and most prominent men in all the Turkey Track neighborhood. It was the age, dignity, and wisdom of the region giving itself to the consideration and the elucidation of Mandy Browder's problem, and the widow swelled with importance beyond what she had yet known. At first she was somewhat disturbed at Lozumy's absence. She had looked for her in the girl's own little room in the lean-to, and had been first to the back door, then to the front door, a dozen times; but had finally concluded that Sis was so tender-hearted and so sorter skeered that a-way, 'at likely it was better they should go forrud without her. "More 'n likely she's done hid herself, anyhow," she added.

Among the old, gray-haired fellows there assembled, there was a half-confessed feeling that this business was in truth no business of theirs, and a thing to be settled between the two persons whom alone it really concerned. Yet it is scarcely human nature to decline a dignity thrust upon one—to fail to judge for another what he avows himself incapable of judging for himself. And then there was Pap Overholt to check any disposition toward withdrawal. From the first Pap John led the cause of Jasper Drane, advocating it loudly—so loudly that the elders of the church could scarcely hesitate when a mere layman insisted with such earnestness upon the superior claims of a preacher. Pap John's course did seem somewhat extreme, in view of his well-known personal fondness for Berry Loveland; yet that his view was the correct one no man there present was prepared to deny; and the decision the unanimous decision - for the Reverend Jasper Drane had been for some minutes a fixed fact. That worthy had just arrived to hear it, when the door opened and Berry Loveland walked in with Lozumy herself.

Mandy had been sitting somewhat apart (as befitted a modest female), the rich complacency of her countenance discreetly modified by the plaintive "widder" expression. At this strange interruption, her face showed startled and almost natural.

She rose and fluttered anxiously toward Lozumy, her eyes fixed on Berry. "W'y, Mr. Loveland, we—w'y, we did n't—" She broke down, and started afresh with somewhat more of assurance. "I'm right sorry to say, Mr. Loveland, that our friends here—the elders—has decided ag'inst you—not meanin', of co'se, anything ag'inst you yo'se'f. But a preacheh—a minister of God— Hit's true you fit in the war, and no doubt you done hit fer yo' country; but whilst you have killed po' mortal bodies, Brotheh Jaspeh Drane he saves immortal souls. And so we have decided—"

"Jap Drane is fifteen years older than Lozumy," interrupted Berry, sharply; and a little thrill ran through the crowd of graybeards. They had thought of that.

"I do not see that the matter of a few years of airthly life—" began the widow;

but Berry cut in again.

"Drane has buried one wife. Let him marry Samanthy's sister Randy. She 's been tendin' to them chaps o' hisn ever sence Samanthy died, in hopes all along 'at he 'd marry her. She 's wropped up in them big, rampin', stampin' boys o' Drane's. They hain't no reason why Lozumy should go and slave her life out like Samanthy done—"

Pap Overholt, in an inconspicuous corner, was endeavoring to veil the flaming delight of his countenance, trembling as one might imagine a volcano trembling, making ready for eruption. Every old fellow in the group had pricked up his ears, leaned forward, and was now looking eagerly for the outcome of this singular encounter.

"Well, hit shorely ain't nothin' to you, Berry Loveland, what Lozumy does, nor yit where she goes. She ain't a-gwine to have you. What you got to say?" The widow's sugary tones had an astonishing

rasp in them.

"Nothin' much—only that Lozumy and me—we had a little meetin' of our own, and, as you say, 'decided' in favor of Berry Loveland. To spar' all argument, we jes stepped over to Squire Tatum's and was married. Thar 's the papers," and he laid down the license and the certificate. "And we air a-gwine to leave fer Texas to-morrow. You axed me what I come fer. Wal, I'll ainswer you. We jes come fer Lozumy's little fixin's. She did n't want to go clean out to Texas without

some of her things. Run along, Lozumy honey, and git yer little passel right quick."

Youthful fire is contagious. Pap Overholt was in frank convulsions of mirth as the demure Lozumy flitted from the room at her husband's word. The elders looked at one another, at the Widow Browder's blank face, then at Jasper Drane's back as he left the room, and gave way to discreet chuckles. It was evident that they had never had any relish for the Drane match.

Berry's generous heart smote him.

"Mother," he said, and moved a step toward the Widow Browder, both hands stretched forth. He had outwitted her; he was taking Lozumy; he might think her heartless, might not like her methods, but he pitied her; he would have pitied any one who had to lose Lozumy. His blue eyes looked kindly at her. "Mother," he said.

Amanda Browder—beyond doubt the true Amanda Browder now, sans affectations of all sorts, while the assembled dignity and wisdom of the two Turkey Tracks gazed with interest at this exposition of the real woman—flew upon Berry in the manner of an exasperated hen, crying:

"Don't you 'mother' me, you impident, no-account. triflin'—"

The erstwhile council was a circle of more or less ill-concealed grins. Her rejected and repudiated son-in-law, ducking his head and shoulders a little, and wearing the smile of the victorious and therefore tolerant, made no response whatever. A few minutes later Lozumy slipped into the room, and, putting a bundle in her big husband's hands, turned quietly to say good-by to her mother.

"No," asseverated the irate widow; "I ain't gwine to say good-by to nobody. I'm completely outdone—I 'm scan'alized! Hit 'll be the death of me! I—I 'm a-gwine to have a sinkin'-spell right now! I feel a flutterin'—" (Lozumy quietly kissed at a passing glimpse of the widow's cheek, and, catching Berry's hand, drew him from the room and so to horse and away.) "Oh, I feel a flutterin'! I'm a—

I 'm a—"

"Sister Browder," counseled Pap John Overholt, coming forward, and nodding to the others to withdraw and wait for him outside—"Sister Browder, ef I was you, I would n't have nary sinkin'-spell at all. They 's some kinds o' sickness—some sort er ailments—'at hit ain't no good to have less 'n they 's folks around to take notice; an' sinkin'-spells is one o' them kind."

The widow emitted an inarticulate sound, and looked threatening. The old man hastened to say, "S'pose we-all had 'a' picked on Berry? Ye 'd 'a' been right

whar ye air now, would n't ye?"

There was no reply. "Mandy," murmured Pap John, bending close to the Widow Browder, his big blond face illuminated with a quizzical smile—"le' me tell you, Mandy: ef you want a wife fer Jasper Drane so mightily, an' ef you air so sot on havin' a preacher in the family, why not jes take Jap yo'se'f? Yo' plenty young fer him, an' mighty good-lookin'—jes like you always was. I says to him, when he named it to me, 'Ax her,' says I. An' here he is. He 's a-waitin' to ax ye—"

The widow bridled and made to shove Pap John with her hand. "Git along with you, John Overholt! I'm plumb outdone with you—I'm scan'alized!"

But her eyes stealthily sought the bit of looking-glass over the chimney, and then quested toward the door, where the Reverend Mr. Drane's tall figure lingered; the hand with which she pushed at pap's big shoulder waggled very gently; and Pap John left an interesting tableau in the Browder kitchen as he turned away. The widow was blushing like a girl,—she had forgotten how to blush during the years in which she had been pushing her daughter's matrimonial fortunes,—and Drane's big "exhortin'" voice, ineffectually reduced for the occasion, came out to Pap John in this one sentence:

"An' oh, law, Mandy, s'posin' I had 'a' went on an' wed that po' light-minded chile, that 's yit in the gall o' bitterness an' the bounds o' sin, when all along hit was you I was a-wantin'—an' a-co'tin'—only I never knowed hit!"



## WHEN CLOTHES UNMADE THE MAN

#### BY CAROLINE C. LOCKHART



OU don't approve of me when I ride cross-saddle and pepper rabbits with my shot-gun, do you?"

The girl turned in her highpommeled, high-cantled Gallup saddle and asked the question half defiantly, half appealingly. The man riding beside her avoided her eyes and looked over the expanse of Nebraska prairie, where the sleek sides of many cattle shone like satin in the

"Well, you see," he answered evasively, the girls around here don't do it."

"Because they can't," was the tart response.

"And it makes people talk," he continued.

"Do you care for that?"

"Yes; I mind what people say."

"So do I; but it depends upon what they say, and who says it. If cultivated people should say, 'Hélène Prescott has no breeding,' 'Hélène Prescott is an ill-natured gossip,' 'Hélène Prescott has n't good taste,' I should mind very much. But when I am criticized by the partly educated women of this Nebraska village because my tastes differ from their own, I do not mind. For I know what they do not—that there are in the United States no more prudish women than many good women of the Middle West, who carry conventionality to an extreme in their effort to be correct.

"Because no one in Chalk Mound ever saw a woman ride cross-saddle, it does not follow that no woman does ride crosssaddle. If I prefer my dog and gun to drawn-work doilies and cable-stitch sweaters, I am not necessarily disreputable. Do you yourself object to what I do, or do you object because you dislike to have me lay myself open to criticism?"

The man combed his pony's mane with his gloved fingers and hesitated. When he spoke, it was with a German accent, perceptible only when he was embarrassed.

"I think a woman's place is in the house," he said, "cooking and sewing and busying herself indoors. I don't like to see her out in the sun getting all tanned up, and maybe breaking some of her bones on a mean horse."

"So all the weeks I 've been riding with you after the cattle, and so happy and content, you 've been criticizing me and thinking how much better I would look frying doughnuts and making gingham shirts like the women you know."

"No, not that exactly," he said. "I mean, it does n't seem a woman's place to

ride and shoot like you do."

Hélène's face grew scarlet at the criticism of her womanliness, and she looked past him, across the prairie, with proud eyes. The ponies shambled along in their running walk toward a rapidly growing speck on the horizon.

"Would n't you give it up if you were to marry?" He asked the question earnestly.

"No; certainly not."

Hélène sat erect, and her chin was high. If she had said, "Yes," she knew he would have asked her to marry him. Her pride was cut to the quick. "He wants a house-keeper, not a sweetheart—a comrade," she thought bitterly. "Prudent, but not romantic, certainly."

The man's ancestry had betrayed itself in his question. It was the caution of the Pennsylvania German which had spoken, the thrifty, unimaginative Berks County

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farmer, who chooses his wife because of her domestic virtues, not because of his personal preference. Hélène knew he was not her equal in birth or breeding, but, like the ranch life, he had seemed to throw a spell over her from the beginning. She had come from a long residence in New York and London to her brother's ranch, and he was her brother's partner in the purchase of the great herd of cattle inclosed within sixty miles of wire fence.

She was in love with the freedom and activity of the life, which was new to her. In it she found an outlet for her innate restlessness. The strong, broad-shouldered cattleman who daily rode beside her appealed to all in her nature which was romantic. In admiring his fearlessness, his horsemanship, his skill with rope and rifle, she overlooked the carelessness of his English, his ignorance of her world, his limitations. She was lenient, as a woman is toward the man who attracts her.

Karl Stadler was picturesque as he galloped beside her, the wide brim of his felt hat turned from his brown face, a black silk kerchief knotted loosely about his neck, his spurs jangling like a knight's of old, and the girl often gave him sidelong glances of admiration.

"It's Rosa Kaufman," said Karl, breaking the silence as the speck on the horizon became a top-buggy driven by a woman. "She said she would be over to-day to invite us to a 'dance in the brush.'"

A certain consciousness in his voice made Hélène look at him. She felt a sudden tightening at her heart when she saw a dull red creep through his tan.

The buxom girl in the buggy was health itself. Her cheeks glowed under the brim of a man's felt hat; she was thick of waist, with wrists and hands like a man's. She wore brown cotton gloves and a brown cotton veil to preserve her complexion. Her neck-bangs, recently released from curling-tins, stood out like a bunch of tumbleweed.

"Happy to meet you," said Miss Kaufman, with a bow not quite to the dashboard. "Mis' Mumford, up to the ranchhouse, said you was out about somewheres, so I drove over. I'm gettin' up a dance to-night down on the platform to our crick; so I come to see if you could n't come to-night along." Though speaking to Hélène, she looked at Karl.

"I should like to go," said Hélène, simply, "if Karl will take me."

"It's goin' to be a dress-up affair. You'll see considerable style." Miss Kaufman's tone was complacency itself, and she looked hard at Hélène's divided skirts and high laced boots. "Lillie Krouse is goin' to wear her black net. Say, Karl, this horse pulls like sixty; can't you drive me to the house?"

Hélène's lip curled at the clumsy subterfuge, but she said quickly: "Yes, go. I will lead your horse."

Rosa, elated at what she considered a victory, laughed boisterously at nothing, and coquetted in a ponderous fashion Karl had once thought charming. He could not laugh at her sallies to-day, and he looked into her radiant face with moody Her humor was pointless after Hélène's wit; her vivacity seemed forced and foolish in comparison with Hélène's simplicity. "And, Gott!" he almost ejaculated, "what a foot!" It rested on the iron foot-rest in the buggy like his mother's apple-butter stirrer which hung in the cellar at home. He wondered vaguely why he had never before noticed what a difference there was in feet. But Rosa could cook. Himmel! Her panhas was like angel's food, her liverwurst was the talk of the town, and the scraps she threw away would not keep a snowbird alive. His mother expected him to marry Rsoa Kaufman, Rosa expected it, and he intended it himself. He had almost made a fool of himself, he thought, and asked a woman to marry him who hated to sew and who rode astride. He felt that this was the time to speak and put himself out of temptation; but, someway, the words stuck in his throat—they would not come.

"Rosa," he said at last, with visible effort. She moved closer, which annoyed him. Then he added: "You and I have known—"

"Whoopee!" Hélène's voice rang out like a bugle, and she waved her hand as she dashed past recklessly, both horses on a run.

She was slim and graceful, and as picturesque as Karl himself. The way her long braid of hair swept the horse's back fascinated him.

Rosa giggled and dropped her eyelids modestly. "Don't it look awful to see a girl ride straddle?" she asked.

"It's the only way to ride these tricky Western horses," he replied curtly.

It was of no use: he could not ask her to-day. He would ask her surely; but to-morrow, next week, only not to-day.

The ache in Hélène's heart, the humiliation which filled her, was intense.

"Accomplishments, breeding, congeniality, mean nothing to him," she thought as she shook the reins on her horse's neck, finding relief in the wild dash.

"He is n't worth it—he is n't worth it!" she cried aloud; "but I love him!"

Rosa's vivacity deserted her after Karl's championship of Hélène, and her mood became a plain sulk. At the corral gate she refused almost rudely Hélène's invitation to stay for dinner.

"I made her mad," Karl explained, apologetically, to Hélène as Rosa hit her horse a vicious clip with the whip and rattled away.

The usual uproar prevailed at the dinner-table. Hélène's appreciation of the little Mumfords' youthful wit always inspired them to do their worst. But, in spite of the hilarity, Karl felt that a change had come over Hélène. There was a certain reserve, an intangible withdrawing of herself, which he realized but could not put in words. She was friendly, but the essence, the inwardness, of the comradeship was gone. He felt isolated, shut off, as though she had gone away and left with him only the memory of what had been. She was there and she was not there, and he was filled with a vague sense of discontent. She did not ride with him in the afternoon, for the first time since she had come. "I must rest for the evening," she explained pleasantly. This was plausible, but as he galloped away alone he felt as though a cloud had come over the sun.

Black-eyed Susans were only black-eyed Susans without Hélène to tell him how beautiful they were as they looked up at him through the long prairie-grass. A coyote was only a mangy beast, not to be noticed, when Hélène was not there to grow wild over the excitement of a chase. A jack-rabbit sitting on its haunches, its long ears alert, was not funny when Hélène was not there to laugh. And the manœuvers of the breachy steer, that could crawl under or jump over any fence ever built, were of no interest without Hélène to help outwit him. As the afternoon wore on and

his loneliness became almost overpowering, heretical thoughts came to him. He was rich—the richest man in many counties; was it necessary that his wife should know how to make liverwurst and sew? Was the companionship he missed so acutely not more important than hand-made shirts? Were her love of sport and outdoor life, her cross-saddle and her shot-gun, really so heinous as they appeared to the wives of the Lutheran minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and the editor of the "Chalk Mound Gazette"? He was bewildered; he did not know. He was sure, only, that the day was night without her.

Supper was over, dusk had fallen, and Karl, in the inevitable "top-buggy," sat in front of the ranch-house gate, waiting for Hélène. Squeals, shrieks, long-drawn howls, told him that the little Mumfords were in a tremendous state of excitement. At last they tumbled down the stairs together, their eyes fairly popping from their heads, and struggling manfully with a secret all but out.

"She 's ready!" gasped Annie and Petie and Letty, as they danced up and

down.

Hélène came from the house in a long dust-coat, a scarf of filmy lace thrown loosely over her hair. As they drove over the hard prairie road in the darkness, he had never known her spirits so high, her laugh so contagious, herself so lovable. He fought hard against telling her of his miserable afternoon, and of the hold which he had found she had upon him. But he stuck grimly to his determination to speak to Rosa Kaufman. Someway, it seemed easier to resolve to do without Hélène when she was with him than when he was actually without her.

They drove through the gate at the Kaufman farm and down to the creek, where moving lanterns glimmered like fireflies among the trees. A long row of lumber-wagons and buggies was hitched to the board fence and to convenient trees. Hélène heard voices in the darkness engaged in one-sided arguments. "Will yer keep yer head still, now? Can't yer wait a minute till I get this check-rein undone?"

There was an uncovered dancing-platform built among the hazel-brush which grew thick along the dry creek. Two lamps with reflectors, and several lanterns, furnished the light. Hélène's glance took in the bashful youths hiding themselves in the shadows; the plump, stiffly starched damsels giggling with nervousness, in groups on the platform; grinning and curious married folk on the benches; the "music" looking consequential on a throne.

Karl stopped his horse at the steps, where Rosa stood among the nearest group. Hélène saw the look of jealous dislike which sobered her face, and she herself turned to Karl, asking sweetly, "Won't

you please help me out, Karl?"

Karl, though somewhat puzzled at the sudden helplessness of a girl who could lean from her saddle and pick up a hand-kerchief from the ground with a cowboy's skill, sprang out with alacrity. Local etiquette considered the mere "cramping" of the buggy sufficient, so this innovation caused a buzz on the platform.

"Does he help you out like that, Rosie?" The voice was taunting, and Rosa's chinablue eyes flashed annihilation at the

speaker.

Rosa returned Hélène's greeting with embarrassed brusqueness, and Hélène withdrew to a vacant bench to await Karl's coming. In the garb of her world, she unconsciously looked at her surroundings with the eyes of her world. When she rode over the prairies in unconventional skirts which had seen service, and a torn blouse, and met these people in their working-clothes and their every-day lives, she felt no distinction. But here, dressed in a frock of her natural environment, her world and this world seemed as far removed as the planets.

Hélène heard the men in the shadows greet Karl noisily, and then he came up the steps and stood a moment blinking in the glare of a reflector. His eyes widened as he saw Hélène. Straight, slender, with masses of hair piled high on her shapely head, in a simple white frock that clung like woven cobwebs, she looked a princess. Every eye was fixed upon her, but she saw only Karl.

As he came toward her, her eyes were wider with astonishment than his own. Her face was filled with dismay, and from scarlet it grew white. Hélène felt a curious sinking at her heart as he advanced eagerly. She was swept by a violent revulsion of feeling. He had made of himself a caricature of the man she thought she loved.

The transformation he had wrought by his toilet was almost past belief. He had eliminated every trace of the picturesque man on horseback, and become merely a

ridiculous country bumpkin.

He had parted his hair in the middle and plastered it close to his head with a pungent oil. The soaped ends of his mustache stood out like a lobster's antennæ. A ready-made cravat climbed over a lustrous collar of uncommon height. The tailor in a far-off sweat-shop who had cut his coat had not reckoned on fitting a man of his breadth of shoulder and length of arm. The tightness of the armholes would not permit his arms to hang at his sides, and the shortness of his sleeves exposed some three inches of broad red wrist. His trousers, the cut of which had long ceased to be fashionable, necessitated changing his usual stride to a mincing walk, and the discomfort entailed by the crowding of his substantial feet into a pair of pointed patent-leather shoes was plainly visible.

A man puts a woman's love to the severest of tests when he makes himself ridiculous; and Karl, in his blundering efforts to impress Hélène, had made himself ridiculous beyond description or for-

giveness.

As he asked her to waltz he scraped the toe of his shoe behind the heel of the other foot in an absurd bow. Hélène felt a hysterical desire to shriek, but she only said, "Suppose you ask Miss Kaufman for the first dance. I am not so keen about the waltz." He was so far removed from the man she had thought she loved that she felt as though she were speaking to an unknown person at a bal masque.

"You are beautiful!" he whispered in ecstasy, as he took the seat beside her and refused to go to Rosa. "I am so proud

of you!"

"'Clothes make the man,'" she said lightly—" or unmake him," she added with an irony which missed him. "It's a fortunate thing," she continued, "that my dress has not pleased you this summer, or we might have fallen in love with each other; and it's so much better for persons of such widely different tastes to be just good friends—don't you think so?"

Karl did not reply; his lustrous collar seemed to choke him, for he knew, as if by a revelation, that he had had his chance and had lost it.

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Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

LA GRAVE, BRIANCON

# ALPINE CLIMBING IN AUTOMOBILES

(THE CUP OF THE FRENCH ALPS)

BY STERLING HEILIG



HAVE just been over seven of the eleven circuits of the Cup of the French Alps in a sixteen horse-power fourcylinder automobile, and I

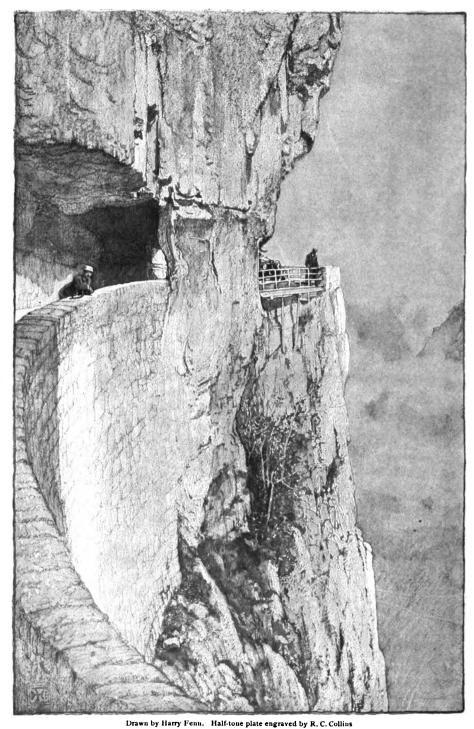
find myself still doubly astonished—astonished to get back alive, and astonished at the ease and security with which the exploit was accomplished.

The world has always looked upon the French as disinclined to sport and complacently ignorant of the zest of danger and physical effort, yet all this summer thousands of French family parties will be

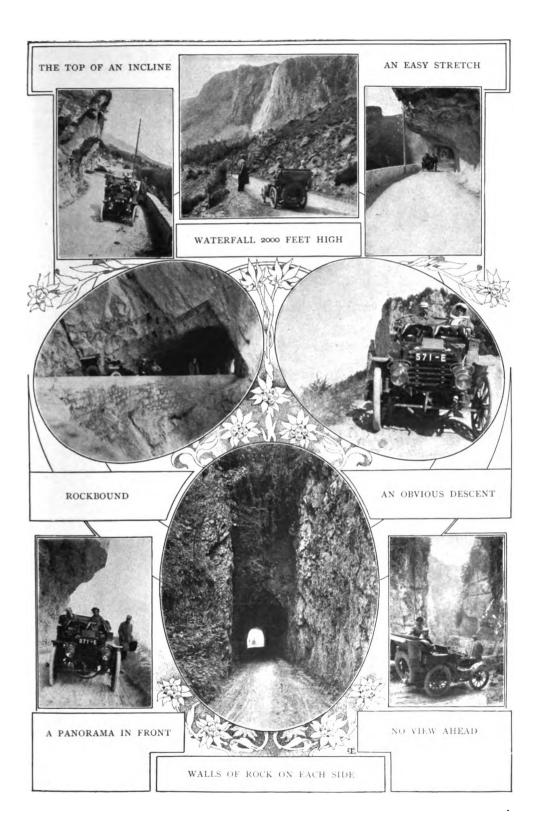
found nonchalantly racing at express-train speed in their automobiles toward the mountains of Savoy and Dauphiné, there to revel in a species of Alpine climbing that fairly staggers the Anglo-Saxon.

Really, I know of no national face-about so sudden and spontaneous as that in which the French are turning to their Alps as to a new Switzerland, nor of any sporting evolution so sensational as the automobile mountain-racing which has found its highest expression in the contest for the Cup of the French Alps.

It is an automobile contest at first glance



COMBE-LAVAL, A CAÑON THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE DEEP



so audacious that the unaccustomed mind shrinks from it. Yet it is organized, not by recklessly competing automobile manufacturers, but by conservative business and professional men, the pick of the country from Aix to Grenoble; and it is being coneleven circuits, and so covered almost all the Alpine roads of Savoy and Dauphiné.

It is, indeed, to cover the recently completed network of these splendid Alpine roads that the Cup of the French Alps is



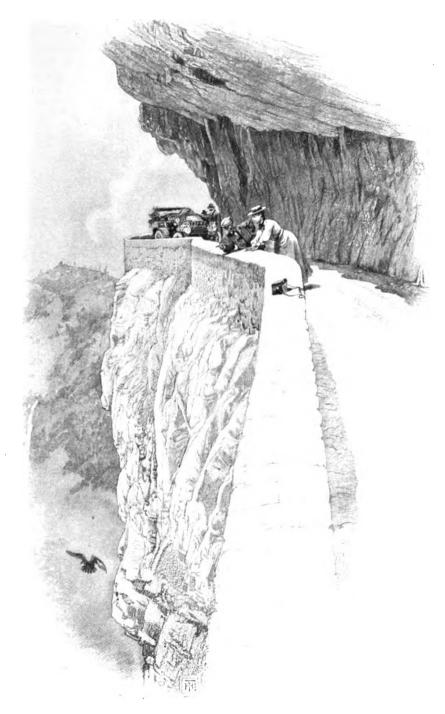
Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis
THE DESCENT OF LES ECOUGES

tested not by hardened road-racing specialists from the mechanician rank, but by well-to-do family men with their wives and children by their sides. Indeed, one of the fundamental regulations of the contest stipulates that each automobilist must transport a minimum of one person per cylinder.

I say "it is being contested." As in the race in "Alice in Wonderland," every one begins when he pleases and runs in the direction he pleases. The contest began on August 8, 1904, and ended July 31, 1905. Between these two dates a thousand French families made the whole of the

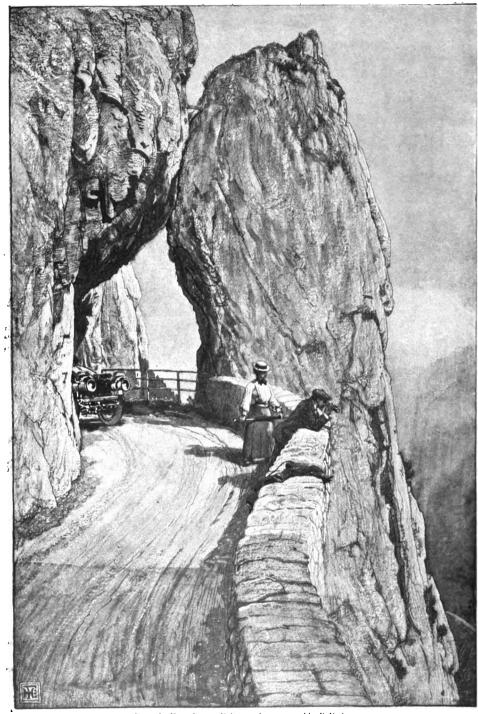
organized. Its eleven circuits take one from placid Annecy, by its lovely lake, to Chambéry, with its memories of the artistic and literary court of Savoy; from fashionable Aix to the abandoned gates of the Grande Chartreuse, now open for the first time to ladies; from the smug Swiss orderliness of Chamonix to the unregenerate French negligence of La Grave, beside the terrific Meije glacier; from bright and businesslike Grenoble, the very type of up-to-date France, to Uriage, the bourgeois watering-place par excellence; from unpretentious Allevard, with its mountaintobogganing and melancholy music-in-the-

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LES ECOUGES: "PRECIPICES ON ALL SIDES OF US"



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE VESTIBULE TO A VALHALLA

park, to the Italian frontier stronghold of Briançon, its peaks bristling with longrange cannon; from Villard-de-Lans, lost in the wheat-fields of a gigantic table-land, through the wonderfully cut canons of the Goulets, to the ancient ten-story houses that climb the mountain at Pont-en-Royans. There are mountain roads, like that to Lautaret, two thousand and eighty meters above the level of the sea, and yet as much traveled by automobiles in the season as the highway between Paris and St. Germain. There are others, like the descent from Les Ecouges, along which the tourist will not meet a single vehicle -and happily for him!

From Pont-en-Royans to Combe-Laval and return, for example, the start is lulling. We were going to the Forest of Lente—a forest of odorous and primeval pines—up there.

Up there! A sixteen horse-power fourcylinder automobile can take four persons spinning up inclines harder than those of such a broad and level departmental road without giving one a sense of climbing or effort. From the back seat there is even a curious deception. One imagines he is descending an incline when he is really mounting. One seems to see that he is traveling on the flat when really descending.

We knew from our sensations and from experience that we were making thirty miles an hour, yet it was only by rising in our seats to look back that we could realize the fact. We were in a great valley that slanted steeply as a whole, and it was up this titanic incline that we were speeding without feeling it.

High peaks on each side completed the illusion, and every now and then we would dart in and out of a village. No one noticed when the automobile made a complete turn and started back into what seemed a parallel road. Yet it was the first of many *lacets*—and we were in full mountain-climbing.

Little by little we began to perceive a more and more persistent panorama made up of a mountain wall on our right, a winding road in front, and a sheer descent without parapet on our left—a sheer descent into the sunlit void of a vast valley. Yet the road was broad.

For a long time we had been traveling slowly up a most obvious incline, contin-

ually using the automobile's petite vitesse, which was, perhaps, fifteen kilometers (nine miles) per hour. Often we stopped to look about—with two big stones hastily braced behind the back wheels. Far away, high above, were cliffs resembling the Palisades of the Hudson. Above these cliffs were forests of black pine—our Forest of Lente!

A little ahead the road had been broadened considerably by cutting into the mountain. It was a place for turning, and at such another we came upon a family party that had turned, and in a much longer bodied automobile than our own.

We decided not to turn until we should reach the table-land, at least. Round and round, and up and up, with the dizzy void of liquid sunlight always on our left, we passed. Now it fell a sheer precipice, now it was a grassy slant; but it was nearly always unprotected by the slightest parapet. and always the apocalyptic valley yawned for us. Its broad roads looked like tiny white threads. Happily, our short-bodied automobile turned the corners easily. Had we come in one of the really long chassis of the present fashion, we should have had to creep round half-way, stop, back toward the unprotected precipice, swing the front wheels in, and start forward again on the shorter turn.

So we reached the table-land, a hilly place, at the sight of the scrub and the moss-grown rocks of which we sighed luxuriously. Here there was solid ground all round us. Two men with a dog resolved our doubts. "Continue on," they said. "Do not turn back." And we rejoiced, because the present moment, at least, promised safety. The road seemed almost flat, after such climbing, and we took the automobile's second speed, at something like thirty kilometers (eighteen miles) per hour, and even here and there its third, which gave us forty kilometers (twenty-five miles). We slowed again and turned again, and then, without warning, we came upon a mighty transformation scene.

The automobile crept up to the very edge of it, and stopped within three feet of a brand-new parapet of heavy masonry. Beyond, to the left, spread the terrific void that we had skirted in the turns and lacets. Before us it narrowed to the Gorge of the Cholet, a canon three quarters of a mile deep. To the right was nothing but creamy

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Drawn by Allen True. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

BY WAY OF CONTRAST: AUTOMOBILING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

white rock, cut and carved fantastically in a three-mile crescent of short tunnels and massive columns, like a dizzily perched cloister.

It is all brand-new, this road cut in the living rock of the precipice above the Cirque de Laval, having been thrown open to travel only four years ago.

Where there were ledges they were enlarged. Where ledges were near each other, they were joined by steel bridges. One such is over a gulf half a mile deep.

We got down and walked, taking snapshot photographs enthusiastically. automobile followed us in short stages. "One could go fast here," its owner said as he came to us almost scorching. Perhaps, yes, when you know the turnings. Then—"Is this the spot for fifteen miles an hour?" the timid one inquired. The splendid parapet had petered out in a mound-like line of dirt on which grew flowering weeds. Beyond, the canon shot down into black depths. Then stretches of new masonry alternated with broken bits, smashed, who knows when, by how many tons of falling rock? And so we walked until a sheer wall rose before us. There was a hole in it—a black tunnel at the end of which we saw a faint white point. Willingly we took our places in the automobile and moved through its twilight. Here were solid walls of rock on each side of us, if but for the moment. Then we rolled out into the light, and, presto! there was no more cañon, no more precipice, no more mountain, but what seemed a broad, fair land with dark pine forests all around. "The Forest of Lente!"

Within ten minutes after speeding across this delectable table-land we were lunching on hot coffee and boiled eggs at a roadhouse kept by a garde forestier—which, by the way, is one of the Cup's timing-stations. With the expert automobilist there is no frank reposing until the machine is safely housed at the end of the day's trip. "Let us gather mountain thistles," the timid one had proposed at the edge of the Alpine meadow—the great decorative white chardons and the still rarer blue variety that grows only in these altitudes. "Let us rest and breathe the perfume of the pines," she now said.

"We can breathe the perfume of the pines on our way down," the answer came promptly; "suppose a rain-storm should muddy the road—there would be some great tobogganing!" Ah! the fear of dérapage, haunting enough on the flat, is nothing to the lurking dread of it in automobile mountain-climbing. Dérapage! Skidding! Skating on pneumatic tires that cannot "take hold" of the wet wood paving of Paris, sliding diagonally, rudderless, and impotent to stop or turn, is fearful enough where the expert regularly "catches hold" again by increasing his speed; but in descending the side of a mountain the threat is simply that of tobogganing into eternity.

It was a perfect sun-bathed noon in midsummer, with innocent little white clouds like fleecy lambs disporting in the blue; but into the automobile we packed apprehensively, with no more thought of chardons blancs or chardons bleus, or the perfume of pines, or any happy, careless thing.

Climbing such a mountain is neither the hardest nor the most dangerous part. We had mounted without hurry at the average of our petite vitesse, and this included many stops and a great deal of walking. Now, after four kilometers of comparative flat at forty kilometers (twenty-five miles) per hour, the descent through the primeval forest became of the utmost rigor.

The forest climbed the steep mountainside, and while thickets mercifully hid the slanting precipice from view and the trees would have saved us a sheer fall, the dead leaves and pine-needles treacherously concealed the limits of the solid road at its edge. Several times the automobile listed miserably, the dirt under the outer wheels being held only by tangled roots.

Four kilometers of this steep descent we took at six kilometers (four miles) per hour, with the two brakes screeching and the motor working as a brake. In a word, instead of the motor working the automobile, the automobile has to work the motor. With all this we might easily have dashed off like an avalanche had the steep slant not been continually interrupted by a close series of toboggan-like humps constructed to let off the rains, which otherwise would follow the road and wash it.

Henceforth through the whole descent we "dragged the motor" with us for a brake, descending by the force of gravity alone, and having all too much. Thus we came on five kilometers of fine forest road in which we dared to let ourselves go at thirty kilometers (twenty miles) per hour. Then there were stretches down which we slid fearsomely at ten kilometers (six miles). And so on, at varying speeds. The toboggan-humps, more widely spaced, still helped to hold us back. So down and down and round and round we rolled to the yawning valley, turning corners slowly—corners at which we would otherwise have shot off into space.

We had not been racing. We had not been competing for the Cup of the French Alps. The mounting we had taken with the utmost leisure at fifteen kilometers (nine miles) per hour; and a calculation of the varied descent disclosed about the same average.

What time have the competitors for the Alpine Cup been tempted to make on this one of its eleven circuits?

Have we here simply one more and a peculiarly aggravated incentive to the reckless road-racing that has distinguished French automobilism since the year 1900? Is it possible to devise a race that shall not be a race? A speed competition up and down the sides of mountains that shall not tempt reckless competitors to dash round corners into precipices, or make such time in their descents that the two brakes and motor-doing-brake shall not suffice to stop the avalanche-like rush?

The Grenoble Syndicat d'Initiative, supported by the Touring Club of France, claims to have solved the problem; and it must not be forgotten that the rich, powerful, and eminently respectable Touring Club treats with the French government as an equal, being called "the Ministry of Touring." On any subject its word has weight.

Each competitor, when he receives his maps and route-book, has loaned to him a watch with a twenty-four-hour dial, inclosed in a sealed metal case which permits one to wind it without being able to touch its works or modify the positions of its hands.

Thus equipped, the automobilist who goes in for the cup starts off as a care-free tourist for any one of its great centers, according to his fancy—Chamonix, Aixles-Bains, Annecy, Grenoble, Uriage, or Briançon. Grenoble is a timing-station for seven of the eleven circuits; so is Aix: but there is nothing to prevent the tourist-

racer starting on no matter what circuit at no matter what little village lost in valley or mountain. The essential thing is that it shall have a hotel-keeper who is one of the time-markers appointed by the Grenoble syndicate.

A list of these timing-hotels is printed in the back of each route-book, and a note in red ink informs the tourist that he is in no way recommended to sleep, eat, or otherwise traffic with them. He arrives in his automobile. Without putting foot to ground, he hands his watch and route-book to the hotel-man, has his hour of arrival marked, and then starts off, if he desires, to make a tour of the town or choose his hotel. Or he may speed on to the next timing-village, the only limitation being that all must go round the circuit in the indicated direction.

Once a competitor has his date and hour marked as quitting a timing-hotel, he is considered to be racing until his time has been taken as arriving at the next timinghotel. Then he at once becomes again an ordinary tourist, at liberty to explore the town in an hour, or its environs in a month. When, according to his pleasure, he starts off again to continue the particular circuit. the same timekeeper must mark down the hour of starting on his route-book, according to the sealed watch which he carries, the watch itself being a mere measurer of hours and minutes. And so on, from stretch to stretch and circuit to circuit, until the whole eleven circuits be completed.

There are those who did five circuits last summer and the rest this year. Others have done the eleven circuits systematically, losing never a day or hour, dashing through the valley roads at breakneck speed, hurrying up steep, winding ascents, dashing down bad sections of abruptly zigzagging lacets. Must not these latter, literally taking their lives in their hands, have an advantage over their more leisurely brethren in the final classification?

No; the men of Grenoble pretend that they have found a new racing principle. Here is a race in which lost time cannot be made up, in which it will be small use to scorch.

Thus they arrange it. Each stretch between timing-hotels counts by itself alone; and all speeds over twenty-five kilometers (fifteen miles) per hour will be pitilessly marked down to twenty-five kilometers per hour in the final classification.

"Sustained throughout, a regular speed of twenty-five kilometers per hour is considered as ideal for a country like ours, where the ascents are steep, the descents rapid, and the flat parts terribly sinuous," says the announcement. "It appears to us more than sufficient on such long and hard circuits; and it will at least permit contestants to see and admire the splendid regions traveled."

Whatever humanity the Cup of the French Alps can boast lies in these two details. In making the final classification, the Grenoble syndicate, with the routebook of each contestant in hand, will calculate his average speed per hour made on each separate stretch between the

timing-hotels.

Technically the calculation will be made in meters, of which there are one thousand in each kilometer. One point per meter per hour will be accorded to each contestant. And the winner of the cup will be he whose total of points will approach most nearly to the number obtained by multiplying twenty-five thousand (twentyfive kilometers per hour) by the total number of stretches between timing-hotels.

In other words, the men of Grenoble say: "We will not encourage you to scorch by allowing you to average up. The average of each stretch must stand by itself. We will not even encourage you to scorch on separate stretches. If you make one hundred kilometers per hour on the flat, we will cut it down to twenty-five kilometers per hour. If you make thirty kilometers per hour climbing a mountain, we will cut it down to twenty-five kilometers per hour; and, to prevent you from avalanching down a mountain-side, in case you have lost time in mounting, we invariably station a timekeeper at the summit."

Such is the reasoning of the Syndicat d'Initiative de Grenoble et du Dauphiné, an institution that has thus far proved itself a blessing to the region, the exploiting of the picturesqueness of which is its avowed object. Fifteen years ago it obtained its first funds from the Conseil Général de l'Isère, the Grenoble municipality, the thermal stations, railway companies, and hotels. Within fifteen years it has organized its region, created stage lines, constructed hotels on the highest peaks, opened paths, organized circular trips, obtained rapid trains, and, in particular, has brought about the completion of this network of Alpine roads—a work so magnificent in its whole and so astonishing in many of its details that those who have traversed it are forced to admit that Switzerland has nothing grander.

It must be remembered that, in this kind of automobiling, danger does not necessarily increase with altitude. The highest departmental road in all France forms part of the Uriage-Lautaret-Gap circuit; yet it is wide enough for three automobiles to pass abreast in most parts, is scientifically graded, as smooth as a billiard-table, protected by a heavy parapet, and kept in perfect repair by cantonniers whose snug houses one passes at regular intervals.

Here the only danger—and a very real one—comes from the very perfection of the route, which attracts automobile mountainclimbers from all parts of Europe, now that Switzerland has shown itself hostile; and the frequency with which one meets them literally scorching round its neverending curves is something appalling.

It is the natural French route for Italy, in the passes of which, beyond Briançon, it is said that Hannibal lost his elephants. In old times the beds of the torrents were the highways. To-day the superbly engineered road twists and turns high up beside them. The entrance to the pass near Bourg-d'Oisans is as secretive as that to a lost valley. There seems to be a blank mountain wall. The automobile dashes up to it; the wall opens; the automobile turns; there is another wall. Again the car turns and is in a narrow, winding pass between giant cliffs and jagged peaks. The road winds and doubles on itself, ever mounting. Beside it roars the torrent of the Romanche in unending waterfalls and rapids. The walls of rock on each side rise like gigantic castles, and the peaks are shaped like fantastic towers.

One speeds up so regularly that the first real indication of altitude is felt in one's breathing. Then the waterfalls begin appearing. The Romanche, we know, comes from the Meije glacier; but all around we see a hundred little torrents tumbling into "Little torrents?" said the man who knew the route. "Do you realize how high that fall is? It is just twice the height of the Eiffel Tower!" We begin to see white patches between peaks. They are the still far-off glaciers. A dozen times we turn. A dozen times the rock wall opens for us. Then high above, in front of us, there shows a dazzling mass of white.

It is the famous Meije glacier, admittedly the most difficult to climb in Europe. Between it and the road the black and jagged valley of the Romanche opens into a great cirque. Here at La Grave three hundred tourists arrive daily in the season, to eat luncheon or dinner, and continue up or down. It is a rude mountain village with a main street, yet the scene is of the utmost animation. Every make of automobile known in Europe passes. There are even stage-coach automobiles; and in a few years they will have ousted the old-fashioned carryalls drawn by ten mules and horses.

On, on, and up! The fine road twists less and enters on a series of great lacets. Glaciers are all about. The air is so clear that they seem scarcely a stone's throw distant; yet what appear to be lumps of sugar on their summits are masses of packed ice and snow—great cubes fifty yards across. After a rain the clouds hang about like sheets spread for a magic-lantern show. Little by little they roll up in long, straight lines; and storms come up against which powerful automobiles cannot force their way.

The scene is wild and glorious. Collisions apart, the only danger rises when one stops to enjoy it. The conductor of the automobile must be careful not to quit the helm and pedals until some one puts two stones or blocks of wood behind the

two back wheels to prevent its starting off backward. The thing has happened not once, but many times.

In this novel automobiling one soon gets used to the mere appearance of danger from effects of height and wild surroundings. Probably no spot on the whole eleven circuits of the Cup of the French Alps is more impressive than the scene from the banked-up ledge that overlooks the gorges of the Drevenne near St. Gervais, on the other side of Grenoble.

From this wild spot at the apex of two Alpine roads, on which there are nevertheless stretches that can be taken at forty miles an hour, the descent is even worse than the route we had taken from the heights of Combe-Laval. Often it degenerated into a mere rutty cart-road, heaped in spots with broken flint, with damaged parapets, terrible grades, and an unbroken series of sharp turnings. A dozen times two of us had to run beside the down-lurching automobile, held back by its motor and two brakes, and mercifully retarded by the ruts and humps of the bad road. Each of us carried a big stone: and the way in which we had to risk smashing our hands when we thrust them in front of the vehicle's fore wheels when the driver called out that he was gathering too much impetus still makes me wonder.

Here is one descent out of at least a dozen which cannot be taken with a shadow of prudence faster than an average of ten kilometers (six miles) per hour: yet the winners of the Cup of the French Alps will be precisely those who risk their necks by tumbling down and round its desperate curves the nearest possible to twenty-five kilometers (fifteen miles) per hour.



### **PEACE**

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE flower, unsummoned, seeks the summer day; So peace comes: it is on the way. Straight is its flight,—the wild bird's to her tree. Lay down thy head; peace flies to thee.

### "AN HABITATION ENFORCED"

#### BY RUDYARD KIPLING

My friend, if cause doth wrest thee Ere folly hath much oppressed thee, Far from acquaintance kest thee, Where country may digest thee, . . . Thank God that so hath blessed thee, And sit down, Robin, and rest thee.

Thomas Tusser.



T came, without warning, at the very hour his hand was outstretched to crumple the Holtz and Gunsberg Combine. The doctors called it overwork, and he lay in a

darkened room, one ankle crossed above the other, tongue pressed into palate, wondering whether the next brain-surge of prickly fires would drive his soul from all anchorages. At last they gave judgment. With care he might in two years return to the arena, but for the present he must go across the water and do no work whatever. He accepted the terms. It was capitulation, but the Combine that had shivered beneath his knife gave him all the honors of war. Gunsberg himself, full of condolences, came to the steamer and filled the Chapins' suite of cabins with overwhelming flower-works.

"Smilax," said George Chapin when he saw them. "Fitz is dead right: only I don't see why he left out the 'In Memoriam' on the ribbons!"

"Nonsense," his wife answered and poured him his tincture. "You'll be back before you can think."

He looked at himself in the mirror, surprised that his face had not been branded by the hells of the past three months. The noise of the decks worried him, and he lay down, his tongue only a little pressed against his palate.

An hour later he said: "Sophie, I feel sorry about taking you away from everything like this. I—I suppose we're the two loneliest people on God's earth to-night."

Said Sophie, his wife, and kissed him: "Is n't it something to you that we 're going together?"

THEY drifted about Europe for months—sometimes alone, sometimes with chancemet gipsies of their own land. From the North Cape to the Blue Grotto at Capri they wandered because the next steamer headed that way or because some one had set them on the road. The doctors had warned Sophie that Chapin was not to take interest even in other men's interests; but a familiar sensation at the back of his neck after one hour's keen talk with a Nauheimed railway magnate saved her any trouble. He nearly wept.

"And I'm over thirty," he cried—" with all I meant to do!"

"Let 's call it a honeymoon," said Sophie. "D' you know in all the six years we 've been married you 've never told me what you meant to do with our life?"

"With my life? What's the use? It's finished now." Sophie looked up quickly from the Bay of Naples. "As far as business goes. I shall have to live on my rents like that architect at San Moritz."

"You'll get better if you don't worry; and even if it takes time, there are worse things than— How much have you?"

"Between four and five million; but it is n't the money. You know it is n't. It 's the principle. How could you respect me? You never did, the first year after we married, till I went to business like the others. Our tradition and upbringing are against it. We can't accept those ideals."

"Well, I suppose I married you for some sort of ideal," she answered, and they returned to their forty-third hotel.

In England they missed the alien tongues of Continental streets that reminded them of their own polyglot cities. In England all men spoke one tongue, speciously like American to the ear, but on cross-examination incomprehensible.

"Ah, but you have not seen England," said a lady with iron-gray hair. They had met her in Vienna, Florence, and Bayreuth, and were grateful to find her again at Claridge's, for she commanded situations, and knew where prescriptions are most carefully made up. "You ought to take an interest in the home of our ancestors—as I do."

"I 've tried for a week, Mrs. Shonts," said Sophie. "But I never get any further than tipping German waiters."

"These are not the true type," Mrs. Shonts went on. "I know where you should go."

Chapin pricked up his ears, anxious to run anywhere from the streets on which quick men something of his kidney did the business denied to him.

"We hear and we obey, Mrs. Shonts," said Sophie, feeling his unrest as he drank the loathed British tea.

Mrs. Shonts smiled and took them in hand. She wrote widely and telegraphed far on their behalf, till, armed with her letter of introduction, she drove them into that wilderness which is reached from an ashbarrel of a station called Charing Cross. They were to go to Rocketts,—the farm of one Cloke, in the southern counties,—where she assured them they would meet the genuine England of folk-lore and song.

Rocketts they found after some hours, four miles from a station, and, so far as they could judge in the bumpy darkness, twice as many from a road. Trees, kine, and the outlines of barns showed shadowy about them when they alighted, and Mr. and Mrs. Cloke, at the open door of a deep stone-floored kitchen, made them shyly welcome. They lay in an attic beneath a wavy whitewashed ceiling, and because it rained, a wood fire was made in an iron basket on a brick hearth, and they fell asleep to the chirping of mice and the whimper of flames.

When they woke it was a fair day, full

of the noises of birds, the smell of box, lavender, and fried bacon, mixed with an elemental scent they had never met before.

"This," said Sophie, nearly pushing out the thin casement in an attempt to see round the corner, "is—what did the hack cabman say to the railway porter last night about my trunk—'quite on the top'?"

"No; 'a little bit of all right.' I feel farther away from anywhere than I 've been in my life. We must find out where the telegraph office is."

"Who cares?" said Sophie, wandering about, hair-brush in hand, to admire the illustrated weekly pictures pasted on door and cupboard.

But there was no rest for the American's soul till he had made sure of the telegraph office. He asked the Clokes' daughter, laying breakfast, while Sophie plunged her face in the lavender-bush outside the low window.

"Go to the stile a-top o' the Barn field," said Mary, "and look across Pardons to the next spire. It 's directly under. You can't miss it—not if you keep to the footpath. My sister 's telegraphist there. But you 're in the three-mile radius, sir. The boy delivers telegrams directly to the door from Pardons village."

"One has to take a good deal on trust in this country," he murmured.

Sophie looked at the close turf, scarred only with last night's wheels, at two ruts which wound round a rickyard, and at the circle of still orchard about the half-timbered house.

"What's the matter with it?" she said.
"Telegrams delivered to the Vale of Avalon, of course"; and she beckoned in an earnest-eyed hound of fascinating manners and no engagements, who answered, at times, to the name of Rambler. He led them, after breakfast, to the rise behind the house where the stile stood against the sky-line, and "I wonder what we shall find now," said Sophie, frankly prancing with joy on the grass.

It was a slope of gap-hedged fields possessed to their centers by clumps of brambles. Gates were not, and the rabbitmined, cattle-rubbed posts leaned out and in. A narrow path doubled among the bushes, scores of white tails twinkled before the racing hound, and a hawk rose whistling shrilly.

"No roads, no nothing!" said Sophie, her skirt caught by briers. "I thought all England was a garden. There 's your spire, George, across the valley. How curious!"

They walked toward it through an allabandoned land. Here they found the ghost of a patch of lucerne that had refused to die; there a harsh fallow surrendered to yard-high thistles; and here a breadth of rampant kelk feigning to be lawful crop. In the ungrazed pastures swaths of dead stuff caught their feet, and the ground beneath glistened with sweat. At the bottom of the valley a little brook had undermined its foot-bridge and frothed in the wreckage. But there stood great woods on the slopes beyond—old, tall, and brilliant, like unfaded tapestries about the walls of a ruined house.

"All this within a hundred miles of London," he said. "Looks as if it had had nervous prostration, too." The footpath turned the shoulder of a slope, through a thicket of rank rhododendrons, and crossed what had once been a carriage-drive, which ended in the shadow of two gigantic holm-oaks.

"A house!" said Sophie, in a whisper.
"A Colonial house!"

Behind the blue-green of the twin trees rose a dark-bluish brick Georgian pile, with a shell-shaped fan-light over its pillared door. The hound had gone off on his own foolish quests. Except for some stir in the branches and the flight of four startled magpies, there was not life nor sound about the square house, but it looked out of its long windows most friendlily.

"Cha-armed to meet you, I'm sure," said Sophie, and curtsied to the ground. "George, this is history I can understand. We began here." She curtsied again.

The June sunshine twinkled on all the lights. It was as though an old lady, wise in three generations' experience, but for the present sitting out, bent to listen to her flushed and eager grandchild.

"I must look." Sophie tiptoed to a window and shaded her eyes with her hand. "Oh, this room's half full of cotton bales—wool, I suppose! But I can see a bit of a mantelpiece. George, do come!—Is n't that some one?"

She fell back behind her husband. The front door opened slowly to show the hound, his nose white with buttermilk, in

charge of an ancient of days clad in a blue linen ephod, curiously gathered on breast and shoulders.

"Certainly," said George, half aloud.
"Father Time himself. This is where he lives, Sophie."

"We came," said Sophie, weakly. "Can we see the house? I'm afraid that's our dog."

"No; 't is Rambler," said the old man.

"He 've been in my dairy again. Staying at Rocketts, be ye? Come in. Ah! You runagate!"

The hound broke from him, and he tottered after it down the drive. They entered the hall—just such a high, light hall as such a house should own. A slim, balustered staircase, wide and shallow and once creamy-white, climbed out of it, under a long oval window. On either side delicately molded doors gave on to woollumbered rooms whose sea-green mantelpieces were adorned with nymphs, scrolls, and cupids in low relief.

"What 's the firm that makes these things?" cried Sophie, enraptured. "Oh, I forgot! These must be our originals. Adams? I never dreamed of anything like that cut-steel fender.—Does he mean us to go everywhere?"

"He 's catching the dog," said George, looking out. "We don't count."

They explored the first or ground floor, delighted as children playing burglars.

"This is like all England," she said at last. "Wonderful, but no explanation. You're expected to know it beforehand. Now let's try up-stairs."

The stairs never creaked under their feet. From the broad landing they entered a long, green-paneled room lighted by three full-length windows, which overlooked the forlorn wreck of a terraced garden and wooded slopes beyond.

"The drawing-room, of course." Sophie swam up and down it. "That mantel-piece—Orpheus and Eurydice—is the best of them all. Is n't it marvelous? Why, the room seems furnished with nothing in it! How 's that, George?"

"It's the proportions. I've noticed it."
"I saw a Heppelwhite couch once—"
Sophie laid her finger to her flushed cheek
and considered. "With two of them—one
on each side—you would n't need anything else. Except—there must be one
perfect mirror over that mantelpiece."

"Look at that view. It 's a framed Constable," her husband cried.

"No. It's a Morland—a parody of a Morland. But about that couch, George. Don't you think Empire might be better than Heppelwhite? Dull gold against that pale green? It 's a pity they don't make spinets nowadays."

"I believe you can get them. Look at

that oak wood behind the pines!"

"'While you sat and played toccatas stately at the clavichord,'" Sophie hummed and, head on one side, nodded to where the perfect mirror should hang.

Then they found bedrooms with dressingrooms and powdering-closets and steps leading up and down—boxes of rooms, round, square, and octagonal, with enriched

ceilings and chased door-locks.

"Now about servants. Oh!" She had darted up the last stairs to the checkered darkness of the top floor, where loose tiles lay among broken laths, and the walls were scrawled with names, sentiments, and hop records. "They 've been keeping pigeons here," she cried.

"And you could drive a buggy through

the roof anywhere," said George.

"That 's what I say," the old man cried below them on the stairs. "Not a dry place for my pigeons at all."

"But why was it allowed to get like

this?" said Sophie.

"'T is with housen as teeth," he replied.
"Let 'em go too far and there 's nothing to be done. Time was they was minded to sell her, but none would buy. She was too far away along from any place. Time was they 'd ha' lived here theyselves, but they took and died."

"Here?" Sophie moved beneath the

light of a hole in the roof.

"Nah—none dies here excep' fallin' off ricks and such. In London they died." He plucked a lock of wool from his blue smock. "They was no staple—neither the Elphicks nor the Moones. Shart and brittle all of 'em. Dead they be seventeen year, for I 've been here caretakin' twenty-five."

"Who does all the wool belong to down-

stairs?" George asked.

"To the estate. I'll show ye the back parts if ye like. You 're from America, ain't ye? I 've had a son there once myself." They followed him down the main stairway. He paused at the turn and swept one hand toward the wall.

"Plenty room here for your coffin to come down. Seven foot and three men at each end would n't brish the paint. If I die in my bed, they 'll 'ave to up-end me like a milk-can. 'T is all luck, d' ye see."

He led them on and on through a maze of back-kitchens, dairies, larders, and sculleries, that melted along covered ways into a farm-house, visibly older than the main building, which again rambled out among barns, byres, pig-pens, stalls, and stables to the dead fields behind.

"Somehow," said Sophie, sitting exhausted on an ancient well-curb—"somehow one would n't insult these lovely old

things by filling them with hay."

George looked at long stone walls upholding reaches of silvery-oak weatherboarding; buttresses of mixed flint and bricks; outside stairs, stone upon arched stone; curves of thatch where grass sprouted; roundels of house-leeked tiles, and a huge paved yard populated by two cows and the repentant Rambler. He had not thought of himself or of the telegraph office for two and a half hours.

"But why," said Sophie, as they went back through the crater of stricken fields— "why is one expected to know everything in England? Why do they never tell?"

"You mean about the Elphicks and the

Moones?" he answered.

"Yes—and the lawyers and the estate. Who are they?—I wonder whether those painted floors in the green room were real oak. Don't you like us exploring things together—better than Pompeii?"

George turned once more to look at the view. "Eight hundred acres go with the house—the old man told me. Five farms altogether. Rocketts is one of 'em."

"I like Mrs. Cloke. But what is the old

house called?"

George laughed. "That 's one of the things you're expected to know. He never told me."

The Clokes were more communicative. That evening and thereafter for a week they gave the Chapins the official history, as one tells it to lodgers, of Friars Pardon—the house and its five farms. But Sophie asked so many questions, and George was so humanly interested, that, as confidence in the alien grew, they launched, with observed and acquired detail, into the lives and deaths and doings of the Elphicks and the Moones and their collaterals, the

Haylings and the Torrells. It was a tale told serially by Cloke in the barn or his wife in the dairy, the last chapters reserved for the kitchen o' nights by the big fire, when the two had been half the day exploring about the house, where old Iggulden, of the blue smock, cackled and chuckled to see them. The motives that swayed the characters were beyond their comprehension; the fates that shifted them were gods they had never met; the sidelights Mrs. Cloke threw on act and incident were more amazing than anything in the record. Therefore the Chapins listened delightedly and blessed Mrs. Shonts.

"But why—why—why—did so-and-so do so-and-so?" Sophie would demand from her seat by the pothook; and Mrs. Cloke would answer, smoothing her knees,

" For the sake of the place."

"I give it up," said George one night in their own room. "People don't seem to matter in this country beside the places they live in. The way *she* tells it, Friars Pardon was a sort of Moloch."

"Poor old thing!" They had been walking round the farms as usual before tea.
"No wonder they loved it. Think of the sacrifices they made for it. Jane Elphick married the younger Torrell to keep it in the family. That octagonal room with the molded ceiling next to the big bedroom was hers. Now what did he tell you while he was feeding the pigs?" said Sophie.

"About the Torrell cousins and the uncle who died in Java. They lived at Burnt House—behind High Pardons, where that brook is all blocked up."

"No; Burnt House is under High Pardons Wood, before you come to Gale Anstey," Sophie corrected.

"Well. he said -"

Sophie threw open the door and called into the kitchen, where the Clokes were covering the fire:

"Mrs. Cloke, is n't Burnt House under

High Pardons?"

"Yes, my dear, of course," the soft voice answered absently. A cough. "I beg your pardon, madam. What was it you said?"

"Never mind. I prefer it the other way," Sophie laughed, and George retold the missing chapter as she sat on the hed.

"Here to-day an' gone to-morrow," said Cloke, warningly. "They 've paid their first month, but we 've only that Mrs. Shonts' letter for guarantee."

"None she sent never cheated us yet. It slipped out before I thought. She's a most humane young lady. They'll be going away in a little. An' you've talked a lot, too, Alfred."

"Yes, but the Elphicks are all dead. No one can bring my loose talking home to me. But why do they stay on and stay on so?"

In due time George and Sophie asked each other that question and put it aside. They argued that the climate—a pearly blend, unlike the hot and cold ferocities of their native land—suited them, as the thick stillness of the nights certainly suited George. He was saved even the sight of a metaled road, which, as presumably leading to business, wakes desire in a man; and the telegraph office at the village of Friars Pardon, where they sold picture post-cards and peg-tops, was two walking miles across the fields and woods. For all that touched his past among his fellows, or their remembrance of him, he might have been in another planet; and Sophie, whose past had been very largely spent among husbandless wives of lofty ideals, had no wish to leave this present of God. The unhurried meals, the foreknowledge of deliciously empty hours to follow, the breadths of soft sky under which they walked together and reckoned time only by their hunger or thirst, the good grass beneath their feet that cheated the miles; their discoveries, always together, amid the farms - Griffons, Rocketts, Burnt House, Gale Anstey, and the Home Farm where Iggulden of the blue smock-frock would waylay them, and they would ransack the old house once more; the long wet afternoons when they tucked up their feet on the bedroom's deep window-sill over against the apple-trees, and talked together as never till then had they found time to talk—these things contented her soul, and her body throve.

"Have you realized," she asked, "that we 've been here absolutely alone for the last thirty-four days?"

"Have you counted them?" he said.
"Did you like them?" she replied.

"I must have. I did n't think about them. Yes, I have. Six months ago I should have fretted myself sick. Remember at Cairo? I've only had two or three bad times. Am I getting better, or is it senile decay?"

"Climate, all climate." Sophie swung her new-bought English boots, as she sat on the stile overlooking Friars Pardon, behind the Clokes' barn.

"One must take hold of things, though," he said, "if it 's only to keep one's hand in." His eyes did not flicker now as they swept the empty fields. "Must n't one?"

"Lay out a Morristown links over Gale Anstey. I dare say you could hire it."

"No; I'm not as English as that—nor as Morristown. Cloke says all the farms here could be made to pay," he murmured.

"Well, I'm Anastasia in 'The Treasure of Franchard.' I'm content to be alive and purr. There 's no hurry."

"No." He smiled. "All the same, I'm

going to attend to my mail."

"You promised you would n't have

any."

"There's some business coming through that's amusing me. Honest. It does n't get on my nerves at all."

"Want a secretary?"

"No, thanks, old thing! Is n't that quite

English?"

"Too English! Go away." But none the less in broad daylight she returned the kiss. "I'm off to Pardons. I have n't been to the house for nearly a week."

"How 've you decided to furnish Jane Elphick's bedroom?" he laughed, for it had come to be a permanent Castle in

Spain between them.

"Black Chinese furniture and yellow silk brocade," she answered, and ran downhill. She scattered a few cows at a gap with a flourish of a ground-ash that Iggulden had cut for her a week ago, and, singing as she passed under the holm-oaks, sought the farm-house at the back of Friars Pardon. The old man was not to be found, and she knocked on his half-opened door, for she needed him to fill her idle forenoon. A blue-eyed sheep-dog, a new friend and Rambler's old enemy, crawled out and besought her to enter.

Iggulden sat in his chair by the fire, a thistle-spud between his knees, his head drooped. Though she had never seen death before, her heart, that missed a beat, told her that he was dead. She did not speak or cry, but stood without the door, and the dog licked her hand. When he

threw up his nose, she heard herself saying: "Don't howl! Please don't begin to howl, Scottie, or I shall run away!"

She held her ground while the shadows in the rickyard moved toward noon; sat after a while on the steps by the door, her arms round the dog's neck, waiting till some one should come. She watched the smokeless chimneys of Friars Pardon slash its roofs with shadow, and the smoke of Iggulden's last lighted fire gradually thin and cease. Against her will she fell to wondering how many Moones, Elphicks, and Torrells had been swung round the turn of the broad hall stairs. Then she remembered the old man's fear of being "up-ended like a milk-can," and buried her face on Scottie's neck. At last a horse's feet clinked upon flags, rustled in the old gray straw of the rickyard, and she found herself facing the vicar—a figure she had seen at church declaiming impossibilities (Sophie was a Unitarian) in an unnatural voice.

"He's dead!" she said without preface.
"Old Iggulden? I was coming for a talk with him." He passed in, uncovered.
"Ah," she heard him say. "Heart! How long have you been here?"

"Since a quarter to eleven." She looked at her watch earnestly, and saw that her

hand did not shake.

"I'll sit with him now till the doctor comes. D' you think you could tell him, and—yes, Mrs. Betts in the cottage with the wistaria next the blacksmith's? I'm afraid this has been rather a shock to you."

Sophie nodded, and fled toward the village. Her body failed her for a moment; she dropped beneath a hedge and looked back at the great house. In some fashion its silence and stolidity steadied her for her errand.

Mrs. Betts, small, black-eyed, and dark, was almost as unconcerned as Friars Pardon.

"Yiss, yiss, of course. Dear me! Well, Iggulden he had had his day in my father's time. Muriel, get me my little black bag, please. Yiss, miss. They come down like ellum-branches in still weather. No warnin' at all. Muriel, my bicycle 's be'ind the hen-house. I 'll tell Dr. Dallas, ma'am."

She trundled off on her wheel like a brown bee, while Sophie—heaven above and earth beneath changed—walked stiffly home, to fall over George at his letters in a muddle of laughter and tears.

"It's all quite natural for them," she gasped. "They come down like ellumbranches in still weather. Yiss, miss.—
No, there was n't anything in the least horrible, only—only— Oh, George, that poor shiny stick of his between his poor thin knees! I could n't have borne it if Scottie had howled.—I did n't know the vicar was so—so sensitive. He said he was afraid it was ra-rather a shock. Mrs. Betts told me to go home, and I wanted to collapse on her floor. But I did n't disgrace myself.—I—I could n't have left him—could I?"

"You 're sure you 've took no 'arm?" cried Mrs. Cloke, who had heard the news by farm-telegraphy, which is older but swifter than Marconi's.

"No; I 'm perfectly well," Sophie pro-

"You lay down till tea-time." Mrs. Cloke patted her shoulder. "They'll be very pleased, though she 'as 'ad no understandin' for twenty years."

"They" came before twilight—a blackbearded man, in moleskins, and a little palsied old woman who chirruped like a wren.

"I'm his son," said the man to Sophie, among the lavender-bushes. "We 'ad a difference—twenty year back. But I'm his son all the same, and we thank you for the watching."

"I 'm only glad I happened to be there," she answered, and from the bottom of her heart she meant it.

"He spoke a lot o' you—one time an' another since you came. We thank you kindly," the man added.

"Are you the son that was in America?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. On my uncle's farm, in Connecticut. He was what they call road-master there."

"Whereabouts in Connecticut?" asked George, over her shoulder.

"Veering Holler was the name. I was there six year with my uncle."

"How small the world is!" Sophie cried.
"Why, all my mother's people come from Veering Holler. There must be some there still—the Lashmars. Did you ever hear of 'em?"

"I remember hearing that name, seems to me," he answered, but his face was blank as the back of a spade. A little before dusk a woman in gray, striding like a foot-soldier, and bearing on her arm a long pole, crashed through the orchard, calling for food. George, upon whom the unannounced English worked mysteriously, fled to the parlor, but Mrs. Cloke came forward beaming. Sophie could not escape.

"We've only just heard of it," said the stranger, turning on her. "I've been out with the otter-hounds all day. It was a

splendidly sportin' thing-"

"Did you—er—kill?" said Sophie. She knew from books she could not go far wrong here.

"Yes, a bitch—seventeen pounds," was the answer. "A splendidly sportin' thing of you to do. Poor old Iggulden—"

"Oh—that!" said Sophie, enlightened.
"If there had been any people at Pardons it would never have happened. He'd have been pensioned. But what can you expect from a parcel of London solicitors?"

Mrs. Cloke murmured something.

"No. I'm soaked from the knees down. If I hang about I shall get chilled. A cup of tea, Mrs. Cloke, and I can eat one of your sandwiches as I go." She wiped her weather-worn face with a green-and-yellow silk handkerchief.

"Yes, my lady!" Mrs. Cloke ran and returned swiftly.

"Our land marches with Pardons for a mile on the south," she explained, waving the full cup, "but one has quite enough to do with one's own people without poachin'."

"I wish you would, my lady. Our oven 's something awful; 'as been for years," said Mrs. Cloke.

"Still, if I'd known, I'd have sent Dora, of course. Have you seen her this afternoon, Mrs. Cloke? No? I wonder whether that girl did sprain her ankle. Thank you." It was a formidable hunk of bread and bacon that Mrs. Cloke presented. "As I was sayin', Pardons is a scandal! Lettin' people die like dogs. There ought to be people there who do their duty. You 've done yours, though there was n't the faintest call upon you. Good night. Tell Dora, if she comes, I've gone on."

She strode away, munching her crust, and Sophie reeled breathless into the parlor to shake the shaking George.

"Why did you keep catching my eye behind the blind? Why did n't you come out and do your duty?"

"Because I should have burst. Did you see the mud on its cheek?" he said.

"Once. I dare n't look again. Who is she?"

"God—a local deity, then. Anyway, she 's another of the things you 're ex-

pected to know by instinct."

Mrs. Cloke, shocked at their levity, told them that it was Lady Conant, wife of Sir Walter Conant, baronet, a large landholder in the neighborhood, and, if not God, at least His visible Providence.

George made her talk of that family for

an hour.

"Laughter," said Sophie afterward in their own room, "is the mark of the savage. Why could n't you control your emotions? It 's all real to her."

"It 's all real to me. That 's my trouble," he answered in an altered tone. "At least it 's real enough to mark time with. Don't you think so?"

"What d' you mean?" she asked quickly, though she knew his voice.

"That I'm better. I'm well enough to kick."

"What at?"

"This!" He waved his hand round the one room. "I must have something to play with till I'm fit for work again."

"Ah!" She sat on the bed and leaned forward, her hands clasped. "I wonder

if it 's good for you."

"We 've been better here than anywhere," he went on slowly.—"One could always sell it again."

She nodded gravely, but her eyes

sparkled.

"The only thing that worries me is what happened this morning. I want to know how you feel about it. If it 's on your nerves in the least, we can have the old farm at the back of the house pulled down. Or perhaps it has spoiled the notion for you?"

"Pull it down!" she cried. "You 've no business faculty. Why, that 's where we could live while we 're putting the big house in order. It 's almost under the same roof. No! What happened this afternoon seemed to be more of a—of a leading than anything else. There ought to be people at Pardons. Lady Conant 's quite right."

"I was thinking more of the woods and the roads. I could double the value of the place in six months—my way of doing things."

"What do they want for it?" She shook her head, and her loosened hair fell

glowingly about her cheeks.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars. They'll take sixty-eight."

"Less than half what we paid for our old yacht when we married. And we did n't have a good time in her. You were—"

"Well, I discovered I was too much of an American to be content to be a rich man's son. You are n't blaming me for that?"

"Oh, no. Only it was a very businesslike honeymoon. How far are you along

with the deal, George?"

"I can mail the deposit on the purchasemoney to-morrow morning, and we can have the thing completed in a fortnight

or three weeks-if you say so."

"Friars Pardon—Friars Pardon," Sophie chanted rapturously, her dark-gray eyes big with delight. "All the farms? Gale Anstey, Burnt House, Rocketts, the Home Farm, and Griffons? Sure you've got'em all?"

"Sure." He smiled.

"And the woods? High Pardons Wood, Lower Pardons, Suttons, Dutton Shaw, Reuben's Ghyll, Maxey's Ghyll, and both the Oak Hangers? Sure you 've got 'em all?"

"Every last stick. Why, you know them as well as I do." He laughed. "They say there's five thousand—a thousand pounds' worth of lumber—timber they call it—in the Hangers alone."

"Mrs. Cloke's oven must be mended first thing, and the kitchen roof. I think I 'll have all this whitewashed," Sophie broke in, pointing to the ceiling. "The whole place is a scandal. Lady Conant's quite right. George, when did you begin to fall in love with the house? In the green room—that first day? I did."

"I'm not in love with it. One must do something to mark time till one 's fit for

work."

"Or when we stood under the oaks, and the door opened? Oh! Ought I to go to poor Iggulden's funeral?" She sighed with utter happiness.

"Would n't they call it a liberty—now?"

said he.

"But I liked him."

"But you did n't own him at the date of his death."

"That would n't keep me away. Only, they made such a fuss about the watching"—she caught her breath—"it might be ostentatious from that point of view, too. Oh, George,"—she reached for his hand,—"we're two little orphans moving in worlds not realized, and we shall make some bad breaks. But we're going to have the time of our lives."

"We'll run up to London to-morrow and see if we can hurry those English law solicitors. I want to get to work."

They went. They suffered many things ere they returned across the fields in a fly one Saturday night, nursing a two-by-two-and-a-half box of deeds and maps—lawful owners of Friars Pardon and the five decayed farms therewith.

"I do most sincerely 'ope and trust you 'll be 'appy, madam," Mrs. Cloke gasped, when she was told the news by the kitchen fire.

"Goodness! it is n't a marriage," Sophie exclaimed, a little awed, for to them the joke which to an American means work was only just beginning.

"If it's took in a proper spirit—" Mrs. Cloke's eye turned toward her oven.

"Send and have that mended to-mor-

row," Sophie whispered.

"We could n't'elp noticing," said Cloke, slowly, "from the times you walked there, that you an' your lady was drawn by it, but—but I don't know as we ever precisely thought—" His wife's glance checked him.

"That we were that sort of people! We are n't sure of it ourselves, yet," said George.

"Perhaps," said Cloke, rubbing his knees—"just for the sake of saying something—perhaps you'll park it."

"What 's that?" said George.

"Turn it all into a fine park like Violet Hill,"—he jerked a thumb to westward,— "that Mr. Sangres bought. It was four farms, and Mr. Sangres made a fine park of them, with a herd of faller deer."

"Then it would n't be Friars Pardon,"

said Sophie. "Would it?"

"I don't know as I 've ever heard Pardons was ever anything but wheat an' wool. Only some gentlemen say that parks are less trouble than tenants," he laughed nervously. "But the gentry, o' course, they

keep on pretty much as they 're used to doin'."

"I see," said Sophie. "How did Mr.

Sangres make his money?"

"I never rightly heard. It was pepper an' spices, or it may ha' been gloves. No. Gloves was Sir Reginald Liss at Marley End. Spices was Mr. Sangres. He 's a Brazilian gentleman—very sunburnt like."

"Be sure o' one thing: you won't have any trouble," said Mrs. Cloke just before

they went to bed.

Now the news of the purchase was told to Mr. and Mrs. Cloke alone at 8 P.M. of a Saturday. None left the farm till they set out for church next morning. Yet when they reached the church and were about to slip aside into their usual seats, a little beyond the font, where they could see the red furred tails of the bell-ropes waggle and twist at ringing-time, they were swept forward irresistibly, a Cloke on either flank (and yet they had not walked with the Clokes), upon the ever-retiring bosom of a black-gowned verger, who ushered them into a room of a pew at the head of the left aisle, under the pulpit.

"This," he sighed reproachfully, "is the

Pardons pew," and shut them in.

They could see little more than the choirboys in the chancel, but to the roots of the hair of their necks they felt the congregation behind mercilessly devouring them by look.

" When the wicked man turneth away." The strong alien voice of the priest vibrated under the hammer-beam roof, and a loneliness unfelt before swamped their hearts, as they hunted for places in the unfamiliar Church of England service. The Lord's Prayer—"Our Father which art"—sa the seal on that desolation. Sophie found herself thinking how in other lands their purchase would long ere this have been discussed from every point of view in a dozen prints, forgetting that George for months had not been allowed to glance at those black and bellowing head-lines. Here was nothing but silence —not even hostility. The game was up to them: the other players hid their cards and waited. Suspense, she felt, was in the air, and when her sight cleared, saw, indeed, a mural tablet of a footless bird brooding upon the carven motto, "Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle."

At the Litany George had trouble with

an unstable hassock and drew the slip of carpet under the pew seat. Sophie pushed her end back also and shut her eyes against a burning that felt like tears. When she opened them she was looking at her mother's maiden name, fairly carved on a blue flagstone on the pew floor:

Ellen Lashmar. ob. 1796. ætat. 27.

She nudged George and pointed. Sheltered as they kneeled, they looked for more knowledge, but the rest of the slab was blank.

"Ever hear of her?" he whispered.

"Never knew any of us came from

"Coincidence?"

"Perhaps. But it makes me feel better," and she smiled and winked away a tear on her lashes, and took his hand while they prayed for "all women labouring of child,"-not "in the perils of childbirth," -and the sparrows who had found their way through the guards behind the glass windows chirped above the faded gilt and alabaster family tree of the Conants.

The baronet's pew was on the right of the aisle. After service its inhabitants moved forth without haste, but so as to effectively block a dusky person with a large family who champed in their rear.

Spices, I think," said Sophie, deeply delighted as the Sangres closed up after the Conants. "Let'em get away, George."

But when they came out, many folk whose eyes were one still lingered by the lych-gate.

"I want to see if any more Lashmars

are buried here," said Sophie.
"Not now. This seems to be show day.

Come home quickly," he replied.

A group of families, the Clokes a little apart, opened to let them through. The men saluted with jerky nods, the women with remnants of a curtsy. Only Iggulden's son, his mother on his arm, lifted his hat as Sophie passed.

"Your people," said the clear voice of

Lady Conant in her ear.

"I suppose so," said Sophie, blushing, for they were within two yards of her; but it was not a question.

"Then that child looks as if it were coming down with mumps. You ought to tell the mother she should n't have brought it to church."

"I can't leave her be'ind, my lady," the

woman said. "She 'd set the 'ouse afire in a minute, she 's that forward with the matches. Ain't you, Maudie dear?"

"Has Dr. Dallas seen her?"

"Not yet, m' lady."

"He must. You can't get away, of course. M-m! My idiotic maid 's coming in for her teeth to-morrow at twelve. She shall pick her up—at Gale Anstey, is n't it?—at eleven."

"Yes. Thank you very much, m' lady."

"I ought n't to have done it," said Lady Conant, apologetically, "but there has been no one at Pardons for so long that you'll forgive my poaching. Now, won't you lunch with us. The vicar usually comes too. I don't use the horses on a Sunday"—she glanced at the Brazilian's silver-plated chariot. "It 's only a mile across the fields."

"You—you're very kind," said Sophie, hating herself because her lip trembled.

"My dear," the compelling tone dropped to a soothing gurgle, "d' you suppose I don't know how it feels to come to a strange county—country I should say away from one's own people? When I first left the shires-I 'm Shropshire, you know -I cried for a day and a night. But fretting does n't make loneliness any better. Oh, here 's Dora. She did sprain her leg that day."

"I'm as lame as a tree still," said the tall maiden, frankly. "You ought to go out with the otter-hounds, Mrs. Chapin; I believe they 're drawin' your brook next week."

Sir Walter had already led off George, and the vicar came up on the other side of Sophie. There was no escaping the swift procession or the leisurely lunch, where talk came and went in low-voiced eddies that had the village for their center. Sophie heard the vicar and Sir Walter address her husband lightly as Chapin! (She also remembered many women known in a previous life who habitually addressed their husbands as Mr. such an one.) After lunch Lady Conant talked to her explicitly of maternity as that is achieved in cottages and farm-houses remote from aid, and of the duty thereto of the mistress of Pardons.

A gate in a beech hedge, reached across triple lawns, let them out before tea-time into the unkempt south side of their land. "I want your hand, please," said Sophie,

as soon as they were safe among the beech boles and the lawless hollies. "D' you remember the old maid in 'Providence and the Guitar' who heard the commissary swear, and hardly reckoned herself a maiden lady afterward? Because I 'm a relative of hers. Lady Conant is—"

"Did you find out anything about the

Lashmars?" he asked.

"I did n't ask. I'm going to write to Aunt Sydney about it first. Oh, she said something at lunch about their having bought some farms from some Lashmars a few years ago. I found it was the beginning of the century."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Really, how interesting!'—like that. I'm not going to push myself forward. I've been hearing about Mr. Sangres's efforts in that direction. And you? I could n't see you behind the flowers. Was it very deep water, dear?"

George mopped a brow already browned

by outdoor exposures.

"Oh, no—dead easy," he answered.
"I 've bought Friars Pardon to prevent
Sir Walter's birds straying."

A cock pheasant scuttered through the dry leaves and exploded almost under their feet. Sophie jumped.

"That 's one of 'em," said George,

calmly.

"Well, your nerves are better, at any rate," said she. "Did you tell 'em you 'd

bought the thing to play with?"

"No. That was where my nerve broke down. I only made one bad break—I think. I said I could n't see why hiring land to men to farm was n't as much a business proposition as anything else."

"And what did they say?"

"They smiled. I shall know what that smile means one day. They don't waste their smiles. D' you see that track by Gale Anstey?"

They looked down from the edge of the hanger over a cup-like hollow. People by twos and threes in their Sunday best filed slowly along the paths that connected farm to farm.

"I 've never seen so many on our land before," said Sophie. "Why is it?"

"To show us we must n't shut up their rights of way."

"Those cow-tracks we've been using cross-lots?" said Sophie, forcibly.

"Yes. Any one of 'em would cost us

two thousand pounds each in legal expenses to close."

"But we don't want to," she said.

"The whole community would fight if we did."

"But it 's our land. We can do what we like."

"It 's not our land. We 've only paid for it. We belong to it, and it belongs to the people—our people they call 'em. I 've been to lunch with the English too."

They passed slowly from one brackendotted field to the next—flushed with pride of ownership, plotting alterations and restorations at each turn; halting in their tracks to argue, spreading apart to embrace two views at once, or closing in to consider one. Couples moved out of their way, but smiling covertly.

"We shall make some bad breaks," he

said at last.

"Together, though. You won't let any

one else in, will you?"

"Except the contractors. This syndicate handles this proposition by its little lone."

"But you might feel the want of some one," she insisted.

"I shall—but it will be you. It 's business, Sophie, but it 's going to be good fun."

"Please God," she answered, flushing, and cried to herself, as they went back to tea, "It's worth it."

The repairing of and moving into Friars Pardon was business of the most varied and searching, but all done, English fashion, without friction. Time and money alone were asked. The rest lay in the hands of beneficent advisers from London or spirits, male and female, called up by Mr. and Mrs. Cloke from the wastes of the farms. In the center stood George and Sophie a little aghast, their interests reaching out on every side.

"I ain't sayin' anything against Londoners," said Cloke, self-appointed clerk of the outer works, consulting engineer, head of the immigration bureau, and superintendent of woods and forests, "but your own people won't go about to make

more than fair profit out of you."

"How is one to know?" said George.

"Five years from now, or so on, maybe you 'll be lookin' over your first years' accounts, and, knowin' what you 'll know then, you'll say: 'Well, Billy Beartup'—or

old Cloke, as it might be—'did me proper when I was new.' No man likes to have that sort of thing laid up against 'im."

"I think I see," said George. "But five

years is a long time to look ahead."

"I doubt if that oak Billy Beartup throwed in Reuben's Ghyll will be fit for her drawin'-room floor in less than seven," Cloke drawled.

"Yes, that 's my work," said Sophie (Billy Beartup of Griffons, a woodman by training and birth, a tenant farmer by misfortune of marriage, had laid his broad ax at her feet a month before). "Sorry if I 've committed you to another eternity."

"And we sha'n't even know where we've gone wrong with your new carriage-drive before that time, either," said Cloke, ever anxious to keep the balance true—with an ounce or two in Sophie's favor. The past four months had taught George better than to reply. The carriage-road winding up the hill was his present keen interest. They set off to look at it and the imported American scraper which had blighted the none too sunny soul of "Skim" Winsh, the carter. But young Iggulden was in charge now, and under his guidance Buller and Roberts, the great horses, moved mountains.

"You lif' her like that, an' you tip her like that," he explained to the gang. "My uncle he was road-master in Connecticut."

"Are they roads yonder?" said Skim,

sitting under the laurels.

"No better than accommodation roads. Dirt, they call 'em. They 'd suit you, Skim."

"Why?" said the incautious Skim.

"'Cause you 'd take no hurt when you fall out of your cart drunk on a Saturday," was the answer.

"I did n't last time, neither," Skim

After the loud laugh old Wybarne of Gale Anstey piped feebly: "Well, dirt or no dirt, there 's no denyin' Chapin knows a good job when he sees it. 'E don't build one day and dee-stroy the next, like that nigger Sangres."

"She's the one that knows her own mind," said Pinky, brother to Skim Winsh, and a Napoleon among carters who had helped to bring the grand piano across

the fields in the autumn rains.

"She had ought to," said Iggulden.

"Whoa, Buller! She's a Lashmar. They never was double-minded."

"Oh, you found that? Did the answer come?" said Skim, doubtful whether so remote a land as America had posts.

The others looked at him scornfully. Skim was always a day behind the fair.

Iggulden rested from his labors. "She's a Lashmar right enough. I started up at once—the month after when she said her folks came from Veering Holler."

"Where there ain't any roads," Skim

interrupted, but none laughed.

"My uncle he married an American woman for his second, and she took it up like a—like the coroner. We've got it all pieced out now. She 's a Lashmar out of the old Lashmar place, 'fore they sold to Conants. She ain't no Toot Hill Lashmar, nor any o' the Crayford lot. Her folk come out o' the ground here, neither chalk nor forest, but wildishers. They sailed over to America—I 've got it all writ down by my uncle's woman—in eighteen hundred an' nothing. My uncle says they 're all slow begetters like."

"Would they be gentry yonder now?"

Skim asked.

"Nah—no gentry in America, no matter how long you're there. It's against their law. They've been lawyers and such like over yonder a hundred years—but she's a Lashmar for all that."

"Lord! What 's a hundred years?" said Wybarne, who had seen seventy-eight of

them.

"An' they write, too, yonder, you can still tell 'em by head-mark. Their hair 's foxy red still—an' they throw out when they walk. He's in-toed,—treads like a gipsy,—but you watch an' you'll see 'er throw out—like a colt."

"Your trace wants taking up." Pinky's large ears had caught the sound of voices, and as the two broke through the laurels the men were hard at work, their eyes on

Sophie's feet.

She had been less fortunate in her inquiries than Iggulden, for her Aunt Sydney of Meriden (a badged and certificated Daughter of the Revolution to boot) answered her inquiries with a two-paged discourse on patriotism, the leaflets of a Village Improvement Society, of which she was president, and a demand for an overdue subscription to a Factory Girls' Reading Circle. Sophie burned it all in

the Orpheus and Eurydice grate, and kept her own counsel.

"What I want to know," said George when spring was coming and gardens needed thought, "is who will ever pay me for my labor. I 've put in at least half a million dollars' worth already."

"Sure you 're not taking too much out

of yourself?" his wife said.

"Oh, no; I have n't been conscious of myself all the winter." He looked at his brown English gaiters and smiled. "It's all behind me now. I believe I could sit down and think of all that—those months before we sailed."

"Don't-ah, don't!" she cried.

"But I must go back one day. You don't want me to keep out of business always—or do you?" He ended with a nervous laugh.

Sophie sighed as she drew her own ground-ash (of old Iggulden's cutting)

from the hall rack.

"Are n't you overdoing it, too? You look a little tired," he said.

"You make me tired. I 'm going to Rocketts to see Mrs. Cloke about Mary." (This was the sister of the telegraphist, promoted to be sewing-maid at Pardons.) "Coming?"

"I'm due at Burnt House to see about the new well. By the way, there's a sore

throat at Gale Anstey—"

"That's my province. Don't interfere. The Wybarne children always have sore throats. They do it for jujubes."

"Keep away from Gale Anstey till I make sure, honey. Cloke ought to have told me."

"These people don't tell. Have n't you learned that yet? But I'll obey, me lord. See you later!"

She set off afoot, for within the three main roads that bounded the great triangle of the estate (even by night one could scarcely hear the carts on them) wheels were not used except for farm work. The foot-paths served all other purposes. And though at first they had planned improvements, they had soon fallen in with the customs of their hidden kingdom, and moved about the soft-footed ways by woodland, hedge-row, and shaw as freely as the rabbits. Indeed, for the most part Sophie walked bareheaded beneath her helmet of chestnut hair; but she had been

plagued of late by vague aches, which she explained to Mrs. Cloke, who asked some questions. How it came about Sophie never knew, but after a while behold, Mrs. Cloke's arm was about her waist, and her head was on that deep bosom behind the shut kitchen door.

"My dear! my dear!" the elder woman almost sobbed. "An' d' you mean to tell me you never suspicioned? Why—why—where was you ever taught anything at all? Of course it is. It 's what we 've been only waitin' for—all of us. Time and again I 've said to Lady—" she checked herself. "An' now we shall be as we should be."

"But—but—but—" Sophie whimpered.
"An' to see you buildin' your nest so busy—pianos and books—an' never thinkin' of a nursery!"

"No more I did." Sophie sat bolt up-

right and began to laugh.

"Time enough yet." The fingers tapped thoughtfully on the broad knee. "Butthey must be strange-minded folk over yonder with you! Have you thought to send for your mother?—She dead? My dear, my dear! Never mind! She 'll be happy where she knows. 'T is God's work, an' we was only waitin' for it, for you 've never failed in your duty yet. It ain't your way. - What did you say about my Mary's doings?" Mrs. Cloke's face hardened as she pressed her chin on Sophie's forehead. "If any of the girls thinks to be'ave arbitrary now, I 'll But they won't, my dear. I'll see they do their duty too. Be sure you 'll 'ave no trouble."

When Sophie walked back across the fields, heaven and earth changed about her as on the day of old Iggulden's death. For an instant she thought of the wide turn of her staircase, and the new ivorywhite paint that no coffin corner could scar, but presently the shadow passed in a pure wonder and bewilderment that made her reel. She leaned against one of their new gates and looked over their lands for some other stay.

"Well," she said resignedly, half aloud, "we must try to make him feel that he is n't a third in our party," and turned the corner that looked over Friars Pardon, giddy, sick, and faint.

Of a sudden the house they had bought for a whim stood up as she had never seen it before, low-fronted, broad-winged, ample, prepared by course of generations for all such things. As it had steadied her when it lay desolate, so now that it had meaning from their few months of life within, it soothed and promised good things. She went alone and shyly into the hall and kissed either door-post, whispering: "Be good to me! You know. You've never failed in your duty yet."

WHEN the matter was explained to George, he would have sailed at once to their own land, but this Sophie forbade.

"I don't want science," she said. "I just want to be loved, and there is n't time for that at home. Besides," she added, looking out of the window, "it would be desertion."

George was forced to soothe himself with linking Friars Pardon to the telegraph system of Great Britain by telephonethree quarters of a mile of poles, put in by Wybarne and a few friends. One of these was a foreigner from the next parish. Said he when the line was being run: "There's an old ellum right in our road. Shall us

"'Toot Hill parish folk, neither grace nor good luck, God help 'em.' " Old Wybarne shouted the local proverb from three poles down the line. "We ain't goin' to lay ary ax-iron to coffin-wood here—not till we know where we are yet awhile. Swing round 'er, swing round!"

To this day, then, that sudden kink in the straight line across the upper pasture remains a mystery to Sophie and George. Nor can they tell why Skim Winsh, who came to his cottage under Dutton Shaw most musically drunk at 10:45 P.M. of every Saturday night, as his father had done before him, sang no more at the bottom of the garden steps where Sophie always feared he would break his neck. The path was undoubtedly an ancient right of way, and at 10:45 P.M. on Saturdays Skim remembered it was his duty to posterity to keep it open, -till Mrs. Cloke spoke to him—once. She spoke likewise to her daughter Mary, maid at Pardons, and to Mary's best new friend, the five-footseven imported London housemaid, who taught Mary to trim hats and found the country dullish.

But there was no noise,—at no time was there any noise, —and when Sophie walked abroad she met no one in her path unless she had signified a wish that way. Then they appeared to protest that all was well with them and their children, their chickens, their roofs, their water-supply, and their sons in the police or the railway service.

"But don't you find it dull, dear?" said George, loyally doing his best not to worry as the months went by.

"I 've been so busy putting my house in order I have n't had time to think," said she. "Do you?"

"No-no. If I could only be sure of you."

She turned on the green drawing-room's couch (it was Empire, not Heppelwhite, after all) and laid aside a list of linen and blankets.

"It has changed everything, has n't it?" she whispered.

"Oh, Lord, yes. But I still think if we went back to Baltimore-"

"And missed our first real summer together. No, thank you, me lord."

"But we 're absolutely alone."

"Is n't that what I 'm doing my best to remedy? Don't you worry. I like it like it to the marrow of my little bones. You don't realize what her house means to a woman. We thought we were living in it last year, but we had n't begun to. Don't you rejoice in your study, George?"

"I prefer being here with you." He sat down on the floor by the couch and took her hand.

"Seven," said she as the French clock struck. "Year before last you 'd just be coming back from business."

He winced at the recollection, then laughed. "Business! I 've been at work ten solid hours to-day."

"Where did you lunch? With the Conants?"

"No; at Dutton Shaw, sitting on a log, with my feet in a swamp. But we 've found out where the old spring is, and we 're going to pipe it down to Gale An-

stey next year."

"I'll come and see to-morrow.—Oh, please open the door, dear. I want to look down the passage. Is n't that corner by the stair-head lovely where the sun strikes in?" She looked through halfclosed eyes at the vista of ivory-white and pale green all steeped in liquid gold.

"There 's a step out of Jane Elphick's bedroom," she went on - " and his first step

in the world ought to be up. I should n't wonder if our ancestors had n't put it there on purpose.—George, will it make any odds to you if he is a girl?"

He answered, as he had many times before, that his interest was his wife, not

his child.

"Then you 're the only person who thinks so." She laughed. "Don't be silly, dear. I know. It 's expected. It 's my duty. I sha'n't be able to look these people in the face if I fail."

"What concern is it of theirs? Con-

found 'em!"

"You 'll see. Luckily the tradition of the house is boys, Mrs. Cloke says, so I 'm provided for. Shall you ever begin to understand these people? I sha'n't."

"And we bought it for fun—for fun," he groaned. "And here we are held up

for goodness knows how long!"

"Why? Were you thinking of selling it?" He did not answer. "Do you remember the second Mrs. Chapin?" she said.

This was a bold, brazen little black-browed woman—a widow for choice—who on Sophie's death was guilefully to marry George for his wealth and ruin him in a year. George being busy, Sophie had invented her some two years after her marriage and conceived she was alone among wives in so doing.

"You are n't going to bring her up-

again?" he said anxiously.

"I only want to say that I should hate any one who bought Pardons ten times worse than I used to hate the second Mrs. Chapin. Think what we've put into it of our two selves."

"At least a couple of million dollars. I know I could have made—" he broke off.

"The beasts!" she went on. "They'd be sure to build a red-brick lodge at the gates, and cut the lawn up for bedding out. You must leave instructions in your will that he's never to do that, George, won't you?"

He laughed and took her hand again, but said nothing till it was time to dress. Then he muttered: "What the devil use is a man's country to him when he can't do business in it?"

FRIARS PARDON stood faithful to its tradition. At the appointed time was born, not that third in their party to whom Sophie meant to be so kind, but a godling; in beauty it was manifest excelling Eros, as in wisdom Confucius—an enhancer of delights, a renewer of companionships, and an interpreter of Destiny. This last George did not realize till he met Lady Conant striding through Dutton Shaw a few days after the Event.

"My dear fellow," she cried, and slapped him heartily on the back, "I can't tell you how glad we all are.—Oh, she 'll be all right. (There 's never been any trouble over the birth of an heir at Pardons.) Now where the dooce is it?" She felt largely in her leather-bound skirt and drew out a small silver mug. "I sent a note to your wife about it, but my silly ass of a groom forgot to take this. You can save me a tramp. Give 'er my love." She marched off amid her guard of grave Airedales.

The mug was worn and dented; above the twined initials "G. L." was the crest of a footless bird and the motto, "Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle."

"That's the other end of the riddle," Sophie whispered, when he saw her that evening. "Read her note. The English

write beautiful notes."

"The warmest of welcomes to your little man. I hope he will appreciate his own country now he has come to it. Though you have said nothing, we cannot of course look on him as a little stranger, and so I am sending him the old Lashmar christening-mug. It has been with us since Gregory Lashmar, your greatgrandmother's brother—"

George stared at his wife.

"Go on," she twinkled from the pillows.

"-mother's brother, sold his place to Walter's family. We seem to have acquired some of your household gods at that time, but nothing survives except the mug and the old cradle, which I found in the potting-shed and am having put in order for you. I hope little George—Lashmar he will be too, won't he?—will live to see his grandchildren cut their teeth on his mug.

"Affectionately yours,
"Alice Conant.

"P.S. How quiet you 've kept about it all!"

"Well, I 'm-"

"Don't swear," said Sophie. "Bad for the infant mind."

"But how in the world did she get at it? Have you ever said a word about the Lashmars?"

"You know the only time. To young Iggulden, at Rocketts—on the evening of that day."

"'Your great-grandmother's brother.' She's traced the whole connection—more than your Aunt Sydney could do. What does she mean about our keeping quiet?"

Sophie's eyes sparkled. "I 've thought that out too. We've got back at the English at last. Can't you see that she thought that we thought my mother's being a Lashmar was one of those things we'd expect them to find out for themselves, and that's impressed her?" She turned the mug in her white hands and sighed happily. "'Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle.' That's not a bad motto, George. It 's been worth it."

"But still I don't quite see-"

"I should n't wonder if they don't think our coming here was part of a deep-laid scheme to be near our ancestors. They'd understand *that*. And look how they've accepted us, all of them."

"Are we so undesirable ourselves?"

George grunted.

"Be just, me lord. That wretched Sangres man has twice our money. Can you see Marm Conant slapping him between the shoulders? Not by a jugful! The poor beast does n't exist."

"Do you think it 's that, then?" He looked toward the cot by the fire where

the godling snorted.

"The minute I get well I shall find out from Mrs. Cloke what every Lashmar gives in doles (that 's nicer than tips) every time a Lashmite is born. I 've done my duty thus far, but there 's much expected of me."

Entered here Mrs. Cloke, and hung enraptured over the cot. They showed her the mug, and her face shone. "Oh, now Lady Conant's sent it, it'll be all proper, ma'am—won't it? 'George' of course he'd have to be, but seeing what he is we was hopin'—all your people was hopin'—it'u'd be 'Lashmar' too, and that 'u'd just round it out.—A very 'andsome mug; quite unique, I should imagine. 'Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle.' That 's true with the Lashmars, I 've heard. Very slow to fill their houses, they are. Most like Master George won't open 'is nursery till he 's thirty."

"Poor lamb!" cried Sophie. "But how did you know my folk were Lashmars?"

Mrs. Cloke thought deeply. "I'm sure I can't quite say, ma'am, but I've a belief likely that it was somethin' you may have let drop to young Iggulden when you was at Rocketts. That may have been what give us an inkling. An' so it came out, one thing in the way o' talk leadin' to another, an' those American people at Veering Holler was very obligin', I'm told, ma'am."

"Great Scott!" said George, under his breath. "And this is the simple peasant."

"Yiss," Mrs. Cloke went on. "An' Cloke was only wonderin' this afternoon, —your pillow 's slipped, my dear; you must n't lie that a-way,—just for the sake o' saying something, whether you would n't think well now o' gettin' back the Lashmar farms, sir. They don't rightly round off Sir Walter's estate. They come caterin' across us more. Cloke he 'u'd be glad to take you round any day."

"But Sir Walter does n't want to sell,

does he?"

"We can find out from 'is bailiff, sir, but" (with cold contempt) "I think that trained nurse is just comin' up from her dinner, so I 'm afraid we 'll have to ask you, sir— Now, Master George— Ai-ie! Wake a litty minute, lammie!"

A FEW months later the three of them were down at the brook in the Gale Anstey woods to consider the rebuilding of a footbridge carried away by spring floods. George Lashmar wanted all the bluebells on God's earth, that day, to eat, and Sophie adored him in a voice like to the cooing of a dove; so business was delayed.

"Here 's the place," said his father at last among the water forget-me-nots. "But where the deuce are the larch poles, Cloke? I told you to have 'em down here

readv."

"We'll get'em down if you say so," Cloke answered, with a thrust of the under-

lip they both knew.

"But I did say so. What on earth have you brought that timber tug here for? We are n't building a railway bridge. Why, in America half a dozen two-by-four bits would be ample."

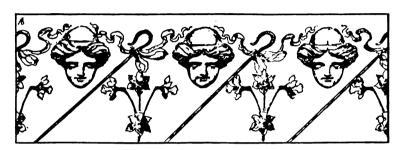
"I don't know nothin' about that," said Cloke. "An' I 've nothin' to say against larch—if you want to make a temp'ry job of it. I ain't 'ere to tell you what is n't so, sir—an' you can't say I ever come

creepin' up on you, or tryin' to lead you in further than you set out—"

A year ago George would have danced with impatience. Now he scraped a little mud off his old gaiters with his spud, and waited.

"All I say is that you can put up larch an' make a temp'ry job of it, and by the time the young master 's married it 'll all have to be done again. Now, I 've brought down a couple of as sweet six-by-eight oak timbers as we've ever drawed. You put 'em in an' it's off your mind for good an' all. T' other way—I don't say it ain't right, I 'm only just sayin' what I think—but t' other way he 'll no sooner be married than we'll 'ave it all' to do again. You 've no call to regard my words, but you can't get out o' that."

"No," said George after a pause. "I've been realizing that for some time. Make it oak, then. We can't get out of it."



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE CHIEF LESSON OF A GREAT "KICK"

THE picturesque and thoroughgoing turnover in Philadelphia, which promises relief as well to a boss-ridden State, has several useful hints and lessons for the country at large. In the first place, the history of the movement shows the advantage of organization on the part of the decent element. The Committee of Seventy was already in the field when the outrages of the ring reached their culmination in the gas-lease scandal; and this and other committees, along with the press and the pulpit, were immensely useful means for the concentration of both public opinion and public action.

But the most crying, shaming, and at the same time inspiring lesson of the reform movement in Pennsylvania is the revindication of the power of public opinion. We all know, academically, that public opinion rules the world,—the whole world,—not only the civilized, but the semicivilized and barbarous world; that it rules absolutely free communities, such as the American, the British, the French, and also those where the monarch has greater power than in Great Britain; that

it rules essentially in Russia, India, China, and Abyssinia. Of course its rule is more free and evident in free communities; but recent events in Russia have shown that the most absolute monarchs in the world have to give way when their peoples change their opinion about them and about things in general.

The effect of the tremendous kick recently administered by public opinion in Philadelphia to their local system of political graft seems to have surprised the beast that was hit not more than the great deadin-earnest, though not unhumorous, public that administered the punishment. The event proves that there was a storage-battery of indignant protest right on the spot and ready to be charged; and that it might have been charged and made to do its vigorous work at any time these many years back.

This, however, is not the time for blame for what was not done, but of congratulation upon the glorious things that have been done, and upon the still more fundamental reforms that are now in the way of accomplishment in the redeemed city and in the State at large.

But let every community in the United States that has not yet revolted against corrupt local government take both warning and encouragement. Let it realize fully that if it remains corrupt it is its own fault. For nothing on earth can withstand the besom of an aroused and intelligent public opinion led by disinterested men against fortified corruption and hardy cynicism.

# BEAUTY AND THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S recent plea for beauty in our modern life was a notable utterance. The theme of the address was highly appropriate to its occasion—namely, the opening, at Buffalo, of the Albright Art Gallery, surely one of the most exquisite creations of modern times in the spirit of Grecian art. The address, too, was delivered in a city the local patriotism and artistic taste of which, a few years ago, resulted in the splendid Pan-American Exposition, of which this very gallery, the fruit of wise private munificence, is itself the one great permanent and visible relic.

President Eliot's plea for beauty was philosophic, practical, and individual. His principal aim was to show the relation between beauty and democracy. "The happiness," he said, "of loving things beautiful is in a high degree a social form of happiness; and it is the aim of democracy to develop social happiness as well as individual." It was natural that in speaking of the effect of works by the greatest masters in color in the way of "educating the popular sense of beauty," he should denounce "our barbarous legislation, taxing imported works of art," which "piles on the natural difficulties of our situation a serious artificial obstruction."

There was a felicity of timeliness in President Eliot's example of the fact that the love of beauty is far from being enervating to the spirit of a nation. "If we need," he said, "a demonstration that love of the beautiful and habitual cultivation of the beautiful are not inconsistent with the simultaneous possession of the most effective and robust human qualities, we may find it in the extraordinary artistic qualities of the Japanese as a race—qualities they exhibit in conjunction with great industrial efficiency, remarkable sanitary wisdom, and an unparalleled energy and devotion in war. The interest of the Japa-

nese in flowers, gardens, and groves, and their skill in producing the most admirable varieties of fine work in metals, pottery, and textile fabrics, have been the wonder of the Western world. Even the arrangement of cut flowers is for them a high art; a garden or a grove is almost a sacred place; and the production of a single beautiful porcelain or bronze vase or bowl is an adequate reward for months of labor. This devotion to the production of the beautiful is absolutely consistent with the possession by the same race of the qualities which we commonly distinguish by such words as manly, sturdy, and heroic."

What we greatly need in America is not only the ability, which is manifestly increasing with us, of both appreciating and creating masterpieces of art, -in architecture, sculpture, painting, etc., -but also that pervasive sense of art which in Japan produces fine craftsmanship and the love of beauty in domestic surroundings and in the simplest of nature's manifestations. Until we have this to a larger extent. how are we to correct the abounding American slovenliness of appearance, which village improvement societies and municipal art associations are heroically endeavoring to correct? American democracy is awaking to the importance of beauty on a large scale—in public and private buildings, in parks and bowery streets; but our edges are yet extremely rough,—we do not mean the distant edges of our civilization, but the rough edges in the midst of things,—and everything that helps to spread, to democratize, a sense of fitness and beauty in all the ways and surroundings of men is to be heartily desired and earnestly forwarded.

One way in which our readers can increase the art spirit in America is to remember that they are constituents of some congressman, whom it is their duty to inform that the present tax on art is an abomination which in a Central African government might be called savage, but which with us can best be called purely idiotic.

#### A CHANCE FOR A SHAKSPERE REVIVAL

MR. BEN GREET has adopted a happy plan for promoting the study of Shakspere and at the same time creat-

ing a demand which he and his company of English actors stand ready to supply; and as it is a plan by which everybody concerned will be profited, it is devoutly to be hoped that it will succeed. It is simplicity itself, and involves merely the agreement of various educational institutions near New York, in reply to Mr. Greet's suggestion, to give prominence and system to the study of Shakspere during the opening weeks of the autumn term, with a recommendation to students of certain preliminary reading in the same line during the vacation. Mr. Greet, on his part, is planning for New York, and later for Boston, a considerable season of the tragedies, comedies. and histories, approximately in the fashion of the seventeenth century, with such scenery, text, costumes, and traditions as his scholarly study has been able to recover from the records of the period. Several of the plays he has already produced in this country in this fashion, and these and the morality play of "Everyman" have had antiquarian interest and value, as well as dramatic excellence.

The force of the plan we are considering is that it substitutes in the minds of many persons a systematic preparation for a given drama instead of the casual knowledge which most bring to the front of the curtain. It is understood that the sugges-

tion has met with encouragement from authorities in Columbia University, the College of the City of New York, and other institutions, and it would be fortunate if Barnard College, the Teachers' College, Manhattan and St. John's colleges, the leading private schools and literary clubs should fall into the fashion.

The idea was broached rather late in the past school year, and there may be obstacles to its full fruition this autumn; but it is certainly in the line of legitimate university extension, and when the longtalked-of "endowed theater" comes to realization, some such scheme of informal cooperation is likely to form part of its Mr. Greet's plan would involve the planting of intellectual seed which any theater-manager might reap, and it is to be hoped that the coming season will be rich in such a harvest. We believe Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are to continue their series of Shakspere plays, and there is some hope of seeing Miss Matthieson in a larger range of work. With such a help to the study of Shakspere as one can now get in the Variorum Edition by our master of criticism, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, it will be no small gain to the stage and the public when one may go from the authoritative text to the reasonably authoritative representation.



## The Century's American Artists Series HENRY S. HUBBELL

M. HENRY SALEM HUBBELL, whose paintings the Cabman and the Poet, Parisian boulevard types, are reproduced on pages 528 and 529, was born at Paola, Kansas, in 1870. His first artistic education was at the Art Institute of Chicago, under Vanderpoel and Freer and for a brief period under William M. Chase. He later became an illustrator. In 1898 he went to Paris and studied for a short time at the Académie Julien, and later with Raphaël Collin and with Whistler. He also spent some time in Madrid studying the works of Velasquez and Titian, perhaps the most fruitful time of all. Mr. Hubbell has exhibited mainly in Paris, Philadelphia, and

Chicago, and is a member of the Society of American Artists. "The Bargain," a large canvas with which he made his début at the Salon in París in 1901, received a "mention honorable." In 1904 his picture "Les Cuivres" received a medal, and was bought for the Wilstach collection of Philadelphia. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition he received a silver medal.

His work has been chiefly figure-pieces (with occasional portraits), among which, other than those mentioned, are "The Return," "The Caress," "At Grandmother's," "A Paris Cabman," "Serene Old Age," and "Augustine."

Mr. Hubbell in his work displays unusual versatility, "The Poet" having an admirable

tonal quality, and in its seriousness and massing of light and shade suggesting Courbet; while "A Paris Cabman" is a piquant piece of work, brilliant in color and masterly in technic. Both pictures are excellent in delineation of character.

#### HENRY WARD RANGER

HENRY WARD RANGER, whose picture, "Bradley's Mill-Pond," is reproduced elsewhere in this magazine, was born in central New York, near Rochester, in 1858, and was practically self-taught, since, save for a year at the Syracuse University, where he entered for an art course, he has worked out his own artistic salvation. He came to New York and took a studio in the early seventies, making acquaintance for the first time with the work of the Barbizon men, by whom he has ever since been greatly influenced. With the exception of the American Water Color Society, Mr. Ranger was, until lately, a member of none of the art bodies, though recently he was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design.

It was in the medium of water-color that he first attracted attention to himself, for he was and is an adept in its use, following along the methods of the modern Dutch school, painting with breadth and simplicity, in excellent color. For many years he worked in Holland, at Laren and elsewhere, where he enjoyed the intimacy of Israels, Mauve, and other leaders of the group, possessing to-day a collection of their work that is unique of its kind, having been selected with rare discrimination and artistic judgment. From the first Mr. Ranger has experimented to such an extent that for years his manner changed with each exhibition, though always there were intelligent study and searching for the best method of expressing nature's truths, until, at the present moment, the man has developed a distinctive manner of his own, effective in enabling him to render that which appeals to him.

There were years of travel abroad, when he returned home with foreign themes for pictures; but for some seasons past Mr. Ranger has confined himself strictly to views about New York, or at Lyme, Connecticut, which he has given in all their characteristically Ameri-

can setting, with a richness and variety of color most attractive. It is, too, the larger and more forceful aspect that appeals to this artist, and there is apparently no time of the day that has not caught his fancy. Painting the strength and dramatic forcefulness of the sunset, rendering the delicacy and tenderness of the opalescent gray day and early dawn, reveling in the brilliancy of midday sunlight with its intense shadows, all the hours seem to have come under Mr. Ranger's subjugation, and each has been set down faithfully.

I know of no artist whose pictures are so thoroughly representative of the man himself as are those by Mr. Ranger, whose powerful physical personality and rugged strength are reflected in his own canvases. Yet behind this unusual virility and tireless energy there is a gentle strain of poetry and tenderness, which manifests itself not only in the refinement and delicacy of the sentiment in the interpretation of the theme, but, away from his easel, takes its outlet through the medium of the man's expression in music, since Mr. Ranger is a capable performer on the piano and organ, splendid instruments of both kinds being a part of the outfit of his New York studio. Of an analytical mind, a serious student of the works and lives of the older masters, he is a convincing and interesting talker on the subject of art.

Although one of the best known and most admired of our painters, Mr. Ranger has been singularly opposed to competition for honors of any sort, objecting on principle to distinctions other than come from the ability of his canvases to attract serious attention, and to this end he has rarely exhibited in public displays, confining himself to modest groups of his own works at private galleries. His paintings, however, are in many of the most important public and private collections, and, despite his objections, some honors have come his way. Painting with the most generous use of pigment, scraping, repainting, glazing, scumbling, or again floating on color into rich undertones with varnish, Mr. Ranger attains his end somehow, and a depth of tone is secured that is highly effective, while always his composition interest is sustained to the last degree.

Arthur Hoeber.







Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

#### THE ANIMALS AT THE SIDE-SHOWS

#### The Fish That Get Away

I'VE fished in the old Ohio,
When a freckled, barefoot boy,
Pulled "cats" from the hole
With a hickory pole
And carried them home with joy;
But among the cats, both large and small,
That I hooked in my bygone day,
The cat that I wanted most of all
Was the one that got away.

I 've tossed the lively shiner,
With rod of supple steel,
Where lie the bass
By the floating grass,
And brought them in with the reel;
But of all the bass I ever caught,
None was so large and fine,
None sent the blood through my veins so hot
As the bass that broke my line.

I 've waded the clear, cold Northern streams
And cast for the speckled trout;
Have found the fly
That took their eye,
And lured the beauties out;
But of all the trout that ever rise
From many a teeming brook,
None loom so large in memory's eyes
As the ones that slip the hook.

So runs the world: our wisest words
Are the words we fail to speak;
The sweetest kiss
Is the one we miss;
The sweetest grapes we seek
Hang just too high; and we long and look,
And sigh as we sadly say,
The best of the fish that come to our hook
Are the fish that get away.

W. H. Johnson.

#### An Appeal to a Wonder-Worker

(See "A Wonder-Worker of Science," in THE CENTURY
MAGAZINE for March and April)

OH, Mr. Burbank, won't you try and do some things for me?

A wizard clever as you are can do them easily.

A man who turns a cactus plant into a featherbed

Should have no trouble putting brains into a cabbage-head.

A chap who takes a cherry young and grows it sans a pit

Might easily work up, I think, a cat without a fit,

And he whose genius makes a peach from out a po-ta-to

Ought to be able hired men who like to work to grow.

And won't you please, some afternoon when you 're not busy, try

To make a pointless hat-pin that won't stick into your eye!

I 'd like also a mortgage new that when each six months ends,

Instead of asking interest due, declares big dividends.

A pitless plum is very sweet, but, oh, think what a pull

You 'd have if you should evolute a plumber pitiful!

And you who on geraniums have such improvement set,

Why can't you make a gasolene that smells like mignonette?

Why can't you turn each motor-man into a Chesterfield,

And turn the trusts to charities that innocency shield?

Why can't you give us chauffeurs, too, who

Why can't you give us chauffeurs, too, who auto as they ought,

Not as they had n't ought to when they think they can't be caught?

And what a boon to diners-out if some plan you 'd pursue

To breed a race of speakers who would know when they were through;

And then some day when laggard time incontinently sticks

Work up a cactian conscience that is quite devoid of pricks.

Oh, Mr. Burbank, won't you try and do these things for me?

A wizard clever as you are can do them easily.

And when you 've got 'em done, good sir, indeed I promise you

I 'll have another lengthy list of things for you to do.

John Kendrick Bangs.

#### Some New Rays

Is N'T it interesting about these radium rays?" she asked, as she threw aside a current periodical.

"Have you been reading them up?" he

inquired.
"Yes; I get all my science from the magazines."

"In spite of the fact that your father is a professor?"

"Oh, he never professes with me," she laughed. "He reserves his science for the lecture-room."

"It might not be altogether safe to profess

with you," he observed.

She gave him a puzzled glance.

"I'm not sure that I get all the bearings of that remark," she said.

"That 's just what I should prefer," he replied genially. "It gives me a reputation for cryptic sayings, you know. As long as you 're assured that it 's not uncomplimentary—"

"But I 'm not assured," she protested.

He laughed teasingly.

"You ought to be, by now. But about this radium. We started with radium, did n't we?"

"Yes, I was saying something about it."
"Well, there are rays much more wonderful than radium."

"Oh, I know; you mean thorium and polonium."

"No"

"Berzelium and carolinium, then?"

"None of those compare with the ones I mean."

"How curious! Some still newer discovery?"

"Well, in a way, they 're partly my own discovery."

"Why, I did n't know that you went in for those things."

"I don't, as a general rule. But these rays have interested me very deeply of late."

"And you 've been experimenting on your own account?"

"Whenever I could, yes."

"Tormenting poor little guinea-pigs?" she queried reproachfully. "It 's cruel!"

"I have n't been using guinea-pigs. I 've been experimenting on myself."

"That 's very dangerous."

"I 've found it so."

"Oh!" she cried, in quick alarm; "I hope you have n't hurt yourself."

"I 'm afraid I have, rather."

"I'm so sorry! Tell me about it. What rays are they? How do you make them?"

"I don't make them myself. I discovered them in a—a precious substance belonging to your father."

"Oh, father knows of them, then?"

"Well, he has n't been interested in studying them, in the way I have."

"Tell me what they are like."

"Why, they 're like radium rays, in some respects. They keep on darting at one,—I mean radiating, you know,—with no apparent loss of power in the object or objects from which they come."

"Yes, that 's one of the striking things about

radium."

"Then their effect is very insidious at first."

"Yes?"

"And it seems to increase constantly."

"What do they do? Do they photograph bones and bullets, like the X-rays?"

"I have n't tried that yet. I should think they might. They seem to pierce through almost anything."

"Have you named them?"

"Yes. Instead of X-rays, I call them I-rays."
A sudden look of suspicion came into her face.

"It 's well not to handle these substances

carelessly, you know," she advised.

"I did n't find that out till too late," he confessed. "You remember, one of those French professors burned himself badly with his rays without knowing it. Mine seem to have injured the heart."

"Indeed! Then you certainly should n't subject yourself to their influence any longer."

"Possibly not. And yet there 's a further experiment that I want to try."

"What is that?"

"You know some of these foreign rays cure as well as kill."

"Yes; they 're using them for cancer."

"Then why not for hearts? Don't you think the same rays that injured my heart could cure it?"

"There 's father coming," she said suddenly. "You 'd better ask him."

"No," he urged; "you 're the only one that can answer me."

There was a moment's pause. Then she laughed happily, and put out her hand. He caught and kissed it eagerly.

"Is n't it answering you," she said, "when

I tell you to ask father?"

Edwin Asa Dix.

#### A Summer Night

SUMMAH is de lovin' time—
Do' keer what you say.
Night is allus peart an' prime,
Bettah dan de day;
Dough de day is sweet an' good,
Birds a-singin' fine,
Pines a-smellin' in de wood,—
But de night is mine.

Rivah whisperin', "Howdy do?"
Ez it pass you by;
Moon a-lookin' down at you,
Winkin' on de sly.

Frogs a-croakin' f'om de pon', Singin' bass dey fill; An' you listen 'way beyon' Ol' man whippo'will.

Hush up, honey, tek my han',
Mak' yo' footsteps light;
Somep'n' kin' o' hol's de lan'
On a summah night.
Somep'n' dat you nevah sees
An' you nevah hyeahs,
But you feels it in de breeze—
Somep'n' nigh to teahs.

Somep'n' nigh to teahs? Dat 's so:
But hit 's nigh to smiles.
An' you feel it ez you go
Down de shinin' miles.
Tek my han', my little dove:
Hush an' come erway—
Summah is de time fu' love,
Night-time beats de day!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

#### Where Broadway Meets Fifth Avenue

Where Broadway meets Fifth Avenue, Here let me stand a while and gaze; Familiar scene, yet ever new, How shall I picture thee?—how praise?

HARK! the voices of things that are Surge in a song of the busy street: Babble of tongues and fret of feet, Rumble of cab and clang of car—Sounds that another's ear might jar, But sweet to me whose childhood knew The clamorous city's cry and hue; Sweet the street with its buildings tall And this loud spot (the best of all), Where Broadway meets Fifth Avenue.

Yonder, soaring above the trees,
The Tower seems to float in air;
While close at hand (just over there)
The Flatiron's looming bulk one sees
(Man-made Pillars of Hercules
Set where the tide of traffic plays);
Between them, threading a tangled maze,
The hurrying people come and go,
Mimicking ocean's ebb and flow—
Here let me stand a while and gaze.

Howe'er downcast, I find at last New heart amid this buoyant throng; I mix with men clear-browed and strong, Vigorous sons of a city vast; I watch the women, trooping past With a sibilant, silky-suave frou-frou, And the world no longer seems askew; Fears vanish, Faith resumes her sway; What is thy magic?—who shall say? Familiar scene, yet ever new. By day a boisterous sea; by night A languorous, low-laughing stream, Flowing down through a land of dream Aglow with many a gleaming light; Diana on her airy height Is not more bright than this golden haze—
O wondrous crossing of the ways!
When darkness comes to soothe thy rout,
And all thy flaring lamps flash out,
How shall I picture thee?—how praise?

Charles Love Benjamin.



Drawn by Rollin Kirby

#### "AND OFTEN, UNDERNEATH THE APPLE-TREES"

#### Uncle Ananias

HIS words were magic and his heart was true, And everywhere he wandered he was blessed.

Out of all ancient men my childhood knew
I choose him and I mark him for the best.
Of all authoritative liars, too,
I crown him loveliest.

How fondly I remember the delight
That always glorified him in the spring;
The joyous courage and the benedight
Profusion of his faith in everything!
He was a good old man, and it was right
That he should have his fling.

And often, underneath the apple-trees, When we surprised him in the summertime.

With what superb magnificence and ease

He sinned enough to make the day sublime!

And if he liked us there about his knees, Truly it was no crime.

All summer long we loved him for the same Perennial inspiration of his lies;

And when the russet wealth of autumn came, There flew but fairer visions to our eyes,— Multiple, tropical, winged with a feathery flame,

Like birds of paradise.

So to the sheltered end of many a year

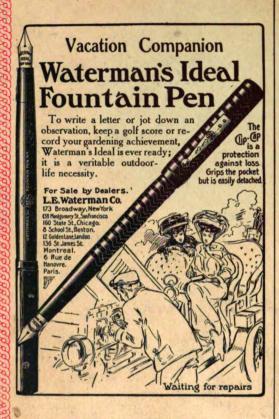
He charmed the seasons out with pageantry.

Wearing upon his forehead, with no fear,
The laurel of approved iniquity.

And every child who knew him, far or near, Did love him faithfully.

E. A. Robinson.





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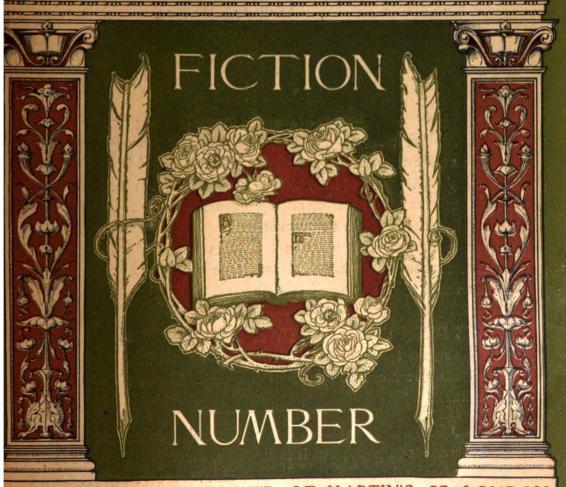
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# KEEP COOL

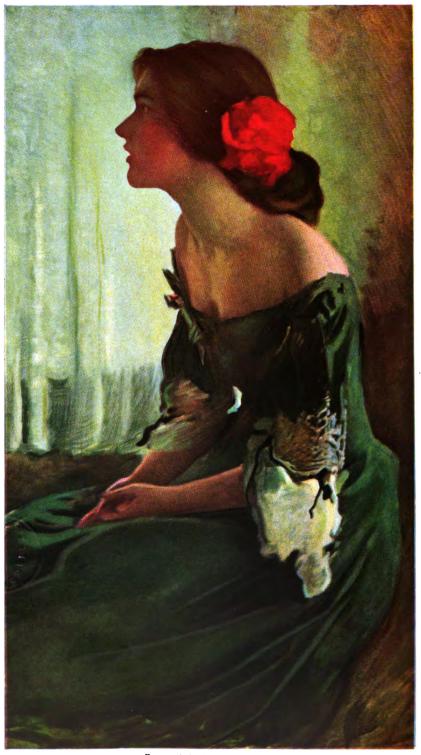
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From a painting by John W. Alexander

THE GREEN GOWN

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. LXX

SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 5

### MISS GLADWIN'S CHANCE

#### BY ANTHONY HOPE

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." "Double Harness." etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

OLD Tom Gladwin was not a man to whom you volunteered advice. He had made an immense deal of money for himself, and people who have done that generally like also to manufacture their own advice on their own premises; perhaps it is better done that way, perhaps there 's just a prejudice in favor of the home trade-mark. Anyhow, old Tom needed no suggestions from outside. You said, "Yes, Sir Thomas," or "Of course not, Sir Thomas," or "Certainly, Sir Thomas." At all events, you limited your remarks to something like that if you were—as I was—a young solicitor trying to keep his father's connection together, of which Sir Thomas's affairs and the business of the Worldstone Park estate formed a considerable and lucrative portion. But everybody was in the same story about him—secretary, bailiff, stud-groom, gardener, butler-yes, butler, although Sir Thomas had confessedly never tasted champagne till he was forty, whereas Gilson had certainly been weaned on it. Even

Miss Nettie Tyler, when she came on the scene, had the good sense to accept Sir Thomas's version of her heart's desire; neither had she much cause to quarrel with his reading, since it embraced Sir Thomas himself and virtually the whole of his worldly possessions. He was worth perhaps half a million pounds in money, and the net rent-roll of Worldstone was ten thousand even after you had dressed it up and curled its hair, for all the world as it were a suburban villa instead of an honest, self-respecting country gentleman's estate, which ought to have been run to pay three per cent. But the newcomers will not take land seriously; they leave that as a prospect for their descendants when the ready money, the city-made money, has melted away.

So I took his instructions for his marriage settlement and his new will without a word, although they seemed to me to be, under the circumstances, pretty stiff documents. The old gentleman-he was

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not really old, fifty-eight or -nine, I should say, but he looked like a granite block that has defied centuries—had, of course, two excuses. In the first place, he was fairly crazy about Nettie Tyler, orphan daughter of the old vicar of Worldstone, an acquaintance of two months' standing and (I will say for her) one of the prettiest little figures on a horse that I ever saw. In the second, he wanted—yes, inevitably he wanted-to found a family and to hand on the baronetcy which had properly rewarded his strenuous and successful efforts on his own behalf; it was the sort of baronetcy which is obviously pregnant with a peerage—a step, not a crown; one learns to distinguish these varieties. Accordingly. to cut details short, the effect of the new will and of the marriage settlement was that, given issue of the said intended marriage (and intended it was for the following Tuesday), Miss Beatrice Gladwin was to have five hundred a year on her father's death, and the rest went to what, for convenience' sake, I may call the new undertaking-to the Gladwin-Tyler establishment and what might spring therefrom. Even the five hundred was by the will only, therefore revocable. Five hundred a year is not despicable, and is good, like other boons, until revoked. But think what Beatrice Gladwin had been two months before —the greatest heiress in the county, mistress of all! So the old will had made her—the old will in my office safe, which, come next Tuesday, would be so much waste paper. I have always found something pathetic about a superseded will. It is like a royal family in exile.

Sir Thomas read over the documents and looked up at me as he took off his

spectacles.

"One great advantage of having made your own way, Foulkes," he observed, "is that you're not trammeled by settlements made in early life. I can do what I like with my own."

And I, as I have foreshadowed, observed merely, "Certainly, Sir Thomas."

He eyed me for a moment with an air of some suspicion. He was very acute and recognized criticism, however inarticulate; an obstinacy in the bend of one's back was enough for him. But I gave him no more opening, and, after all, he could not found an explicit reproach on the curve of my spine. After a moment he went on, rasp-

ing the short gray hair that sprouted on his chin:

"I think you'd better have a few minutes with my daughter. Put the effect of these documents into plain language for her." I believe he half suspected me again, for he added quickly: "Free of technicalities, I mean. She knows the general nature of my wishes. I've made that quite clear to her myself." No doubt he had. bowed, and he rose, glancing at the clock. "The horses must be round," he said; "I 'm going for a ride with Miss Tyler. Ask if my daughter can see you now; and I hope you'll stay to lunch, Foulkes." He went to the door, but turned again. "I'll send Beatrice to you myself," he called, "and you can get the business over before we come back." He went off, opening his cigar-case and humming a tune, in excellent spirits with himself and the world, I fancied. He had reason to be, so far as one could see at the minute.

I went to the window and watched them mounting-the strong, solid frame of the man, the springy figure of the pretty girl. She was chattering gleefully; he laughed in a most contented approval of her, and, probably, with an attention none too deep to the precise purport of her merry words. Besides the two grooms there was another member of the partyone who stood rather aloof on the steps that led up to the hall door. Here was the lady for whom I waited, Beatrice Gladwin, his daughter, who was to have the five hundred a year when he died-who was to have had everything, to have been mistress of all. She stood there in her calm, composed handsomeness. Neither pretty nor beautiful would you call her, but, without question, remarkably handsome. She was also perfectly tranquil. As I looked she spoke once; I heard the words through the open window.

"You must have your own way, then," she said, with a smile and a slight shrug of her shoulders. "But the horse is n't

safe for you, you know."

"Ay, ay," he answered, laughing again, not at his daughter, but round to the pretty girl beside him. "I'll have my way for four days more." He and his fiancée enjoyed the joke between them; it went no further, I think.

Beatrice stood watching them for a little while, then turned into the house. I

watched them a moment longer, and saw them take to the grass and break into a canter. It was a beautiful sunny morning; they and their fine horses made a good moving bit of life on the face of the smiling earth. Was that how it would strike Beatrice, once the heiress, now—well, it sounds rather strong, but shall we say the survival of an experiment that had failed? Once the patroness of the vicar's little daughter—I had often seen them when that attitude obviously and inevitably dominated their intercourse; then for a brief space, by choice or parental will, the friend; now and for the future-my vocabulary or my imagination failed to supply the exact description of their future relations. It was, however, plain that the change to Miss Beatrice Gladwin must be very considerable. There came back into my mind what my friend, neighbor, and client, Captain Spencer Fullard of Gatworth Hall, impecunious scion of an ancient stock, had said in the club at Bittleton (for we have a club at Bittleton, and a very good one, too) when the news of Sir Thomas's engagement came out. "Rough on Miss Beatrice," said he; "but she 'll show nothing. She 's hard, you know, but a sportsman." A sportsman she was, as events proved; and none was to know it better than Spencer Fullard himself, who was, by the way, supposed to feel, or at least to have exhibited, even greater admiration for the lady than the terms of the quoted remark imply. At the time he had not seen Miss Tyler.

One thing more came into my head while I waited. Did pretty Nettie Tyler know the purport of the new documents? If so, what did she think of it? But the suggestion which this idea carries with it probably asked altogether too much of triumphant youth. It is later in life that one is able to look from other people's points of view,—one's own not being so dazzlingly pleasant, I suppose. So I made allowances for Nettie; it was not perhaps so easy for Beatrice Gladwin to do the same.

11

OF course the one thing I had to avoid was any show of sympathy; she would have resented bitterly such an impertinence. If I knew her at all,—and I had been an interested observer of her growth

from childhood to woman's estate,—the sympathy of the county, unheard but infallibly divined, was a sore aggravation of her fate. As I read extracts from the documents and explained their effect, freeing them from technicalities, as Sir Thomas had thoughtfully charged me, my impassivity equaled hers. I might have been telling her the price of bloaters at Great Yarmouth that morning, and she considering the purchase of half a dozen. In fact, we overdid it between us; we were both grotesquely uninterested in the documents; our artificial calm made a poor contrast to the primitive and disguise-scorning exultation of the pair who had gone riding over the turf in the sunshine. I could not help it; I had to take my cue from her. My old father had loved her; perhaps he would have patted her hand, perhaps he would even have kissed her cheek: what would have happened to her composure then? On the other hand, he would have been much more on Sir Thomas's side than He used often to quote to me a saying of his uncle's, the venerable founder of the fine business we enjoyed: "Every other generation the heir ought to lay an egg and then die." The long minority which he contemplated as resulting from a family bereavement prima facie so sad would reëstablish the family finances. The Chinese and Japanese, I am told, worship their ancestors. English landed gentry worship their descendants, and of this cult the family lawyer is high priest. My father would have patted Beatrice Gladwin's cheek, but he would not have invoked a curse on Sir Thomas, as I was doing behind my indifferent face and with the silent end of my dryly droning tongue. I was very glad when we got to the end of the documents.

She gave me a nod and a smile, saying, "I quite understand," then rose and went to the window. I began to tie my papers up in their tapes. The drafts were to go back to be engrossed. She stood looking out on the park. The absurd impulse to say that I was very sorry, but that I really could n't help it, assailed me again. I resisted, and tied the tapes in particularly neat bows, admiring the while her straight, slim, flat-shouldered figure. She looked remarkably efficient; I found myself regretting that she was not to have the management of the estate. Was that in



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE STOOD LOOKING OUT ON THE PARK"

her mind, too, as she surveyed it from the window? I do not know, but I do know that the next moment she asked me if Spencer Fullard were ill; she had not seen him about lately. I said that he was, I believed, in robust health, but had been up in town on business. (He had gone to raise a loan, if that 's material.) The subject then dropped. I did not, at the time, see any reason why it had cropped up at all at that particular and somewhat uncomfortable moment.

What had put Spencer Fullard into her head?

Suddenly she spoke again, to herself, in a low voice: "How funny!" She turned to me and beckoned: "Mr. Foulkes."

I left my papers on the table and joined her at the open window; it was just to the right of the hall door and commanded a wide view of the park, which, stretching in gentle undulations, with copses scattered here and there among the turf, gave a fine sense of spaciousness and elbow-room—the best things mere wealth can give, in my humble opinion.

"It must be Nettie," she said; "but why—why is she riding like that?"

I followed with my eyes the direction in which she pointed.

"And where 's father?"

Still a mile or more away, visible now, out from moment to moment hidden by in intervening copse and once or twice by a deep dip in the ground, a horse came oward us at a gallop—a reckless gallop. The next instant the faintest echo of a cry, s purport indistinguishable, fell on our ars.

"It is Nettie," said Beatrice Gladwin, er eyes suddenly meeting mine. We stood ere for a moment, then she walked tickly into the adjoining hall, and out on the steps in front of the door. I folwed, leaving my papers to look after emselves on the table. When I came up her she said nothing, but caught my ist with her left hand and held it tightly. Now we heard what Nettie's cry was. e monotonous horror of it never ceased an instant. "Help! Help! Help!" vas incessant, and now, as she reached drive, sounded loud and shrill in our The men in the stables heard it; of them ran out at top speed to meet galloping horse. But horse and rider = close up to us by now. I broke away from Miss Gladwin, who clung to me with a strong, unconscious grip, and sprang forward. I was just in time to catch Nettie as she fell from the saddle, and the grooms brought her horse to a standstill. Even in my arms she still cried shrilly, "Help, help, help!"

No misunderstanding was possible. "Where? Where?" was all I asked, and at last she gasped, "By Toovey's farm."

One of the grooms was on her horse in a moment and made off for the spot. Nettie broke away from me, staggered to the steps, stumbling over her habit as she went, and sank down in a heap; she ceased now to cry for help, and began to sob convulsively. Beatrice seemed stunned. She said nothing; she looked at none of us; she stared after the man on horseback who had started for Toovey's farm. The second groom spoke to me in a low voice: "Where 's the master's horse?"

Nettie heard him. She raised her eyes to his—the blue eyes a little while ago so radiant, now so full of horror. "They neither of them moved," she said.

So it was. They were found together under the hedgerow; the horse was alive, though its back was broken, and a shot the only mercy. Sir Thomas was quite dead.

That night I carried my papers back to the office, and satisfied myself, as my duty was, that the existing will lay in its place in the office safe; since the morning that document had, so to say, gone up in the world very much. So had Miss Gladwin. She was mistress of all.

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As may be imagined, the situation evoked a great deal of sympathy and occasioned an even greater quantity of talk. Killed four days before his wedding! The poor little bride! She had lost so much more than merely Sir Thomas! The general opinion of the Bittleton Club, which may be taken as representative of the views of the county, was that Miss Gladwin ought to "do something" for Miss Tyler. There was much difference as to the extent of this suggested generosity: almost every figure between five thousand and fifty thousand pounds had its supporters. think that of the entire roll of members only two had no proposal to submit (hypothetically) to Miss Gladwin. One was

myself, tongue-tied by my position as her lawyer; the other was Spencer Fullard, who did nothing but smoke and tap his leg with his walking-stick while the question was under discussion. I remembered his summary of the lady—"hard, but a sportsman." The hard side might indicate that she would leave the situation as fate had made it. What did the sportsman in her say? I found myself wondering what Captain Fullard's views were, supposing he had taken the trouble—which, however, seemed to be a pleasure to his fellow-members—to arrive at any.

To tell the truth, I resented the gossip about her all the more because I could not stifle an inward feeling that if they had known her as well as I did—or, perhaps I should say, had seen her as often as I had (which is a safer way of putting it when a woman 's in the case)—they would have gossiped not less, but more. She was strange, and, I suppose, hard, in her total ignoring of the idea that there was any such question at all as that which kept the Bittleton clubmen—and of course their wives—so much on the gog. Nettie Tyler did not leave Worldstone Park. It may be assumed that her bills were paid, and probably she had pocket-money. There the facts of the case came to a sudden stop. Had Beatrice Gladwin turned her into a "companion"? Anybody who chose to put it in that light was, on the apparent facts, extremely hard to contradict or to blame, but, as I felt, not at all hard to be annoyed at. Well, I had always hated the Tyler project.

Meanwhile Miss Gladwin was exhibiting, as I had foreseen she would, extraordinary efficiency; and her efficiency gave me plenty of work besides the routine and not small business incident on the transmission of so considerable an estate as Sir Thomas's. She was going in for building as soon as the death duties were out of the way; meanwhile she gathered the reins of her affairs into her own hands and regulated every detail very carefully. Thomas, like many men successful in large concerns, had been easy-going about his I was constantly at private interests. Worldstone Park, often spending from Saturday to Monday there, and devoting the Sunday, less church-time, to its mistress's service. She was good enough to treat me with great candor, and discussed all things very openly—except Miss Nettie Tyler.

And what of Miss Nettie Tyler? I do not consider—and I speak with no favorable prejudice—that that young lady's behavior was open to very serious criticism. It surprised me favorably. I admit that she was meek; now and then I thought her rather obtrusively meek. But then she might naturally have been crushed; she might well have been an insupportably mournful companion. She was neither. I could not call her helpful, because she was one of the helpless so far as practical affairs go. But she was reasonably cheerful, and she put forward no claim of any She did not appear to sort whatsoever. think that Beatrice ought to "do anything" for her beyond what she was doing; and that, to my certain knowledge, did not include the gift of even the smallest of all the various sums suggested at the Bittleton Club. All you could say was that the lady who was to have been mistress of Worldstone Park still lived there, and made for the moment remarkably little difference. When one comes to think it over, this was really immensely to her credit. She might have made life there impossible. Or did she know that in such a case Miss Gladwin would send her away quite calmly? Let us give credit where credit is possible, and adopt the more favorable interpretation. Things went very well indeed in a very difficult situation—till Spencer Fullard made his entry on the stage.

His coming made a difference from the very first. I think that the two girls had been living in a kind of numbness which prevented them from feeling as acutely as they naturally might the position in which the freak of fate had placed them. Each lived in thought till he came—in the thought of what had been and would have been; to neither had the actual become the truly real. There had been a barrier between them. Nettie's excellent behavior and Beatrice's remarkable efficiency had alike been masks, worn unconsciously, but none the less and by no less sufficient disguises. They had lived in the shadow of the death. Fullard brought back lifewhich is to say, he brought back conflict.

Nothing was further from his original idea. Like Sir Thomas, he was a descendant-worshiper — born to it, moreover, which Sir Thomas had not been. I was his

iest, so, of course, I knew what he ut. He came to woo the rich Miss n, picking up his wooing (he had ally easy manners) just at the spot ie had dropped it when Sir Thomas n announced his engagement to ettie Tyler. "Dropped" is a word inite. "Suspended" might do, or attenuated." He was a captain—say that he had called a halt to piter his ground, but had not oraretreat. Events had cleared the him. He advanced again.

ld I blame him? My father would lessed him, though he might have I him to lay an egg and die. No; tone was rich enough to warrant his but of Gatworth there was left an income of hardly eight hundred 3. But three hundred years in the behind it! Three hundred years the cadet branch migrated from estershire, where the Fullards had ince the flood! It was my duty to is suit, and I did. It was no conf mine that he had, in confidence, Miss Gladwin "hard." He had her a "sportsman," too. Set one ainst the other, remembering his n and his cult.

Thomas had been dead a year when d and I first spent a Sunday together rldstone Park. He had been there beso had I: but we had not chanced uside. It was May, and spring rioted us. The girls, too, had doffed some ir funeral weeds; Nettie wore white lack, Beatrice black and white. Life irring in the place again. Nettie was t gay, Beatrice no longer merely effi-

For the first time I found it possible a dram of pleasure into the cup of siness visit. Curiously enough, the erson who was, as I supposed, there is pleasantest errand, wore the most rbed aspect. The fate of lovers? I ot sure. I have met men who took osition with the utmost serenity. But e were uncertain to whom one was ng love? The notion was a shock at

ne girls went to church in the morning; and and I walked round and round garden, smoking our pipes. I expad on Miss Gladwin's remarkable efficy. "A splendid head!" I said with usiasm.

"A good-looking pair in their different ways," was his somewhat unexpected reply. "I meant intellectually," I explained, with a laugh.

"Miss Tyler's no fool, mind you," remarked the captain.

I realized that his thoughts had not been with my conversation. Where had they been? In my capacity of high priest, I went on commending Miss Gladwin. He recalled himself to listen, but the sense of duty was obvious. Suddenly I recollected that he had not met Nettie Tyler before Sir Thomas died. He had been on service during the two years she had lived in Worldstone village.

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AFTER lunch we all sat together on the lawn. Yes, life was there, and the instinct for life, and for new life. Poor Sir Thomas's brooding ghost had taken its departure. I was glad, but the evidence of my eyes made me also uneasy. The situation was not developing on easy lines.

With his ears Fullard listened to Beatrice Gladwin; with his eyes he watched the girl who was to have been her all-powerful stepmother, who was now her most humble dependant. I saw it — I, a man. Were the girls themselves unconscious? The idea is absurd. If anybody was unconscious, it was Fullard himself; or, at least, he thought his predicament undetected. I suggested to Nettie that she and I might take a walk: a high priest has occasionally to do things like that when there is no chaperon about. She refused, not meekly now, but almost pertly. Beatrice raised her eyes for a moment, looked at her, and colored ever so slightly. I think we may date the declaration of war from that glance. The captain did not see it: he was lighting a cigarette. None the less, the next moment he rose and proposed to accompany me himself. That did almost as well,—how far I had got into the situation!—and I gladly acquiesced. We left the two ladies together, or, to be precise, just separating; they both, it appeared, had letters to write.

I should say at once that Spencer Fullard was one of the most honest men I have ever known (besides being one of the best-looking). If he came fortune-hunting, it was because he believed that pursuit to

be his duty—duty to self, to ancestors, and, above all, to descendants. But, in truth, when he came first, it had not been in unwilling obedience to duty's spur. He had liked Miss Gladwin very much; he had paid her attentions, even flirted with her; and, in the end, he liked her very much still. But there is a thing different from liking—a thing violent, sudden, and obliterating. It makes liking cease to count.

We talked little on our visit to the home farm. I took occasion once more to point out Miss Gladwin's efficiency. Fullard fidgeted: he did not care about efficiency in women—that seemed plain. I ventured to observe that her investment of money on the estate was likely to pay well; he seemed positively uncomfortable. After these conversational failures, I waited for him. We were on our way back before he accepted the opening.

"I say, Foulkes," he broke out suddenly, "do you suppose Miss Tyler 's going to stay here permanently?"

"I don't know. Why should n't she?"
He swished at the nettles as he made
his next contribution to our meager conversation. "But Beatrice Gladwin will
marry some day soon, I expect."

" Well?"

I was saying little, but at this point Fullard went one better. He just cocked his eye at me, leaving me to read his meaning as I best could.

"In that case, of course, she 'd be sent

away," said I, smiling.

"Kicked out?" He grumbled the question, half under his breath.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Everything would be done kindly, no doubt."

"Not fair on the chap, either," he remarked after some moments. I think that my mind supplied the unspoken part of his conversation quite successfully: he was picturing the household à trois; he himself was, in his mind's eye, "the chap," and under the circumstances he thought "the chap" ought not to be exposed to temptation. I agreed, but kept my agreement, and my understanding, to myself.

"What appalling bad luck that poor

little girl 's had!"

"One of them had to have very bad luck," I reminded him. "Sir Thomas contrived that."

He started a little. He had forgotten

the exceedingly bad luck which once had threatened Miss Gladwin, the girl he had come to woo. The captain's state of feeling was, in fact, fairly transparent. I was sorry for him,—well, for all of them,—because he certainly could not afford to offer his hand to Nettie Tyler.

Somewhere on the way back from the home farm I lost Captain Spencer Fullard. Miss Tyler's letters must have been concise; there was the gleam of a white frock, dashed here and there with splashes of black, in the park. Fullard said he wanted more exercise, and I arrived alone on the lawn, where my hostess sat beside the tea-table. Feeling guilty for another's sin, as one often does, I approached shame-facedly.

She gave me tea, and asked, with a businesslike abruptness which I recognized as inherited, "What are they saying about me?"

That was Gladwin all over! To say not a word for twelve months, because for twelve months she had not cared; then to blurt it out! Because she wanted light? Obviously that was the reason—the sole reason. She had not cared before; now something had occurred to make her think, to make her care, to make the question of her dealings with Miss Tyler important. I might have pretended not to understand, but there was a luxury in dealing plainly with so fine a plain-dealer; I told her the truth without shuffling.

"On the whole, it's considered that you would be doing the handsome thing in giving her something," I answered, sip-

ping my tea.

She appreciated the line I took. She had expected surprise and fencing; it amused and pleased her to meet with neither. She was in the mood (by the way, we could see the black-dashed white frock and Fullard's manly figure a quarter of a mile away) to meet frankness with its fellow.

"She never put in a word for me," she said, smiling. "With father, I mean."

"She does n't understand business," I pleaded.

"I 've been expected to sympathize with her bad luck!"

So had I—by the captain, half an hour before. But I did not mention it.

"The Bittleton Club thinks I ought to—to do something?"

ghed at her taking our club as the She had infused a pretty irony r question.

does, Miss Gladwin." My answer ined the ironical note.

en I will," said she, with a highly e appearance of simplicity.

home to me that her smoldering ment against Nettie Tyler was very

e spoke again in a moment: "A word her would have gone a long way with x."

That 's all in the past, is n't it?" I nured soothingly.

The past!" She seemed to throw of on the existence of such a thing. The captain's manly figure and the neat e shape in white and black were apaching us. The stress of feeling has to great before it prevents sufferers from hing up to tea. Miss Gladwin glanced ward her advancing guests, smiled, and ighted the spirit-lamp under the kettle. suppose I was looking thoughtful, r the next moment she said, "Rather te in the day to do anything? Is that hat 's in your mind? Will they say nat?"

"How can I tell? Your adherents say ou 've been like sisters."

"I never had a sister younger and prettier than myself," said she. She waved her hand to the new arrivals, now close on us. "I nearly had a stepmother like that, though," she added.

I did not like her at that moment; but is anybody very attractive when he is fighting hard for his own? Renunciation is so much more picturesque. She was fighting—or preparing to fight. I had suddenly realized the position, for all that the garden was so peaceful, and spring was on us, and Nettie's new-born laugh rang light across the grass, so different from the cry we once had heard from her lips in that place.

Beatrice Gladwin looked at me with a suddenly visible mockery in her dark eyes. She had read my thoughts, and she was admitting that she had. She was very "hard." Fullard was perfectly right. Yet I think that if she had been alone at that moment she might have cried. That was just an impression of mine; really she gave no tangible ground for it, save in an odd

constraint of her mouth. The next moment she laughed.

"I like a fight to be a fair fight," she said, and looked steadily at me for a moment. She raised her voice and called to them: "Come along; the tea 's getting cold." She added to me: "Come to my room at ten to-morrow, please."

The rest of the evening she was as much like velvet as it was in a Gladwin to be. But I waited. I wanted to know how she meant to arrange her fair fight. She wanted one. A sportsman, after all, you see.

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SHE was not like velvet when we met the next morning after breakfast in her study: her own room was emphatically a study, and in no sense a boudoir. She was like iron, or like the late Sir Thomas when he gave me instructions for his new will and for the settlement on his intended marriage with Miss Nettie Tyler. There was in her manner the same clean-cut intimation that what she wanted from me was not advice, but the promptest obedience. I suppose that she had really made up her mind the day before—even while we talked on the lawn, in all probability.

"I wish you, Mr. Foulkes," she said, "to be so good as to make arrangements to place one hundred thousand pounds at my disposal at the bank as soon as possible."

I knew it would be no use, but my profession demanded a show of demur. "A very large sum just now—with the duties—and your schemes for the future."

"I've considered the amount carefully; it's just what appears to me proper and sufficient."

"Then I suppose there's no more to be said," I sighed resignedly.

She looked at me with a slight smile. "Of course you guess what I 'm going to do with it?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so. You ought to have it properly settled on her, you know. It should be carefully tied up."

The suggestion seemed to annoy her.

"No," she said sharply. "What she does with it, and what becomes of it, have nothing to do with me. I shall have done my part. I shall be—free."

"Î wish you would take the advice of somebody you trust."

That softened her suddenly. She put her hand out across the table and pressed mine for a moment. "I trust you very much. I have no other friend I trust so much. Believe that, please. But I must act for myself here." She smiled again, and with the old touch of irony added, "It will satisfy your friends at the Bittleton Club?"

"It's a great deal too much," I protested, with a shake of the head. "Thirty would have been adequate; fifty, generous; a hundred thousand is quixotic."

"I 've chosen the precise sum most carefully," Miss Gladwin assured me. "And it 's anything but quixotic," she added, with a smile.

A queer little calculation was going on in my brain. Wisdom (or interest, which you will) and twenty-five thousand a year against love and three thousand—was that, in her eyes, a fair fight? Perhaps the reckoning was not so far out. At any rate, love had a chance—with three thousand pounds a year. There is more difference between three thousand pounds and nothing than exists between three thousand and all the rest of the money in the world.

"Is Miss Tyler aware of your intentions?"

"Not yet, Mr. Foulkes."

"She 'll be overwhelmed," said I. It seemed the right observation to offer.

For the first time, Miss Gladwin laughed openly. "Will she?" she retorted, with a scorn that was hardly civil. "She'll think it less than I owe her."

"You owe her nothing. What you may choose to give—"

Miss Gladwin interrupted me without ceremony. "She confuses me with fate—with what happened—with her loss—and—and disappointment. She identifies me with all that."

"Then she 's very unreasonable."

"I dare say; but I can understand." She smiled. "I can understand very well how one girl can seem like that to another, Mr. Foulkes—how she can embody everything of that sort." She paused and then added: "If I thought for a moment that she 'd be—what was your foolish word?—oh, yes, 'overwhelmed,' I would n't do it. But I know her much too well. You remember that my adherents say we 've been like sisters? Don't sisters understand each other?"

"You 're hard on her—hard and unfair," I said. Her bitterness was not good to witness.

"Perhaps I'm hard; I'm not unfair." Her voice trembled a little; her composure was not what it had been at the beginning of our interview. "At any rate, I'm trying to be fair now; only you must n't—you must not—think that she 'll be overwhelmed."

"Very well," said I. "I won't think that. And I 'll put matters in train about the money. You 'll have to go gently for a bit afterwards, you know. Even you are not a gold-mine." She nodded, and I rose from my chair. "Is that all for to-day?" I asked

"Yes, I think so," she said. "You 're going away?"

"Yes, I must get back to Bittleton. The office waits."

She gave me her hand. "I shall see you again before long," she said. "Remember, I 'm trying to be fair—fair to everybody. Yes, fair to myself, too. I think I 've a right to fair treatment. I 'm giving myself a chance, too, Mr. Foulkes. Good-by."

Her dismissal was not to be questioned, but I should have liked more light on her last words. I had seen enough to understand her impulse to give Nettie Tyler a fair field, to rid her of the handicap of penury, to do the handsome thing, just when it seemed most against her own interest. That was the sportsmanlike side of her, working all the more strongly because she disliked her rival. I saw, too, though not at the time quite so clearly, in what sense she was trying to be fair to Captain Spencer Fullard: she thought the scales were weighted too heavily against the disinterested—shall I say the romantic?—side of that gentleman's disposition. But that surely was quixotic, and she had denied quixotism. Yet it was difficult to perceive how she was giving herself a chance, as she had declared. She seemed to be throwing her best chance away; so it appeared in my matter-of-fact eyes. Or was she hoping to dazzle Fullard with the splendor of her generosity? She had too much penetration to harbor any such idea. He would think the gift handsome, even very handsome, but he would be no more overwhelmed than Nettie Tyler herself. Even impartial observers at Bittleton had

f fifty thousand pounds as the oper thing. If Fullard were in 1 Nettie, he would think double nt none too much: and if he were l, then, where was Beatrice Gladed for fair treatment—her need to a chance at all? For, saving held every card in the game. : back to Bittleton, kept my own set the business of the money on l waited for the issue of the fair o whisper about the money leaked to the Bittleton Club: but I heard Il party at Worldstone Park, and Fullard was one of the guests. e battle was joined.

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owing Saturday fortnight the Bit-Press" scored what journalists call " at the expense of the rival and organ, the "Advertiser." Such is ard of sound political principle! the paragraph—"exclusive," the is careful to make you understand: e privileged to announce that a mars been arranged and will shortly be ed between Captain Spencer Fullard, of Gatworth Hall, and Henrietta, of the late Rev. F. E. Tyler, Vicar dstone. We extend, in the name of ity, our cordial congratulations to the pair. Captain Fullard is the repreof a name ancient and respected in ity, and has done good service to his d country. The romantic story of the se affections he has been so fortunate in will be fresh in the minds of our As we sympathised with her sorrow, we may with her joy. We understand ss Gladwin of Worldstone Park, folvhat she is confident would have been of her lamented father, the late much d Sir Thomas Gladwin, Bart., M.P., P., C.A., is presenting the prospecde with a wedding present which in nounts to a fortune. Happy they who a position to exercise such graceful ence and to display filial affection in ous a form! It would be indiscreet to 1 figures, but rumor has not hesitated c of what our gay forefathers used to plum." We are not at liberty to say ian that this in no way overstates the

reupon, of course, the Bittleton t once doubled it, and Miss Gladame filled the air.

This was all very pretty, and it must be admitted that Beatrice Gladwin had performed her task in a most tactful way. For reasons connected with the known condition of the finances of the Gatworth Hall estate, it sounded so much better that Miss Gladwin's present should come as a result of the engagement than—well, the other way round. The other way round would have given occasion for gossip to the clubmen of Bittleton. But now—Love against the World, and an entirely unlooked for bonus of—"a plum," as the editor, with a charming eighteenth-century touch, chose to describe the benefaction. That was really ideal.

Really ideal; and, of course, in no way at all correspondent to the facts of the case. The truth was that Miss Beatrice Gladwin had secured her "fair fight"—and, it seemed, had lost it very decisively and very speedily. As soon as it was reasonably possible—and made so by Miss Gladwin's action—for Fullard to think of marrying Nettie Tyler, he had asked her to be his wife. To which question there could be only one answer. Miss Gladwin had given away too much weight; she should have quartered that "plum," I thought.

But that would not have made a "fair fight"? Perhaps not. Perhaps a fair fight was not to be made at all under the circumstances. But the one thing which, above all, I could not see was the old point that had puzzled me before. It might be fair to soften the conflict between Captain Fullard's love and Captain Fullard's duty as a man of ancient stock. It might be fair to undo some of fate's work and give Nettie Tyler a chance of the man she wanted—freedom to fight for him—just that, you understand. But where came in the chance for herself of which Beatrice Gladwin had spoken?

As I have said, I was Captain Fullard's lawyer as well as Miss Gladwin's, and he naturally came to me to transact the business incident on his marriage. Beatrice Gladwin proved right: he was not overwhelmed, nor, from his words, did I gather that Miss Tyler was. But they were both highly appreciative.

The captain was also inclined to congratulate himself on his knowledge of character, his power of reading the human heart.

"Hard, if you like," he said, sitting in my office arm-chair; "but a sportsman in the end, as I told you she was. I knew one could rely on her doing the right thing in the end."

"At considerable cost," I remarked,

sharpening a pencil.

"It's liberal—very liberal. Oh, we feel that. But, of course, the circumstances pointed to liberality." He paused; then added:

"And I don't know that we ought to blame her for taking time to think it over. Of course it made all the difference to me, Foulkes."

There came in the captain's admirable candor. Between him and me there was no need—and, I may add, no room—for the romantic turn which the Bittleton "Press" had given to the course of events; that was for public consumption only.

"But for it I could n't possibly have come forward—whatever I felt."

"As a suitor for Miss Tyler's hand?" said I.

The captain looked at me; gradually a smile came on his remarkably comely face.

"Look here, Foulkes," said he, very good-humoredly; "just you congratulate me on being able to do as I like. Never mind what you may happen to be thinking behind that sallow old fiddle-head of yours."

"And Miss Tyler is, I'm sure, radiantly

happy?"

Captain Fullard's candor abode till the end. "Well, Nettie has n't done badly for herself, looking at it all round, you know."

With all respect to the late Sir Thomas, and even allowing for a terrible shock and a trying interval, I did not think she had.

Miss Gladwin gave them a splendid wedding at Worldstone. Her manner to them both was most cordial, and she was gay beyond the wont of her staid demeanor. I do not think there was affectation in this.

When the bride and bridegroom—on this occasion again by no means overwhelmed—had departed amidst cheers, when the rout of guests had gone, when the triumphal arch was being demolished and the rustics were finishing the beer, she walked with me in the garden while I smoked a cigar. (There's nothing like a' wedding for making you want a cigar.)

After we had finished our gossiping about how well everything had gone off,—and that things in her house should go off well was very near to Beatrice Gladwin's heart,—we were silent for a while. Then she turned to me and said: "I'm very content, Mr. Foulkes." Her face was calm and peaceful; she did not look so hard.

"I'm glad that doing the handsome thing brings content. I wonder if you know how glad I am?"

"Yes, I know. You're a good friend. But you're making your old mistake. I was n't thinking just then of what you call the handsome thing. I was thinking of the chance that I gave myself."

"I never quite understood that," said I. She gave a little laugh. "But for that 'handsome thing,' he 'd certainly have asked me—he 'd have had to, poor man—me, and not her. And he 'd have done it very soon."

I assented—not in words, just in silence

and cigar-smoke.

She looked at me without embarrassment, though she was about to say something that she might well have refused to say to any living being. She seemed to have a sort of pleasure in the confession—at least an impulse to make it that was irresistible. She smiled as she spoke—amused at herself, or, perhaps, at the new idea she would give me of herself.

"If he had," she went on—"if he had made love to me, I could n't have refused him—I could n't, indeed. And yet I should n't have believed a word he was saying—not a word of love he said. I should have been a very unhappy woman if I had n't given myself that chance.

"You've been a little behind the scenes. Nobody else has. I want you to know that I'm content." She put her hand in mine and gave me a friendly squeeze. "And to-morrow we'll get back to business, you and I," she said.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I LIKE A FIGHT TO BE A FAIR FIGHT,' SHE SAID"

# HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

### HÔTEL MONACO

# BY COUNT LOUIS DE PÉRIGORD AND CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI

THE VANISHING PALACES

AN EXAMPLE OF LOUIS SEIZE

PARIS can still show within the aristocratic and somewhat mournful quarter called the Faubourg Saint Germain a few seigniorial residences which, through force of habit, are called hôtels. In fact, however, they are true palaces, with courts of honor, lordly galleries of great size, and parks green with trees centuries old.

Residences of the kind form almost a paradox in the center of a city on the threshold of the twentieth century.

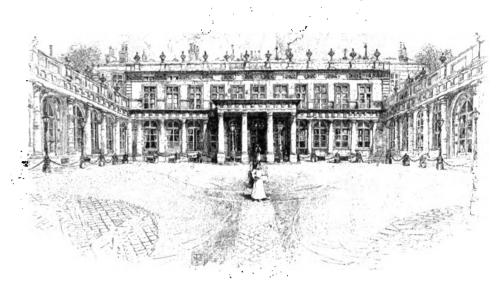
Alas! the growing value of the land, partitions of estates, the loss of fortunes, and the craze for dangerous speculation, constitute the explosive forces which some day will level these relics to the ground; and then will come in their stead a lot of modern hideosities—cold and symmetrical façades, great cubes of stone without beauty or style, symbols, it may be, of our contemporary life, restless, nomadic, and involved.

So, in this quarter the future is full of threatening signs. Most of these marvelous hôtels are destined to vanish at a more or less distant date, just as recently disappeared the Hôtel de Luynes, so much regretted by art-lovers.

Being certain beforehand of a particularly kindly reception, we have been able to enter without any special effort certain doors which up to the present have never opened to art critics or those learned in the lore of the past. We have even been allowed to reproduce for the readers of THE CENTURY certain inner chambers, intimate corners which have never before known a photographer's camera.

THOSE who are wont to pass along the rue Saint Dominique, coming from the crowded district of Grenelle or the École Militaire, and reaching the confines of the noble faubourg, are probably quite unaware of the splendid domain which is jealously hidden behind the dark and lofty gateway of Number 57. They may pass many times a day, but they will learn nothing concerning the Hôtel Monaco and its park.

This palace was built in 1783 for the Princess of Monaco by Brongniart, on the very spot where, in the reign of Louis XV, stood the house of Arnauld de Pomponne. We may regard it, along with the Place de la Concorde, the Hôtel de la Monnaie, and the École Militaire, as one of the most typical specimens of French architecture belonging to the second half of the eighteenth century. That was the time when the prettinesses of the Pompadour or "Rocaille" style had been repudiated—a style for which Slodtz and Meissonnier were representative architects. A graver, more thoughtful, and more majestic style had made its way under the manifest influence of the antique architecture and art which had become the fashion owing to the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum and to the publications of Winckelmann. Certain very talented architects, such as Blondel, Gabriel, Servandon, and Louis (who was the architect of the Palais Royal and the Théâtre Français), placed themselves at the head of the movement and pushed the fashion. Later on the craze for the classic—a false classic, by the way—was



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

FACADE OF THE COURT OF HONOR, HÔTEL MONACO

destined to bring architecture to wreck in bad taste and heaviness of line in the work of Chalgrin, Percier, and Fontaine. The Hôtel Monaco, which, according to its date, was as far removed from the hesitations that are part of a transition era as from the excesses of a period of decadence, offers us a harmonious example of the pure Louis Seize style.

Under this king no remarkable event fixed attention on this palace. Besides, the end of the reign offered few occasions for festivals in Paris, disturbed as it was by the hidden agitations of the Revolution. The king resided at Versailles, with little desire to mix in the life of the capital, and naturally the grand seigneurs stuck to their old ruts; so that one may say that never before had Paris been more deserted, more void of animation.

The Revolution passed like a hurricane. Then with the Directory began a period of unbending of nerves, a protest against the recent terror and mourning and suffering. It showed itself in a kind of explosion of delight in life, as of a rebirth. Perhaps no period in history was freer, more unbridled, more naughtily, childishly voluptuous and mad.

### A HOME FOR THE TURKISH EMBASSY

THEN it was that the Hôtel Monaco began its career. The offices of the Minis-

try of the Interior had been arranged in it only a few months, when one fine day hurried orders were issued to vacate. While the bureaucrats, disturbed in their peaceful ways, departed with their files and papers, an army of paper-hangers and decorators took possession of the palace, and in great haste nailed down carpets, hung up hangings, and suspended tapestries. And the reason for this sudden change? It was the approaching visit of his Excellency Esseid Ali Effendi, the first permanent ambassador of Turkey to France.

Up to the time of the Revolution the envoys and ambassadors plenipotentiary alone had been lodged at the expense of the state. But by installing the envoy of the Sultan in the Hôtel Monaco the Directory showed able diplomacy. It was an adroit flattery of the despot, who for his part made an alliance in no doubtful fashion with the new régime in France; moreover, it was a quiet method of strictly overseeing the ways and deeds of the ambassador.

He arrived in Paris July 13, 1797, accompanied by Caulaincourt, his aide-decamp; Citizen Venture, interpreter of the French embassy at Constantinople; General Aubert du Barget, and Codrica, a Greek dragoman. Besides these, there was a suite of eighteen persons.

This little court was easily accommo-

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dated in the Hôtel Monaco. Its happy arrangement, its distinguished appearance, and the charms of its park had determined the Directory to make of it the Turkish embassy. Twelve thousand francs-not a large sum-was appropriated by the Ministry of Finance for the first cost of installation. The administration found an amusing excuse for not placing at once in the building a fine lot of silver, porcelain, and linen. "Perhaps," the cautious ones remarked, "the ambassador has much more simple habits than we imagine, and too great an exhibition of luxury might disgust him. Let us permit him to draw up a list of the objects which may seem to him needful."

This was well calculated. As soon as he arrived, Esseid Ali passed in review the guard of honor of one hundred men which was drawn up in the courtyard; then he examined his new abode from top to bottom. He seemed delighted, was not chary of saying so, and, what was very important, made no demands.

### THE EFFENDI'S FORMAL RECEPTION

THE very first hour that he passed in the Hôtel Monaco was marked by one of those amusing scenes which made the residence of the Effendi at Paris a continuous comedy. Hardly had he taken time to arrange the disorder of his toilet when he insisted that he must at once pay his visit to Minister Delacroix. They succeeded in moderating his zeal. But it returned afresh when Citizen Guiraudet arrived, bringing him the complimentary welcome of the government. Then a veritable struggle was necessary to prevent that all too courteous man from proceeding at seven in the evening to present his letters of introduction! The interview was arranged for July 18, and the particulars of the ceremony, fixed by Minister Delacroix, form so typical a document, and one so amusing, that we have no hesitation in quoting it from the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs:

The Turkish minister, on arriving from the Hôtel Monaco, will be received by Citizen Venture, interpreter for the Republic, and by Citizen Guiraudet, Secretary-General of the Department of the Boulevard, who will await him at the entrance to the vestibule and con-

duct him to the drawing-room, which he will enter.

I will come to meet him as far as three quarters the length of the drawing-room. Two arm-chairs will be placed facing each other at the end of the room. The ambassador will seat himself on the chair on one side of the hearth, and I on that opposite. Coffee will be served to him and also to me at the same moment by two lackeys. He will then present to me the copy of his letters of credence, and after the conversation currant preserves will be offered to him as well as to me. Rose-water will be poured over his hands and perfume will be offered him. I will reconduct him to a short distance from the door of the drawing-room.

This masterpiece in the way of protocols elaborated by Delacroix was his last ministerial act. A few hours earlier he had been replaced by Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord.

#### HIS HOME LIFE

THE former residence of the Princess of Monaco was for several years witness to strange ceremonies which did not smack in any way of the eighteenth century. For instance, in the fine garden laid out in the French style, which is one of the ornaments of this palace, a singular ceremony took place every day—one that followed an unchangeable ritual. At the moment that the sun reached the western horizon the ambassador descended the granite stairs, stepped on the lawn, where beforehand a cloak embroidered in gold had been spread, and there, turned toward the east, he went through long prayers and four times prostrated himself and kissed the ground.

The delicate woodwork of white lacquer and gold grew dark with smoke, for the Effendi rarely dropped the mouthpiece of a three-foot pipe which reached the floor; and his entire suite followed his example. When in gallant humor he would offer his own pipe to be smoked by the ladies who came to see him. For all the beauties of the period begged the honor of being presented to the king of the fashion, the hero of the hour. They flocked in crowds, with languorous airs, wearing on their spangled fans the portrait of the lucky Esseid printed on an oval bit of satin.

Alas! everything must have an endespecially whatever is the fashion. Soon

THE PARK OF THE HÔTEL MONACO (THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES ON THE RIGHT)



From a photograph

### THE OAK ROOM, HÔTEL MONACO, WITH THE PORTRAIT OF TALLEYRAND BY PRUD'HON

did Esseid the Effendi know the heartburning and disillusions which the fickleness of these faithless ones occasioned. Turkomania ceased to amuse at the very instant that the ambassador ceased to be a power. The expedition of Bonaparte to Egypt broke the former traditions of friendship which had long existed between France and the Sublime Porte. The Effendi had to stand by powerless while that rupture took place. Under surveillance in the Hôtel Monaco he dragged out a pretty wretched existence—somewhat better, however, than that of Raffin, the French chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, who, for his part, was shut up in the Castle of the Seven Towers. The flattering visits of the fair merveilleuses ceased; the Turkish portraits framed in crescents of pearls were torn; the court of honor of the palace was empty. The wretched man had to swallow a final humiliation: trying to get back some little of his prestige, he had conducted negotiations as well as he could with Talleyrand in order to restore peace between France and Turkey (1802); but his government disavowed these pre-

liminaries, and gave to his successor the satisfaction of conducting the definitive arrangements.

### UNDER THE HAMMER

DURING the reign of Napoleon I the Hôtel Monaco was inhabited by Berthier, Prince of Wagram; then it passed to Baron Hope, the famous financier, who changed almost entirely the decorations of the interior and spent on it seven and a half millions of francs. In place of the delicate Louis XVI woodwork, few traces of which can be found to-day, this banker had the idea of introducing a profusion of ornamentation, too heavy and rich—columns glittering with gold, involved arabesques, vaguely in the Louis XV style, but designed and executed under Louis Philippe.

On the death of Baron Hope, the palace was put up for sale at an upset price of three million francs. The offer was reduced to one million eight hundred thousand without finding a buyer. A third attempt at a start of one million two hundred thousand brought a raise of fifty

francs, and the hôtel was knocked down to Baron Seillière. Among the papers were found the note-books of the contractors, and the bill of the plumber alone amounted to the modest sum of one million seven hundred thousand francs!

### THE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORDS

THE new proprietor was also a baron of finance, but he had vastly better taste than his predecessor. He knew how to bring together in his fine residence a great number of art objects which adorn it to-day. His daughter Jeanne, a very beautiful woman, married a Parisian very widely known, who for a long time bore the epithet of arbiter of elegances, namely, Boson de Talleyrand-Périgord, titular Prince of Sagan, eldest son of Louis Napoléon de Talleyrand-Périgord, Duke of Talleyrand and Valençay, and reigning Prince of Sagan by right of his maternal grandfather, Pierre, Duke of Courland, Semgallen, and Sagan.

The Talleyrand-Périgord family is one

of the most ancient and illustrious in France. It dates back to Wulgrin I, who was dubbed sovereign Count of Périgord and Angoulême by Charles the Bald, his relative, who died in 886. Hélie V succeeded Boson III in the countship of Périgord in 1186. He was a valorous warrior, which the name he received from his sovereign sufficiently proves: "Taille les rangs, Périgord!" ("Carve the ranks, Périgord!"), whence "Talleyrand."

Nevertheless the famous motto of the Talleyrand-Périgords, "Ré que Diou," has a different origin, and one which it is worth while to relate. Adalbert, Count of Périgord, having rebelled against the authority of the king, who was Hugues Capet, the latter sent him a messenger with these words: "Forgetful one, who made thee count?" "Who made thee king?" retorted Adalbert; "I know of no king but God" (Je ne connais de roi que Dieu), whence, in the old French, "Ré que Diou."

In all epochs the members of this family of warriors showed, besides, an intelligent love of the arts and literature. Thus Car-



From a photograph

A CORNER OF THE SALLE DES FÊTES, HÔTEL MONACO



From a photograph

THE BLUE ROOM OR BOUDOIR OF THE PRINCESS, HOTEL MONACO

dinal Hélie de Talleyrand 1 was the friend and protector of Petrarch, who often besought his aid. Another, Adrien Blaise de Talleyrand, wedded in 1659 Anne de la Trémoïlle, who later on was destined to make the name of Princesse des Ursins famous.

During the seventeenth century they are found at open war with Richelieu; thus Henri de Talleyrand et de Chalais, Grand Master of the Guard of Nobles of the King, was beheaded at Nantes, August 19, 1629, by order of the cardinal.

Finally, all the world knows the name of the famous Abbé de Périgord who became celebrated under the name of Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Princeduke of Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, Duke of Dino, Vice-Grand Elector of the Empire, Grand Chamberlain, etc.

#### THE PRESENT OWNERS

THE present Duke of Talleyrand and Sagan, owner of the Hôtel Monaco, is the

grandnephew of the Bishop of Autun. People are agreed to mention him as one who has realized the perfected type of the Parisian élégant. And he has known how to be at one and the same time extremely "modern style" and yet excessively talon rouge ("red-heel," a nickname for courtiers). Continuing the traditions of the seigneurs of the past, the prince has long maintained a residence separate from that of his wife. He entertained his friends in his tasteful apartment in the Club of the Rue Royale, and did not consider himself obliged to appear at the Hôtel Monaco even when the princess received at her table kings or grand dukes, the Prince of Wales, or the Orléans princes. Now he is sick, aged, struck by paralysis; and at the earnest demand of his family he has installed himself on the ground floor of the palace, in a little suite.

The princess, who was extremely beautiful, has known how to keep her tall and elegant figure and her proud mien. She has lost none of her delicate wit, her aris-1 He it was whom people called the " Pope-maker."

tocratic grace, and she recalls the charm of the grandes dames of the nineteenth century—for there were still such at that time—who knew how to hold as their own for a long time all admiration and all hearts—such as the Duchesse de Duras, the Marquise de Montcalm, Madame Delphine de Girardin, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, and the Princesse de Liéven.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL EXTERIOR

No sooner is the heavy gate of the portal passed than one sees from afar among the leafage the court of honor, to which one comes along an alley decorated uniformly with upright square shafts like classic termæ in stone and bronze, and with clipped trees. Here is the courtyard properly so called, and we see the imposing sweep of the buildings by Brongniart. The impression of the antique lines is striking: it springs at once to the eyes, at first in this portico with columns and a heavy entablature, but lacking a pediment. The portico interrupts the general monotony and indicates the entrance to the private apartments. This close reminiscence of classic periods is found again in the somewhat cold but majestic regularity of the entire façade, composed solely of a ground floor and a great first story with thirteen windows, the piano nobile as the old masters called it. Plainly it is this story on which the architect desired to concentrate attention. But observe the facts: on this ground-floor front the openings are dwarfed, heavily arched, separated by engaged half-columns, and surmounted by a light frieze, all of which are things that catch the eye, without speaking of the heavy portico which breaks the line of the front. On the contrary, the first story shows an intentional simplicity, very happily calculated and truly grandiose-no ornaments to speak of, nothing but the fine proportions of the enormous windows, over which runs a double entablature on which one perceives in the intervals over the metopes, done in fine style, a row of fine decorative vases with garlands carved

Two wings of less elevation turn back along the court of honor. That to the right includes first the vestibule which leads to the grand marble stairway and then to the grand galleries of the first floor.

### A TREASURE OF ART

In the center of the building, under the peristyle, is the entrance to the apartments on the ground floor where the Duchess of Talleyrand and Sagan usually stays, the immense first story being opened only for grand receptions. This entrance, all of stone, has had a sober decorative treatment. In the center - a marble statue of the eighteenth century—is Ceres, the blonde goddess; and on each side, on tall porphyry columns, are distinguished heads of Roman emperors, their dark faces, made of onyx and carnelian, emerging from splendid togas made of gilded bronze. On the walls light-toned medallions in pottery by Luca della Robbia send their note of blue through the green of the palms. Along the wainscot are some beautiful. severe-lined pieces of furniture, among them a marriage-chest of the sixteenth century.

We enter to the left into a Renaissance antechamber of a somber but harmonious tone, where greens and old reds dominate. The eyes are caught at once by a portrait of Machiavelli, thin, yellow, bald, with a high and pointed cranium. The author of "The Prince" seems mournful, disdainful. and has a sidelong look. Right in front, Louis XIII on horseback does not show any gayer visage. A very realistic "Crucifixion" by Govaert Flinck is surrounded by plaques from Faënza. Beneath these canvases there are more busts of emperors, but these are in white marble on pedestal columns of red marble. Red also are the tall Italian Renaissance arm-chairs, the woodwork heightened with gold, bringing out the somberness of that heavily built Burgundian piece of the sixteenth century which we attribute without hesitation to Hugues Sambin, the what-not opposite which is covered with bric-à-brac of great value—golden bumpers, German tankards in ivory, chased boxes, all marvelous in their jewelry work.

A large bay permits one to catch a glimpse of the Salon Rouge, which looks out on the park, just as do all the others to follow. It would be hard to enumerate even approximately the riches here inclosed. Still, one may remark that the dominant note in the furniture and objects is the style of Louis XVI and that of the Empire, harmoniously mingled.

Let us try, if possible, to examine the paintings without seeing the ceiling too much—for this ceiling, in caissons, dating from the restorations of the hôtel by Baron Hope, is truly afflicting. Noisily blue against a white ground, it belongs to the real Louis-Philippe style. Murillo, painted by himself, hangs opposite a painting of Colbert, to the right of the chimneypiece. This fine picture was brought from Spain by Marshal Soult.

The portrait of Ferdinand VII of Spain recalls an interesting page of history, and

will explain its presence here.

In 1808 three Spanish princes were held in durance at the Château de Valençay by order of Napoleon I. They were Ferdinand VII, his brother Don Carlos, and Don Antonio, their uncle.

The choice of the place was odd; for Talleyrand, the castellan of Valençay, was known to disapprove in the highest degree the imperial policy with respect to Spanish affairs. From the first he took great interest in these three mournful exiles; and he expressed himself thus on their arrival in his domain: "The princes were young, and over them, about them, in their clothes and their carriages, in their liveries, everything displayed an image of past centuries. The coach from which I saw them descend might have been taken for one under Philip V [1700]. This air of antiquity, while recalling their grandeur, added still more interest to their position."

It was a sorrowful visit, which lasted six years. Fearing that his captives might escape, and badly informed by his spies, the Emperor gave severe orders with regard to the princes; and their existence would have been wretched indeed had it not been for the humane intervention of Talleyrand, who one day dared to write as follows in a report:

I took the tone of master toward Colonel Henri of the police, in order to make him understand that Napoleon does not reign either in their apartments or in the park of Valençay.

And again on another occasion:

I shall surround the princes with respect, esteem, and thoughtful care.

It was by way of thanks for this attitude, so firm and courageous, that Ferdi-

nand VII, on his return to Spain as king, offered his portrait to Talleyrand: that very portrait we can still admire in the Red Salon of the duchess.

The Oak Salon continues the series of apartments. One may say that it is the Talleyrand Salon, for the Prince of Benevento dominates it from the height of his frame. Clothed in a costume of ceremony of light blue and dark blue, with grave, pensive features, hair entirely white, and wearing the grand eagle and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, the statesman rests his clenched hand on his hip and fronts the spectator in a proud attitude. Moreover it is a masterpiece by the great Prud'hon.

Four other pictures adorn this salon. One is a portrait of the Princesse de Conti as Diana the Huntress, with a landscape background, in the somewhat pretentious fashion of Mignard. Another, a portrait of the King of Saxony, which acts as a pendant, was given by him to Prince de Talleyrand after the interview at Erfurt. It is an official figure, the sovereign in white coat and yellow breeches, behung with orders, powdered, the plumed hat under his arm. Farther on, two pictures by Bronzino offer their dark yet warm coloring to the view—a thoughtful youth and a Venetian woman in a red gown.

The wall candelabra are supported by dragons in old Chinese porcelain, the blue tone of which is repeated by the fire-screen of Gobelin tapestry, splendidly set in a frame of carved wood.

But the physiognomy of this salon would not be told if one forgot the superb partition screens of antique stuffs which form private corners in the big apartment. One of them, yellow and gold silk embroidered on a ground of velvet, recalls the unwearying patience of the women of the past, when the weaver's art had not yet turned to fabrication and transformed our objects of furniture into heavy industrial products.

Here at last is the Blue Salon, which serves as the boudoir of the duchess and recalls to her mind the time when, a diligent young girl, she herself made the designs and then embroidered the panels which ornament the hangings of this salon, the Chinese decoration of which is very curious and elegant.

In the present room the chairs condone



of the last apartment. All are of e of Louis XV or Louis XVI. There

a corner sofa in ancient Chinese it old-rose embroidery; also, a little chair on which perhaps a dauphin at. Then there is an adorable little in Louis XV carved wood, with the ithe period. Just as we reach it the of a poodle waked from sleep pops this hiding-place; let us not deplore te of Toutou!

er the princess's boudoir comes her per. One might think that one was ng a Byzantine church. Roman ar-, oak and gold with a ground of c, run along the frieze, and the ceiling, he doors, offers an example of the and heavy decoration which flourduring the reigns of the emperors enstantinople. It must be confessed the general look of this room is a little ing in harmony.

ne park is one of the marvels of Paris. designed in the French style and, after the English garden, in a "pertive" representing a Louis XVI rola, surmounted by a long terrace to the one attains by a double stairway of ble decorated with statues and designs. indiscreet look can penetrate that wide anse. Far off behind the "perspective" trees on the Boulevard des Invalides to the illusion, with the golden dome he Invalides recalling vaguely the tapis t at Versailles.

#### THE GRAND RECEPTION APARTMENTS

IE rises to the grand reception apartents on the first floor by a suite of two stibules placed on the right of the court honor. Let us go quickly past the lumns of the ancient statues, the vases corated with mythological scenes, and cend the thirty-five steps of the splendid arble stair, all of one piece. This stair is ie triumph of the noble Louis XVI style, ith its ceiling decked with rose-shaped rnaments, its pillars supporting a sculpared lintel,—a veritable lacework,—and ne two galleries with balustrades which ence the stair-well, itself adorned with lesigns from the hunt and of music, with narble statuettes, immense supports for andelabra, children bearing torch-holders, and busts of Roman emperors perched on their tall porphyry stands. Seven uncommonly large windows throw a flood of light on this truly regal interior.

There begins the suite of five large salons for receptions, in white and gold, the overpowering decoration of which, too rich and too heavy, was designed by Baron Hope. He considered the delicate moldings of Louis XVI, the time of the Princess of Monaco, too meager, and spent several millions of francs in this work of vandalism. Luckily two precious medallions by Largillière, princesses with charming faces, were preserved during these changes: they are let into the wall and surmount two chimneypieces. Beautiful tapestries ornament the panels: one of them, a "Judgment of Solomon," is a Gobelins admirably designed and in fine condition. On the floor are rugs from the old royal looms at the Savonnerie.

Two galleries of colossal size occupy the ends of the palace. To the right is the Salle des Fêtes, overspread with gold, having Ionic pilasters and big chandeliers of rockcrystal. One may see in a corner the superb desk of Ferdinand VII, in walnut, decorated with bronzes, chimeras, and vases, and surmounted by a clock which is a part of it. It comes from Valençay. To the left is the dining-room reserved for gala dinners. About the massive walnut table one hundred and fifty banqueters can seat themselves at ease. The walls are clothed with red and yellow marbles inlaid with black, which harmonize with an immense East Indian tapestry and a severe chimneypiece in Empire style. But the marvelous thing here is the magnificent series of medallions by Oudry, alternately oval and rectangular, which make a frieze along the ceiling. The great painter of animals of the eighteenth century is found here in his full force—his élan, his profound feeling for decoration, and his warm coloring.

#### THE BALL OF THE BEASTS

THE Princess of Sagan has an original and inventive mind. It appears in its full vigor in the surprises which she liked to give her guests. Perhaps the one concerning which people still talk most was the famous "Ball of the Beasts."

On the 2d of June, 1885, you are begged to choose from Buffon a Costume or a Head.

This meager notice, in the guise of an invitation, ran beneath a delightful vignette, signed Détaille, representing the entrance to a ball at a fair, with the inscriptions:

One animal . . . . . . . . . . . . 1 franc
One animal and his lady . . . . 2 francs

The crowd in front of the door was large, and here and there one saw a lot of guests of both sexes—a cock and a stork, an elephant and a cat. etc.

What prodigies of diplomacy, what intrigues and efforts, were made to obtain one of these little paper requests! But also what cries of anger! What indignation, true or false, was not let loose! The socialist papers seized upon the new idea of the princess, and with regard to the costumes made certain remarks and witticisms easy to imagine. The more courteous were in the following style:

We hear from a reliable source that the Prince de X. will sport a calf's head.

Or else:

The Marquise de Z. will appear as a turkey; that will scarcely make much change in her.

But that was not all. Serious persons remarked that the festival would take place the very day after the funeral of Victor Hugo, and people thought they saw in this ball an improper manifestation. But the most curious of all was the attitude of those whom we call "kill-joys"—the papers of the uncompromising legitimists. They reproached the princess bitterly for her taste for grand receptions "beneath the tyranny of the Republic," and especially the choice of such costumes for an entertainment that year. The aristocracy disguised as animals! Was it not the end of the world?

But, in spite of these criticisms, the ball took place, and it was a marvel of originality and dash.

Astonishment began at the foot of the grand stair, which was guarded by sixty footmen bearing the arms of Talleyrand; for from the bottomone could see at the top of the steps, beneath a cluster of electric lights, the Princess of Sagan audaciously costumed as a peacock, entirely haloed about by great gold and silver plumes and aigrets, against a dark-blue and old-rose ground, all gleaming with precious stones

on her hair, her shoulders, her entire gown. As her guests arrived and bowed before her, the bird of Juno spread, by the action of a concealed spring, a grand peacock tail of many colors, which, as it fell again, formed about her a cloud of sparkling stars.

By the side of the mistress of the house, assisting to receive the guests, was Monsieur de Buffon himself (Baron Seillière), in the classic garb of the castellan of Montbard—embroidered sleeves, frilled front, and round-curled wig. The solemn man was almost out of place in that astonishing zoölogical procession which filed past into the drawing-rooms. Oh, what fairylike birds from the isles were they that chirped and chattered in every corner—humming-birds tinted with emerald hues, birds of paradise with garb of rubies, insects that touch and go, ibises the color of the dawn!

Some costumes less striking were in vivid contrast to these. For there were to be seen a tigress (Baroness de Rothschild), an owl (Comtesse de Chevignée), a bat (Baroness de Salignac-Fénelon), a crow (Marquis de Barbentane), a duck, many ducks, a whole flock of ducks—Counts de St. Pierre, de Béthune, de Gargon. Singular taste! It would be superfluous to enumerate all the cocks which shook their wings at that ball—they could not be counted. There was even one lady dressed as a grouse-cock (Madame Michel Ephrussi). Very original she looked in an orange-tinted tulle gown all sewed over with big, dark wings, and with a charming little grouse-cock in her hair, perched saucily among the gleams of her jewels.

The prize for original costume fell by right to the Comtesse de Gontant, who came as a donkey—yes, actually as a donkey—unless, indeed, the first prize be claimed by the Vicomtesse de Lausac travestied as a lobster, or by Madame Henry Schneider as a serpent, or else by Madame de Monimet as the Ocean—a vision of vaporous blue tulle, over which fell fish-nets full of fish and decorations of seaweed and branches of coral.

Here is a comment on the ball, which we have had the good fortune to discover in an old copy of the "Intransigeant" of 1885:



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE BALL OF THE BEASTS," HÔTEL MONACO--THE PRINCESS OF SAGAN RECEIVING HER GUESTS AT THE TOP OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE

Such an exhibition authorizes the Darwinian theories as to the descent of man. Why should noblemen and noblewomen be angry when they are told that they descend from animals, since, without any necessity for doing so, they themselves return to their origin? As to their more recent ancestors, the knights who won their coats of arms with blows of the sword, what a surprise would have been in store for them if they could have risen from their centuried dust and heard men say, pointing to these insects, these ducks, these donkeys: "There are your descendants!"

They were clad in iron: their descendants cover themselves with feathers and hair. Without doubt, some of these disguised nobles descend from the barbarian leaders, who also marched clad in the skins of beasts. But the bears and wolves whose bloody hides were bound about their giant bodies had been killed by them—strangling them to death with their hands, just as Hercules would. To-day, O people, thou art Hercules!

Madame de Sagan of course never made any reply to these sarcasms—or rather yes, she did, by giving that grand kirmess for charity, the recollection of which is still in

memory of all those privileged ones who amused themselves joyously for several hours at the Hôtel Monaco, and those of the lowly and poor over whom the proceeds from the festival descended in a beneficent rain of gold. In order to bring more money into the cash-box for the poor the princess had imposed upon herself a sacrifice hard for a hostess to make: she had opened wide the doors of her hôtel and said to all her friends, as also to the passers-by in Paris: "Enter, whomever you may be, known or unknown, rich or little in fortune, snobs or the merely curious! Great miseries will be succored by your simple act. Enter! it costs only ten francs!"

Her appeal was heard. The crowd, eager to see the interior, entered the palace in masses. It amused itself, spent money, pushed itself into the theaters established in the open air, and played the lottery and other ingenious games at the booths of the aristocratic saleswomen and the buffets served by noble ladies.



From a photograph

DRESSING-ROOM OF THE PRINCESS, HÔTEL MONACO



From a photograph

#### ONE OF THE RECEPTION SALONS OF THE HÔTEL MONACO

The next day the princely park was and all ravaged, trod under foot, witht one flower; but a great number of vels and lodgings "flourished" with a

little good fortune, and there were many children who dried their tears.

It was the last festival at the Hôtel Monaco.

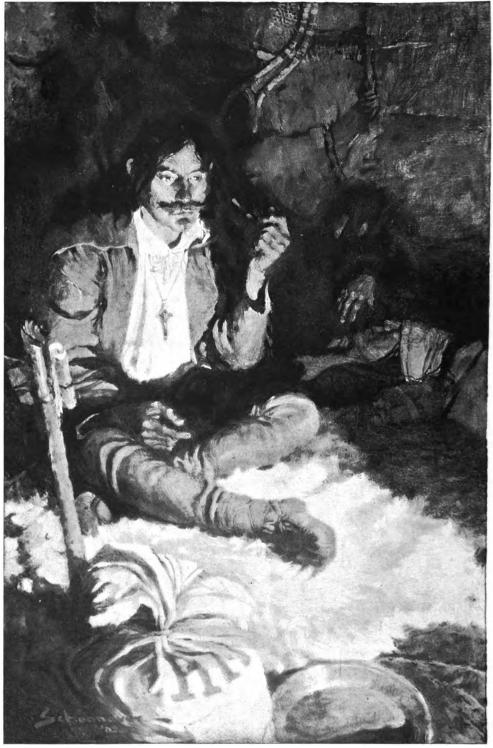
# THE WIND

### BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE yellow fox
Has his bed in the rocks;
The brown bird, in the tree
Her nest has she;
But the wind, come forth
Of south and north,
Of east and west,
Where shall he rest?

The snake, the eft, Slips into the cleft; The marmot sleeps sound In the underground; But the wind of the hill Is wandering still; And the wind of the sca, When sleepeth he?

The clouds of the air, They slumber there; Flowers droop the head, And the leaves lie dead; But the wind, the wind, What rest shall he find? When shall he roam



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JULES VERBAUX

# "REMEMBER JULES!"

(STORIES OF THE FAR NORTHWEST: IV)

### BY LAWRENCE MOTT

T was noon. The day was bright and warm, and as Jules rested on a snow clump at the upper end of the Big Barren, he took

off his muffler and fur cap and mopped his broad forehead. The sky was an opal blue; not a cloud to be seen anywhere above the horizon; the sun was comforting and genial in its heat, and the crust melted fast.

As Jules's eyes roamed over the dazzling space, he saw whole hillsides split and sag deeply, the heavy melting snow sinking on the light, dry powder underneath. His great, wide snow-shoes were on his feet, and the fur tote-bag beside him bulged with pelts, for it had been a good morning at the traps. He looked up sharply, keenly, as a faint, far-away sound struck on his ever-listening ears—Pop! pop! pop-pop! very distant, but plainly discernible. Jules jumped to his feet and shaded his eyes. Out of the snowy distance came a dozen black specks, traveling swiftly over the country. "Caribou! Feefteen! Some vone mak' shooting là-bas!" Soon the frightened animals were close to him, their heads thrown high, their little tails straight up, and their long legs twinkling as the herd sped by with even, graceful trot. One staggered a little, swayed, but kept on bravely with the rest. Jules's sharp eyes saw the flecks of blood on its hind quarter.

"By gar! Ah get dat caribou!" he said aloud.

He threw the bag hastily over his shoulders, and stuck the muffler in a pocket; then, cap in hand, he left the clump and started off at great speed after the fleeing animals, which were again specks on the horizon beyond him.

Shortly afterward, from the white nothingness out of which the caribou had come, a larger speck appeared, and traveled nearly as fast as they had. It grew into a sledge and seven dogs, and on the sledge was a Hudson Bay Company trapper, Lavalle. "Mush—ei-i!" his voice sounded weakly in space. As the outfit swung past the place where Jules had stopped, Lavalle caught sight of the wide tracks on the soft crust. He checked his dogs and tumbled from the sledge.

"C'est Verbaux," he said to himself.
"Les autres dey tol' to me hees shoe-mark,

an' dat 's eet certainement."

He examined the tracks at his feet carefully. They were wide and short, and the toe-bar indentation was high on the front; the lacings were of broad, thick bands, as the trail plainly showed, and the front of

the snow-shoe turned in slightly.

"Ah vould lak' b'en to catch heem," Lavalle said longingly, and walked up on the snow clump, looking about. "He ees gon' 'way; mais Tritou he come aftaire me dam' queeck, and to-mor' ve go catch Verbaux," he muttered. Then seeing the single dot disappear to the northward, "Voilà mon woun' caribou!" he cried, and, leaping down to the sledge, hurried the dogs on and forgot about Jules.

The team raced ahead across the softening snow; the sledge-runners sank in often with a scrunch, and Lavalle would lift the body up and then go on. As they passed over a rise in the barren, he looked forward carefully, but saw nothing of the wounded caribou.

"He fall some place not far," he said to himself, and kept the dogs to their work. The country was more level here for several miles, and when the sledge approached the next hill he stopped the team at the foot of it, and, rifle in hand, stole noiselessly up the side; then, dropping to his hands and knees, crept on, and peered over the top.

In the little gully on the other side lay

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a dead caribou, and bending over it was a tall man who was rapidly stripping the skin from the steaming body.

Lavalle ducked his head quickly at the unexpected sight in the gully, and lay on

the snow, thinking.

"Dat ees Verbaux, certainement. Ah get heem et le caribou, by gar! Dat magnifique! Ah go leetle furdaire halong, an' mak' good shoot."

He slid down the hillside a few yards, then worked his way to the top again, pushing the rifle slowly along the crust. Just below him, Jules had finished the skinning, and was deftly unjointing the caribou's quarters. Lavalle shoved the rifle carefully in front of his eyes, took aim between Verbaux's broad shoulders, and pulled the trigger.

Jules heard a dull explosion, and dropped instantly by the caribou carcass; then, looking up slowly, he saw on the hilltop near by a man writhing and rolling as if in agony. He watched several minutes: the man's contortions grew less; finally he lay spasmodically kicking.

"He try keel Jules," said Verbaux, as he stood up and advanced warily toward the prostrate figure. It was no sham, and Jules uttered an exclamation of disgust at what he saw. Lavalle, in creeping along the hillside, had unwittingly plugged the rifle-barrel heavily with wet snow; and when, after taking aim at Jules, he had fired, the barrel had exploded, and the breech-block had "blown back" in his face. The heavy bolt had torn away one cheek, and the raw flesh lay gaping on the jaw-bone; Lavalle's forehead was pierced and gashed in several places by bits of the shell, and a jagged rip in the skull over the left temple showed where a piece of metal had forced its way through the skin. The gun itself lay a few feet off, dismantled and useless.

"Dat good for so; you try to keel me," said Jules, thoughtfully, as he watched the twitchings of the torn and distorted features. "Jules go now."

He turned and left the hill and its repulsive occupant. He cut strips from the caribou hide, and with them fastened a quarter of meat on his back, and another over his chest, to balance the weight; then, taking the skin under his arm, he started on. When he had gone a little way he stopped and looked back at the shape lying

on the reddened snow. He stood motionless for several minutes, then he threw off his load.

"Bah! Jules Verbaux, you got vone too beeg heart!" he said to himself sarcastically as he went back to the wounded man. He tore long pieces from his own shirts, and skilfully laid the ragged flesh of the cheek in its place, fastening it there with the cloth; the slit in the skull he drew together with rough care, and pinned the flaps of loose skin with a bit of wood which he sharpened and cleaned with his knife for the purpose. Then he gently pricked out the steel pieces that he could see embedded in Lavalle's face. The semiconscious man moved, and muttered incoherently, "Ah go-in' ke-e-el Ver-baux now," and he feebly threw up his arms as though holding a gun. The flesh around the eyes was so swollen that he could not open them, and he lay there whispering and tossing.

"How he comme so queeck, hein?" thought Jules to himself; then he took Lavalle's back trail and found the sledge; the dogs were asleep in a warm mass. He straightened their harness and drove the team up to the wounded man, picked him off the snow like a feather, and stretched him carefully on the boards of the sledge, lashing him securely. The dogs went on, Jules holding a trace so that the speed should not be too great. At the bottom of the hill he gathered the quarters of meat and the skin, and secured them on the sledge at Lavalle's feet. Then "Mush! Allez!" he shouted, and the team scampered on, he following swiftly, controlling their speed by a long thong fastened to one of the sledge-runners. Over hill and across flat they went, hour after hour, till they reached the forest-land. Here Jules swerved the dogs to the northeast, and kept on.

Lavalle became more conscious, and struggled against the thongs that tied him fast; then he began to whimper, and the tears forced themselves through the puffed eyelids and ran down over his ears. Jules paid no attention, and they traveled on. The afternoon grew dark, a breeze sprang up, and in a little while veils of mist unfolded themselves over the barrens, and Jules pulled out his muffler, winding it round his neck as he strode along. The mist became heavier and changed into a

chill rain that soaked rapidly through the wounded man's clothes.

"Ah 'm co-ol', co-ol'!" he sobbed; and Jules took off his own caribou jacket, and covered Lavalle with it, tucking the corners under the lashings so that it should not be blown away.

The country sloped gradually upward, and at last the top of the long rise was reached. Jules stopped the team, and looked back. The bare, rolling, white distances were blurred by the falling rain; the air was damp and had a bitter edge of cold to it; overhead masses of gray scud and blue-black clouds hurried past, and the wind yowled intermittently across the hilltop. Nothing living was in sight. Lavalle muttered and cried, and the dogs panted. Jules gazed long and thoroughly about him, then he started the team on, turning sharply to the right.

In an hour the timber came in view, and in a few minutes they plunged into its shadows. Soon a little clearing appeared, and in the center of it was a hut. It looked lonely and minute, nestling among the giant spruce and pine. Jules halted the outfit at the door, and, gently untying Lavalle, he carried him inside and laid him on some boughs; the dogs he unharnessed and turned loose, and he took the meat, skin, and other things from the sledge into his little home. With pine chips and dry branches he built a fire on the tiny hearth; the slight smoke drifted about the room for a moment, then, feeling the strength of the draft through the round hole in the roof, it hurried out, as though glad to be

"L'eau! Wat'!" the wounded man was articulating painfully, and Jules filled a pannikin with snow, melted it over the flames, and held it to Lavalle's lips. The sick man could not open them enough to drink, and he began to cry again. Jules took up a wind-cured pelt from a pile of skins, twisted it into a stiff horn, and carefully forced the small end between the bruised and cut lips, and poured in a thin stream of water. Lavalle's throat rose and fell as he swallowed, and he shook his head a little when he had had enough. "Merci!" he whispered, and sank into semi-consciousness again.

It was dark outside. The dogs were growling and snapping over the meat Jules had thrown to them. The wind made the trees creak and groan, and the rain had turned to snow. It was growing colder, and when Jules opened the bark door a stinging blast whirled in, eddying the ashes about the fire and causing the wounded man in the corner to shiver.

Verbaux cut some caribou steaks, and set them in a frying-pan on the fire; he dropped a little tea in the pannikin, and built up the blaze; then he sat near it and waited. The fire shone on his face ruddily, and the flames leaped and danced by reflection in the gray eyes. The hut was quiet, save for the crackling of the pine sticks and the raucous breathing of Lavalle. Soon the steaks began sizzling, and the odor of frying meat filled the little interior. Outside the wind had increased, and it sirened now loud, now softly across the open hole overhead. Every now and then Jules mechanically turned the meat, his eves on the fire in a curious set stare. Then he ate his supper slowly, decisively, sipping the black tea and munching the heavy bread in great mouthfuls, his big white teeth gleaming between the strong, healthy lips at each bite. When he had finished he set the pan aside, leaving the pannikin with its remnants of tea near the heat; he put more wood on the fire, and drew a blanket up to it, filled his pipe, lighted it, and sat down, nursing his knees in his hands, his head swaying to and fro. Lavalle's breathing was more quiet and regular, and the loudest sound in the hut was the thick puff-puff-puff-phooooo-as Jules exhaled clouds of smoke from his lips.

The red light flickered strangely over the spotted bark walls, and the shadow of Jules's head grew and shrank as the sticks settled, flared up, burned out, and settled again on the hearth. And still Jules sat there. His pipe was out, and the dull black bowl gleamed fitfully in the spasmodic light. The fire dimmed and dimmed; at last but a heap of gleaming coals was left. Jules lay down slowly, folded the blanket about him, and slept. The storm had come outside; the snow hurled itself against the little hut and piled around it; the dogs had crept to the lee side and were warmly huddled together; the sledge was a mound of white; and the gale screamed and roared through the pine and spruce.

Daylight came, grew, and brightened everything. All was silent yet in the bark shelter: one form, hideous, bloody, bandaged, in the corner; the other, long, strong, and graceful in repose, slept in the fur blanket before the cold hearth. Then it stirred, and Jules got up slowly and looked at Lavalle. He was still asleep, and Jules felt his head.

"Bon!" he said to himself, and went outside. The snow was still falling, and he waded through the drifts that had come during the night to his wood-heap; then with an armful of sticks he went back, arranged the morning fire, and lighted it. The wounded man woke, and in his blindness mumbled, "Tritou, eet ees you, hein?"

Jules started violently, then he answered

in a gruff voice, "Oui."

"Tritou," went on the other in a thick tone, "Ah tr-y to keel Verbaux yest'da-y; ma-is Ah don' know eef Ah do heet when Ah was woun'. You kno-w, he-in?"

Along pause, then Jules decided. "Oui," he answered again, still more gruffly.

"Ah 'm please'. Le facteur he gee-eve to me two hundred dollaires, hein?"

"Oui," Jules answered for the third time.

The tea was ready, and he went over to Lavalle and, using the skin horn again, poured the warm liquid down his throat.

"C'est b-on; me-rci!" and he became comatose again.

All that day Jules stayed in the camp; he fed the dogs and watched them fight and snarl over their rations; he gave Lavalle some tea three times, and he cut bits of meat very fine, softened them in warm water, and pushed them between the helpless lips. The throat swallowed, and Lavalle was strengthened. In the evening Jules unbound the terrible wounds, and washed them with tepid water in which he had steeped some pine-bark, and then tied them up again with fresh strips from his shirts.

And thus day after day passed, Lavalle growing stronger with each twenty-four hours. His face was still in frightful condition, and the eyes remained puffed and unopened. Jules rarely spoke, and the hurt man begged petulantly to be talked to; but Verbaux kept silent, or answered in monosyllables, and then gruffly, rudely. In the daytime he would take the dogs and go off through the forests, coming back at night with his furs, sometimes with many, sometimes with only a few skins.

Three weeks came and went, and Jules

still fed and cared for Lavalle. One night, as Jules sat thinking, thinking, before the fire, the other man spoke. "Ha, Tritou! Ah can see the flame at las'!" Verbaux sprang to his feet, and scattered the blaze with swift kicks.

"V'at you do dat for? Ah van' see," Lavalle said crossly.

"Slip—dormir," answered Verbaux, hoarsely, and the other said no more.

Before daylight the next morning Jules deftly wound a bandage securely over

Lavalle's now seeing eyes.

"Tritou, v'at you do?" he asked with fear and anger. Without answering, Jules tied Lavalle's ankles and wrists, and carried him out to the sledge, lashed him to it, and harnessed the dogs, while Lavalle cursed and raved. They started off in the gray darkness of dawn, and traveled all that day and all night across the wilderness. The following evening they stopped, and Jules fed the blindfolded man as usual; then wrapped him in a blanket, still bound hand and foot, curled up himself, and slept. They were off again at dawn, and on and on till noon; then Jules halted the team, lifted Lavalle, and steadied him on his feet.

"Ah feex you, Tritou! Dam' fine vay to breeng me to la poste! Vell, Tritou, you got ze head hof Verbaux for to geef le facteur?" asked he.

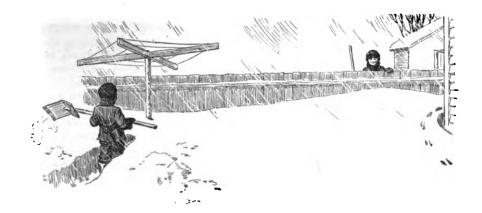
"Oui," answered Jules. He cut the wrist and ankle bindings, and with a quick turn of his knife severed the bandage over Lavalle's forehead. It was dim in the forest, and the other rubbed his eyes gently.

"Trit—" he began; then his half-opened eyes cringed, and an awful fear came into them, as they saw the tall, gaunt figure on wide snow-shoes.

"Oh! Oh, Dieu! Grâce!" he cried wildly, and shrieked in his terror; he tried to run, but Jules caught his arm in a powerful grip.

"Leesten to moi, Lavalle! You try keel me, Jules Verbaux. Ah sauf you' laife for sak' du bon Dieu; tak' you' dog', go to la poste! Here de vay! An'—rememb' Jules Verbaux! Allez!" He stood like a statue, pointing to the westward along the blazed trail.

Slowly and haltingly Lavalle crept to the sledge, crawled on it, and screamed, "Mush!" to the dogs; and they raced away among the trees.



# MIDDLETON'S HILL

### BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

LL night those new and cherished acquisitions, your copper-toed boots,

had served patient sentry-duty beside your peaceful couch.

The rising-bell summoned you, but you only protested, blind, and snuggled for another snooze.

"Snowing, John! Get up!" called father.

Scrape, scrape! came to your ears the warning of an early shovel.

Your heart gave a wild hurrah, open popped your eyes, to the floor you floundered, to the window you staggered. Sure enough! The sill was heaped to the

lower panes, and in the air the flakes were as thick as swarming bees.

Ecstatically alive, you hustled on your clothes, bestowed on face and hair a cold lick and a hasty promise, and in the coppertoed boots raced noisily down the stairs.

You found the household less exhilarated and enthusiastic than you had expected.

"Well, this is a snow-storm!" commented mother in a blank way, pouring the coffee. "Um-m-m! You bet!" you mumbled.

"It's good for all day, I guess," said father, solemnly, sipping from his cup as he gazed out.

"Oh, dear! Do you think so?" sighed mother, aghast.

"Oh, gee! I hope so!" sighed you, fervently.

"Should n't wonder if we had a foot or more by night," continued father.

You heard him rapturously. Father knew; but it seemed almost too good.

Fourteen buckwheat cakes were all you could allow yourself that morning. The snow needed you; and grabbing cap and scarf and mittens, with a battle-cry of defiance and joy you rushed, by the back door, into the whirling vortex. The crackling stove, the cheery carpet, the warm, balmy, comfortable atmosphere of indoors, appealed not to you.

First, exultantly you dragged forth for a preliminary canter your faithful sled, long since extricated from summer quarters and held in readiness for action. The snow proved satisfactory.

"Ain't this dandy!" you shouted, through the driving flakes, across from chores in your back yard to Hen at chores in his back yard.

"You bet you!" agreed Hen.

So it was, for boys; and Madam Nature, hovering anxiously near, knew that her efforts were appreciated. "Won't the hill be bully, though!" you

jubilated.

"Great!" reflected Hen. "Got your runners polished yet?" he asked. "Mine's all rust."

"So are mine," you replied.

Down crowded the snow,—there never are such snows nowadays, so jolly, so welcome, so free from disagreeable features,—and in school, and as you plowed back and forth and shoveled your paths, you and your comrades were riotously happy.

Down tumbled the snow, great, soft flakes of it like shredded woolpack, until, when it ceased, as much had fallen as heart of boy could wish for, which was considerably more than would have satisfied the majority of other people.

The hill was covered, and "sliding" was to be "dandy," and that was your sole thought. Why else had the snow come?

To-day you remember that hill, don't you? Middleton's Hill! Of course you do: the best hill that ever existed—perfect, for coasting; ideal, for coasting; grand, for coasting! Therefore an invaluable possession, although, be it said, of importance rather underestimated by the public generally.

The hill started off gently; suddenly, with a dip, increased its slope; and after a curve, and a splendid bump over a culvert, merged with the level roadway. Difficult enough to ascend in muddy spring, in dusty summer, and even in hard fall, when, with the winter, it came into its own and was polished by two hundred runners, horse and man usually sought another route. It was virtually surrendered to you and yours, as your almost undisputed heritage.

To be sure, occasionally some rebellious citizen attempted to adapt it to his own selfish ends by sprinkling ashes in a spasmodic fashion athwart it; but a little snow or water soon nullified the feeble essay. To be sure, occasionally a stubborn driver, his discretion less than his valor, tilted at the glistening, glassy acclivity; and while his horses, zigzagging and slipping, toiled upward, you and yours hailed him as a special gift of Providence and gleefully hitched on behind.

Yes, it was a paragon of a hill, with a record of pleasure to which here and there a broken bone (soon mended) lent but additional zest.

THE hill was ready. The track, at first traced by the accommodating sleds and feet of a pioneer few, gradually had been packed and polished until now it lay smooth, straightaway, inviting.

The hill was ready; so were you. Your round, turban-like cap was pulled firmly upon your head and over your ears; your red tippet (mother knit it) twice encircled your neck, crossed your breast, and was tied (by mother) behind in a double knot; your red double mittens (mother knit them and constantly darned them) were on your hands; and your legs and feet were in your stout copper-toed, red-topped boots. And your cheeks (mother kissed them) were red, too.

Twitched by its leading-rope, followed you, like a loyal dog, your sled—a very fine sled, than which none was finer.

"Say, but she's slick, ain't she!" gloried Hen, as you and he hurriedly drew in sight of your goal. From all quarters other boys, and girls as well, were converging, with gay chatter, upon this Mecca of winter sport. Far and wide had gone forth the word that Middleton's Hill was "bully."

"Ain't she!" you replied enthusiasti-

cally.

With swoop and swerve and shrill cheer, down scudded the sleds and bobs of the earlier arrivals, and the spectacle spurred you to the crest.

Panting, you reached it.

"You go first," you said to Hen.

"Naw; you," said he.

"All right. I 'd just as lief," you responded.

Breast-high you raised your sled, its rope securely gathered in your hand.

"Clea-ear the track!" you shrieked.

"Clea-ear the track!" echoed down the hill from the mouths of solicitous friends.

You gave a little run, and down you slammed, sled and all, but you uppermost, a masterly exposition of "belly-bust." Over the crest you darted. The slope was beneath you, and now you were off, willy-nilly.

"Clea-ear the track!" again you

shrieked, with your last gasp.

You had begun to fall like a rocket, faster, faster, ever faster, through the black-bordered lane. The wind blinded your eyes, the wind stopped your breath, the wind sang in your ears, like an oriflamme streamed and strained your tippet-



"A SPECIAL GIFT OF PROVIDENCE"

ends, and the snow-crystals spun in your wake. Dexterously applying your toes, you steered more by intuition than by sight. You dashed around the curve; you struck the culvert, and it flung you into the air until daylight showed between you and your steed; ka-thump! you landed again; and presently over the level you glided with slowly decreasing speed until, the last glossy inch covered, the uttermost mark possible—this time—attained, you rose, with eyes watery and face tingling, and stood aside to watch Hen, who came apace in your rear.

"Aw, that ain't fair! You 're shovin'! That don't count!" you asserted, as Hen, in order to equal your mark, evinced an inclination to propel with his hands, alli-

gator fashion.

Hen sheepishly desisted, and scrambled to his feet.

"Cracky! That 's a reg'lar old bellybumper, ain't it?" he exclaimed joyously.

He referred to the delicious culvert. You assented. The culvert was a consummation of bliss to which words even more expressive than Hen's could not do justice.

Up the slope, in the procession along its edge, you and he trudged; and down again, in the procession along its middle, you flew. Over and over and over you did it, and the snow filled sleeve and neck and boot-leg.

Occasionally, with much noise but little

real speed, adown the track came a girl, or two girls. The majority of them, however, used a track of their own—a shorter, slower track, off at one side. Poor things! Condemned by fate to their own company and that of the smallest, most timid urchins, they pretended to have exciting times.

They sat up straight, girls did, the ethics of society seeming to deny them the privilege of "belly-buster," and on high sleds,—nothing could be more ignominious than a "girl's sled,"—scraping and screaming, showing glimpses of red flannel petticoats as they prodded with their heels, acting much like frightened hens scuttling through a yard, they plowed to their goal.

For a girl to essay the big hill appeared to be no end of an undertaking. First she—or probably they, inasmuch as girls usually adventured in pairs to encourage each other—first they, then, squatted on their flimsy sled, girl-fashion (another reproach this, "girl-fashion"), and tittered and shrieked; and the one on behind urged by "hitching" with her feet in the peculiar girl way, and the one on before held back with her feet, and said:

" Wait!"

They waited for bob and sled to precede them, until with a frantic unanimity of action they seized upon a favorable calm interim betwixt coasters, and then with trepidation were off.

But you overtook them.

"Look out!" you yelled as, on your bounding courser, you ate up the trail. "Look out!"

You tried to retard your speed by dragging your copper toes. Anticipating the shock of collision, you lifted the forward part of you, like a worm reconnoitering.

"Look ou-out!"

One last agonizing appeal. And now the pesky girls, glancing behind with sudden apprehension, in utmost haste and

terror-stricken confusion, amid wild cries, by dint of laboring feet veered ditch-ward, stopped on the brink, and, as you shot past, rose flustrated and gazed after.

Well, they had spoiled your slide. You had had a grand start, and goodness knows where you might have gone to. Darn it! why can't girls stay on their own track!

Yes, indeed. Nevertheless, budding grafted chivalry upon natural superiority prompted you to take Somebody down on a realride. You would like this Somebody, if the other boys

would only let you; but most of the time you could not afford to.

A sparkling little figure in white hood, fur-trimmed jacket, white mittens strung about her neck, and plaid skirt well wadded out over long leggings, with her ridiculously high sled (girl-sled), she stood by, looking on.

"Want to godown once? I 'll take you," you offered bluffly.

From amid the giggling society of her sex she bravely advanced, and obediently seated herself on your sled.

"Oh, Lucy! I'd be 'shamed! Sliding with a boy! Oh, Lucy!"

Lucy wriggled disdainfully.

"Don't you wish you could!" she retorted.

"Aw, John! Takin' a girl! 'Fore I 'd be seen takin' a girl!" joined in the gibing chorus of your mates.

You hurriedly shoved off.

"You got room enough?" asked your solicitous passenger.

"Lots," you affirmed huskily; and, crouched to steer, you left the derisive crest behind you.

Down you spun, - you and Lucy, - both gripping hard the sled, your shoulder press-

ing against her soft back, and her hairribbon whipping across your mouth as you peered vigilantly ahead.

Here was the cul-

"Hold on tight!" you warned.

Whisk-slam!

With a tiny scream from Lucy, you had landed, right side up, the three of

"Was n't that bully?" you queried reassuringly.

But Lucy must recover first breath.

This she did when finally, the sled having entirely ceased motion, you and she must fain disembark.

"My!" she gasped. "I jus' love to go fast like that, don't you?"

Her tone conveyed volumes. Suffused with proud gratification, you picked up the rope.

"You 're a splendid steerer, are n't you?" she said admiringly.

"Huh!" you scoffed. "Steerin''s easy. Get on and I 'll haul you up," you prof-

"Won't I be too heavy?" she objected, delighted.

"Naw," you asserted. "You're nothin'." Ignoring jeers and flings, you carried out your voluntary program to the very

"Thank you ever so much," piped Lucy, nimbly running to rejoin her own kind.



"THEY SAT UP STRAIGHT, GIRLS DID"



"'WANT TO GO DOWN GNOE! I'LL TAKE YOU'

Shamefacedly you lifted y = see i zzi with a tremendous beliv-bases were 1827 again, and when once more viz real art the crest your straggle from zone had been forgotten.

At last, wet through and through a === tenance like a polished Science are in had a right to the simile, as the barrel = the cellar would testify, han is and free like parboiled lobsters, rejuctant to withdraw, but monstrously hungry, van armei at home to be fed.

"John, don't come in here that wav! Go right into the kitchen and take off vour boots. Mercy!" expostulated your mother, as in you stamped, leaving a slushy trail, and munching a doughnut as a sup to that clamorous stomach.

Wearily you returned to the kitchen, and applied your oozy, slippery boots to the bootjack. Then, having abandoned your footgear (their once gay tops a soggy maroon and their copper toes already showing effects of the friction whereby they steered you down the hill) to steam behind the kitchen stove, you obeyed orders to go up-stairs and change into the dry clothing that mother had thoughtfully laid out.

Oh, dear, would n't supper ever be ready!

minner of the control of the begraentei nanuut in Diara kokassi eserved on a plant word to THE BOY OF THE WAY A STATE OF THE SHAPE STATE OF THE STATE OF THE STATE OF THE SHAPE STAT well will respect to the thirty section. STILL WITHOUT BIRD AND with its in a solition both with a conand an east are obtained to 2000 yo mark to we residence.

Hame of the Disable and August Dig. <u>ಟ್ಟಾ ಕಾರ್ ೩೮ ರ್. ಅಂ. ಅಂ. ಲೈ. ಕೆ.ಬ್.ಅ. ೩೮೩</u> nemel guard, martiret to the day Frage Carrie grins . " and drain to limite (N. A. W. C.). तक हुएक हुए तर का 2 शक्त की कार्य कर 10% है। hick was the priest hat's heart and the active of the sorter even

Hen seere in insteering was a will never and you do red to first on my of was an art. Between viu two guot and cay tam of the craft, was packed, on consequenan inconceivable number of passengers with always riem for one more.

Gimme a ndet Temmo nde " 🗞 seeched friends.

"Aw, you can't. There am't am room " "There is, too. I can get on all right"

"G'wan! Don't you let him, John' Don't you let him, Hen! We 're all squashed now."

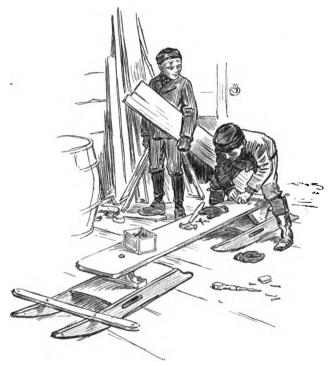
This from the jealous load already booked.

"Shove up, can't you! Aw, shove up! What 's the matter with you! There 's lots of room."

And the pestiferous intruder squeezed in. The bob looked like a gigantic cater pillar upside down, so thick were heads and shoulders in a series of ridges. The board creaked. The load also complained, grunting uneasily as each boy, fitting like a bootjack into the boy before, his legs stretched horizontally along each flank, tried to "shove up closer." Hen, his feet braced against the stick nailed across the

scant two inches, and hanging for dear life to the shoulders of the boy in front of you, were embarked for your rapturous yet excruciating flight.

With lurch and leap, with whoop and cheer, down zipped the bob, every lad clutching his neighbor as he might, each



"HOWEVER, THE BOB WAS A VERY GOOD BOB"

points of the guiding sled, was the only unit of the mass that enjoyed any elbow-space. But, then, the pilot of a vessel is, ex officio, the favored personage.

"Darn it! lift up your feet there!"

"Then somebody hold 'em. Grab my feet, somebody!"

"Whose feet I got, anyway?"
"Aw, quit your shovin' so!"

"G'wan an' push off! We don't want any more."

"Gimme some room!" you pleaded. "I only got about an inch."

They hitched along, and ceded you another inch.

"Clea-ear the track!"

You bent and pushed. The bob started; it gathered way. One concluding effort, and you landed aboard just as it was outstripping you, and, kneeling upon your

cemented to each; but you, out in the cold, clutching most desperately of all.

"I'm fallin' off!" you announced wildly. The two inches are only one and a half. "Jocko's fallin' off!"

How delightful—for the others! The news of your lingering predicament is received with hoots of wicked glee.

Around the curve, with everybody leaning, and the rear sled sluing outward while you balanced on its extreme edge—going!

Over the culvert, a double jounce, and now you are all but gone. Going, going!

On the level, nearing the finish, speed slightly abated; and now your tired fingers relaxed, you could n't hang on any longer, your knees slipped—going, going—gone! but gone more gracefully than you had reason to expect.

"You did n't gimme any room!" you accused angrily, when you met your squad as, in rollicking mood, they towed the bob back toward the crest.

THE old hill is not what it used to be. It has been "graded." No more do the sleds flash down as they once did. A new-fangled set of "city ordinances" forbids.

Hazardous curve and inspiring "belly-bumper," tippet and copper-toed boots, clipper and bob, have vanished together, leaving only a few demure little boys in overcoats, and demure little girls in muffs and boas, who sit up straight and properly descend, at a proper pace, along the outskirts, and think that they are having fun. Good-by, old hill!



### THE IDEAL

### BY IRENE P. MCKEEHAN

WE see thee on the hills, oh, maiden tall!
Oh, maiden with the sun-resplendent eyes!
For one hushed minute the o'erhanging pall,
Shrouding the peaks of God, up seems to rise,
And thee reveals against the august skies,
Clear-limned and shedding glory like a star.
Oh, thou divinely beautiful and wise,
Be not so cold and high, so hopeless far!
Come down among these lower lands where shadows are!

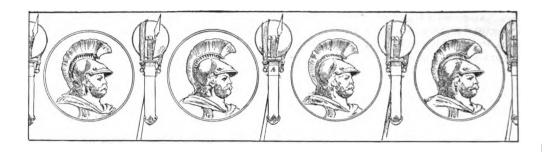
For we are native to these shaded fields
And valleys dusk, where tangled forests grow,
Backed by the rugged mountain-range that shields
Our standing corn from upland winds that blow
Swift with the great hill-sweep and sharp with snow.
Come down, come down, and bide a little space
Here in the valley, that if needs we go
Sunward to view the sunshine of thy face,
Thyself may lead us by the hand to that high place!

The revelation passes, and the mist
Lies on the summit as it lay of old.

A pleasant, lily-scented breeze hath kissed
Our temples; we know valley rivers hold
Lilies serenely white, with hearts of gold.

We hear the happy shepherd wind his horn
O'er valley meadows where in quiet fold
The flocks are gathered. Tidings glad are borne
From valley fields where glows the wealth of standing corn.

We want not lilies, sheep, or corn, though long
These pleasured us. We leave the vales; no more
Shall we in summer hearken to the song
Of sheltered folk content. As men of yore
God in the wilderness would fain adore,
So we, the exalted vision to obey,
Strive up the rocks and grope in cloud-lands frore.
Oh! is it vain, this climbing toward thy day,
Hill Queen? At least we break the way, we break the way.



# MARY ELLEN AND EVELYN MAY

### BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "Tom Beauling," "Aladdin O'Brien," etc.



ARY ELLEN leaned over the dividing fence, and called to her chief friend and enemy, Evelyn May.

"Does it seem to you that the battle's as far off now? Don't it seem to you as if the noise was coming nearer every moment? Don't it seem to you as if some folks must be running to get away from it?"

Evelyn May disdained to answer. She was convinced that what the other said was perfectly true: that the Confederates had fallen upon the Union army in the small hours, in the dark, and had routed it.

"To-morrow," called Mary Ellen, "or maybe late to-day, we'll be looking down the road instead of up it, and hearing the sounds dying slowly and mournfully away. Won't it be a blow, though?"

"It's probably a blind to lead the Rebs into a trap," said Evelyn May, sweetly. "'Pears to me those poor Rebs are always falling into traps. If rats and mice did n't have more sense, there would n't be any rats and mice."

This was more than Mary Ellen could bear or for the moment answer. She became pink with smothered rage. But she had a better view of the road than Evelyn May, and of a sudden she saw that in the distance it was filling with men and wagons. She looked again to make sure.

"Here come the cats," she said triumphantly. "Puss, puss, puss, puss! Here, puss!"

Evelyn May rushed into the road. Mary Ellen followed.

Toward them came the rout—ammunition-wagons, hospital wagons, supply-wagons, mules, camp-followers, soldiers with hats and no guns, soldiers with guns and no hats, an officer or two mounted: the recession, pouring, as it did, over the brow of a low hill, seemed interminable. There was no order, no precision, nothing to which Evelyn May could pin an excuse or an argument. Yes; there were no colors. In the listless, apathetic flight their absence was the one ray of hope.

The flight drew nearer, and Mary Ellen and Evelyn May retreated into their respective yards. As the first stragglers passed, Mary Ellen began to shake her skirts at them and fling taunting remarks:

"You'll find mother a little further on; she 's just up the road. You 're nearly home, boys; one more effort; step lively. Hi there, you! Hurry, or Early'll catch you."

And Evelyn May, white with anger, seized the fence by the pickets so that it shook, and cried:

"Go back! go back—you—you—cowards!"

A man in plain clothes, riding a big sorrel, detached himself from the crowd and drew up by Evelyn May's fence.

"Please take this,"—he handed her half a dozen leaves covered with fine manuscript,—"and see that it is forwarded to its address. I have n't time myself. I 've got to go back." "What is it?" Evelyn May had the curiosity and boldness to ask.

"It's a report of the surprise and rout," he said. "Telegraph it, if you can get to an office." He tossed a wad of greenbacks over the fence. "If you can't telegraph it, mail it, and keep the change for the wounded."

With no further talk, the man turned and rode in the direction of the firing, and, as he went, Evelyn May could see that he was making frantic, if ineffectual, efforts to induce others to go with him.

In ten minutes Evelyn May found herself astride of the old plow-horse, without saddle or bridle, making for the nearest telegraph office. She could not tell, herself, exactly why she went, except that some one had spoken orders and that she was obeying. An unshaven face, white and haggard, but young; a pair of small, bright, gray eyes; a flash of white teeth; a voice that had made her heart beat—these things never left her as she rode.

Mary Ellen, almost consumed with curiosity to know what had passed between Evelyn May and the stranger, continued to lean on the fence and jeer the stragglers. She remained thus for over an hour, doing her very pertest, but to very little effect. The men were too apathetic, listless, heartless, to answer back. And when the wounded began to come, she became silent.

The rout now covered the long space of road between the brows of the low hills, appearing over the one and disappearing over the other, much as a ragged strap passes over two wheels in a factory. That part of it directly in front of Mary Ellen's house was full of wounded in wagons and borne on stretchers. Suddenly, from the direction toward which the dismal, unhappy mass of men, guns, and wagons was proceeding, came a faint sound of cheering. The cheering grew louder and nearer, just as from the other direction the sounds of battle were momentarily increasing.

Presently the rout halted. Men began to curse and lash their horses, still eager to go on; but the van seemed to have met with an insurmountable obstruction. The rear kept forging up, and the column became packed to suffocation. But the cheering became louder, and it was possible to see hats waving in the distance.

Suddenly the fit of cheering reached that part of the line opposite Mary Ellen, and shook it with excitement. Color sprang into white faces, fire into dull eyes; the cheering became a yell—a scream of triumph. Men wheeled in their tracks, shouting and laughing, and slapping one another's backs. As if by magic, the recession became a procession, the rout an advance, the retreat an attack. The column was going the other way.

There came riding at a gallop in the fields beside the road a short man on a tremendous horse. The man's face was stern and puckered, but his eyes flashed and looked neither to the right nor the left. In his right hand he carried his hat. There was not a vestige of the theater in the continuous gesture, only a frank desire to be recognized by all who saw him as quickly as possible. He came; he went. After him came a little squad of cavalry, who smiled as they rode. When she could no longer see him, Mary Ellen could still mark the progress of the man by the yells and cheers, the triumphant bellicose shouts, which that progress aroused. Mingled with the hoarse, deep voices of the men was a shrill, triumphant voice that soared like a fife above them. Mary Ellen bit her teeth together and the shrill voice ceased.

The day went on, and the battle became stationary; the day waned, and the battle began to roll back whence it had come.

MORNING dawned bright and clear. Mary Ellen was out bright and early. She went to her neighbor's house and knocked. There was no answer. Evelyn May had not come home.

Down the road came a cart drawn by a mule. In the cart, propped against straw, sat a man with a bloody bandage round his head. There was a band across the man's knee. On the band were sheets of paper, and the man was writing with a little stub of a pencil.

"Did you send it?" he called feebly to Mary Ellen.

The cart was halted. She went into the road.

"Send what?"

"Oh, it was n't you, was it? You are the other girl. No matter; I sha'n't be able to send this—will you? You must, you know. It's the rest of the battle for my paper—about how Sh-Sheridan came b-back. You'll f-find money in my clothes to t-elegraph it. I'm done for."

He closed his eyes. A moment later he opened them. "Take it, please. It's all—f-inished."

His eyes rested on Mary Ellen's face, and even to the dimming retina she was very sweet to see.

"Look here, young lady," he said, and his manner brightened a little; "it's l-onely goin' a-lone—and—and a man ought to h-ave a woman b-by—when he g-oes out. Wou—you would n't m-ind g-givin' me a k-kiss for luck, now—w-would you?"

Mary Ellen's face was white with pity. She climbed into the cart and bent over the man. He put his arms around her and drew her close on his breast, and held her close, and she kissed him an honest kiss on the mouth, and he kissed her back. She made to rise; but he held her with his feeble arms, and would not let her go. He kissed her again, and—for she felt it her duty—she kissed him back.

The man's arms opened, but for a moment Mary Ellen stayed as she was. And she kissed the man's mouth of her own accord.

"For luck," she whispered, and she climbed out of the cart, red as a rose.

"We must get him into the house," she said to the driver. He dismounted, and together they bore the fainting correspondent into the best bedroom and laid him on the bed. He opened his eyes then.

"P-please," he said, "t-elegraph it if you c-an; and if you c-an't, mail it."

Mary Ellen, mounted on her pony, and clasping a precious manuscript and a roll of bills, galloped toward Winchester. She met Evelyn May, bestriding the old plowhorse, riding in the opposite direction. They waved to each other, and, as they passed, each cried to the other, "We won!"

Evelyn May was happy with a sense of duty done, and in her mind she hugged

the memory of a face, bold, resolute, and of a voice that had made her heart beat. Mary Ellen was half dead with dread, and kept alive only by the force of love which had suddenly been born in her. As she rode, she kept seeing the face of a man sick unto death, and she kept hearing a feeble, broken voice that had made her heart beat.

"What's that?" said the correspondent. He was sitting up in bed, and there was a little show of color in his sunken lips. "It sounds like a woman crying."

"It's Evelyn May," said Mary Ellen, gently. "Her father was killed that day, and she's only heard this morning."

"Where are your people, Mary Ellen?"

"My mother's dead, the same as Evelyn May's, and my father and my brother are—are on the other side."

"Mary Ellen, are you going to forgive me for not dying—for obtaining blessings under false pretenses—that—that day?"

"I would n't have had it otherwise," said Mary Ellen.

"Suppose, then," said the correspondent, "that you leave that book a moment and k—bless me again."

"There," said Mary Ellen. "And now, my own dear, I think I 'll go to poor Evelyn May, because she 's crying her heart out."

"Do that," said her "own dear." "And then—and then, Mary Ellen—suppose you stop round to the minister's and bring him here."

"Do you wish it very much?" said Mary Ellen.

"Come close—and I 'll whisper," said he. "And now, darling, go to poor Evelyn May."

And Mary Ellen went, and sweet she was, and honest and tender; but she was the last woman in the world to try to stop the tears of Evelyn May.

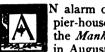


## "OLD CLINKERS"

### BY HARVEY I. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-eaters"

### WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



N alarm of fire was rung in the pier-house of the new fire-boat, the Manhattan, one warm night in August when the Manhattan

herself,—cuddling up against the wharf, purring a little fume of steam from the exhaust-pipe, —had just been roused from her sleep by the engineer in charge turning over the engines to get the water out of the low-pressure cylinder; and Captain Keighley's gray head still showed at the lighted office window of the pier-house, bowed over a report which he was writing to "Headquarters" on this very difficulty of keeping the low-pressure cylinder warm and ready to start.

"I can't see the sense of puttin' tripleexpansion engines into a fire-boat, anyway," the engineer had complained. "That third cylinder 's just a drag on the other two. She goes cold here, layin' in the dock, an' we 're half-way to a fire before she gets hot enough to handle the steam."

Captain Keighley had replied, "Well, send in yer kick to Headquarters," and had avoided the engineer's eye as he said it; for it was the captain's duty to make all such reports. The engineer had looked at him, looked at the floor, and then rubbed his nose with the back of an oily hand. "I guess you better do it, cap'n," he said meekly. "I ain't much of an ink-slinger." And Keighley's greater sense of dignity had compelled him to answer, with an affected indifference, "All right; all right."

But when he had shut the door of his office and taken out his pocket Webster from the locked drawer in which he kept it,—with as much secrecy as if it were a rhyming dictionary,—he had sat down before his official letter paper to nurse his jaw,

with no more dignity than a school-boy. Then he had begun to screw out the tortuous scrawl of his report, - with a period placed carefully after each word, - breathing hard at the end of every line and muttering curses at the beginning of the next; and when the alarm of fire burst on the jigger, he had just decided that he had come to the end of his first sentence and had put down his pen to relax the muscles of his mouth and wipe his forehead. He counted the strokes of the bell, brightening with the hope that there was a fire in his district to release him from his desk.

In the adjoining sitting-room Lieutenant Moore had been tilted back against the wall in a cane chair, reading a newspaper with the ease that comes of a public-school education. It had once been his duty to write the captain's reports for him; but for the best of reasons he was allowed to do so no longer, and whenever he looked over his paper at the closed door of the office, it was with an expression of sulky That expression did not resentment. change when he glanced aside at the men who were reading, loafing, and playing dominoes in the room with him; for there was nothing of the genial atmosphere of an engine-house's leisure-hour about the scene. There was nothing but constraint, and silence, and side-mouthed whispers, and a feeling of suspicious aloofness between group and group.

They were a mixed lot, picked from all the battalions of the city to serve on the Manhattan. In a far corner a blue-jowled Bowery type, nicknamed "Shine," had been saying in a husky undertone to a freckled fireman beside him: "I s'pose Moore 's sore on us 'cause we won't fight it out to a finish fer 'm. What 'd we make by it, supposin' we got the ol' man trun out of his job, eh?"

The other shut his eyes and nodded solemnly. He was a sly, sandy youth named Cripps.

These two were members of a fireman's "benevolent association" called "the Brownies," of which Lieutenant Moore was the "financial secretary," and they had lately been participants with Moore in a plot to drive Captain Keighley from his command for having "broken" one of their association. Captain Keighley had learned of the plot, and had suppressed it; and that was the simple reason why Moore no longer wrote the reports.

At a round table in the center of the room a young Irishman named Farley, with a curled mustache, had been playing dominoes with a huge nondescript named Sturton, and nicknamed "the Terrible Turk"; and Farley, being an expert, had been lolling back in his chair and playing absent-mindedly, while "the Turk," to whom the game was an almost violent mental exercise, had been bent over his dominoes, with his big-boned face set in a thoughtful scowl, playing deliberately, with slow movements of his hairy paws. And these two had been on their captain's side in the quarrel between the two officers, though for different reasons - Farley because he belonged to the association of firemen that was the rival of "the Brownies," and "the Turk" because he was by nature loyal to appointed authority and solemnly conscientious in the fulfilment of all his duties.

Farley had been watching Lieutenant Moore in his corner. He had spoken once, to say in a low voice: "That loot'nt looks like a bull-pup shut out on a door-step." But "the Turk" had merely grunted without letting his attention be drawn from the game; and they had continued to play in silence until the jigger sounded the alarm.

Then, like all the other men, they looked up without rising, and counted the strokes. When the little bell started to ring the third number of a station in their district, they bolted eagerly for the door; and with the first stroke of the larger gong the sittingroom was empty, Captain Keighley was shouting to the pilot, "All right, there! Pier —, North River!" and the Man-

hattan was under way for the fire that was to weld her crew into a fit company of firemen, with a proper camaraderie and some of the spirit of a corps.

THE river was as crowded with a summer evening's traffic as Broadway with cars and hansoms on a theater night; and the Manhattan had no shore engine's right of way under the law. She went whistling up the stream, dodging and spurting, throbbing, grunting, and checking speed. Blazing excursion boats, bedecked with colored lights, answered her impatient signals with cheerful impudence, and held their courses. Squat ferries paddled serenely across her path. An impertinent tug cut in ahead of her to race with her for salvage, and worried her like a cur at a horse's head. The pilot twirled his wheel, worked his engineroom signals, and swore despairingly; and Captain Keighley stared at the shore lights in the distance and revolved the first sentence of his report in memory.

When the river opened into a free stretch of water, the tug fell behind, and Captain Keighley saw the pier-end lamp toward which they were heading blinking like the intermittent flash of a lighthouse. It disappeared, and he guessed that it had been blotted out by the drift of smoke.

"Wind from the south?" he asked. The pilot answered, "Yes, 'r." Keighley said, "Take us in on this side o' the pier," and stepped out of the wheel-house to go aft to the crew. "Get out two two-inch lines from the port gates," he ordered Lieutenant Moore.

"Shine" came running back from the bows and joined the men who were taking the hose from its metal-sheathed box. "Banana fritters fer ours," he said. "It's the fruit-pier!" And Captain Keighley observed that some of the men laughed, that the others at least smiled, and that Lieutenant Moore was the only one who remained out of reach of the invitation to good humor. He got a glimpse of Moore's isolation, and returned forward again, frowning thoughtfully.

The pier-shed, as they swung in toward it, was fuming at every door with puffs of a heavy smoke from the burning grasses in which the fruit was packed, and Keighley saw that the fire was going to be, in department slang, a "worker." He could see the steamers of two shore companies drawing water from the end of the slip. He understood that their crews were in the shed, trying to drive the fire forward; and he knew that it would be his duty to enter from the other end of the pier and catch the flames between the two attacks.

He shouted to the pilot, "Hold us up to

half-way up the dock. "Hol' on!" he cried to the four men who had leaped to the pier. "Drop one of those lines. Take yer axes. Chop a hole in the floor planks inside. The fire 's 'n underneath."

The men aboard tossed the axes out to the others, and these rushed into the smoke, dragging the single line. Keighley



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE REPORT

the door there!" and ran back to Lieutenant Moore. "Stay aboard here," he ordered. "If the blaze shows in the roof, take the top off her with the monitor. Go slow, though. Don't bring it down on us." He called to the men: "Throw out yer lines! Make fast, now! Hang on to that line aft! Hold it! Hold it!—All right. Stretch in—in through the door here! Come on!"

He jumped up on the bulwarks as the engines reversed with a frantic churning astern, and then he saw a flicker of flame glimmer and grow between the timbers of the cribwork, just above the water-line,

said to the lieutenant: "Go in an' take charge there. See 't no one gets lost in that smoke." Moore scrambled to the pier, and the captain ran forward along the bulwarks, peering down for an opening between the stringers of the cribbing.

He knew that the crew on the pier would take at least ten minutes to cut a hole through the three-inch planks, in the blind suffocation of that shed; and, meanwhile, the fire below would travel from end to end of the pier. He could see no opening larger than an inch slit between the foot-timbers beside the bow of the boat. He started aft again.

"Shine," behind him, said: "It 's covered at high water, cap."

Keighley spun around. "What is?"
"The hole. I t'ought—"

Keighley jumped down at him. "Where is it? Will 't take a line in?"

"Sure," "Shine" said. "It 'll take a bunch o' bananas in."

"Where is it?"

"It 's—it 's about there." He pointed down the pier. "It 's under water at high tide."

Keighley ran his fingers up the buttons of his rubber coat, and it fell off him like sleight-of-hand. His helmet dropped beside it. "Get me a heavin'-line," he said; and "Shine" gasped excitedly: "Say, cap, you can't find it. Y' have to dive. It's where the gang ust to get to hide the stuff we swiped, till the cop got nex' t' it. I c'u'd make it in the dark. We fixed up a reg'lar joint in there."

The captain said: "Peel off, then. Hi, there! Bring us a heavin'-line!" and ran

back to get it.

"Shine" dropped to the deck with a chuckle and began a race for "First in," gurgling an excited profanity as he kicked off his rubber boots. He had been newsboy, bootblack, wharf-rat, deck-hand, truck-driver, plug-ugly, and leader of his gang, and he had come into the department from the ranks of the "Con Scully Association" to earn a regular salary for the support of "the ol' crow," his mother. Diving on the water-front of a midsummer night was a way of earning it that appealed to him.

"Beat y' in, Turk," he challenged.

"Come on. Saturday 's wash-day."

"The Turk" asked cautiously: "What's on?" He had an instinctive distrust of "Shine" as a type, as well as a political distrust of him as a "Brownie."

"Nuthin' 's on," "Shine" said as he came out of his blue-flannel shirt and stood up, grinning, naked. "Where's the rope?"

Young Farley, from behind, tied one line under his arms. Captain Keighley gave him the end of another. "That's fer signalin'," he explained. "Jerk it three times if yuh want us to haul y' out. Jerk it twice if yuh 're all right an' ready to take in the hose. We 'll tie this other one to the pipe. Jerk once to start the water. Over yuh go now! Strip!" he said to Cripps, the freckled fireman.

"Shine" sprang on the bulwarks, took the signaling-line between his teeth, and dived. He struck the water and went in as clean as a fish. A few bubbles rose and burst in the streak of light from the wheel-house window. The lines paid out smoothly through Keighley's hand. They stopped; and he began to gather in the slack stealthily. They jerked forward and ran out with a rush. There was the pause of a crisis. Then the signal-line jumped twice, and Keighley cried: "He 's in! Give him the pipe! Light up there!" Cripps tossed the nozle overboard, and the others ran aft to lighten up the hose.

"Shine" had wriggled Meanwhile. through the opening in the timbers and risen under the floor of the pier in a dense smoke that was lighted with flames. He had swum to a cross-beam and straddled it to draw a deep breath through a crack in the wall of the cribbing. And now he was hauling in the line, hand over hand, choking and sputtering. The nozle rose between his knees. He jerked once on the signal-rope, heard Keighley's muffled cry of "Start yer water!" and threw himself on his stomach on the nozle and the beam. The air gushed in a mighty sough from the pipe. The hose bucked and kicked up under him. The stream spurted from it and broke hissing on the blaze. "Go it!" he said, riding the hose and clinging to the slimy timbers. "Go it, yuh son of a mut!"

He had left the weight of discipline on the deck behind him with his uniform, and he had returned to the naked audacity of the days when he had obeyed no rules but those of the "club." He was no longer a fireman; he was a young hoodlum enjoying an adventure, and he looked up at the blaze before him with a grin. He heard Lieutenant Moore's squad chopping at the planks behind him, and he listened contemptuously. He thought of Captain Keighley, and it was with the thought of a younger "Shine" for the leader of his gang.

He was still clinging to his beam when Cripps rose blowing behind him; but the flame and smoke had already been driven back sufficiently to clear the air; and "Shine" greeted the freckled fireman with jubilant curses. "Come on here, Cripsey!" he cried. "We got her beat to a stan'still. Take a hold o' the spout. We 'll slush

it around." And when Cripps swam up too wise fer that beside him and threw his weight on the pipe, "Shine" shouted exultantly above Moore to break."

too wise fer that Willy. An' he 's too d—d hard-headed an' ol' clinker fer Moore to break."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins
"OVER YUH GO NOW!"

the noise of the stream: "Listen to Moore up there, tappin' on them planks like a footy woodpecker. He's a barber's cat to the ol' man. That 's what!... Slush her over in the corner there!... The cap's

Cripps blinked the water out of his eyes and laughed. "There 's nuthin' in it fer us, anyhow."

"He 's a better man 'n Moore, all right, all right," "Shine" repeated. "We 'd been all burned to blisters in the bottom o' that Dutch cotton-tub if 't had n't been fer the cap'n. Moore 'd never 'a' got us out."

"Well, that 's where Moore fell down," Cripps answered at the top of his voice. "He was scared stiff."

"Shine" added, at the thought of the captain's masterful coolness in the hold of the burning boat: "The d——d ol' clinker! That 's a good name fer him, eh? 'Ol' Clinkers,' eh?" And they were laughing together in a sort of cowed respect and admiration for Keighley when they heard him say gruffly behind them: "Play that stream lower, along the cribwork. Them timbers is afire outside."

"Shine" ducked his head instinctively, and then looked over his shoulder. The old man reached an arm to the pipe and growled, "To yer right; to yer right."

They applied themselves to their work like a pair of school-boys caught idling. "Good enough," Keighley said at last. "Keep that stream off me, now." And climbing over the beam, he swam forward into the fading glow of the fire.

"Hully gee!" "Shine" said. "I wonder if he caught on."

He had "caught on." He knew that these two firemen had been the leaders, under Moore, of the attempt to drive him from the company. He understood from their talk that Moore's followers had deserted him. He snorted the salt water from his nose; Mr. Moore's claws were cut, then, sure enough.

At the next cross-beam he saw that the fire was blazing far ahead of him in a sort of flooring of loose planks, and he could make out what seemed to be two carpenter's horses covered with boards for a table, some boxes for stools, and a pile of burning straw that had been bedding. He swam back to bring the men, and found Farley and "the Turk" splashing up with a second line of hose. He ordered them in with it as impassively as if he were in full uniform on the deck of the Manhattan, instead of straddling a sunken beam, the water trickling into his eyes from his gray hair, dressed in dripping underclothes and commanding four nude firemen, who grinned at one another when he turned his head.

"Shut that off, you," he said to "Shine," an' light up on this other line!"

He led them—splashing and laughing

and tugging on their hose—into the drip of hot water from the lines of the shore companies above them. The stream from the *Manhattan's* monitor, dashing against the burning timbers outside, blew stinging sheets of spray through the slits of the cribbing on them. The warm smoke puffed back at them in stifling clouds. "Turk-ish b-bath," "Shine" gasped. "Ouch! Gee! that about parboiled me lef lug! Gi' me air! Gi' me air!"

"Come on!" Keighley ordered.

"The Turk" followed the voice of authority; "Shine" followed the voice of his leader; Cripps obeyed where obedience had been proved the wiser policy; Farley went to do the work for which he was paid. Their obedience drew them together like a yoke; they helped one another, brushed shoulders facing a common enemy, and touched hands in an almost friendly sympathy, sharing one task and one danger.

They stopped when the hose would come no farther, and "the Turk" sent back the signal for water. "Some Guinny had a roost in there," Farley said, peering through his fingers at the flames.

"I guess," "Shine" replied. "'T ust to be the gang's club-house. There she goes!" He shouted above the noise of the stream: "She ain't insured, at that!"

Captain Keighley rested his elbows on a beam, wiped his streaming eyes, and grunted half disgustedly. To him "Shine's" playfulness was the ingratiating gamboling of a dog that had tried to bite him. He felt no inclination to pat the treacherous cur; but neither did he purpose to kick him. To Farley, "Shine" seemed to show a spirit of good-fellowship that let bygones be and reduced their relations to the simply human intercourse of man and man. To "the Turk," absorbed in his duties, it was the encouragement of a kindred spirit who took the joy of battle more noisily than he.

The blaze, caught at close range, seemed to snuff out as suddenly as if it had been no more than the flame of a candle; and when Keighley looked back over his shoulder in the darkness, he saw the spark of a lantern which Lieutenant Moore was lowering through the hole his squad had cut in the floor. "There's the loot'nt," "Shine" sang out impudently. "If he ain't careful with that lamp he'll set fire to somethin'." And the laugh that followed came heartily from the men.



"THE BLAZE, CAUGHT AT CLOSE RANGE, SEEMED TO SNUFF OUT"

Keighley made his way back to the lantern and called to Moore to put a ladder down. "Fire's out here," he shouted. "Go in up there an' help wet down."

He waited at the foot of the ladder until he was sure that the last glimmer of flame had been extinguished below; then, calling to his own squad to leave their lines and "back out," he climbed the ladder to the floor of the pier. There was no one to laugh at him there, except the wharf watchman, who had returned to the scene of the fire from the safety of a car-float in a neighboring slip. Keighley strode over to

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him. "Got any ripe bananas yuh don't want?"

"Sure," the man replied. "Take all youse can ate."

"Shine" came up the ladder, panting from a race with "the Turk." Captain Keighley touched him on the shoulder. "Take a bunch o' those bananas aboard with yuh," he ordered, "an' be d——d quick about it."

TWENTY minutes later, the last of the fire had been drowned out, the *Manhattan's* lines had all been picked up, and the crew sat along the bulwarks, eating bananas and waiting for the order to start back to their house. Cripps and "the Turk," "Shine" and Farley, were perched in a row along the edge of the engine-room skylight, "in their birthday clo's," each with a banana in his hand and a bulge in his cheek, fraternizing while they dried.

"The Turk" was saying, with an air of ownership: "She's a peach of a boat, jus' the same. We c'u'd've swamped out that blaze ourselves, if there had n't been a steamer on the island."

"Shine," blinking watery-eyed, condemned the fire in resentful anathemas and bit savagely on a banana. "D——d scorch burned my pipes so I can't taste nuthin'," he complained.

Farley, with the tears still running down his cheeks, swung his heels blissfully, chewed, and regarded the lights of the city. "Yes," he said, "it's hot work, all right; but how'd yuh like to be pushin' a pen in one o' them little furnaces, fer instance?" He nodded at the late lights in the upper windows of a distant office-building. "One o' them newspaper touts was tryin' to pump me the other day. 'Say,' he says, 'what takes you men into the fire department?' 'Oh, the pay,' I says. 'The pay.' 'H——!' he says, 'the money 's no good to a dead man. Look at Chief Bresnan.'"

"The darned mut!" "Shine" put in.
"T was n't the chief's fault he got nipped."

"He did n't mean it that way," Cripps said.

"Well, how did he mean it?" "Shine" demanded.

Farley waved his banana-skin at the high building. "He meant't when it comes to this sort o' business he'd sooner be settin' up in one o' those coops peckin' at an ink-bottle an' scratchin' at a desk." He gave a grotesque imitation of a clerk humped over his work, dipping his pen frantically, and writing, with his nose to the paper.

Cripps laughed and threw his banana at the pier. "To the woods with him!" he said. "Gi' me a banana that's ripe. That last one tasted like a varnish-shop."

Captain Keighley rose in his uniform from the ladder of the engine-room behind them, and caught the general smile. He heard Cripps say, "This suits me all right"; there were satisfied grunts of assent from the others. At the stern, Lieutenant Moore sat somewhat apart, spitting over the rail.

"Get yer clothes on," Keighley ordered gruffly. "Cast off there, Moore!"

And when the *Manhattan* was spinning back leisurely to her quarters, with a trail of banana-skins in her wake, he said to his lieutenant in the wheel-house: "I want yuh to see th' engineer to-morrow an' write a report to Headquarters on that low-pressure cylinder business."

Young Moore looked up to find the cool gray eyes fixed on him in a calculation of how much enmity there was left in him. He flushed. "Yes, sir," he said, almost gratefully.

"Old Clinkers" turned away before he added with an effect of kindlinesc: "All right. Doty'll explain about it to yuh tomorrow. Go out an' tell those boys we want some bananas in here. I guess we're smoked as dry as they are, eh?"





# THE PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

## BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PLANS OF MESSRS. CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, CONSULTING ARCHITECTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

UR most important building, historically and architecturally, is a reflex of the Constitution. It is an embodiment of those principles which from the outset stamped themselves upon the destiny of the nation. Despite differences of policy, despite disaster even, the Capitol illustrates the gradual evolution of a single unifying idea. Threatened more than once with destruction, and on several occasions with changes which would have obliterated its original character, it has yet conformed closer and closer to the aims of its earliest patrons and projectors. In the fullest sense of the term it was, and is, national.

After plans for the city of Washington had been perfected by the expressive and imperious L'Enfant, the next consideration was the construction of what were then called Congress House and the President's House. From the beginning no one knew better than the Father of his Country how much depended upon the completion of the Capitol. In his own wise words he said: "It is the progress of that building that is to inspire or depress public confidence."

Both Washington and Jefferson displayed zealous interest in the various designs submitted, and both agreed on all essential points. What Washington sought was a combination of "grandeur, simplicity, and propriety," and that which appealed most to Jefferson in the plan presented by Thornton was the fact that it

seemed "noble, simple, beautiful." The phrase was Miltonic, and the day itself was one of spacious vistas and exalted endeavor. Yet most of these aspiring dreams have been abundantly realized. L'Enfant's city proved a prophetic flash of patriotism, and Thornton's conception of Congress House has always remained a fitting transcription of the noble dignity of the Declaration. The key-note of all that was said or done was, however, that simplicity desired alike by Washington and by Jefferson, that simplicity of which the Capitol is to-day the mute and immemorial witness.

The history of the Capitol, both structural and spiritual, is a history of the preservation and amplification of the same principles which were responsible for its inception. A union of conservatism and sound sense seems from the beginning to have guided the fortunes of the edifice. Virtually all departures from the initial plan have been resented, and substantially everything in the way of legitimate development has been encouraged. At the very outset the jealous and officious Hallett was not permitted materially to alter the sober beauty of Thornton's design, nor has any subsequent meddler exercised a similar privilege. Attempts were made by Latrobe, Bulfinch, and others to institute radical changes, but in each instance the sterling sagacity of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe prevailed. Its successive archi-



THE CAPITOL IN ITS PRESENT STATE

tects sought to make the Capitol individual; the Presidents and statesmen wisely upheld its general and typical significance.

By 1850, or just a score of years after the completion of the old Capitol, it was decided that the building was inadequate to the increasing needs of Congress. The structure then consisted of the present central portion, capped by a wooden dome, and two wings with smaller domes, the Senate occupying what is now the Supreme Court chamber and the House what is now Statuary Hall. Considering the scope of the projected additions, it was obvious that a crisis in the growth of the Capitol was at hand; and it is due to the good judgment of President Fillmore in appointing Thomas U. Walter as architect that the building emerged not only more commodious than before, but more symmetrical and more imposing. schemes were advanced by Walter, the one finally adopted being the logical expedient of placing wings north and south, connected with the main structure by corridors. Each of the wings was embellished with porticos and rows of Corinthian columns, the whole being similar in character to the original architectural unit. Although the older portion of the building was of sandstone, the additions were marble, liberal coatings of white paint being applied to minimize the discrepancy in color.

The corner-stone had barely been laid amid a burst of mid-century eloquence, and work begun on the wings, when it was seen that the dome must inevitably be dwarfed by the proposed extensions. Plans for a new and larger dome were forthwith approved, and the difficult task of substituting the present cast-iron expedient was undertaken. While work was necessarily stopped on the building proper at certain periods during the Civil War, it became an article of faith, almost, with Lincoln to insure the completion of the dome. He felt and fervently believed that "in the progress of this crowning feature of the Capitol all might see typified the continued unity and strength of the United States." Like Washington, he, too, realized that the structure was more than a mere matter of stone and mortar and iron. Before the close of the war, Crawford's by no means divine "Goddess of Freedom" had been firmly implanted on the tholus surmounting the dome, and in 1865 Walter resigned, leaving the building substantially as it remains to-day.

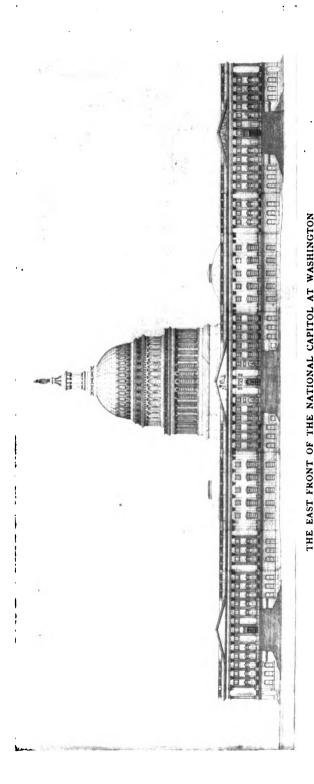
It is little short of amazing that the Capitol, considering its purely natural vicis-



WALTER'S PLAN, WITH THE SLIGHT MODIFICATIONS OF CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

situdes, should produce an impression so consistent and so harmonious. From time to time it has been under the State, War, and Interior departments, and its makers have been many and diverse. Yet somehow it always managed to escape threatened aberrations, and has gradually become the existing sane and inspiring edifice. When Walter retired, after years of admirable service, he realized that while the general effect was in the main satisfactory, there were various shortcomings which his successors would in time see fit to correct. He felt that the dome, which had been built on the old foundations, lacked apparent support when viewed from the plaza, and also that the central eastern motive was unfortunately dominated by each of the new wings. Moved by these considerations as well as by a persistent clamor for even more space, he filed for future reference several alternate sets of plans providing for each contingency. Happily Walter's most pretentious scheme, which consisted in extending the east front two hundred and seventy-five feet, never received serious attention. It is also a matter for congratulation that nothing further was done during succeeding years apart from laying out the grounds and perfecting the approaches, terraces, and promenades. From time to time other propositions for the enlargement of the Capitol were entertained, but always with a certain caution. The building had become in large measure a realized ideal, and each Congress showed less and less inclination to tamper with its structural integrity.

A continued lack of space, the fact that the east front shows undoubted architectural defects, and a natural desire to reface the sandstone portions of the old structure with marble, finally resulted in the appointment of the present Joint Commission of the Senate and the House on the Extension and Completion of the Capitol. At the request of this commission, Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, the consulting architects, recently submitted a report covering the points under consideration; and it is encouraging to learn that all their recommendations have been unanimously approved by the members of the commission. The plans of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings for the construction of office-buildings for the Senate and the House having already been accepted, opportunity is herewith offered for the first time to discuss their scheme in its entirety. Back in the spacious days of the aspiring L'Enfant, and



later under the Park Commission's revision of his diagram. it was intended that the east front of the Capitol should form an imposing quadrangle. For a century or more there was scant hope that L'Enfant's quadrangle would be achieved; but eventually, in accordance with his theory, the Library of Congress was placed in the southeast corner of the quadrangle, opposite the Capitol. Following this same plan, the senators and congressmen have now decided to erect two separate office-buildings, the one for the Senate to go on the north and that for the House to go south of the square. These buildings will be on the farther side of avenues, as shown in the plan on page 699, and will be identical except for certain interior arrangements. The equation on the northeast which would naturally balance the Library of Congress has not been provided for as yet, though it will in all probability be a new and much-needed home for the Patent Office.

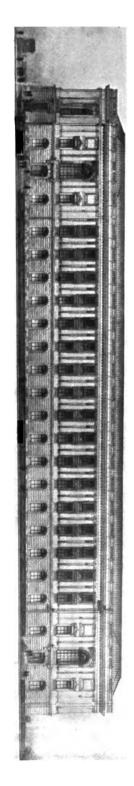
It is reasonable to infer that, when completed, the quadrangle will form an admirable ensemble. The distribution of the several buildings appears to be excellent, and their proper subordination to the Capitol is amply assured. Although at present the Library asserts an unpropitious independence of conviction, this will be less evident when shared by a companion structure. their designs for the Senate and House office-buildings, the consulting architects have sought to emphasize rather than to detract from the restful dignity of the Capitol, and a close scrutiny of their drawings seems to imply success. Formerly, when the city was

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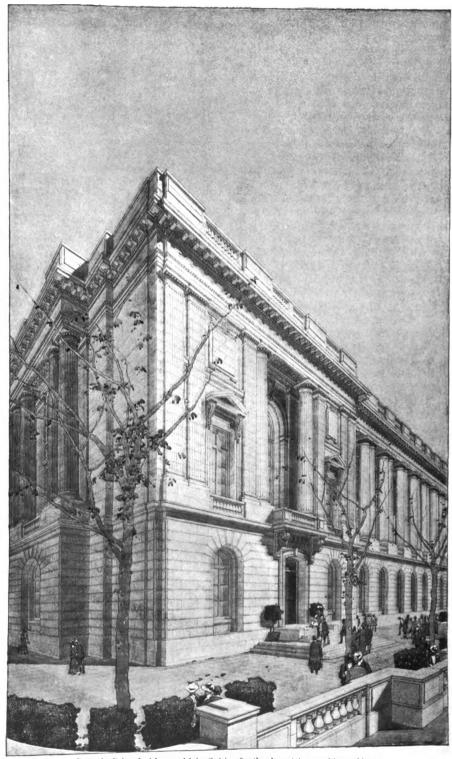
little more than a waste of swamp and scruboak, it became necessary for the early commissioners to provide "footways" in order to facilitate communication between the several departments. It is the idea of the existing commission to institute a subway running entirely around the Capitol quadrangle, and accommodating passengers for all present and future points along the line. Senators and congressmen can thus leave the floor and enjoy ready access to their offices and caucus- or committee-rooms, and eager visitors will be speedily shunted from the Capitol to the Library and return.

The incisive Senator Roscoe Conkling more than once remarked that the Capitol was "a dome with a building under it, instead of a building with a dome upon it," and it is mainly this effect which Messrs. Carrère & Hastings seek to correct in their rearrangement of the east front. Unhampered by considerations of space, they are able to approach the problem on strictly architectural grounds. While following in a certain measure the more feasible of Walter's suggestions, they have exercised greater restraint, and have displayed a deeper regard for the accepted appearance of the building. The plan which they favor, and which it is hoped may be adopted, shows as little change as possible in the composition of the façade. In detail their scheme consists in moving the front of the old structure only far cnough forward to bring the main wall at its center under the extreme projection of the dome, which now overhangs the wall and seems to repose on the portico. In order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to extend the wall twelve feet ten inches in an easterly direction.

The additional space thus acquired, while it will not be great, will nevertheless prove of advantage. On the main floor, to the east of Statuary Hall, a series of alcoves will be created which can serve for the further storage of documents; and east of the Supreme Court there will be a corresponding series of alcoves for robing-rooms for the judges. In the basement and on the floor above a like increase in space will be afforded,-that in the basement being particularly welcome to the congested Law Library, which is directly under the Supreme Court. This projection of its eastern wall will also give, in the central section of the building on each



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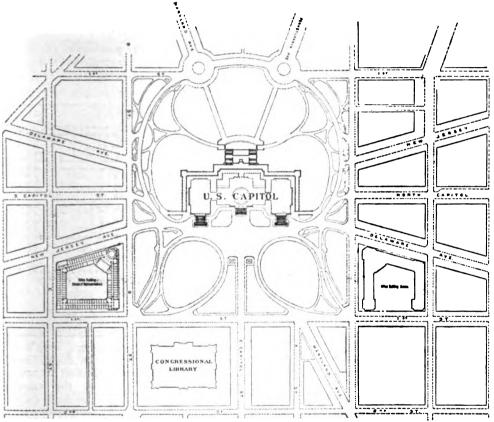
Drawn by Robert L. Adams and Jules Guérin, after the plans of the consulting architects

PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE HOUSE OFFICE-BUILDING

#### THE PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL 699

side of the main entrance, two rooms with windows opening on the portico, making, for the three stories, twelve rooms in all. Following Walter's prior suggestion, it is the intention of the consulting architects to add, at the same time, one column on each side of the main pediment, thus broadening the pediment so

order to avoid the recessed courts and to provide for an ample corridor serving the several committee-rooms and connecting the Senate and House wings, the Rotunda, and various important circulations. It is obvious that this latter plan places vastly more space at command; but, owing to the erection of the two separate office-build-



PLAN OF THE CAPITOL QUADRANGLE AND RADIATING STREETS

that it may dominate, instead of being dwarfed by, the pediments of the Senate and House wings.

At the instance of the commission, Messrs. Carrère & Hastings have also prepared a second plan, entitled scheme "B," which is much more ambitious and comprehensive in scope. In scheme "B" the central portion of the building is advanced thirty-two feet and six inches easterly from the walls of the Supreme Court and Statuary Hall, giving, according to the report, fourteen well-lighted rooms on each floor, seven on each side of the main entrance. New sections would be added in

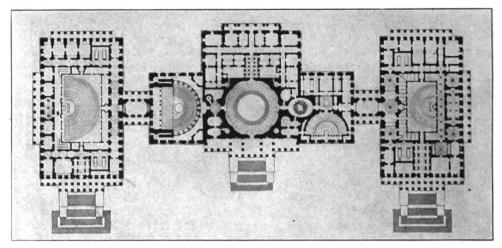
ings, space is not a primary consideration. The façade would be harmonious and majestic, showing the central portion and wings grouped together with a colonnade running in a broken line along the entire width of the east front. This or any similar innovation must, however, destroy the actual physiognomy of the building. Instead of remaining a unit composed of three distinct parts, it would become a unit of five almost equal parts. The spectator, viewing the mass in perspective from directly in front of either wing, must unquestionably find his vision obscured by the middle section, and would thus lose

a desirable and picturesque singleness of impression. It is greatly to the credit of the consulting architects that they do not in any way counsel the adoption of scheme "B," but rather the simple, scrupulous propriety of the plan previously discussed.

There being no possible means of obtaining sufficient space for committeerooms and offices in the Capitol proper
without injury to the character and composition of the building, the decision to
erect separate structures was inevitable.
Pursuant to the original requirements
of the quadrangle, as previously noted,
two entirely new buildings, one for the

Work has already begun on the House office-building, and its progress will be watched with increasing interest, for it marks the first step in the creation of the new Capitol—the Capitol which will not be a single isolated structure, but a composite group of buildings.

In their report to the Joint Commission the consulting architects make a number of minor though advisable recommendations, all of which have been approved and now await the action of Congress. The refacing of the older portions of the Capitol in marble, to correspond with the wings, has already been mentioned, and

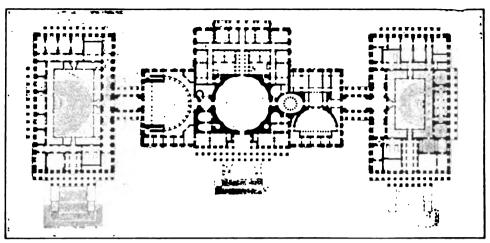


GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE CAPITOL IN ITS PRESENT STATE

Senate and one for the House, will shortly flank the large inner court. These buildings, duplicate in appearance and in dimensions, will form great colonnades, in each case about five hundred feet long, fronting on the quadrangle. Lower not only in themselves, but being on land ten feet lower than the Capitol, they can hardly fail to enhance the impressive conformity of the general effect. Mr. Carrère for the Senate building, and Mr. Hastings for that of the House, have agreed in choosing the Doric order as being less ornate than the Corinthian, which has been so freely employed in the Capitol both on the first floor and in the dome. The buildings will contain respectively an office for each congressman and two offices for each senator, besides large caucuschambers, as well as dining-rooms and other agreeable and convenient features.

should be undertaken at the first favorable opportunity. On studying the eastern façade, it is apparent to the most casual amateur that there is no sculptural group in the pediment of the House wing to balance that now adorning the pediment of the Senate wing. This should of course be supplied; and while it must be similar to its predecessor in size, character, and finish, it is to be hoped that it may prove less platitudinous in sentiment. The suggestion for replacing the present blue-stone steps on the west front of the Capitol with steps of white marble is neither costly nor arduous, and would add sensibly to the reposeful uniformity of the approach.

It is not the contention even of enthusiasts that the Capitol is, or ever will be, a complete and perfect whole. There is little hope that it will ever be entirely finished, and still less that it may attain perfection.

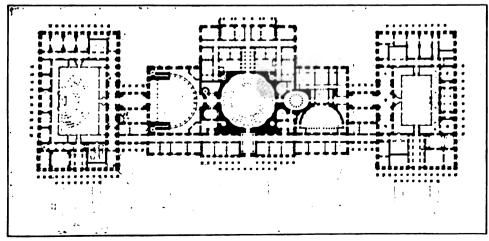


GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE PROPOSED SCHEME "A"

Apropos of the dome, for instance, it may be recalled that the rhetorical and fastidious Rúskin does not admit of iron as a constructive material, and on those grounds inveighed disdainfully against the spire of Rouen Cathedral. Purity and pettishness aside, there are other reasons why the building fails to conform with the essentials of really great architecture. As far as the interior is concerned, the situation is anything but sublime, and it is hence a pleasure to know that Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol building and grounds, has under advisement a proposition for the rehabilitation of the Rotunda. Yet the faults of the Capitol appear in a measure inevitable to those who know and treasure its history. Looked at broadly,

they are not faults, but merely venerable shortcomings incidental to growth and development. Considering the importance of the prospective alterations and extensions, the evolution of the building seems to have entered upon an approximately final stage, and it is gratifying to know that Congress, the superintendent, and the consulting architects realize the dignity and seriousness of the task in hand. Something of the old simplicity should guide and chasten each effort. To this simplicity should also be added a reverence for those traditional ideals and aspirations which are, happily, a country's or an individual's most cherished heritage.

The panorama, once its several features are supplied, will present a majestic and



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE ALTERNATIVE SCHEME "B"

inspiring spectacle. Grouped about the spacious court will be five superb structures,—the Capitol on the west, the Senate and House office buildings to the north and south, and the Congressional Library and its companion on the east. To the average eye the Capitol will offer little change; there will merely be a grateful gain in repose and proportion. It will, as

before, continue the focal point, the keynote of the composition. Despite its immensity, there appears to be nothing that is pompous or pretentious in the scheme as at present outlined.

It is but the logical fulfilment of plans, long since formulated, which are the fitting symbol of a subsequent national and

territorial expansion.



# "KEEL ASLANT"

#### BY EDWARD BARRON

KEEL aslant, keel aslant,
I sail and sail into the west.
All day the sacred songs I chant;
In Mecca shall my soul have rest.
In holy Mecca I will bow,
My prayers before the altar pour.
Oh, gracious monsoon, aid my vow
And speed me to the Prophet's shore!

Lone on the cliff above the sea,
When I sailed out, a chosen man,
My weeping sweetheart beckoned me
Like some sweet sprite from Jinnestan.
Sweet sprite! I mourned for her despair,
But still must seek the blessed wage—
The snow-white fez that hadjis wear,
Returned from Mecca's pilgrimage.

Keel aslant, I sail and sail;
The sweet rains fill my pans of clay;
The mullet leaps the weather rail,
To feed me on my pious way.
The way is clear for me who seek
To tread the ground Mohammed trod,
To hear the chief muezzin speak,
And kneel within the mosque of God.

# A LADY OF BALANCE

## BEING SOME RECORD OF MRS. MERINO GOFORTH AND THE CLASS IN WHICH SHE TROTTED

#### BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

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#### WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS



Y daddy, Mis' Renfrew, war a race-hoss man, too; thet air, when he war a kid like Brucey. He rid 'em till he war too heavy, stripped clean ter

the skin; then he got on ter the fence an' calkilated fer outsiders. Natchully, we war brung up sportin', bein' no detryment ter a leddy o' balance."

The speaker was a woman, still under thirty, who stood forth in the early April sunshine, smiling and unembarrassed. She had deposited a basket of freshly ironed clothes in the back part of a Jersey wagon, and now, at the front wheel in a friendly attitude, was ready for a chat with her pretty, pale employer.

Mrs. Renfrew was interested by the

bright heartiness of her tone.

"I was raised on a big stock-farm myself, Mrs. Goforth. Sometimes I miss the

country very much."

"Waal, it air cur'us whut luck I hev hed thet way. I been straight erlong in one place," beamed the owner of the tworoom log-and-frame house on the slope "Ye get out o' pinin' an' homebehind. sickness. I war brung up various places 'tween here an' Pond Creek, an' I don't know no other home, ner don't wanter. This part o' the country air truly beautiful, hain't it, Mis' Renfrew?"

The city woman gazed at the steep, rainworn hills to the right and left. Beyond a huge shoulder lay the city. She shivered with the thought of what the night would be in this rock-strewn hollow.

"Is n't it lonesome sometimes?"

"Law, no! I never hev time fer thet.

Ef ye hed ter work like I do, ye never would hev light-weight idees. It air a strong finish fer me when one day don't lap over inter the next. Thet 's the good o'work. Ye see, the Lord hez good reasons fer all his doin's."

Her smile was so genuine, so inspiring, that something like a pure, high wind from the Enna meads of girlish enthusiasm swept over Mrs. Renfrew's languid soul.

"You seem to have deep religious be-

liefs, Mrs. Goforth."

"I lays no claim ter the churchy religiousness," returned the woman, quickly. "I few times, if ever, gits ter meetin'. I uster consider thet the church-goin' war whut pulled one right under the wire at the finish, but my name war whut actooally did hold me back from committin' myself in airly days. Now I calkilate ter place my religious feelin's in their proper spot. I don't calkilate ter let anything throw me off my feet. Religion air a belongin' like lovin': it air better when ye don't keer ter discuss it. But it war my name kep' me from bein' a perfesser."

"Your name? I do not see why."

"It makes me feel pussonal. I never went ter church when I would n't be wullin' an' eager ter bet thet, erlong with readin' an' expoundin' Scriptur', the preacher would n't get in suthin' er ruther erbout 'Goforth.' Them air masterful an' commandin' words, an' soun' well ter ruther folks. I feels like raisin' wings, chicken-like, ready ter take p'rempt'ry orders fer uttermos' parts, j'inin' the Salvationers er missionaryin' in fureign places. It clean onsettles me fer doin' fine fambly

washes on Mondays an' 'rastlin' roun' fer meals out o' next ter nothin' fer the hull week."

"It is a queer name, come to think of it. I do not believe I ever heard of it before; but it has a cheerful sound."

"Hain't it, now?" The large brown eyes looked up. "An' ye hain't heard the hull o' the name, either. Merino-thet 's my name - Merino Goforth. It war daddy's ch'ice. I jist loved my daddy a leetle more 'n ever I hev loved anything but my one an' only. Daddy war no fav'rite o' Luck. She clean missed him; but he had the dispysition of a nangel ef ye did n't rouse him too much. He could actooally sit down an' smoke thet peaceful when things war at twenty-ones, let alone sixes an' sevens, I never dare hopes ter see his ekal. Arter he war dead, I merried Bird Smith. Bird war no better ner no wuss 'n common, but I got along fust-rate. I bargained with him ter be known ez Goforth. an' when Brucey came ter town I names him Goforth straightway. Thet war lucky, too, 'ca'se Bird got shot accidental by some low houn's, puppose, down ter Probst's, an' thet war the end o' his spirit. Would ve b'lieve it. Mis' Renfrew. I never 'lowed no courtin' roun' me fer months, even ef every disconnected male creatur' from Fenley Woods ter Valley Station did n't lope up Pond Creek, whar we war livin', right arter sun-up on Sunday? But I'm thet put up, Mis' Renfrew, thet I soon shets the stable door on 'em. I took ter the field an' showed 'em my heels, not seein' the use, knowin' I could n't merry with 'em all. But ter get shed of the rest, I finally took 'Dullam Snawter. He promised me thet I should be Goforth ez before. Snawter hain't a bit high-soundin' name, ner airy-like. So I been continooally Goforth, ez ye kin ascertain by inquirin' in these parts.

"But hosses? I air right ter hum on hosses. It air in the blood, ter be shore. My fust recall air of them blessed animiles on the race-track, comin' lickety-split up on a sunny mornin', them leetle pearts astride lookin' big enough ter me, holdin' on, teeth sot, eyes bulgin', caps gone, shirts a-flyin' sometimes. It war entirely movin', Mis' Renfrew. I war gin'rally settin' on a post, er up in a tree, daddy's arm erroun' me. He jist uster love ter take keer o' me, ter git the chancet ter skin

erway from chores an' scrapin' roun' arter victuals. Daddy war thet good. He never needed no watch ter time 'em. He jist felt the seconds, an' he could place a streak clean across the field. Daddy war devoted ter the hoss in all his divulgin's. A hoss could raise his spirits as nothin' else could, bein' ez they war natchully low. Shorely, Mis' Renfrew, he hev now a string in heaven. What air heaven 'cept a place whar we wull git all we hed orter hed down here? Ef I hain't no habit o' goin' ter meetin' reg'lar, I feels decided thet the Lord air good an' wull obleege us whenever he kin."

Mrs. Renfrew's eyes had a misty look in them.

"You make me homesick to see daddy."

"Now, do I? But them air real heartsome aches. I hev 'em. Ye see, my boy
air erway from home now. He follers
hosses, ez air natchul. He air up ter
Churchill Down track, an' sometimes I
gits sech a feelin' in me thet I hez ter go
up. I fries a young hen, cooks up a kittle
o' hominy an' a pan o' sodys, an' tromps
over. It would do ye good ter see him
clean them up. Them meals he gets air
not satisfyin' ter growin' boys. Brucey air
a cute leetle weazen yet, an' thet sharp
they calls'im Gimlet. Shorely I air blessed
in thet boy."

"And where is Mr. Snawter? Does he go with the horses?"

A cloud passed over the bright and cheery face, and was gone.

"It air the blastin' fack, Mis' Renfrew, thet 'Dullam done me a bad trick a spell back. Thar war a slick widder woman over by Penile Church, an' she moved inter Louisville. She got 'Dullam ter holp her take 'er things in, an' he stayed thar. He hain't turned up oncet sence. Mis' Tanner, her thet lives down the Man's Lick Road, seen him, an' he tole her thet he war too 'shamed ter show up fer a spell. But, law, Mis' Renfrew, I hain't lettin' thet upsot me! I got a leetle o' daddy's balance in my own make-up, an' it kerries me through, somehow."

11

THERE walked lightly through the wide gate of Churchill Downs race-track a red-cheeked woman with a basket on her arm. Although the April air was chilly, her only wrap was a shoulder shawl of black-and-

white plaid, and on her waving black hair she had set a summer sailor hat at least one size too small for her. Radiant was the spring sunshine, and the woman's face matched it.

"Hev ye seen leetle Brucey Goforth?" she inquired of a watchman. "I means this mornin'. He 's a stable-boy, an' ye could n't miss 'im."

"There's been enough of 'em roun'," replied the man, relinquishing his pipe with regret.

"But ye could n't miss thet tyke. He air thet sharp all the boys calls 'im Gimlet."

"I know 'im," with emphasis; "but he hain't been roun' ner in ner out fer two er three days. They can tell ye erbout 'im up yon," with an indefinite wave of the hand.

An hour later he saw her still hunting about for news of the boy. No one seemed to have seen or heard of Brucey for a long time. Had he done what many others had done, and "gone away with the horses" that were always coming and going? Finally she met a trainer that she knew, a small man with beady blue eyes and a shrewd smile.

"Law, Mr. Merrygol', hain't I glad ter see ye! Whar air Brucey? I can't get no wind o' him anywhar, an' I got his washin' an' some pervisions fer'im. Hev a chicken sody, won't ye?"

A generous biscuit, with a chicken wing between its layers, was not to be despised. Mr. Marigold accepted it promptly.

"The boy is over ter Douglas Track with a new man I dunno, Mis' Goforth. Promised 'im a dollar a day ter ride a new hoss. Ez thet war more 'n any o' the boys gits usual, Brucey went. It air a runnin' hoss, an' I hev let the name slip me. Brucey 's been erroun' exercisin' oncet er twicet."

Mrs. Goforth was immensely relieved.
"You're truly a friend, Jim Merrygol',
an' I won't fergit it." With a hearty laugh,
"Do hev another sody, won't ye?"

"Don't care if I do," replied the trainer, with a grin; "an' then I will send you to Douglas on the street-cars. It is too far for you to foot it."

"I'd go ten mile ter see my boy," retorted Mrs. Goforth; "but ez I allers teks p'litenesses kindly, ter be shore I wull ride, ef ye pleases."

Half an hour later she was walking about the trotting-track park with the old

query. No one seemed to know anything of the boy. Over in the greening grass she saw a small prone figure. She bent over it with concern, for it was a boy in grief.

"Now, whutever air ailin' of ye, son?" she asked tenderly, although the clenched hands showed negro blood.

Tear-wet eyes looked up for an instant into her own.

· "Nawthin'," was the boyish reply—
"nawthin'."

"Mebbe ye air erway from home, and ye gits low oncet in a while. Here, sonny; set up an' eat a leetle. I kin spare ye a good sandwidge an' a hard-b'iled egg, I calkilate. Mebbe ye kin show me whar the lastest hosses thet comes in air."

The sandwich disappeared, followed by the egg. Afterward the boy rose and solemnly said, "Come on," without deigning information as to the cause of his grief.

"Boys air boys, be they colored up ez they may be," soliloquized Mrs. Goforth. "I hev seen Brucey do jes thet same way a hun'erd times, ef one."

"Thar 's Twilight Star an' thar 's Mundane in them two stalls," indicated the boy; "them 's the lastest hosses thet come here"

"Do ye know Brucey Goforth?" asked the mother, eagerly; "leastwise, Gimlet fer short?"

"Yaas," with a faint accent of surprise; "he kim over from the Downs ter ride Mundane. Say, he air sick er sump'in'. I jes seen him lyin' on the straw."

"Then I come at the right time," said Mrs. Goforth. "Go show me the place, fer I air his maw."

In a few moments, skirting the stables, the two slipped unnoticed into an empty stall, where a lad lay motionless on a pile of straw. Mrs. Goforth hung her basket up on a convenient nail, kneeled down, and gently turned Brucey over. He was a slim rascal, with a head as curly as her own, and with well-molded shoulders, chest, and limbs. His face was now red, his breathing heavy.

The mother looked, lifted his hand, and leaned over him. Then she stood up, and the mulatto was frightened at her look.

"Some one hez given my boy liquor!"
She fumbled in her pocket and brought out a few pennies.

"Rub," she went on in her softest tones, thar air a grocery right in sight. Run git me a leetle mustard, an' be quick. Ye'll git somethin' more ter eat."

By the time he was back Brucey was prepared for a generous dose of mustard and water, accompanied by divers pokings of Mrs. Goforth's fingers down his throat. In twenty minutes a sadder, wetter, and wiser boy sat up in the straw, with Mrs. Goforth sternly in command. She dismissed the other with a handful of food, and regarded the offender in ominous silence.

But Brucey was human, and not yet old or bad. He glanced up once in a while, and he saw the face he best knew and loved wearing such an expression of injured dignity and majesty that he quaked; finally he wept.

"I did n't wanter drink none o' thet

stuff.''

"Yes, you did. Ye air gittin' like them other crap-shootin', triflin' young colts thet hain't hed no upbringin'—none the leastest. The most of 'em never hed no mothers, even—jes pick-ups an' wuss ner orphants an' reform schoolers runned erway. Ye hain't in thet class, son. Ye air of pore but hones' stock, an' ye must show it. Brucey, I calkilate ye must quit the turf even afore ye gits heavy. Yer wull-power air too feathery an' wuthless."

"They makes me do it, ma, hones'.

They says I air sech a fancy size, an' liq-

uor wull stunt me."

"Stunt ye? Waal, I hev somethin' ter say erbout thet. Stunt ye! Yer lawful parents war sizable pussons, an' it air calkilated thet ye wull tek on ter six feet two er three inches afore ye air twenty. A fancy size! Waal, listen ter thet! Ye kin jist answer right up ter any one thet says it, thet the Goforths don't grow up like gourd-vines, in a night er two. We purceeds natchul-like. Soon ripe, soon rotten. Ye air sizable fer the Goforths at yer age. Now onfold the truth. Who air them vil-

yuns thet gave ye the liquor?"

"His name air Yanney," replied Brucey, weakly; "an' his trainer air Tobey. They wants me ter go off with 'em ter ride Mundane on some other track arter the Darby. They said they 'd gimme a dollar a day, but I hain't hed a cent yit. I hed ter promise ter stay erway from all the other boys, an' not ter talk o' the hosses ner hev boys roun' the stable. They say them hosses air so naryous at strangers an'

won't hev folks erroun'. Oh, mommy, my head do hurt!"

"Prubably an' likely," replied the mother. "I do hopes you airns the money, ez we needs it fer taxes an' int'rust an' spring garding-seeds. Ye know the cow air dry yit. Air this hoss ye air ridin' a good one, Brucey?"

"Fust-class," said the boy, eagerly; "but I never gits ter let him out none. It air allers pullin' in, holdin' back—them 's the

orders."

"Slip erroun' thet stall an' change yer clothes, son. Ye look scand'lous. Oh, yes; ye air weak. Fools air allers knock-kneed arter fool doin's."

Shamefaced, the lad presently returned. Mrs. Goforth washed his face, and with a tuck-comb from her hair made his curls tidy. Then she picked up his clothing.

"Ye air suttinly mortal hard on clothes," she sighed. "But whut on this airth air these turrible stains on the legs o' yer

jeanses, anyhow?"

The boy, still in a flabby condition,

stared at the trousers stupidly.

"I dunno, mom, onless it comes off the big hoss when he sweats. I gits it on my hands sometimes."

"Hosses don't sweat no ink like thet, ve crazy boy."

"Mundane do," asserted the boy, stoutly; "an' it hez a quare smell, sometimes, mom, I don't keer whut ye say."

"Thet air truly fine talk fer them chicken an' sodys, now. I wull take ye on my knee an' chastise ye, ez the Bible says ter do. Ye air corruptin'."

The boy looked sober.

"Mommy, it air true. It do seem funny, don't it?"

"We won't quarrel none over it," said the mother, lightly; "but do ye come right erlong an' p'int me out them men. I warnts ter spot 'em, an' hev a leetle talk on this stuntin' an' liquor bizness. Don't ye crawfish none ner meddle with me. Ye wull see me comin' in fust, er the Lord air not with the widder an' fatherless."

"But ye hain't a real widder, mom."

"I air wuss, fer yer own paw air dead onnatchul airly, an' his substitute air cavortin' roun' in other pasters. I hain't got a livin' sure thing but ye, Brucey."

Brucey squirmed.

"Ye air shorely responsible fer a hull lot ter me. A woman hez ter hev men folks roun' ter be happy, an' mine hev been lopped off onaccountable. I expects ye ter make up all them other shortcomin's."

The boy's eyes, large and very like his mother's, were doubtful as she went on.

"Daddy war sort o' shif'less, but he war never crooked. Yer paw, Bird Smith,

had filled that little fellow up with whisky and busied themselves while he was in his first stupor. What they said at this sudden and untimely resurrection, Mrs. Goforth imagined.

One of the men was tall and grizzledgray. His eyes were a hawk's, gray-brown,



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey
"'IS N'T IT LONESOME SOMETIMES?'"

hed his faults, but he war straighter 'n the usual run. I don't trot in any class, myself, with them thet air off color er tricky; I expects ye ter be squar' likewise. Don't ye warnt a leetle bit o' chicken breas', son? It do stand ter reason thet ye air ez empty ez a rain-barrel in August."

Upon the top row of seats in the grand stand two men sunned themselves and, by their countenances, gravely discussed weighty matters. Up toward them climbed a prepossessing, alert woman, half supporting a pale boy. The men stared at him and at each other. Two hours before they and over one of his eyebrows circled a peculiar mark or scar. The other man was bullet-headed and stocky, with a bloated face and meeting, sullen brows.

The vivid color faded quite out of Mrs. Merino Goforth's face. She stopped as if to catch her breath, then in a second or two she went steadily forward and stood out in front of the boy.

"I air Gimlet's mother," she said quietly; "an' I 'm here ter collect fer 'im, an' ter arrange. Ye see, he hez frien's. 'T ain't like some pore strays—jes at any one's marcy."



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
"'YE BETTER TRY TER TELL ME ERBOUT IT"

"He has n't been with us a month," retorted Tobey, eying her sharply; "an' you certainly look purty young to be his mother."

"Thet air a compliment I hev offen heard," said Mrs. Goforth, affably; "from my husband thet air in Louisville speshully, an' from him I most enjoys it. But Brucey—ez ye calls Gimlet on the track—he air mine, ez ye kin durrectly see by his favorin' me. Ez ter the hire fer him, I allers collects every two weeks, ez I ginerally air in need o' it long afore thet. We air pore folks."

The two men consulted a few moments, and then the older produced a bill.

"Here is ten dollars, but we don't want you round the stables. 'T is n't any place for women, and our horses are nervous and must be humored."

A brighter color appeared in Mrs. Go-forth's cheeks.

"Settle right up with Brucey, Mr. Yanney, an' we wull perceed ter the Downs an' git him a new place. He air handy with hosses, an' they likes him. Ye may own yer hosses—an' may not,"—her voice grew sharper,—"but ye don't own the boy. Ef ye do keep him, don't ye give him no more liquor. I don't want him with low folks. My fambly war allers sportin' people, but uster dealin' with the top-notchers in hoss circles."

Brucey whispered, sheltered by his mother's blue-print gown:

"Ye got 'em, mom. Mundane won't let any one o' them other boys ride 'im. They hev got ter hev me fer the races, they hev."

So it seemed. The men came down to Mrs. Goforth, and endeavored to placate her. Indeed, Gimlet must ride Mundane on Derby Day. The horse had taken a great fancy to him. Everything would be right. Only she must see the boy outside. The horses were so nervous.

Mrs. Goforth promised nothing. She was trying to place the grizzled-gray man. He had a niche in her memory, one that she herself had described as "a reg'lar cupboard o' clutter." She was thoughtful as Brucey accompanied her to the gate, where she tied up the remaining provisions for him and bestowed on him direct and emphatic parting advice:

"Ye don't need ter be low-down an' o'nery 'ca'se ye air on the turf, Brucey. Be jes ez high-strung ez a good hoss. The good Lord looks down on this race-track same ez on a church steeple, an' he peruses all yer doin's, son. I don't like them two men one ioty; but ef ye airns yer money, ye wull hev to hev it. Ye better hol' ter the job onless they asts ye ter do wrong. Ef they does, ye must tell 'em ter git any limb o' Satan they kin ter ride thet pore animile—an' ye come right home. Jist tell 'em yer maw don't trot in no sech class, an' thet ye got a home ter come ter ef things goes wrong outside. Ye hain't got any handicap o' bein' 'thout a place ter go—an' do ye be prupperly raised up an' stiff-backed 'cordin'."

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OVER a week later, in the first hours of the night, Mrs. Merino Goforth heard some one coming up the creek-bed that made the only road to her acre of clearing. Her trained sense of hearing and long experience soon convinced her that it was a nocturnal visitor who knew the way well and was not exercising any caution in approach. She opened the door and stood waiting in the starlight for the late-comer.

A forlorn little shadow slipped up from the deep gloom under the overhanging bank to the cleared spot.

She met him half-way, and opened her arms as she had done when he stumbled up to her a little child, crying with a hurt. And he, shaking and still blazing hot with resentful anger, choked out:

"Tobey struck me, mom; he struck me fer nothin'!"

In the faint light great welts showed across his arm where he pulled back the sleeve of his sweater.

The woman trembled as she held him to her, her breath quick and uneven.

Slowly she drew herself up and guided him toward the house, where the dim lamplight showed.

"Come in, sonny."

There was a rough wooden bench along the stone chimney, and on it some calico comforts and cushions. Here she laid him down, and stirred the covered embers on the hearth to a lively blaze. Then she stood beside him, with her bit of shawl over her shoulders and two long plaits of dark hair, like a child's, hanging down over her breast.

"Ye better try ter tell me erbout it when ve kin. Brucey."

"I did n't do nothin', mom; I did n't. I dunno whut he hit me fer. The hoss likes me an' keeps whinnyin' when I come roun'. I heard 'im callin' this mornin', an' I went in an' patted 'im, an' Tobey come in. He hit me cruel an' kicked me out the stall. I did n't do nothin'."

The mother lifted the thin hand and arm. In the red glow from the fire the rough palm was stained in ridges and lines. A dark streak ran up the wrist.

"Did this come off the hoss, Brucey?"
The boy rubbed it vigorously.

"It 's thet hoss sweat ag'in. It 's all over my pants, too. I told Tobey I never seen no hoss like thet. He tole me ter shet up er I 'd git hurt. Mom, I been tryin' ter ride good an' keep the place, but he dass n't hit me when I did n't do nothin'. The hoss don't like nobody else but me; he kicks at Tobey an' the old man. Thet air a good hoss, mom; but they air not showin' him up fer anything. They never wull let 'im out none ter show his time. 'T ain't fair ter belittle 'im, I say. He looks at me like he was plumb disgusted when I keeps holdin' 'im in. He don't like it."

The mother smoothed back the curls from the hot brow. She went to the door and looked out—looked and listened.

"Them men don't know ye cut an' run, do they?" she asked in a low voice.

"I dunno an' don't keer. Ye tole me ter come home. I crawled in the hay. Tobey dared me ter snivel loud, he did."

A blazing stick had fallen forward on the hearth, and Mrs. Goforth pushed it back. Then she shoved the rough chair aside, and threw herself on her knees by the settle. Her arm slipped under the restless head, and the boy was stilled by



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AND RUN HE DID—ON WITH A SWEEP AND MAGNIFICENT RUSH THAT CARRIED HIM UNDER THE WIRE HALF A LENGTH AHEAD"  $^{\prime\prime}$ 

the leap and strength of the blood in her veins. Her very vitality calmed and nerved him. His sobs grew less frequent as his anger ebbed away. When the silence was broken only by long sighs, the kneeling woman spoke to him.

"Brucey, ye hev come ter a high jump, shore; but I b'lieves ye wull take it all right, like a man, 'stead of a leetle lad, bein' ez ye air sca'cely more yit. I b'lieves ye got thet in yer make-up thet wull kerry ye over. Them welts don't hurt ye nigh on to ez much ez they hurts me, son. They cuts me clean inter the bone—an' sinner. too. But, sonny boy, ye shorely knows thet both ye an' yer step-paw promised ter help me a-buildin' a kitching ter this house last summer; an' I owes sixty-six dollars on it yit, with int'rust, an' a mor'gidge ter bind it. We hev seen hard times sence, speshully sence 'Dullam bolted off. I hain't hed many fine washes durin' the winter, an' we air likely ter see some money troubles onless ye kin jes set yer leetle teeth an' grit this thing through till the garding an' the cow air ready ter holp out. It air hard ter ast of a leetle feller like ye, but I got ter do it, Brucey. Ye hev ter git ter be a man, an' ye can't git ter the stake in a minute. Ye got ter toughen yer hide an' feelin's gradooal. Bein' ez ye hev the makin's of a fine man in ye, I looks ter ye ter swaller down yer big bad dose o' other folkses' meanness, an' go back thar fer a leetle spell."

Hot rebellion was in the boy's eyes.

"I air on'y astin' ye ter do whut ye wull hev ter do many an' many a time afore ye dies—ter take whut comes an' suffer 'thout squealin' like a pore leetle pig. Ye must l'arn ter git hurt an' keep still—thet air bein' grown folks. I dunno whut ye air goin' ter do fer a livin' when ye gits beyant ridin' the hosses, but I hopes fer the best. Even in race-hossin', any branch, ye 'll need squar'ness an' grit ter live by the right rulin' o' things."

"Dummy says the old man an' Tobey air up ter suthin' with the hoss," temporized Brucey; "ye shorely don't want me in sech doin's. They ack quare—not lettin' me inter thet stall when thet hoss air callin' ter me ez plain ez day."

"Who air Dummy?"

"Thet cryin' yeller boy ye fed oncet. He says he crawls roun' ev'rywhar, an' thet he heard 'em say thet hoss war never ter be let out tell race day in some yuther place."

"Whut do ye think yerself, Brucey?"

The boy threw up his arms.

"Would n't I jes like ter speed 'im, jes oncet!" cried he. "I would show 'em. But Tobey follers me on the boulevard an' the Downs. He air allers cussin' me ter hold 'im in. Folks don't know nothin' erbout thet thar hoss Mundane."

There was a long silence. Brucey was in a light doze when he heard his mother's voice next. It was again low and tender.

"Ye must go back afore daylight, son; but I 'll wake ye an' give ye some coffee. Thar may be suthin' goin' on, Brucey, thet ye kin ferret. Ef it air wrong-doin', thet air the time ter show yer true colors. I calkilate I seen thet grizzle' man in my daddy's time. He war n't gray then, Brucey; but he war thet mean he war spotted on every track in the country. Go back, an' mebbe the Lord wull even up them thar welts fer ye afore many happy days goes over yer head. Now git a leetle sleep, son. Ye kin depend on me ter watch ye an' wake ye. I like ter see ye lyin' thar—safe an' peaceful in yer home, an' shore thet the Lord wull even thet thar hidin' up fer ye, somehow er yuther."

ıv

A comely woman in a clean print gown stood in doubt at the terminal of the trolley-line at Jacob Park. Far away across the flats between her and the city she could see the green car coming over a sinuous path.

"I did 'low ter walk up an' save a nickel," she meditated; "but ef I does, I wull be both tired an' muddy, an' with no traces o' hevin' been spick, spandy clean at the start. When I war settin' by Brucey larst night an' studyin' whut I must do, I thort erbout Mis' Renfrew bein' brung up sportin', an' her daddy a hossman. My dad uster onfold ter me thet ef ye hain't got enough in yerself ter kerry a big bet, ter frequent them thet air paved with gold, an' git suthin' fer yer tip. I can't see roun' this here thing, but I kin shorely git some one else ter be at the place whar the wuss dust air risin'."

Whirled rapidly into the heart of the city, Mrs. Merino Goforth tried to formulate her suspicions. Suggestive memories

hovered around the man with the scar over his eyebrow. Vague they were; connected, somehow, with her father and the days of old. The dark stains puzzled her, and also Tobey's conduct. The hot blood welled up in her when she thought of her little lad sobbing in the night, but she never lost her head.

"Ef thar air crookedness a-goin' on, thar wull be the price ter pay now on the road ter him," she thought; "an' 'thout me mixin' in none. The preachers say thet settlin' up ercounts with wicked folks air the Lord's doin's, an' not for humans. I never done a thing ter pay back folks in all my life, but whut I felt real mean an' low myself. So I long ergo l'arns ter fit thet feelin' down when it oncet rises. I shell leave thet business fer men ter 'tend ter, ez it air men's place."

Deep in her heart was the true womanliness—the happy dependence on the idea masculine that makes the joy of the sex. Men could do everything, anything. They were the power in the world. Betrayed and neglected as she was, her heart longed for the recreant 'Dullam. He would know what to do; or, if he did not, he would pretend he did, which was quite as comforting and conclusive.

Her ideas of Mrs. Renfrew's home had not been of a stately and splendid mansion of red brick, with plate-glass windows and beautiful filmy draperies showing behind tall vases of bloom.

"Lawsy! I never oncet dreamt it," she observed, "with her nice free ways o' speech."

Should she ring the front bell or go around the house? Her decision was prompt.

"I won't belittle myself none; I allers treated her perlite."

A lovely room it was where Mrs. Renfrew, ensconced among silken cushions, received her. At the wide window to the south sat a big, broad gentleman with gray hair and mustache. Could this be any one but Mis' Renfrew's own daddy?

"Law, Mis' Renfrew," she said, "I air shore thet must be yer daddy thet ye sot sech store by."

"It certainly is," said the gentleman,

"The Lord sent ye," beamed the countrywoman. "I come ter ast Mis' Renfrew's advice erbout a race-hoss matter

which a man should ferret out. An' ye air here, which I hev wished."

They placed her in a chair between them, and she told her story. The grayhaired man was at first amused, then interested and excited. When the story was finished, he brought a hearty hand down upon a ponderous knee with a slap.

"By the powers, ma'am, you have unearthed something! That horse is probably being tampered with, and is kept dark to play for a big stake at the races. Look into it? Well, I most certainly will. I am going to have horses here myself. You deserve something good for your trouble."

"Ez ter thet," replied Mrs. Goforth, "I air glad ter meet with sech a gentleum fer my Brucey's sake. I hev his makin' on my mind. Ef he could on'y git a good place ter work when he air too heavy ter ride, an' 'Dullam would come home ter his rightful place, I would n't be astin' one thing thet a nangel out o' heaven could offer me. I feel like a feather a'ready beca'se I hev shed thet secrit. I would n't be handicapped with a onderhand doin's fer a fortin. I don't need no extry weight ter trot straight, do I, Mis' Renfrew?"

v

HAVING passed on her burden of care, Mrs. Merino Goforth considered that her duty was done, save that of keeping watch on Brucey. Hardly a day passed but she hurried over the flats to Douglas Park. Long since a system of communication had been established with the aid of the silent Dummy, who crawled around everywhere. Sometimes Brucey met his mother at the freight siding, sometimes near the gate. The interviews were short.

"He hain't beatin' me up none," averred Brucey; "fer I tells him I jes won't ride fer him ef he takes ter it. Thar I got 'im, fer thet hoss natchully despises him. But thar air some one else on his trail, mom; an' I feels shore of thet thar."

"Whut makes ye think thet?" asked the mother, easily.

"Dum an' me speers a big man erroun' consid'ble," replied the boy; "an' he asts questions. Ast me erbout the hoss. I jes said it war a purty good hoss. Ast me did I curry 'im up, an' I said I 'd hev ter git on a box ter do it. Then they larfed like it war funny. Ast me hed he one white

foot. I said I never hed seen no white foot ter thet hoss, an' he larfed ag'in. I believes, mom, the hoss hev hed a white foot, an' they air puttin' some stuff on thet an' on a spot on his side. Dummy seen 'em, he says. But ye shet up an' don't say nothin'. Tobey would kill me."

Mrs. Goforth closed her lips firmly enough. Mrs. Renfrew's daddy knew all by this time, and, whatever happened, the matter was in better hands than her own. Her part was the anxious one to keep Brucey safe. As she walked away along the pike she came up with a horseman who, sitting erect on a splendid hunter, was scanning the park race-track and also the speedway to the boulevard.

Here, surely, was the big man, Mrs. Renfrew's daddy, otherwise Colonel Maurice. So intent was he on the outlook that she waited sometime before he noticed her.

"How do you do, ma'am? Been to see your boy? I talked to him the other day. The scamp has the making of a man in him, Mrs. Goforth."

The mother colored with pleasure, and a mist blotted out the landscape.

"Shorely thet air a fine thing ter say ter a mother," she began tremulously, "an' air calkilated ter stir up her feelin's. When yer has but one an' only offspring, yer eggs air all in one basket, ye sees, colonel."

I have been trying to get a good square look at that horse, Mrs. Goforth," continued the rider, going nearer to her; "but it has not been possible. If it is the horse I think, there will be something doing on Derby Day. If I could be sure—umph! But they will not have it. I would know Wanderer in a tan-yard if I could get near him, but I do not want the men to be suspicious of me. Now, Mrs. Goforth, if I do not find out anything between this and Thursday, you give your boy a word. Tell him that, no matter what those men tell him to do at the race,—either to ride to win or not,—that he is to ride for all that is in that horse and himself, if it finishes both—and I will see fair play afterwards."

"I believes ye, sir," said the woman, then her lips went white; "but them air bad men. Ye must take care o' Brucey."

"I will be there," said the big man, with a jovial laugh. "I don't mind telling you that I have several scores to even up with Yanney, as he calls himself—that man with the scar. He has n't been in Kentucky for years. His name will not let him in. You must have heard of Coll Crum, if you 've always been round the tracks, Mrs. Goforth."

Doubt and certainty struggled in Mrs. Goforth's countenance for a few moments. Then slowly memory seized the name and ransacked the "cupboard o' clutter."

"Coll Crum?" she repeated fearfully.
"I orter hev known thet scar ter oncet.
He 'most broke my daddy's heart with a mean trick, an' he war run off the Downs shorely. An' thet man hez been hirin' my Brucey! I wull never rest day ner night till he air hum ag'in."

"He is safe until after Derby Day," said the colonel; "and we will protect him then. They have to have him to race the horse at all. I know him—notional and nervous as a woman. These folks left their last boy in a hospital in Memphis with a broken leg. They will want to take Brucey on with them, or I will miss my guess, especially if the horse goes through here all right. I don't suppose any one knows whether he is to run to win or not."

"Brucey do not," asserted the mother.

"He air ez innercent ez a day-old colt.
An' no matter how I feels pussonal, I got
ter act a woman's part an' hev patience.
Ye take my boy's life in yer hand; but I
air leanin' on yer promise. I wull shorely
tell Brucey ter ride ter win; but I must be
thar ter see it."

"You shall be," answered the colonel; "my daughter and I thought of it. I shall send you a ticket, and she says she intends to make you some little presents."

"Seein' it air Mis' Renfrew, I am proper thankful," was Mrs. Goforth's answer; "fer I hev no idee she wull clean out closets an' attics on me, but feel like I orter be treated like I war not a hard-workin' woman - with feelin's. I never hed no fine closes, colonel, ner hed a single hanker thet a-way. I seen lots o' knob females go ter perdition fer gay ripparel. Daddy uster say thet a good hoss did n't need no yeller saddle ter win, ner a jockey rigged out like 'n old maid's parrot. But, colonel," and her eyes shone, "ef I air goin' ter set up in thet gran' stan' like a leddy, arter all these years o' the turf an' observin' races from cracks in the fence an' from the roofs o' sheds handy, I wull shorely consider Mis' Renfrew ez real thortful ter lend me some things. Ef ye would n't fergit it, colonel, would ye mention a parysol? It would n't make an ioty o' difference ef 'twar a year old er so; but ef ever I hed one dream when I war a real leetle slip, a-settin' with daddy's arm erroun' me an' seein' races, it truly war ter be a leddy an' set under a parysol when the Derby winner comes cahootin' under the wire. Thar air nothin' ez movin' ter express all yer feelin's with ez a parysol; an' I would kerry it back the next day shorely, with no bones broke."

"You shall have that parasol," said the colonel; "and you shall certainly wave it when Brucey comes home in the third race, and we all win a pot out of Coll Crum's rascality. I will send it out on Wednesday, and the ticket also. You can count on us, Mrs. Goforth."

SUNSHINE, the fairest of blue skies, and a warm and delightful little breeze, made Derby Day delightful. The field was the brightest green; the grand stand, crowded with ladies, a mass of lovely color that from a distance looked like a great bouquet. Opposite the judges' stand sat a woman who caught the eye because of a certain wholesome and fresh radiance in her face. Mrs. Renfrew had done well in sending her a gray cloth suit and a white shirt-waist. Under the neat black hat were the refractory dark curls in wild confusion, in spite of all the soapings, slickings, and hair-pins. She carried a pink-and-white-striped silk parasol, which the colonel declared he would not have missed buying for a fortune, and which guided him to her in the last half-hour before the races.

"Mundane is to run in the third race," he announced; "and Brucey is all right. Now I want you to have a share in this. Here is some money in envelops marked one, two, and three. Before the third race you call one of those men that take the bets, give him one to win, two for place, and three to show. You cannot lose much that way."

"Bettin' with yer money?" gasped the woman.

".We 'll divide. There 's Mrs. Renfrew, her husband, and half a dozen others in it. We think Mundane can win. Lucky Devil is the favorite, but they don't know the other horse like I do."

"Ef I hain't settin' up here bettin' like an old banker!" soliloquized Mrs. Goforth, "with a leddy's dress 'n' hat, 'n' a pink parysol. Oh, ef daddy could on'y see me now, an' realize thet I war holdin' stakes, —mebbe more 'n a hundred dollars, —he would actooally be happy wharever he air! An' this air shorely suthin' ter remember an' ter recount for ever 'n' ever. I wonder whut 'Dullam would say. I don't s'pose thet he ever considered me ez wuth much in looks er bearin', er he 'd never hev gone erway. But I hev real good frien's, an' I wull suttinly take whut I kin git in this world an' enjoy myself, with no repinin's ter handicap me. It air in folks ter be er not be. The hoss shorely gits in on its time, not its trainin'."

Much as she enjoyed the first races, her anxiety was too great for her to be quite herself. In her mind's eye there was only one figure, that of a slim, curly-haired lad with bright eyes. Because of him she did not appreciate the brilliancy of the bustling scene, nor could she enjoy the gay music of the band, that, at other times, would have filled her with a childish delight. The little lad was in her heart, tugging at her thoughts, her interest, her fears. She imagined him getting into his white and crimson, the flaunting cap on his rowdy curls. She mentally saw Tobey tightening straps, with commands and strong language, and the pseudo-Yanney toss the boy into the saddle. Her heart stood still, her eyes were strained to the spot where she knew he would appear. Into the flood of spring sunshine he would suddenly come, splendid and triumphant. He was hers in this hour of worldly glare and glory, her man-child to do all that her sex had denied her, to achieve, to stand out before the world. And this was his first step.

Into the glare and glory, swirling around as the last bars of the dashing music crashed, -dazzling orange, blue, green, and crimson dots on animate forms that curveted and curved and danced and backed, — there came the horses for the third race. Up rushed Lucky Devil, gray and lean, and topped by as lean a boy in harlequin colors of green and scarlet. On came Corona, a slippery sorrel with four dainty white feet and a proud head. Bullet Ben was astride, and he had not been beaten in two seasons. Alaric plunged and ran as if to overturn his rider, brave in black and scarlet. Lastly there came down easily a big brown horse, with a little crimsonand-white chap aloft. There were instant

whisperings and buzzings. The brown horse was not known. There were excited runnings to and fro below, and the bookies were frantic. The men played Lucky Devil, but the women, sentimental enough. divided between Bullet Ben's Corona and the scarlet and black for the next moment. Then Mrs. Merino Goforth calmly gave her bets, one to win, -her own eyes nearly popped out as she counted out one hundred dollars; two for place, another fifty; and, from number three, fifty dollars to show. The messenger's eves bulged. Had he a tip that meant something? This woman was evidently "on" somehow. He whispered to a rusty-coated man as he went down the steps:

"Git on to Mundane. I bet thet woman up there thet put two hundred on him knows something."

The man stared and scowled.

"He ran like a mud-scow at Memphis. Like to have killed the boy, too."

Nevertheless, he circulated through the crowd a meaningless whisper that resulted in hedging and some money being placed on the brown horse. Something was brewing and doing. Yanney was over in the sheds, but Tobey ran across the field like mad to the half-mile post, stumbling and cursing wildly.

It was owing to the brown horse that there were many false starts, and that, when four fretted animals at last went away like the wind, the crowd was at a high pitch of excitement.

"I thank the Lord they air now off," said Mrs. Goforth to herself; "I feels like a sick crow balancin' on a teetery rail—all unhinged. Waal, they 're a-runnin'—an' may the Lord bring in leetle Brucey Goforth! Ef daddy could on'y be here, he would plumb sweat with proud feelin's."

At the half-mile post Tobey ran out, flinging up his arms for Brucey to see and to remember. It looked as if the boy had forgotten—forgotten—or else Mundane would have his way and was running, running like mad.

Black and scarlet and black, gray and scarlet and green, blue and gold and sorrel, crimson and white and brown, a jumble of colors over field, but coming round the track, gray and scarlet and green leading, brown and crimson and white at his tail, the others trailing. Was Lucky Devil gaining? Was this unknown Mundane to beat

Bullet Ben and his famous record? Over in the sheds a grizzled man with a scar on his face raved and jumped behind a glass. Across the field ran Tobey the trainer again, livid, and with a great whip in his hand. But down to the finish, gallantly, splendidly, in all the glare and glory, coming in to the music of thousands of wild whoops, hurrahs, and cheers, were Lucky Devil and Mundane.

Never a word said Brucey. His lips were set firmly, and he patted Mundane's neck. Oh, they never would let his horse out, would they? They had shamed him before all the stable-boys and gentlemen day after day. Now the horse should run. And run he did—on with a sweep and magnificent rush that carried him under the wire half a length ahead. Then the boy's head swam a little. He had won the race, and there was Tobey to deal with, the terrible Tobey with the whip. Could he face him, when Mundane had won against all orders?

He knew that he must ride back to the stand, and he went, the brown horse conscious and proud. He saw Tobey waiting, but he saw something else. Several men pushed forward, and one of them had the look of that big man who had laughed. Brucey rode back among cheers that actually frightened him. Mundane had won them, not he. It was a good horse, that was all.

Tobey stood waiting with the crowd about him. The big man lifted the boy down and patted the brown horse before he was blanketed.

"Where 's the owner?" cried several voices. "Where 's Yanney?"

"He is n't here," growled Tobey; "he 's been called North suddint. Come on, you kid, an' git out o' them rags."

"Don't you hurry him," said the colonel, quietly; "he is a brave little fellow and deserves praise. When he comes over I will be with him. I know his mother."

"He is a sneak," growled Tobey, angrily.
"I believe he sold us. Our turn will come."

"Whut 's he sold?" asked a clear, steady voice. "Did n't ye want yer hoss ter win? Whut air ye runnin' races fer?"

A woman stood forth in front of the boy.

"Ef ye got any spite ter take out, don't do it on no innercent child," she went on. "Hev ye heard enough ter still ye? Ef not, I wull go on. I air a leddy o' peace an' balance, but ef ye warnt ter know the class I 'm in, I 'll continny right here."

"Take yer boy!" yelled Tobey, making off amid the laughter and jeering that followed him until the Derby entries came

galloping down.

"Trust Brucey to me!" cried the colonel; "I will get him some clothes and take him down home with me. We 've won a pot of money, Mrs. Goforth, and you need n't mind dividing up. Great day, is n't it? Mundane was not to win here. At Latonia what a clean-up!—or even later. That dye really looks very well, but oh, such a stale trick! And Wanderer's stride—what living man could forget it?"

"An' ye wull see to it that Brucey air safe from thet turrible man?"

"Yes, indeed. Besides, Yanney will get away at once. I'm going to take Brucey home with me to Madison County and make a man of him. He is a cute trick."

"Thet air truly the best o' all," said Mrs. Goforth; "fer his natur' suttinly do require the handlin' o' a man. Boys air precisely like colts, an' need breakin' in; but it do take a master hand ter do it prupper, an' I air lighter 'n feathers ez I hands ye the reins. Mebbe in days ter come he may riz ter be thet which wull make me feel thet I hev done my sheer ter push on the world."

Brucey wore a grin of relief. Between the magnificence on his back and the new favor shown him, he had not forgotten his sick fear at the sight of Tobey. His thin little fingers seemed to clutch at the colonel's coat-tails. His daring deed oppressed him, and his mother knew it.

"Allers hold up yer head," she whispered, "an' do credit ter yer class an' yer fambly. Thar's suthin' big in yer make-up, er ye never would hev dared ter do thet. I air thet proud o' ye I could eat ye, I could."

VΙ

MRS. MERINO GOFORTH arrived at home an hour before sunset. She had taken a short cut over the knobs by devious ways, but with such an inward exultation that she knew no fatigue. Her feet seemed winged, and her heart throbbed an anthem. Her simple ideas of God and nature were justified by the events of the day. She felt an assurance in the future and the righting of her own affairs. What a glorious world,

what a universe of lovely greenery, of brilliant sunshine, of love and kindness!

On her very door-step sat a shambling creature, unclean, and gaunt from bad food.

"I been a-waitin' a year, 'pears like," he whined. "Our sick folks air rale baid ter-day. I hev ter go ter the store arter the doctor's stuff he war to leave thar."

"Why did ye wait," cried Mrs. Goforth, "when thet pore thing may be in mis'ry? How air ye fixed fer victuals?"

"None whutever," replied the man, with promptness. "I calkilated ye would do a leetle fer us. We hain't hed much sence yestiddy."

"Hurry back with thet med'cine," retorted Mrs. Goforth, "an' thar wull be suthin' over thar fer ye. Stop at Plashke's an' ast Coolie ter sit up ter-night. She 'll' commodate ye fer oncet. Now don't ye stan' erroun'. Ef ye wants yer meal, ye

must hurry hum." Deeply disappointed, the man clattered off down the hollow to the road. Mrs. Goforth changed her gown, picked up a pan of cooked hominy, a coffee-pot, the inevitable "sodys," and some eggs, and set off over the hill behind her house. Hard work it was to carry a basket and scramble up the steep slope; but once on the ridge, she went swiftly. It was no new errand, for the poor woman in the rough log cabin in the next hollow had been ill for months. A worn path led downward through underbrush and fallen timber. Her errand was quickly but heartily despatched, as the sick woman lay in a merciful stupor and two other women had arrived to "holp out." Mrs. Goforth waited to fill the hands of the four-year-old child with biscuits and to give him a drink. That he should run crying after her was a foregone conclusion, for she had long since determined her place of good angel to him. Pitiful as she felt, there was that in her that brooked no stay or interference. Something told her that her place to-night was not here with sorrow, but elsewhere with joy.

Panting for breath, she scrambled up to the ridge, the winding way covered with tall and beautiful trees. These were newly clothed in young and tender foliage of varying green hues. From the west came a golden glow that transfigured the emerald wood. The soft air was full of changing SONG 717

spicy scents, intangible combinations of bloom and growth. There were stirs and flutters in the undergrowth where wild creatures fled to safe haunts. At the last turn, Mrs. Goforth could look over and down into her own little hollow. Darkly the sides of the steep knobs fell down to the rocky little brook, but on the tops was the yellow glory of the sunset. Her little cleared plot lay below, the ground plowed and dug up and the garden-truck faintly green. Faint blue smoke curled upward from the chimney into the splendid glows, and she heard the tinkle of a cow-bell not far away. A white dog, watchman at the door-stone, slept peacefully. Her heart swelled in contemplation. This was home, her best refuge, once more free and undisputed. Against her warm heart lay the money package. Its possibilities she had not yet realized, but she hoped for another cow after the mortgage was paid.

From her little home her gaze wandered up the hollow, following happily the path that sometimes crossed the brook on flat stones and finally ended at the highroad. As she looked forward her hair was lifted from her temples and her gown was blown backward. As she waited, almost expectant, a dark figure suddenly entered the hollow from the road. It was too tall and

straight for her little lad, and there was about it a certain bravado that made her heart almost cease beating, and then beat faster than ever before. Leaning forward, one arm around a young sapling near by, the woman watched each step, each movement, as the man passed from sunlight into shadow, under the overhanging rocky bank, and up the slope toward the little house. The white dog, with a sudden awakening to duty, dashed forward with an ominous bark that died away in a long, glad whine. She saw the tall man stoop to pat him, draw nearer, and enter the house slowly. Still she did not move. Then he came out, in his hand an old tin can from which he took a brown pipe. He lighted it leisurely, and sat down upon the door-step, as if in wait. The dog curled himself under the sturdy limbs, and a pet pigeon from the house roof, recognizing a familiar odor, flew down to strut and preen itself on the turf before the door. 'Dullam had come home.

Her footsteps were soundless down the slope. One hand busied itself at her hair, and as she reached the rear door of the kitchen the dark plaits fell over her shoulders. From a nail she snatched a clean ruffled sack. Then she tiptoed to the doorway and slipped down beside the smoker.



# SONG

#### BY LYDIA SCHUYLER

A CLOUDLESS stretch of yellow sky (The wide world's western rim),
And, scintillant, one star on high.
Bright star, hast thou seen him?

He wandered very long ago;
I cannot make a quest,
For where to seek I should not know
In all that shining west.

The ones who loved him once are dead:
None cared, save I, to wait.
Keep vigil, Venus, overhead—
I watch the open gate.

an' balance, but ef ye warnt ter know the class I 'm in, I 'll continny right here."

"Take yer boy!" yelled Tobey, making off amid the laughter and jeering that followed him until the Derby entries car

galloping down.

"Trust Brucey to me!" cried the nel; "I will get him some clothes ar him down home with me. We'v pot of money, Mrs. Goforth, need n't mind dividing up. is n't it? Mundane was not At Latonia what a clean later. That dve really loc oh, such a stale trick! stride—what living man

"An' ye wull see t safe from thet turrib<sup>1</sup>

"Yes, indeed. B. away at once. I' home with me t make a man of 1

"Thet air tr Mrs. Goforth: require the h precisely like but it do t prupper, at hands ye come he make me ter push

Bruc the ma favor sick ' little nel' hin

pe fa e. Ţ

. Ver Fort, one and characteris-The Madison Church reveals not teste, but an ingenious Backed Backed sty-scraper, with the smilar neighbor on one and a six hundred-foot tower just the street, the site offered little that was promising beyond an outlook over the It was obvious that a departure had to be made in order to overcome the difficulties of the situation. A Gothic structure must inevitably be dwarfed by its massive surroundings just as Trinity, or, indeed, Dr. Parkhurst's old church, or, movers, ronted by such circumstances, the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, broke boldly away from tradition by designing an edifice not on medieval, but on semi-classic lines. The Madison out on Schurch reverts to the Square Presbyterian Church reverts to the broad simplicity of the early, pre-Gothic

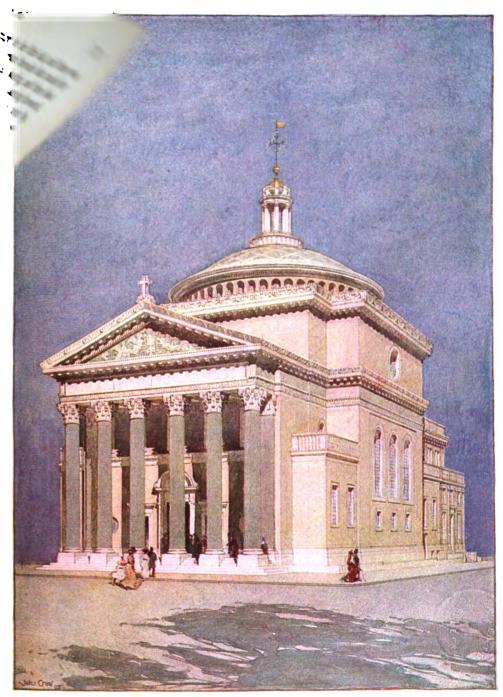
Cruciform in plan, with the arms of the cross projecting but slightly beyond the cross projecting structure maintains its square mass, the structure maintains its square mass, the dome and an impressive portico, the columns of which pressive portice, anything in the imme-outweigh in scale anything is built outweign in scale anything in immediate vicinity. The church is built, upon a white marble base, of buff brick and glazed white marvie order further to differenterra-cotta. In order further to differenterraterra-conta. tis neighbors, it was detiate the culture liberally than had cided to use color more liberally than had cided to use color any building hitherto been employed in any The six colors been employed in any. The six columns erected in this country.

what a uni liant

CHURCH : :71.\G -- LETLAN BRINTON

of the portico, the shafts of which measure capitals of the columns are Corinthian, the or second real color-scheme being blue, white, and yellow, was searing comand all other ornamental features reveal a delicate and appropriate use of these same shades with the addition of green. As in many Syrian and Roman churches, the dome is tiled, showing an alternating pattern of green and yellow, the green serving as a background. To sustain and to enrich this effect the dome is surmounted by

a gold lantern. Within, as without, manifest effort has been made to escape the somber, ritualistic atmosphere of the average sacred edifice. The auditorium, with its ample vestibule and low galleries, is in no sense ornate. The prevailing colors, grading downward from the dome, will appear consistent with the exterior, being a judicious combination of mosaic, fresco, and stained glass effects. In almost every essential the Madison Square Presbyterian Church marks an innovation in church construction. In spirit it is a protest against the prevailing belief that a church, in order to be ecclesiastic, must be monastic in aspect. It is an attempt, and a welcome one, to adapt a place of worship to modern conditions and modern ideals. Though it vaguely recalls churches dating from the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, it seems appropriate to the twentieth. There is no danger of the sky-scraper being able to crush this little gold-and-green temple. Its frank brightness and beauty are, happily, enduring qualities. They are qualities that have survived the shadows of the Middle Ages and which will not be lost sight of to-day.



McKim, Mead & White, Architects. Color drawing by Jules Crow

THE NEW MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, New York City; the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Pastor

# LADY QUASSIA

#### BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North" and "The Open Question"



HEY had been for a country walk, and were now sitting by the loch-side, at Fort Augustus, waiting for the Inverness boat.

The other people idling on the quay stared at them. The man was aware of the inspection, and resented it; or was it the prolonged warfare with the midges that had fixed that slight scowl on the genial face of the soldier? His companion looked steadily at the far-off plume of smoke blowing out from the tall hat of the approaching steamer, not seeing it at allseeing only the sunburnt face toward which she never turned her eyes.

The somewhat unsuitable town air of the tall young woman, wearing a Bondstreet hat on her elaborately ondulé brown hair, contrasted strongly with the rough grace of the great tweed-clad creature beside her.

"I have the largest hands and feet in the empire," Major Mackenzie had once been heard to say. It was remembered as his sole boast, although he was one of those servants of the crown who, young as he still was, had done noteworthy things in the Far East, before the outbreak of the Boer War had changed the scene of his campaigning. Even out of Africa, that "graveyard of reputations," he had wrung distinction. It was confidently said that in the list of coronation honors would be found a knighthood for Ferrall Mackenzie of the Seventeenth. But with three more months' furlough (and the girl of his heart) in front of him, that doughty soldier seemed to think as little of battles as of honors.

"Great luck," he was saying, "that your aunt chose the place near Invergarry.

Margaret Howe did not look as if she found the luck without a flaw.

"Even if she had n't come here, I suppose you could have got out of the Spean fishing," she said, with a note very like regret in her voice,—"if I had n't been coming to Scotland, too."

"Not so easy," he answered.
"Nonsense!" She flourished in front of her a piece of bracken bronzed and gilded by rain and shine; brandished it vigorously to discourage the onslaught of the army of midges. "We were n't engaged when you promised to go fishing. Nobody would have expected you—"

"Well, you see, Dick Ainger and I had talked about it ever since we left Bombay. Poor old Dick!"

"Why 'poor old Dick'?"

"Well-have n't you noticed?"

" What?"

"Your little cousin has bowled him over."

"Not Lettice!"

He nodded.

"Did he tell you so?"

"Oh, I did n't need telling. Poor old

chap!"

"I would n't be so low in my mind about it. Letty Canby 's a selfish little monster." Then, pulling herself up, "However, I suppose a man might do worse."

"Well, rather!"

"Oh, you like her."

"Yes; don't you?"

"Of course—she 's my cousin. You think she 's pretty?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl.

"Dick has n't the ghost of a chance."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so herself - laughed about-" Ferrall Mackenzie frowned and struck out savagely with one of his great hands at the pestiferous legions peppering the air in front of him.

"I thought Letty was very confidential

with you last night, after dinner."

Not so much the words as the tone made him turn and look at her an instant with an unenlightened surprise. Then thoughtfully he prodded the ground with his stick.

"What was it Letty laughed about?"

Margaret persisted coldly.

"Oh—ah—she 's got hold of some prej-

udice about life in the navy."

"H'm! Prefers the army, I suppose?"
This seemed no oddity to Mackenzie; but what was odd was Margaret's manner. It had occurred to him several times that she had seemed "different" since they had been in the Highlands. Had this delightful Margaret an uncomfortable temper, after all?

Now Ferrall Mackenzie was a man of courage, and could face wild tribes and tigers and even Boers with an equal mind, but his heart quailed at the thought of a faultfinding woman. The nagging wife of his beloved general had it in her puny hands to make more than one brave soldier quake and flee. To Mackenzie's discredit it must be set down that he was ever ready to lead the vanguard in that retreat.

After his first unreasoning attraction toward Margaret he had been anchored in his preference by a quite unformulated and yet governing faith in her dignity of mind. Her girlhood, parceled out among her relatives, had not been very happy, he gathered, and yet Margaret had never complained. She had made the best of her little patrimony and her social conditions, and had confronted life with a serenity that had not been without its charm to other men than himself.

"What were you doing this time last

year?" Ferrall asked presently.

"Sitting by the plage at Deauville, pretending to be horrified at the costumes des bains."

"Same party?"

She nodded. "Letty, her father and mother, Miss Roper, and I. How we have chased about, summer after summer!"

"Do the Canbys always take the spin-

ster along?"

"When they can get her."

"And can't they always?"

"No. She's 'attached' in a kind of way to two or three other families, and they're frightfully selfish about letting her go. You see, she does a lot for them."

"Oh, she 's got money?"

"Pretty well off, I think; but that's not what I mean. She has a queer genius for doing things for people that they want done, and never making a fuss about it."

"What kind of things?"

"Depends on who it is. You were all admiring the new way Letty wore her hair yesterday. Georgie Roper did it for her."
"No!"

"Yes, she did. Why do you say 'no' in that tone?"

"I was only wondering why Miss Roper does n't do her own hair."

Margaret seemed to regard the observation as unworthy of notice.

"No doubt Miss Roper finds the result more creditable," he pursued, "when she expends her skill on—somebody else."

Margaret waved the bracken, and now

and then flapped it in her face.

"Uncle John thinks she is the one person in the world who can read the stockmarket quotations intelligently. Aunt Mary, who won't let a masseuse touch her, keeps poor Georgie busy performing the Swedish movement on her rheumatic shoulder. Miss Roper was a school friend of my mother's, you know, and the family adopted her. I don't wonder; she 's an old dear."

"She's an old fright," laughed Ferrall.
Margaret Howe's flushed face took a
deeper hue, but perhaps the midges were
not wholly to blame. She lifted her head
with a disdainful air.

"Talk of women caring about looks! It 's nothing—but nothing—to men's abject slavery to smart frocks and pretty faces."

He laughed down at her.

"Well, you can't help your pretty face, Madge; but why do you pander to the weakness of my sex with a gown like that?".

"Do you like it?" she returned, slightly mollified.

"Oh, yes, I like it; but that 's because it is n't a raging check—up to your boottops in front and limping along the ground behind."

"Georgie promised me she would n't wear that skirt again. I should n't have thought—" Margaret rubbed her chin and, surreptitiously, through her gown, the much-stung calf of her leg—"should n't have thought a soldier was so taken up with clothes."

"Lord bless you! a soldier has eyes, until they 're blown out—or filled with these beastly midges."

His own eyes were of that look-youstraight-in-the-face kind that seemed, never since they opened on the world, to have had aught to be ashamed of or to conceal. They rested now upon the steamer nearing the quay.

"The fact is," Margaret was saying in a softened voice, "no one, since my mother died, has been so good to me as Geo-" She had turned at last, and looked at Ferrall for the sympathy she felt must be in his heart and on his face. She followed the inattentive brightness of his glance, and saw her cousin's little figure leaning over the side of the steamer. Margaret turned her eyes again on Ferrall for the fraction of a moment, and seemed to make some rapid calculation. Whatever it was she saw, or thought she saw, there, the effect of it was suddenly to flash some resolution upon the girl. She stood up and tightened her veil, while Ferrall waved his stick to the group on the steamer.

Behind Lettice was Lady Canby, big, brown, and correct, from her felt hat to her tan shoes. On the other side of the deck, any one who had cared to look for her might have seen Miss Georgina Roper, reluctantly giving back a fat baby in a red hood to the clumsy arms of a young farmer. The baby shrieked with disfavor at the transference, and clawed Miss Roper's hat till it assumed an angle even more eccentric than usual.

That lady darted about the boat as the passengers disembarked, catching up a sketching-stool from one quarter, a reticule from another, a drawing-book, a small bottle of something, an umbrella, and Letty's silver-handled walking-stick.

"Dear Georgina! she 's always late," said Lady Canby, benevolently, as she paused, after returning her niece's and Major Mackenzie's greeting. "Where 's my—oh, Georgie!" she called, as the queer little figure came bustling along the gangway, "since you 're the last, do you mind bringing me my thick brown veil? I left it on the far side." Then, with raised voice, "The one for midges."

With a nod and a smile, back to the side

set apart "for midges," as it would appear, did Miss Roper repair.

"How you two can go without veils!" Margaret said, looking from the pink and white of Letty's face to Lady Canby's smooth and brown.

"Oh, Georgie 's discovered a way of treating those horrid midges," Lettice smiled up at Major Mackenzie.

"How's that? Intimidation or an ap-

peal to their better feelings?"

Lettice gave him her sole encumbrance to carry, and walked on at his side, light-heartedly recalling the Italian's advice: "If you go to Scotland, take always your mackinproof—I should say your watertosh."

At the corner Ferrall turned.

"Are n't you coming, Margaret?"

"No; I'm going to drive up."

Miss Georgina looked sharply at Margaret a moment before following Lady Canby into the dog-cart, and then seemed to forget the girl's existence in a lively discussion about the contemplated coaching trip.

"What, are you coming, Aunt Mary?" asked Margaret, presently rousing herself with an effort.

"Oh, yes; I think I might as well," said Lady Canby.

"You are wonderfully enterprising, all of a sudden. What 's happened?"

"Quassia 's happened!" replied her aunt, briskly, as the dog-cart stopped at the door of the house they had taken.

Margaret kept looking back. No one in sight on the long, shadeless road, although one could see to the very bottom of the hill.

LETTY and Major Mackenzie came in late, laughing and sparring, and bringing with them that atmosphere of friendly nonsense that announces the satisfactory issue of an agreeable tête-à-tête. Evidently they had not bored themselves.

"I'm afraid the tea's cold," said Lady Canby; "but it serves you right for loitering."

"We did n't loiter; we toiled," said Lettice, dropping into a chair.

"You thought the highroad less agreeable than the bog, apparently," said Margaret, as Major Mackenzie stood a little awkwardly in front of her, holding out some grass of Parnassus.

He looked down at his feet with an un-

easy air.

"Well, it was less—dusty," and he laid the little white flowers on the table near Margaret. After hesitating a moment, he went over and stood by Lettice at the tea-trav.

Margaret got up almost at once and went out, giving not so much as a glance at Ferrall or his flowers. Miss Roper cocked her queer little head on one side, like a bird listening. Her small bright eyes twinkled with friendly concern.

"Give me my quassia, Mary," she said, suddenly rising and shaking a few crumbs carefully out of the French window.

Lady Canby, with visible reluctance, yielded up a modest-sized vial two thirds full of a colorless liquid.

"Oh, don't take that away!" screamed Lettice, as Miss Roper stepped out on the

"Why not?" said Georgina, shortly.

"Because I 'm sure to want some more if I go out."

"Then you can stay at home till I get back."

"Oh, Lady Quassia! Dear Lady Quassia!" called Lettice in wheedling tones as the little old maid went down into the garden, never turning her head. She was sure Margaret had gone that way, but where? Presently over the stone fence she caught sight of the girl hurrying across the moor.

"Margaret!" called a weak, piping voice; and again, "Margaret!"

It was the voice an energetic mouse would have, could it speak a human name. The girl went on. Miss Georgina pulled a long blade of ribbon-grass, and, holding it between her thin thumbs, blew a strident blast, another, and another. The girl half-way up the hill looked round. To Georgina's sign that she was to come back Margaret shook her head and walked on.

Miss Georgina swarmed up the stone fence in gallant style, caught her flapping skirt on a jagged stone, and fell flat on the other side. She picked herself up, clapped on her hat, and blew another blast on the bit of grass, which she still clutched in one hand.

Again Margaret turned to make a motion of "Let me alone"; but the vision of Georgina toiling up the glen coerced the younger woman into impatient waiting.

Miss Roper had once been heard to say that she meant to write a poem beginning:

> Wise is the woman who realizes The day when violent exercises Cease to become her.

But she made as little pretension to poetry as to wisdom, and toiled on with disheveled hair, a purple mottle overspreading her

"What is it?" said Margaret, when they were within speaking distance.

"Oh, a=" (puff)—"I=a=" (puff, puff). "Oh, my dear!" Miss Georgina dropped incontinently on the springy heather and gasped while she straightened her hat. "Have n't you-walked enough -for one day?"

Margaret looked down upon her with ill-disguised impatience.

"You have n't run all this way to ask me that, I suppose?"

Miss Georgina shook her head, speechless, smiling in a deprecatory way. Then: "Sit down—till I—get my breath."

Not at all graciously, Margaret obeyed. Instantly the midges gathered thick about their heads, but presently Margaret seemed to engross their undivided attention.

"Where did you get that?" said Miss Georgina, presently, fixing her bright eyes on a spray of white heather in Margaret's belt.

"Ferrall - It came from - a rocky place above Loch Oich. You may have it, if you like." She held it out.

"Oh, no! What would Major Mackenzie think?"

"It does n't matter what he thinks." The girl made a thrust at the midges with the heather, then threw it in Miss Roper's lap, and seemed to follow with interest the fleeting gleam of white in the upturned tail of a rabbit as it disappeared into a clump of gorse.

"What have you two quarreled about?" asked Miss Georgina.

"We have n't quarreled."

"Why are you forever throwing him with Letty?"

"If you ask me, I think it 's Letty who does the throwing."

"You could prevent her hitting the mark

so often if you chose."

"And I don't choose!" Margaret held up her head and permitted herself the consolation of looking very proud.

"Margaret," — Miss Georgina leaned forward and looked the girl steadily in the face, — "men are inconceivably stupid. Don't count on Major Mackenzie's seeing your point."

"I don't."

"You are n't giving him up?" gasped Miss Georgina.

Margaret's face whitened. "I won't struggle to keep a man who—" She swallowed suddenly, and turned away her head.

"You need n't struggle. You need only behave like a rational being," said Miss Georgina. "What demon makes you give Letty every opportunity, morning, noon, and night, to practise her wiles on the man you 're engaged to marry?"

"Because I'm not going to marry him, you see. They may have it all their own

way."

"No, they may n't!" Miss Roper settled her hat on her head with a warlike air, as if it had been a helmet. "Now, we 'll grant that I 'm meddlesome, and don't understand affairs of the heart. Suppose for a moment that I care about Letty's happiness."

"Oh, I'm willing to admit that should be everybody's first consideration."

Miss Roper wasted no time over Margaret's sarcasm.

"Very well. Now, even if Letty was n't too young and too flighty to marry at once and fill such a position as Major Mackenzie's wife will have to occupy, she would bore and exasperate Ferrall into desertion inside of a year. But, fortunately, it would never come to that. I'm not saying, mind, that if you go on in the way you've begun, that you might n't make them imagine they had a great deal in common."

"They don't seem to need much help

from me."

"Oh, yes, they do. And you are giving it. If that 's what you 're after, you can see one engagement broken and another made before pheasant-shooting begins." They were silent a moment. "And then Letty," she went on, "having taken Ferrall away from you, will feel she 's accomplished that mission and will look about for some new interest."

"I never knew you thought so meanly of Major Mackenzie."

"I am not such a goose as to think meanly of him. He 's a splendid fellow

—but—" she shook her head, smiling in an odd little way—"he's lived most of his life away from civilization, and he comes back to it—an infant. It 's part of his amazing luck that he stumbled upon you. When you get the hang of him, and give up expecting him to see what is n't under his nose, you 'll make him happier than any one has a right to be in this topsyturvy world."

"And what about me and my happiness?" demanded Margaret, with a little

shake in her voice.

"Your best chance is to be faithful to your love." Miss Georgina laughed nervously. "I sound frightfully sentimental, don't I?" She laughed again.

"You seem to think," said Margaret, with recovered stiffness, "that if I let Major Mackenzie go, I may not have another chance."

"It 's possible," said Miss Georgina, quietly.

"Good heavens, you talk as if I were forty!"

"You are n't eighteen, my dear."

Lettice was eighteen; Lettice was an heiress; Lettice was everything desirable.

"After all," said Margaret, "I'm not a fright, though you do seem to—"

"No," said Miss Georgina, unmoved; "you're not a fright, and you're not a beauty."

Margaret blinked her pretty brown eyes with surprise, ready to laugh and even ready to cry.

"And"—the brusque old voice dropped into a curiously quiet note—"and you've no talent for being an old maid."

Margaret looked at her. It would be

absurd to quarrel with Georgie.

"Oh, come, cheer up," the girl spoke with a fine affectation of lightness of heart; "after all, I 'm only twenty-eight, and I look younger."

"Nothing is more dangerous than to

'look younger.'"

"Don't be so tragic, Georgie!"

"People put such faith in it, and yet women who 'look younger' grow old in a night. I did."

The last two words were breathed rather than spoken. Margaret, frankly frowning, and fighting the midges with a brush of bog-myrtle, did not catch them.

Miss Georgina had clasped her nervous little hands and was looking before her

into space. Any one less busy with her own lacerated feelings than Margaret would have been struck with the unwonted intensity in the queer little face.

"Margaret-" Miss Roper began.

"I tell you, I 've made up my mind, and I 'm going for a walk." The girl jumped to her feet. "Seeing that I 'm not eighteen, and no beauty, and likely to wake up any day and, instead of being in bed, find myself on the shelf—" she laughed angrily—"for these reasons I 'm to eat humble-pie! After flouting Ferrall for a fortnight, I 'm to go back now and say, 'Please, sir, I 'll be grateful for the smallest favors if only you 'll save me—from the shelf!' You know quite well, Georgie, it 's impossible; things have gone too far, and I shall take a walk."

Margaret turned away sharply.

Miss Roper made a dash forward and held the girl fast by the skirt. Margaret turned on her angrily, but Miss Roper gave her no time to speak.

"Don't be a fool!" she said. "It was just like this that I spoiled my life."

"Georgie!"

"Yes, yes; I dare say it sounds funny enough," she tried to laugh, and the look in her face brought the tears to the younger woman's eyes. "You think I was always like this; but once, a long time ago, I was young, and—some one I cared about thought I was—no, that would be too funny, perhaps, to believe." Her birdlike eyes were dim and drowned. "Nobody knew, but we were engaged to be married, and I—" the wavering voice grew suddenly harsh and firm—"I was bent on being the same kind of fool you'd like to be. But I—I won't let you, Margaret; for your father's sake, I won't let you."

"For my father's sake!"

Miss Roper gave a little start, then seemed to cover her confusion by quickly adopting the large, impersonal view.

"Women expect too much of men. We want them to be heroes, demigods; we find them—" she gave a contemptuous flip of her claw-like hand—"infants! What they want is not a proud beauty to do battle for, but some one to mother them, feed them, and love them, and make them behave. Of course,"—she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder,—"it 's only women, and only women in some intensely private moment, who may admit this. We

must keep up appearances. But it 's no use—no use in the world, my dear, to give men tasks, in our pride and confidence, that they can't or don't perform."

They were silent a moment, and Margaret, sitting with lowered eyes, started to see a tear drop on the thin, tight-clasped hands in Miss Roper's lap. As the girl looked up she saw with a sense of vague surprise that Georgina was not bending solicitous looks upon her young friend. The tear-filled eyes were looking into some world where Margaret was a stranger and where the other was at home.

"We want to think," she said huskily, "that nothing else is 'possible' to the man we love but one's self." She shook her head. "Several other things are possible."

"Then it shows," Margaret burst out,

"how worthless such 'love' is."

"It shows," said Miss Roper, firmly, "that a man may love one woman and yet make another an excellent husband."

"I don't believe it!"

The little old maid looked at Margaret an instant and then said low and hurriedly:

"Shall I tell you who convinced me?"

" Who?"

"Reginald Howe."

"Not my father!"

Miss Roper got up and brushed some dust and bits of dry heather off her dress. Underneath Margaret's astonishment she was queerly aware of the effort Georgina's confession had cost, and her agitation at speaking the name of the father Margaret herself had never seen.

"Dear Georgie!" The girl got up, too, and slipped her hand under her friend's arm. "I'd love it if you'd tell me about him. Oh!"

"What! an earwig or a mouse?" Georgina clutched her scanty petticoats.

"Ferrall—coming up the glen!"
"Oh, that 's all right. I'll go down and

do Letty's hair."

Margaret held her fast.

"You 'll do nothing of the kind. I 'd

never forgive you."

"Margaret!" Miss Roper's tone of gentle entreaty seemed to come like an echo out of that past of which the girl had to-day had the first glimpse.

"He saw you come after me," the girl faltered; "Letty did, anyhow—trust her! And they 'll know you've warned me. Oh, he sees us; he 's making signs!"

"Make a sign back," commanded Miss

Roper.

Margaret's feeble lifting and lowering of the bit of bog-myrtle might have been the dying remonstrance of a midge-bitten martyr. But Miss Roper waved vigorously.

"Don't, Georgie!" pleaded the girl, half

in tears.
"Don't what?"

"Don't make signals of distress," the girl laughed nervously through her tears.

"Let me alone. You attend to the dis-

tress and I 'll make the signals."

Ferrall, still some distance below them, hesitated a moment at a strip of intervening bog. Miss Roper waved and gesticulated as if to cheer his fainting spirit.

"Georgie!" Margaret seized her arm.
"Don't go on like a lunatic! Anybody'd think we were shipwrecked on a desert

isle."

"So we are," said Miss Roper, gesticulating more than ever; "and you 've got to be rescued." Then, with a sudden change of manner: "Dear child, he adores you!"

"Do you really believe—"

"I know it."

"Then why does he-"

"Because he's a man, and a man's a

"Oh, what shall I do, Georgie," Margaret whispered as Ferrall came nearer, "I've been so horrid for days! He'll suspect now that I'm being prudent, or 'twenty-eight,' or something dreadful. How am I to account for—"

Miss Roper had mechanically taken Margaret's bit of bog-myrtle out of her hand and brandished it at the midges for one perplexed instant, and then dropped it with a cry. It might have been "Eureka!" but the word sounded like "Quassia!"

"Here, take up your veil."

"My veil!" echoed the astonished

Margaret.

"Take it up—quite off—there!" Had the girl not been rather unnerved, she would have refused to comply without some explanation. Miss Roper had had a short, sharp struggle with her pocket, and now brought forth a vial. She poured some of the colorless liquid on a cambric handkerchief. Turning with quick, birdlike movement, she reached up and dabbed the soaked linen lightly over Margaret's astonished face.

"What is it?" asked the girl, feebly, thinking that poor Georgina's wits must have suddenly departed.

"Have you come for some quassia, too, Major Mackenzie?" Miss Roper called

"No, thanks."

"You can't imagine how good it is to keep off—"

"Oh, yes; I 've used it sometimes in India."

"Well, I'm ashamed of you."

" Eh - wh - what?"

"Yes; I'm ashamed of you for not mentioning it before."

"Oh—a—why?" said Ferrall, a little anxious, apparently, lest he were going to be scolded some more.

"All the abuse I get in this family," Miss Roper went on briskly, dabbing Margaret's wrists and hands with the essence of the Eastern vine—"all the scorn heaped on me because in traveling I sometimes make friends with my fellow-beings. And yet if I had n't told that woman in the Inverness boat that her hair was coming off—down, she would never have offered me quassia to keep off the midges. And then where would we all be?" She seemed to arraign Mackenzie.

"A-really, I-I don't know."

" You would see Margaret and all of us bitten into a fever and you'd never suggest quassia."

"I 'm sorry I—"

"Even Margaret's beautiful nature getting quite ruined with the irritation—a little more on your chin, dear. Day after day goes by, you see her suffering, and still you never say, 'Quassia'!"

"Awfully sorry. I'd have said 'Quassia'

all day long if I 'd only known."

"Oh, you had n't noticed any change in Margaret, of course. We all know love is blind. But I've got so I've been afraid to go for a walk with her. You see, her skin is so fine the midges make her quite feverish. But, thank Heaven! there 's quassia! Don't you feel an extraordinary relief, dear?"

"Quite extraordinary," said the girl,

smiling under lowered eyes.

"Now I must have some. But—" Georgina stopped in the act of pouring more of the stuff on her handkerchief— "don't stand staring at me, you two. I'd rather do it when nobody 's looking." They laughed and walked away a few

"You must finish your walk without me, Margaret," she called after them; "I'm tired. Besides, I'm coming to pieces."

A backward glance showed Miss Roper perched on her heathery knoll, with her hat off, in the act of doing something mysterious to her hair.

"Come," said Ferrall, and they went on. Presently he added: "I can't say how awfully sorry I am I never thought of sug-

gesting quassia."

"Oh, it 's all right, since Georgie 's discovered it," said the girl, meekly; and they walked on to the high comb of the

Presently Margaret stopped.

"Oh!" she said.

"What is it?"

"Your beautiful grass of Parnassus-I left it to wither in the drawing-room."

"Oh, never mind."

" But I do."

"Did you care about it?"

"I loved it."

"That 's all right, then," he said, smiling; "but don't go back just yet." He took her hand, doubtfully, with an awkward little air of uncertainty as to whether she was going, after all, to "be good." "We are n't alone together very much."

"And when we have been alone," she began, with an impulse toward confession,

"I 've been so tormented—"

"I know-I know. I was a brute not to realize—" he brandished a great protecting arm in front of her-"that to any one with a complexion like a baby's—"

"Oh, it 's all right now," said Mar-

garet. "Ferrall!"

" Yes."

"Whenever I'm bad to you I wish you'd

just remind me of to-day.'

He sat down in the heather, still keeping hold of her hand, and trying gently to draw her down beside him.

"Look at Georgie," said the girl, gazing

down the glen.

"I 'd rather look at you."

"She is rather like Miss Robinson Crusoe."

"Oh, come! You thought I did n't speak respectfully enough, but I never called her that."

"I've left her alone on the Desert Island -and-she 's hiding her face in her handkerchief."

"She does n't like the midges any more

than you do."

"She does n't like-some other things any more than I-would. Ferrall,"-Margaret sat down, and, braving for once the observation of the sea-gulls and the swifts, she put her hand through Mackenzie's arm and leaned her cheek on his shoulder,-"you don't really dislike my old friend, do you?"

"Dislike her! Rather not." He beamed down at the recovered Margaret. This was the girl to whom he had lost his heart.

"Should you mind asking Georgie to

come and make us a visit?"

"Not a bit."

"Let us go back now and tell her."

"I sha'n't budge for at least ten minutes."

".Well," said the happy Margaret, " we'll call at the Desert Island on our way back and rescue her."

"By Jove! I feel as if she'd done the

rescuing!"

"Well, it 's true, Ferrall."

" Hey?"

"I'm not going to say anything more; but just-whenever I 'm the least bad to you, dear—say quite low, so nobody else can hear—say, 'Quassia'!"

"And then will you be good?"

"Well-I'll be better."

"I don't want you better: be like this."

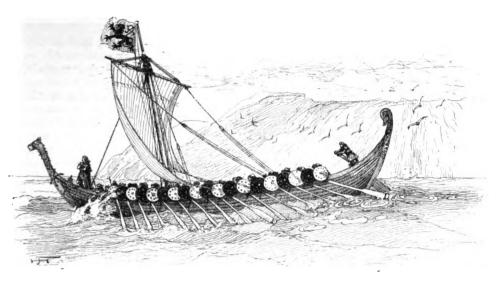
He looked down at the happy face, and, whether dimly divining who had worked the miracle, or just to please Margaret, he called out, one arm uplifted as if proposing a toast:

Long live Lady Quassia!"

The uplifted arm came down, and with the other completed the circle.

But the ten minutes stretched to sixty, and, for all their good intentions, had it depended upon the rescuing party, Lady Quassia would have gone dinnerless that night.





Drawn by Harry Fenn
A VIKING SHIP UNDER OARS AND SAIL

# THE VIKING SHIP FOUND AT OSEBERG

## BY S. C. HAMMER AND HAAKON NYHUUS



N the history of Norway the ancient county of Vestfold, on the western side of the Christiania Fjord, holds a venerable place. Associated with

the earliest traditions of the country, Vestfold played a conspicuous part in many of the dramatic events of the saga period. Later on, during the four centuries in which Norway was united with Denmark, Vestfold lost not only her name, but her traditions. But in the depth of her slopes and mounds, crowned by woods and verdure in delightful, undulating lines, Vestfold, like a jealous mother, guarded her precious treasures for the independent generations of Norway regained.

The general renaissance in literature, science, and art after the Constitution of 1814 created an unparalleled interest in Norwegian antiquities, of which the splendid collections in the national museums are the most palpable evidence. Here again Vestfold is in the lead, for among all the Norwegian antiquities unearthed

during the last century there is none like the famous Gokstad ship found in 1880.

Yet Vestfold had another surprise in store. With the unearthing of the Oseberg ship, in 1903, in the opinion of experts, she even beat her own record.

The particulars of the latter discovery read like a chapter of a historic novel. Many years ago, as early as the beginning of the sixties, the mound of Oseberg was supposed to contain antiquities; but as no investigations were made at that time, speculation as to what it might contain soon died out. Later a farmer residing on the very mound made the discovery that earth from the mound when spread on his fields had the effect of a fertilizer. Digging in the mound, he often found large bluish pieces of oak of extraordinary toughness standing upright in the earth. Still the ancient mound retained its secret even after many loads of its earth were subsequently carried off to fill up a country churchyard. By this constant digging, however, the mound had at length

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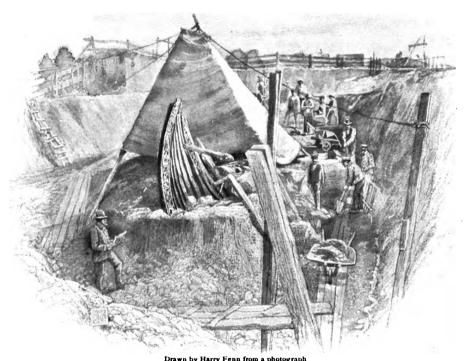
become so excavated that one of the ends of the ship was only a few yards underground. In fact, the stem became slightly damaged from lying so close to the surface of the ground.

Like many Norwegian peasants living near the sea, the Oseberg farmer, whose name was Johannes Hermansen, was also a sailor, and in this capacity he often went to America, where he found work as master of a lighter. When at home he would often "What are you seeking here in America?" she asked.

"Trying to make money," replied Johannes.

"Why, then you need n't stay over here. You have plenty of treasures at home; you have only to dig in the mound close to your farm. Would you like to see the mound?"

Johannes said he would, and the woman fetched a bowl filled with water and told



THE OSEBERG VIKING SHIP PARTLY UNEARTHED

talk about the mound and express the belief that "something must be hidden inside of it." Some four or five years ago he was again in America, but after a winter's stay became ill and returned to Norway.

A story he told over and over again to his wife and friends made the latter feel that his mind had become unhinged. According to his story, there was in Brooklyn, New York, a gipsy who was very popular among the numerous Norwegians residing there. One day Johannes visited her to have his fortune told.

him to look into it, where he thought he saw his distant home, the Oseberg houses, and the ancient mound, with its blooming dog-briers.<sup>1</sup>

Johannes, as he used to say afterward, felt "as if he had lost his head," but on returning to Norway he lost no time in following the advice of the gipsy and at once began digging in the mound. Unhappily, he stopped his work at a too early stage and tried his luck on another mound, allured by what he described as a strange female flitting in the moonlight

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The gipsy trick practised on this occasion is the so-called "crystal seeing," by which persons looking at something limpid or crystal-like may sometimes be transferred into a state of ecstasy in which scenes and objects from their daily life will appear before them as distinctly as in a dream.

across the fields toward the other mound. where she vanished into the earth.

Shortly afterward Johannes Hermansen died, and the Oseberg farm, with the ancient mound, passed into the possession of the present owner for about sixteen hundred dollars. This man, who for many years had been Johannes's neighbor, was fully acquainted with the strange stories relative to the mound. He at once resumed the

work of excavating, and dug a trench to carry off the large volume of water that was found to be collecting in the interior of the mound. Then resuming the regular work of excavation, he shortly arrived at the sepulchral chamber in the middle of the ship, a covering projecting above the layer of potter's clay in which the ship had been embedded in the prehistoric age.

At this juncture the owner, who did not think it advisable to proceed any further on his own account, reported his discovery to the University of Christiania, which at once sent Mr. G. Gustafson, professor of archæology, to

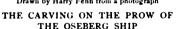
Oseberg. After some preliminary investigations by which it was sufficiently ascertained that a discovery of unique interest had been made, the mound, owing to the advanced season of the year (August, 1903), was again filled up, as it was found impossible to finish the whole of the excavation before the setting in of winter.

The work of excavation was resumed at the beginning of the following summer, but owing to a lot of formalities and difficulties of various kinds it was not until the month of December that the ship was fully disclosed. During the Christmas holidays the ship, or rather the numerous pieces constituting her, was brought to Christiania in a lighter and temporarily stored in the military arsenal of the old castle of Akershus, each piece being of course duly numbered pending the final reconstruction.

It is easily seen that in these circumstances the dimensions of the ship can only be approximately stated. At the preliminary investigations in 1903 the size of the ship, according to Professor Gustafson, was supposed to come very near that of the Gokstad ship, which would give a keel

> length of about 66 feet, a length of about 101 feet between stem and stern-post, outside measure, and a width in the middle of about 161/2 feet.1 Later on the ship was found to be slightly shorter; and simultaneously there was discovered what seemed to be a remarkable disproportion tween her length and her width. However. this riddle has been solved, the apparent disproportion being due to the pressure of the layers, by which the frames and strakes of the ship have been displaced in a regrettable way. The bottom has also suffered severely; in fact. the pressure from beneath has

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph



been so great as to break up the bottom and change the position of several planks from horizontal to vertical.

Owing to this, it was altogether impossible to dig out the ship as an entirety. She was picked up piecemeal and will have to be laboriously put together. Many pieces will be wanting, and she will certainly not prove to be so well preserved as the Gokstad ship. On the other hand, she undoubtedly surpasses the latter as to ornamentation.

But the greatest interest possibly attaches to the inventory of the articles found, which may fairly be said to be of unparalleled richness and variety. Numerous articles have been brought forth,

1 The Gokstad ship is 103 feet over all and 10 feet wide. - EDITOR.

among them a loom with a tapestry full of small pictures suggesting those on the famous tapestry of Bayeux; sleds with luxurious ornaments; implements of various kinds; and, last but not least, a carriage which is a first-rate work of art. Strange to say, no weapons of any kind have been found in the ship. This may be due to robbery committed at some time or another. The view is also entertained that a woman was buried in the ship, and if this be so, no further explanation is needed of the total absence of implements of war in the mound.

Professor Gustafson, some months ago, advanced a theory which seems to solve the difficulty in a fairly satisfactory way. From the fact that some skeleton bones which were found in the ship were lying outside the sepulchral chamber, he concluded that the corpses were displaced by the robbers who plundered the mound.

The slenderness of some of the bones, which do not constitute a complete skeleton, seems to indicate that they belonged to a woman. From an archæological point of view the most natural hypothesis would be that the ship was the sepulcher of a man and a woman. That two persons were buried in the ship appears from the fact that two skulls and pieces of two lower jaws were found. The skeleton of a horse was also found in the mound, and even the stomach of an ox containing some grass.

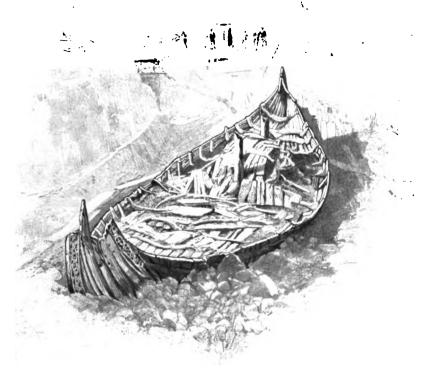
The supposed presence of female bones in the ship, supported almost to a certainty by a number of the implements found, has raised the interesting question whether in the prehistoric age burnings or offerings of widows took place in Norway. From an eye-witness, Ibu Fadhlan, ambassador of the Calif of Bagdad to a potentate described as King of the Bulgarians, a graphic description of the obsequies of a



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

#### THE GOKSTAD VIKING SHIP, FOUND IN 1880

The picture shows the starboard side of the ship (with the steer-board), as it stood in a shed of the museum of the University of Christiania, which is also custodian of the newly found Oseberg ship. When an ancient sea-jarl (or chief) died, his ship was hauled upon the land, a sepulchral chamber was built in it (as seen here toward the bow), and in it were disposed the body of the dead chieftain, the carcasses of his horses and dogs, and his weapons and other personal belongings. Then the ship was buried beneath a mound of earth raised by his followers.



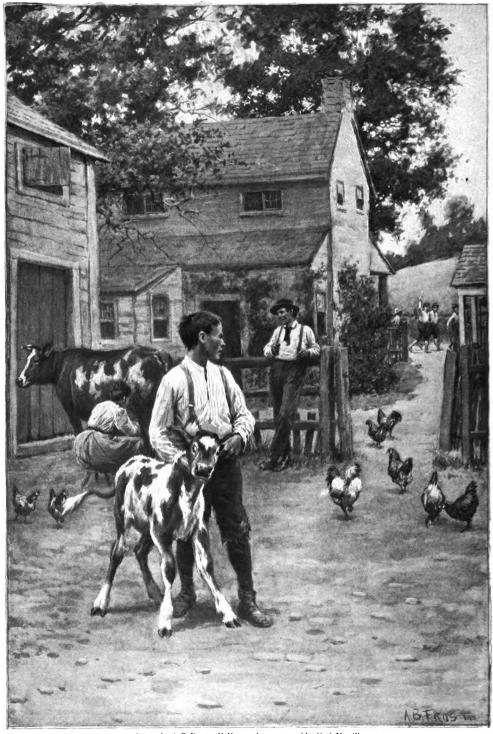
Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
THE OSEBERG VIKING SHIP NEARLY UNEARTHED

Scandinavian chief on the banks of the Volga, about 920 A.D., has come down to us. This description covers in a very striking manner the obsequies which may have taken place at Oseberg, judging from the articles found in the mound. The ship itself, with its human and animal remains and the various articles and implements mentioned, conforms to the ancient story of Ibu Fadhlan, particularly so if it should be determined that the skeleton bones in question include those of a man and a woman.

Not less valuable is the ship itself from a nautical point of view, as the description given in the Odyssey of the ships in which the famous lord of Ithaca for ten years defied the wrath of brow-beating Poseidon coincides with the form and capacity of the Gokstad and the Oseberg ships. That these hulls must have been seaworthy was sufficiently proved in 1893, when an exact replica of the Gokstad ship crossed the Atlantic in a splendid manner and became one of the sights at the World's Fair in Chicago. It is therefore not difficult to be-

lieve that in the ages to which the Gokstad and Oseberg ships belonged there might have been intercourse between South and North across "oceans so vast and fearful that hardly the swiftest birds can cover the distance within a year," as we are told in the Odyssey.

This brief description of the excavation of the Oseberg ship would be incomplete if, in conclusion, we did not speak of the strenuous efforts of the staff of archæologists and workers who have been engaged in bringing the ancient ship out of her grave. Digging and shoveling in horizontal layers, the workers have slowly but surely made their way to the interior of the mound, while the archæologists, in mud up to the top of their high boots, have scrutinized every shovelful of earth by letting it pass through their fingers in order that not the slightest object should escape notice. This laborious work points to a scientific ardor on the part of Norwegian antiquarians which cannot be over-appreciated, for in that field the old saying, "One may buy gold too dear," no longer holds good.



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHENEVER THE FELLERS GO OFF TO SWIM"

## HOLDING OFF THE CALF

## BY JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL

THEY-ALL 'll tell you I would n't mind A-holdin' the kef at all

If it did n't come at the very time
I hear the other uns call.

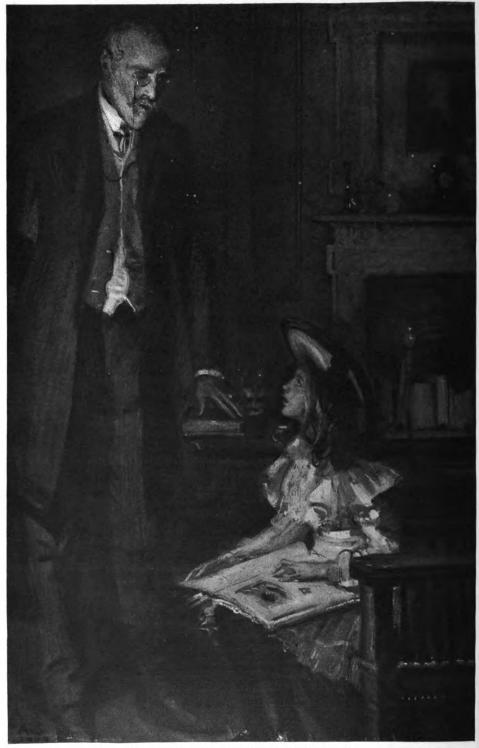
Jis when I see 'em goin' by,
Wi' the'r dogs an' guns in a hurry,
An' I wanter go, I hear maw cry
'At she 's ready to mulk ol' Cherry!

An' there I stan' wi' the kef by the yur,
The boys done out o' sight,
An' maw a-whang, a-whang, jis like
There 'us nothin' else till night!

'Bout sundown 's time for the swimmin'-hole,
But from me it 's mighty fur—
That 's jis the minute, each blessed day,
I must ketch the kef by the yur!
The parson, my bud,'—he 's a preacher, you know,
But he can't git nowhere to preach,—
Looks on wi' 's thumbs in 'is gallus-straps,
Smilin' sweet as a peach.
The kef is a fool, don't mean no harm,
Only wantin' to suck;
But sometimes I git so awful mad
'At I twistes 'is yur like a shuck.

They-all say I 'm lazy, no 'count in the worl',
Only to raise a row;
But I would n't mind workin' all times o' day
'Cep' the time for mulkin' the cow.
Whenever the fellers go off to swim,
Or take the'r dogs an' gun,
That pore white kef, a-wantin' his share,
Heads off both ends o' my fun.
But some sweet day I 'll be a man,
An' when I 'm boss myse'f
I 'll ketch ev'ry boy 'at stays on the place
An' put him to holdin' a kef!

1 A widely current term in the Carolinas for "brother."



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE LITTLE LADY SAT TIMIDLY UPON THE UTMOST EDGE OF HIS OWN MORRIS CHAIR"

## THE CASE OF PATRICIA

#### BY ELIZABETH HERRICK

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT STERNER

HRALL had come in late. The Su-Perior Court was sitting, and he had been in court all day on the last of the five great damage suits that had crowded the week's docket. Then when, at four, the court adjourned and he had rushed back to his office to gather up the threads of the week's new business from the competent hands of a faithful clerk, there had been half a dozen clients to see, four of them women with voluble tongues and long stories. Accordingly, it was nearer six than five, the hour at which he was accustomed to leave his office, when, the last woman of them all having been heard to the end, the tired lawyer was at liberty to put on his hat and coat and turn his steps homeward.

His wife was waiting for him in the hall when he came in, an expectancy not altogether of the anticipated verdict in her eves.

"There 's a young lady waiting in the library to see you," she told him, with an odd sort of buoyancy, as he was pulling off his coat.

Thrall looked his annoyance. A lawyer's house is, or should be, his castle. Yet even here was the ubiquitous client, smugly established in the lawyer's last stronghold, the heart of the house. He had left him bowing and thanking in the court-room, and found him again, all brag and bluster, in his office; he had locked him and his documents into the office, and he was home before him. There was no getting rid of him. The legal frown that had almost smoothed itself out under his wife's smile deepened,—a straight black furrow between his eyes,—and the lines of his mouth took on an uncompromising rigidity.

"Why did n't she see me at the office?" he demanded.

There was a suspicious little quiver about his wife's mouth, as if the dimples that lurked there longed to show themselves.

"It may have been more convenient for her to come here," she suggested, with wifely soothing. "She lives on the street. You'll have to see her. It won't take you more than a minute, and she's a client, you know."

A client, of course, from morning until night, in court and out of it, for ever and ever; man or woman, good or bad, with the inevitable story of wrongs suffered or committed. This time, at least, the story should be a short one. Thrall set a rigorous face toward the library door.

"Please be as pleasant as you can," said his wife after him, rather dubiously. "She's in such distress, and she's so—so sure you can help her."

There was a new note in her voice: it was tremulous, half with fun, half with appeal; but Thrall's hand was already on the door-knob, and he caught no more than a suspicion of the flush that rose to her cheek under the swift yet searching glance that he threw behind him as he flung the door wide and strode into the room.

The room was dim; the electricity had not been switched on, and the ruby-colored rays from the lamp on the table insufficiently lighted its shadowy bigness. Thrall swept the illuminated circle at a glance, and found it empty. Then he looked beyond. It was customary for a timorous client of the other sex to seat herself against the wall. But the wall, so far as he could make out in the semi-obscurity, was blank except for vacant chairs. Clearly

the client was unusually—and most provokingly—retiring. The furrow on his forehead twisted into an unprepossessing scowl, part irritation, part eye-strain.

"Who wishes to see me?" he asked sharply of the furthermost corner. There was a slight rustle, the catching of a short, very sibilant breath, close to his elbow. The lawyer wheeled suddenly and looked down on the fair head of a child.

The little lady sat timidly upon the utmost edge of his own Morris chair, its cavernous green-leather depths yawning behind her. She was trying to appear self-possessed; but she was very young, and the embarrassment of youth was complicated by the presence of a picture-book upon her black-stockinged knees—a relic, Thrall recognized, of his wife's own child-hood.

The shock of the situation, conjoined with a certain shamefacedness in showing himself a very big ogre to such a very little girl, dissipated, as if by magic, the frown from his brow. At the same time his wife's entreaty to look his pleasantest recurred to him as an imminent danger. Though he was not used to children, he understood them, on the whole, better than she did. It would never do to smile. It was necessary to take this, the youngest client of a thirty years' practice, quite seriously. He made her his best bow.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired as deferentially as if she had been her mother. The child lifted a pair of very beautiful, very troubled eyes.

"I wish to see you," she repeated after him, struggling bravely against the little gasp of fright in her voice—"I wish to see you about—about—don't you sometimes get people divorces?"

It was very funny, but Thrall did not laugh. He did not even smile. The child was too serious. He drew a chair close up to hers and sat down, leaning forward.

"I sometimes do," he admitted. "You wish to consult me about a divorce?"

The child hesitated, the trouble in her eyes deepening.

"It's about a divorce that I don't want you to get," she explained at last, earnestly. "You got one, you know, and you must n't get another, because, if you should get the other, you see, I don't know what I should do."

The legal heart was not proof against

the complex little sentence. A kind look softened the lawyer's eyes.

"Ah!" he said, his mind flashing back over all the divorce suits he had ever brought, and wondering which of them involved this child. "You wish to contest it." He had spoken the words formally, as if to a real respondent. A faint smile crossed his lips.

The child looked bewildered.

"I want you not to get it," she repeated, clinging desperately to her own phrase. "She will come to you to get it, but I want you not to get it."

The lawyer regarded her attentively. The passionate seriousness of those blue, uplifted eyes vaguely disturbed his recollection. Probably she had been brought to his office most indiscreetly by a mother who ought to have known better. He wondered which the mother was, what was her name.

"Why was the first divorce?" he asked, feeling his way.

Either the child did not remember or was afraid to say. Thrall leaned still farther forward and dropped into the low, confidential tone of the legal adviser ministering to a law patient.

"When you come to the doctor," he suggested, with kindly tact, "you must tell him just what is the matter. You must tell me everything."

The little girl warmed to the thought. She looked straight into his eyes with the trustful, yet truth-compelling gaze of childhood.

"Can a mother get a divorce from her little girl?" she asked.

Thrall's first impulse was to laugh: the question, after all this preliminary seriousness, came near being too much for even his studied gravity; his next, to set the young lady on his knee and explain to her, in language suited to her comprehension, that divorce is a legal dissolution of the bonds of matrimony, and in no way applies to the relation between mother and child: but he acted on neither. Even if the legal habit of getting at the bottom of things had not been strong in his mind, the child's distress, betokening more than a morbid brooding over what she did not understand, was too deep to be lightly passed over. He had taken the child seriously at first from innate sympathy with the sensitiveness of child-nature; he took her seriously now, because it was impossible to take her otherwise.

"Such a case has never come under my observation," he began, then stopped short. His mind, traveling far ahead of his words, reached the cross-roads where married life parts. There were almost always children, little ones like this, to be dragged one way or the other to the next cross-roads where married life begins. Thrall looked thoughtfully over the golden head. Can a mother divorce her little girl? Can she not? Have not the courts so decided? Take, for instance, the Seymour divorce. That was a case in point. The child, a girl of seven, was to remain in the mother's custody unless the latter should remarry, when a suitable guardian was to be appointed by the court, the father being accounted unfit. When, therefore, the mother should remarry, - and that she would remarry was almost beyond question.—she would have to put her child away. What else can you make of it? What else will the child make. knowing not the fine distinctions of legal phrases, knowing only her deprivation, her desolateness?

"Who did you say your mother is?" he asked absently, following the Seymour girl into the future.

The child before him had not said. She answered, with a little air of astonishment, almost of rebuke, that he did not remember better:

"Evelyn Towne Seymour."

Thrall gave a scarcely perceptible start, and regarded his small client with renewed interest. He remembered the child now.

"I see," he said, in a tone of the gravest consideration. "I understand." Somebody had been talking,—servants, no doubt,—and the proverbially big ears of childhood had drunk it all in. He set himself with the patience of his profession to unravel the story.

"What makes you think that your mother will come to me?" he asked, probing her with intent eyes.

The child spoke hardly above her breath. It was Thomas—he was the butler—and Irene—she was the nurse-girl. Thomas and Irene had said that there was a man, and Patricia knew that there was a man. She had seen him three—four times with her mother; and when the man had been with her mother, her mother had not seemed to notice Patricia. The man, they

said,—it was Thomas and Irene who said,—was going to marry Patricia's mother. But Patricia's mother could not marry the man unless she sent Patricia away; and she could not send Patricia away—this was Patricia's own idea—except the lawyerman helped her. So Patricia had come to the lawyer-man to ask him not to help her mother.

Thrall listened gravely, interposing an occasional question from habit, yet with a growing sense of his impotence either to remedy her trouble or to comfort her. He might set her heart at rest by telling her that there was not the slightest probability of her mother coming to him on the errand she feared, but that was begging the question. The real point at issue was not a mere quibble of words, but a question of vital importance to the young life before Was the mother actually on the him. point of abandoning her child? If she was, could she be dissuaded? What argument would weigh heavier than man's love?

"I don't know what I can do for you, Miss Patricia," he said, in the tone of a man who would fain do something. He felt, as every good lawyer must now and then feel, that, apart from the merits of the case or his individual profit, he would particularly like to be helpful. "Your mother is a free moral agent."

The child's short upper lip quivered. She sat looking fixedly across the still open picture-book at the red globe of the lamp, and winking busily. It was evident that if his words had passed over her head, their tone at least had not missed her. Suddenly the little bosom heaved and the struggling lip gave way under a childish sob.

"But why should my mama not want me?" she besought of him piteously. "Why should she want anybody else to love her when she 's got me?"

It was the logic of the situation. The lawyer who would get her mother the divorce ought to know why she was getting it. But the question passed the limits of professional knowledge. Thrall knew himself no wiser than the child.

"I don't know," he said simply, a genuine distress in his voice. Lawyer that he was,—and hardened, as a lawyer, to its frequent recurrence,—it nevertheless seemed to him a monstrous thing that a woman could thus voluntarily give up her child. There were women in the world who would go down on their knees in thankfulness to God for a gift this woman was ready to toss lightly to one side, like the fan she was through toying with. There was his own wife. Thrall recalled her, with a strong rush of tenderness, as he had looked back upon her from the door—the unaccustomed color in her cheeks, the sweet wistfulness of her eyes.

"Is this all?" he asked mechanically and from mere force of habit. Not that he expected his clients had told him all; educated or ignorant, guilty or not guilty, there was invariably something withheld,—but all that they would. The child looked conscience-stricken. Clearly it was not all. Thrall sat back in his chair and waited. A big and painful secret was evidently struggling for utterance.

By and by it came. Did n't it sometimes happen that people got divorces because somebody had done wrong—because somebody had been thinking about somebody else than the somebody that belonged? That was the way with her papa. It had been—the child's voice sank to an awed whisper—a lady with very yellow hair, that was n't yellow at all, really, her mama said. Now, Patricia, too, had been thinking of a lady—she made the confession with downcast eyes and shamed, throbbing cheeks—a very beautiful lady, and she had been fearing that she loved the lady more than she loved her own mama.

"Ah?" Thrall interjected, in helpful interrogation, as the child paused, apparently overwhelmed by the magnitude of her crime.

The little girl caught her breath and went on hurriedly, with a soft rush of words, as if she were afraid her courage might fail her before the story was out. It was not the lady's fault, she assured him anxiously. The lady did not know. But it was impossible not to love her, she had such beautiful eyes! And such shiny, crinkly hair! And a smile—with dimples.

The child came to another pause, and glanced shyly up into the lawyer's face. It was a kind face and grave, as became one listening to a weighty secret. But there was a faint—the faintest flicker of amusement in the eyes.

"Where did you first see the lady?" he asked her, for the clearer establishing of identity.

The child answered artlessly.

She had seen her first at the lawyerman's office. It was a very long time ago —as much as a year. She had roses on her hat.

"It was in the spring," said Thrall, with a flash of recollection. "Well?"

Afterward she had seen the lady in the lady's own house. Patricia had never been in the lady's house before—she meant, she corrected herself with an air of fright, that she had not been in the house then; but she could look down into it from her nursery window. And in the evening, when the lamp was lighted,—the child's eyes swept with unconscious incrimination to the fascinating red globe,—she could see the lady very well. There was a cat, with a ribbon on its neck, that sat sometimes on the lady's lap, but never any little girl. It had begun-the wrong of it-with Patricia's thinking she would like to sit on the lady's lap and be her little girl. Patricia's mother did n't hold her very often; she was afraid of being mussed. But it had come to Patricia that the lady would n't mind being mussed. And so she had imagined she was the lady's little girl, which was very wrong, very wicked; but she had been so lonely, and the lady had looked lonely, too, in spite of the cat with the ribbon on its collar and the red lamp. It was not wrong to love the lady, she explained, but to imagine herself the lady's little girl was to put the lady in her mama's place. She did not love the lady as she loved her mama. Once she thought she did-until she heard Thomas and Irene talk; but she knew then that she never had loved, and never could love, anybody as she loved her own mama.

The great tears were welling from the child's eyes when she finished her story. Thrall wheeled abruptly to the window to hide the mist in his own, and stood, with his back to the Morris chair, looking down into the darkening street. The child touched him profoundly with her odd mixture of innocency and worldly shrewdness that hit near the truth; for what is at bottom of most divorces save the putting of somebody into the place that ought to have been sacred to another? He felt a curious sense of personal responsibility,

partly because of his own share in the situation, partly that he recognized the inadequacy of the law he represented to deal with the abuses which spring from its own system. It struck him with sudden shame that the opposing sides in this game at law had played with reckless disregard of the fact that the ball struck between them was the sweetest and tenderest of all sentient creatures, - a little child, - and with still deeper shame that the law itself, which vaunts its protection of the fatherless and the oppressed, should have such small tenderness for the orphans of its own making, the oppressed of its own justice.

He turned suddenly from the window and came back to the child. This was no case for the court; the court's verdict was recorded. What if he appeal it to the mother's heart and rest it there?

"I will do what I can," he said kindly, but in a tone of finality. He did not sit down again, and the child understood that she was to go. She closed the picture-book and laid it carefully on the table. Then she rose.

"Thank you very much," she said earnestly. There was a sweet, shy gratitude in her wet eyes. Involuntarily Thrall stooped; but he remembered in the nick of time that this was a client, not a little girl, and straightened.

"I am very glad to be of service," he assured her. If he had entertained any doubt of the professional character of the call, it was dispelled at the door, where she extracted a five-dollar gold piece from a bright little purse of silver beads, and gravely proffered it.

"If it should cost more than this," she said, with manifest anxiety, "I have more money in the bank; only I can't get it of myself."

Thrall hesitated a minute, then he took the gold piece.

"As a retainer," he said, smiling.

He saw the child to the door, and bowed her out with grave politeness. When he came back to the library he found his wife sitting where the child had sat, the picture-book on her knees. A flash of humor lightened the gravity of his eyes. He came around behind her and rumpled her hair with an affectionate hand.

"Renewing your youth, Cecily?" he asked her.

She looked up with a little telltale flush and a wistful smile.

"I was trying to imagine which pictures she liked best," she told him.

Thrall smothered a laugh.

"Oh, you were, were you?" he said.
"Well, I guess there's no doubt of your complicity."

"My complicity?" echoed his wife, bewildered.

Thrall laughed again.

"I'm not at all sure that it is n't a professional secret," he told her. "Nevertheless, as you seem to be implicated, I think you ought to know." And, leaning over her chair, looking deep into her eyes, he watched their tears spring, as, with the rare blending of humor and pathos that made a jury one with him, he told the little story. He was sure of his listener: he knew what chords to touch; he made her smile even while the tears sparkled in her eyes; yet under both smiles and tears he read a deepening question—a sort of passionate protest against the ruling of the Supreme Judge who had given this other woman, who would not live with her husband, a lovely child to drag through the mire of divorce courts. He wondered if he could reverse his plea and make the mother feel with the childless woman. In a flash he had his argument. But when she asked, with curiously intimate interest, as if the case nearly touched her, "What are you going to do about it, Dan?" he turned the question professionally away from the

"Oh, I shall defend you," he assured her humorously. "I 'm retained by the respondent."

But his first listener was possessed of rather more than usual feminine intuition; it approached legal perspicacity and came, no doubt, of close association with the legal mind. She measured him with reflective eyes.

"If you should say to that woman what you have just said to me," she suggested, "what do you suppose the effect would be?"

It was said of Thrall by his craft that no one had ever taken him unawares. His hand went to his beard in a habitual nervous gesture of dubitation.

"I don't know," he answered, with profound seriousness. "I'm inclined to think that she would change lawyers."

11

MRS. SEYMOUR waited with visible impatience. The lawyer's summons had come at an unwelcome time: just when, in fact, her tailor and her dressmaker were halving her attention. Had it not been for a fear that her late husband was somehow connected with the summons, she would not have obeyed it so promptly; but certain dark threats of his that continued to inhabit her memory had brought her carriage at the appointed hour to the attorney's door. Nevertheless, as she sat in the waiting-room, she expended her impatience in a mental diatribe on the presumption of men of law. Time had been when a lawyer was really your man of business and waited deferentially upon you in your own home -at least she had read of such in Dickens, or was it Scott?—a sleek, blackgarbed, learned man that glided as mysteriously as a Jesuit in and out of stately English houses. But nowadays the rôles were exchanged: banker or manufacturer. or wife of either, you were bid to the lawyer's office with as little ceremony as you ordered about your servants. Her own summons had been brief, pointed, and peremptory:

DEAR MADAM: Please call at my office today, between four and five, on a matter of importance.

Daniel J. Thrall.

She was still revolving the summons and wondering what it might presage when the client with whom the attorney had been closeted left the office and her own turn came. She went in with a little more than her usual dignity, because she had just been meditating upon the contrast between the past and the present status of the profession.

She sank into the client's chair opposite the window and lifted inquiring eyes. It struck the lawyer forcibly that they were very like her daughter's, only older, colder.

"You wished to see me?" she began, with haughty tolerance.

The man of law bowed and answered with equal tolerance—the amused tolerance of conscious mental superiority.

"I wish to see you—" he began, then checked himself. He was repeating her daughter's words with almost as painful a

gravity. Well, according to his wife, there might be a worse preface. He went on with them, smiling slightly,—"about a divorce."

The woman who faced him suddenly forgot her loftiness in astonishment. Was the man mad?

"I don't understand you," she said.

"About a divorce," the lawyer repeated, still smiling with his lips, while his eyes, alert and smileless, looked her through, "that I am requested not to get."

Mrs. Seymour's mystification was com-

plete.

"I shall have to ask you to explain," she stammered, she knew not what fear choking her voice. The lawyer went on calmly.

"The divorce, should it take place, will touch you closely I may as well tell you, to begin with, that in case of any action I am already retained by the respondent."

A quick alarm shone in the woman's eyes. Thrall observed it with a glimmer of satisfaction in his own.

"You can't mean that my divorce is n't legal," she said blankly. Of course not, yet what else could he mean? She had feared from the first that this was some new move of Jack Seymour's. She was certain of it now.

The lawyer allayed her anxiety by a slight negative movement of his head.

"In point of law, Mrs. Seymour," he assured her, bearing slightly on the word "law," "it is perfectly correct."

A little embarrassed pink crept up into her cheeks. She had long suspected that her lawyer had scant respect for divorcees; he made her feel it now, and she was too shaken by her fright of the minute before to resent that slight, stinging emphasis on the moral aspect of her action. She was constrained to an apology.

"He was such a brute," she murmured. Thrall assented, or appeared to assent. He nodded slightly; but that may mean with a lawyer that he has taken note of your remark and reserved his decision. Forthwith he proceeded to business.

"Mrs. Seymour," he said, "your little daughter came to me last night in great distress." He leaned over the table between them, his voice softened, and his keen eyes lost their uncompromising sharpness. "She imagines that you are about to procure a divorce from her."

Mrs. Seymour stared; then she burst into a little scream of laughter.

"Pat!" she exclaimed, on a high note of relief. "What a ridiculous idea!"

Apparently the attorney had not found it so. He did not laugh with her. The profound gravity of his countenance hushed the woman's mirth.

"If you will recall your decree of divorce," he said, "you will remember that the custody of your daughter was given

you conditionally."

The woman looked at him with dismay. It was impossible to escape his conclusion. He had meant, though he had not said, that if she followed her own free will, if she fulfilled that partial promise of a night or so ago to the man who had sat beside her in the carriage on the too short drive home from the Burton-Grange assembly, she was voluntarily putting her child away. The idea was, of course, as she had said, ridiculous; and yet— She sat uneasily, her self-poise for the moment gone.

"But that was not what I wanted," she objected weakly, under the necessity of speech. "I wanted to keep the child. It was Mr. Seymour's lawyers who forced this other—this preposterous arrangement. I don't know what they were afraid of," she concluded, with a little air of bravado.

Thrall offered no opinion. He thrummed the table lightly with expressive finger-tips.

"You have the right of choice," he reminded her.

She made a gesture, as if she would excuse herself from it.

"What does it amount to? The law gives with one hand and takes back with the other. It says I am free, but if I use my freedom it takes my child away."

She faced him in petty triumph. She had been quick to see the law's inconsistency and to shelter her selfishness behind it. But there was something in the strong, deeply lined countenance into which she looked that belittled her argument. She awaited its refutation with a swift passing of assurance, a premonition of defeat.

Thrall did not answer for a minute. He was balancing his estimate of the woman against her own testimony. Selfish to the core of her, nothing was so likely to touch her as an appeal to that same selfishness. It was without much hope, but from a strong sense of duty, that he forced her to confront the higher issue.

"It amounts to exactly this," he said, with the sharp definiteness of a man accustomed to plain statement, "that you are a free moral agent. No decree of any court can set aside that fact. You are at liberty to elect your own course—to remain a mother or to become again a wife; but in choosing you cannot escape the obligation that has been given you with your daughter—or, Mrs. Seymour, the penalty for its non-fulfilment."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little nervous shudder of apprehension. The lawyer's manner was so exactly that of a judge charging a jury; it seemed to throw upon her an immense burden of responsibility. Panic seized her—sudden fear of him, coupled with trembling for the man in the carriage. She lifted eyes of entreaty.

"In deciding for yourself," he went on inexorably, "you will be compelled to remember that, by the peculiar circumstances of the case, you are deciding also for one who has not, legally considered, the right of choice. Have you ever thought what it would mean to your child to be deprived of her mother?"

Mrs. Seymour had not thought. It was a painful thing to think about, and she hated pain. It had always seemed to her that she would have chance enough to think about it when the time really came. Yet when the time came there would be something else to think of. The lawyer put it plainly.

"Have you ever asked yourself what she will ask of you in the moment of parting? What explanation can you give that will satisfy her? How are you going to make this separation appear to her any different from your separation from her father?"

Mrs. Seymour did not know. The lawyer had dealt his questions with the sharp rapidity of so many blows. Before she could rally from the one, she had felt the force of another. In the confusion of her mind one thing only was clear—that she could not answer unto her child. She could see the wide blue eyes fixed in reproachful wonder on her own. She could hear the innocent question: "But why, mama, should you want anybody to love you better than me?" She fell back in utter rout on her first position.

"But it is so absurd," she faltered—"a divorce from a child!"

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The lawyer sat forward again and rested his elbow on the table. There was something compelling in the glance that searched her face. It held her gaze fascinated.

"What would you call it?" he asked; with swift directness.

Mrs. Seymour was not sure. She blundered like a school-girl over her definition. It was really, she supposed, in some sort a separation—an enforced separation, for which the law, not herself, was responsible.

"Oh! A legal separation!" he observed with irony.

The woman sat aghast.

"I don't see how she ever thought of it!" she exclaimed.

Thrall did not enlighten her. He went on as if there had been no interruption.

"It will be hard to explain," he said thoughtfully, as though he were arguing the matter with himself; "in fact, I should not wish"—strong repugnance to a possible future duty spoke in his voice—"to try to explain it to her. She will not understand, because she knows that she never has loved and never could"—the hard legal tone softened unconsciously under the childish words—"love anybody as she loves her own mother. Her loyalty expects of you a like loyalty. You would not, I presume, have her told that you love her less."

"Oh, no, no!" said the mother, hastily, a little catch of tears in her voice. The perspective of the man in the carriage was growing dim, just as she had known it would. Was it that the personality of the man before her was so much the stronger, the more full of color? Or was it that Pat, poor, funny, distressed little Pat, really held first place in her heart?

"Mrs. Seymour!" There was an abrupt change in the lawyer's manner. He sat where he had been sitting ever since she had come into the room, but his voice sounded less remote, as if the distance between them had all at once lessened. From being brusque and formal, it became gentle and almost friendly. He touched a new theme with a note of persuasiveness. "There is yet another person than the motherless child to be considered, and that is—" he held the words an instant before he let them fall, righteously, yet in kindness—" the woman who has repudiated her obligation and incurred its just penalty,

of which she cannot complain that it was not 'so nominated in the bond.' don't know, because you have not yet experienced her lack, what a childless woman feels. However she may try to disguise it from those who love her, —from herself, even, -she is always listening for a step that never comes, a little voice that is always silent. She sees in a hundred places here and there about her house the child that is not; she imagines it at its play, poring over a picture-book, perhaps, or resting in her arms, its head against her breast. Or, if she has sometime been a mother, she sees the child that has been -a little presence, no longer real, which haunts her house. She sees it just where she was used to see her, on this chair, by that window, on those stairs; but she cannot clasp that evasive little ghost to her breast. It is less real than the empty nursery, the toys that are no longer played with, the doll without a mother. She can shut the door on the empty room, it is true; but her heart is not the less empty. No other love whatsoever can fill her desolateness."

Thrall ended with deep conviction, to which the woman thrilled. She had listened to him in the court-room, been swaved with the crowd around her by the power of his eloquence; but this appeal, both personal and intimate, was to herself alone as judge and jury to decide whether the mother should be childless, the child motherless. Sympathy with herself and with Pat-poor, lovelorn little Patwelled in her breast. That was how it would be, she knew. She would always be seeing the child where she was not, always listening for the light, tripping little step, the high, sweet voice. And the doll without a mother would forever stare reproachfully up at her from the nursery floor. Mrs. Seymour caught her breath sharply in an unmistakable sob.

Thrall rose abruptly. He was wont to curtail an interview if a woman cried.

"You think this over," he said, in his usual curt legal manner, "and let me know in a couple of days, so that I can communicate with my client,"—a mirthful flash showed for an instant in his eyes,—"or communicate with her yourself, Mrs. Seymour."

He swept the papers on the table before him up under his hand, and bowed his



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'YOU WISHED TO SEE ME?' SHE BEGAN, WITH HAUGHTY TOLERANCE"

client out. She went in a little flurry of smiles and tears. He walked over to the window and watched her carriage down the street, a strong satisfaction on his face. Then he put on his hat and went home to his wife.

She was sitting near the red lamp in the library, bending over some needlework, her sweet face a little sober, Thrall thought. He came up to her and tossed a gold piece into her lap, then flung himself into the Morris chair with the abandon of a man who is always tired.

"I think it must belong to you," he said, in answer to her look of astonishment. "It has been burning my pocket."

"A fee you wish you had n't taken?" she inquired of him, dubiously.

"Oh, I earned it," he reassured her—
"with your help. It came from my youngest client."

A pleased interest brightened his wife's face.

"I was just thinking of that little girl," she told him. "Did you talk to her mother? What did you say?"

Thrall turned his face for an instant toward the window.

"I should think," he suggested, with humorous point, "that you would be more interested in learning what she said."

She threw him a proud smile, in which there was not a little wifely wisdom. As if she should not know from what he said! But she forbore to answer him. After a little, as he sat apparently absorbed in thought, she got up and went over to the window and stood looking out between the curtains, tapping absently with the gold piece against the pane. There was a light high up in the Seymour house. Behind the bars of the nursery window a goldenhaired woman-it had always been a white-capped nurse before—was putting the child to bed. By and by the woman came over to the window, the child in her arms, a little billowy mass of lace and muslin and tumbled yellow curls, and sat down, rocking gently to and fro like a very young mother hushing her baby to sleep.

As Mrs. Thrall watched, two drowsy

little arms stole up and clasped the woman's neck. With a swift, strong gesture of reawakened mother-passion, the woman strained the child to her breast and covered the sweet upturned face with kisses. Mrs. Thrall turned suddenly to her husband.

"Dan," she said, with certain intuition, "you told that woman what it is to be without a child!"

Thrall lifted his head from the chaircushion and looked at her. Her eyes were shining, yet through their mist a fire flashed —the light of her pride. He answered her accusation with his inimitable mingling of humor and tenderness.

"You would be surprised, would n't you, Cecily, if I should tell you that I left the other woman out of the story?"

There was another light in her eyes—a spark, this time, of his own humor flashed back to him.

"I suppose," she remarked, unshaken, "that there was another way of telling it." But she had been a lawyer's wife too long to press the point.



## "FRAIL SINGERS OF TO-DAY"

#### BY LEE WILSON DODD

RAIL singers of to-day, your song is sweet; The words that ye repeat Are comely, making music as they pass Faint as the singing glass Rubbed by a moistened finger; round and round Circles the rim of sound, A thin yet poignant cry. But yesterday Men sang a manlier way, Plucking rough chords of strength from lyres too rude Ever to be subdued By this slight tinkling harmony of the hour. Awake, awake to power, Singers of songs—else die! Far better mute Were the emasculate lute, Far better silent, than thus chirping on An echo of things gone-Gone down forever with all those mighty hearts Who brook no counterparts!



## "THE BATTERY FOOL"

### BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

that one might pass and repass it many times and never notice the little house just at the end of the single row of buildings, where the rice-paddies come right into the village. It is not very different from the other houses, with its low walls of paper squares and its heavy thatch, so thick that not even the summer sun of Japan can send its heat through. In front the old cherrytree and the clusters of flowers make gallant show of imitating a garden, but the glory of the place is the great wistaria that hangs over the corner of the house and drapes it with festoons and garlands of purple beauty. If you saw Kadzu at work in her rice-field, with the sleeves of her kimono tucked up over her shoulders and her bare arms plunged to the elbows in mud, you never would think that she was the pretty girl who lived in the little house and tended the purple wistaria so carefully. But Kadzu does not mind, and her mother is feeble beyond her years and cannot help much with the barley and rice that keep them alive from year to year to love and reverence their Emperor, and be thankful they had had a man to give him when he fought his war with China.

ANAGUCHI is such a tiny place

Kadzu remembered very clearly how fine her father was the day she and her mother went with him to the barracks gate and said good-by to him forever. It was a very sorrowful day for little Kadzu, in spite of the great honor she had had of carrying the little bundle of personal belongings he took away with him. One of them was the photograph of herself that they found in his pocket, with one of her mother, after the battle where he was killed. Working away in the mud and water, setting out her rice, Kadzu smiled now and then at the thought of that picture, and recalled very clearly the last time she saw her father, when she peered through the iron bars of the barracks gate and watched his company drawn up for final inspection before going away. How well he looked in his uniform, tall and straight and strong, a very ideal soldier, even though he had been a farmer all his life! And thinking of him. Kadzu would think of this new war that was eating up the lives and the fortunes and the hopes of Japan. They had told her, some of the men who had gone away, that this was to be a great war for the glorification of Dai Nippon. Now there was to be won the dear revenge upon Russia so long delayed. She was well grounded in the Japanese teaching that revenge is right, and she understood how grand it is to exact justice by strength. Her father had often told her that. But she wished it could be had some other way, without the war.

Goki, the telegraph clerk, who was too small to be a soldier, had talked to her by the hour, until she knew it all by heart, and was thoroughly tired of hearing it over again. But Goki never wearied. He could talk faster than his telegraphed words flew along the wires, and he knew so much! Kadzu wondered sometimes, when he was rattling on, how it happened that any one else knew anything, he knew so much. She liked much better to hear Sanko, the

carpenter, talk. He had a very pleasant way, and was not so conceited and bombastic as Goki. He used to come to the little house sometimes of an evening, especially when the wistaria was in bloom, and because he was so clever and entertaining he always carried away with him a fine spray of the beautiful flowers.

Kadzu liked Osame, too, but he very rarely had anything to say for himself or anybody else. He was as big as he was



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"GOKI, THE TELEGRAPH CLERK, WHO WAS TOO SMALL TO BE A SOLDIER, HAD TALKED TO HER BY THE HOUR"



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"SHE LIKED MUCH BETTER TO HEAR SANKO, THE CARPENTER, TALK"

silent, and Kadzu had often admired the strength of his arms and back as he helped her get in the barley or rice. For although Osame could not talk much, he knew some things about farming vastly more helpful than mere words. Because he was so big, it was natural that he should be sent into the artillery when he came to join the colors for his military service. It takes strong men to handle the heavy guns, and Osame went away to Bakan to serve in one of the great fortresses there, the monster guns of which frowned down on the shining ribbon of water that marks the mouth of the Inland Sea. He was not popular in Kanaguchi. They said he was a stupid fellow, and all the town made jokes at his expense. And because there were few friends to defend him, and Osame would not speak for himself, there was little check on such talk. Pretty Kadzu did not fail to tell how kind he had been to her and her mother, and how he had helped them; how, when every one else was too busy with the crops to give a minute, Osame had worked at night in his own field in order to give part of the day to them. But what could Kadzu say that would stop a village from gossiping? She was only a girl working hard to support her mother, and she was grateful for the help of the big, sturdy young fellow. Sometimes the recollection of his friendliness would move her to some warmth in his behalf, and then the laugh would go round, and the knowing nod, and Kadzu would run home blushing, with the laughter ringing in her ears, and her heart hot with indignation.

Only once had she and Osame spoken about it. That was in the summer before he went to join the army, when the jokes and rough jests of which he was the butt seemed to have been increasing. He was helping her plant rice one afternoon when she suddenly asked:

"Why do you never have anything to say, Osame? Do you not know how badly people talk about you in the village and how they laugh at you?"

Osame stopped his work, pausing with a bunch of rice shoots in his hand, and looked perplexedly at the girl. Then he looked down at the rice shoots again, but said nothing.

"Do you not know that they call you a stupid," the girl went on, "and say even worse things, and make jokes about you, and, when anything is displeasing, say it is 'as stupid as Osame,' or 'as dull as Osame'?"

But Osame made no reply, and went on planting the rice, and the girl, despairing of rousing him, turned again to her work. Presently, when he had finished the bunch of shoots in his hand, Osame paused and looked up at Kadzu.

"Yes, I know how they talk," he said, as if there had been no pause. Then he picked up another bunch of shoots and prepared to go on planting.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
""BECAUSE, IF IT WERE NOT ABOUT ME, IT WOULD BE ABOUT SOME
ONE ELSE," OSAME SAID"

The girl turned and looked at him in astonishment. "Then—then, why?" she began, but stopped, puzzled how to go on.

"Because, if it were not about me, it would be about some one else," Osame said, replying to her unasked question. "I can stand it better than any one else I know in Kanaguchi."

There was no talking to a man like that, and Kadzu turned to her work, pausing now and then to note the swiftness and ease with which Osame set out the sprouts, two rows to her one, work as fast as she might.

After Osame went to Bakan to be a soldier, Kadzu never heard from him. The

man who was too silent to talk had nothing to write, and there was no one else in the village in whom he had any interest or who had any interest in him. His was a singular fate for a Japanese. His father was killed, like Kadzu's, in the war with China, and on the death of his mother, a few years later, there was no relative to whom he was willing to go. He preferred to stay on the little farm he had inherited and make the most of it for himself. There he lived alone, and Kadzu and her mother were the only friends he had in all Japan.

The work was very much harder for Kadzu without Osame's help. Sanko talked cleverly and was entertaining and witty, but it seemed never to occur to him that there were plenty of things he could do to assist the two women who had such a hard time to get along. But Sanko was a carpenter, and perhaps thought farmer's work not suited to a man of his importance in life. He went so far as to try his wit once or twice at Osame's expense; but that was more than Kadzu would bear, even from him, and he soon ceased the effort.

Sanko was older than Osame and had completed his army service the year before the big farmer went away. But now that the great war of revenge had come at last, after the weary years of waiting and preparation, he knew he should be summoned soon to go out to see actual fighting. He was very glad, yet sometimes when he thought of Kadzu there was a pang in his heart that he could not ignore. He, too, had been in the artillery, and when at last the order did come, Sanko found, to his surprise, that he was to go to Osame's battery.

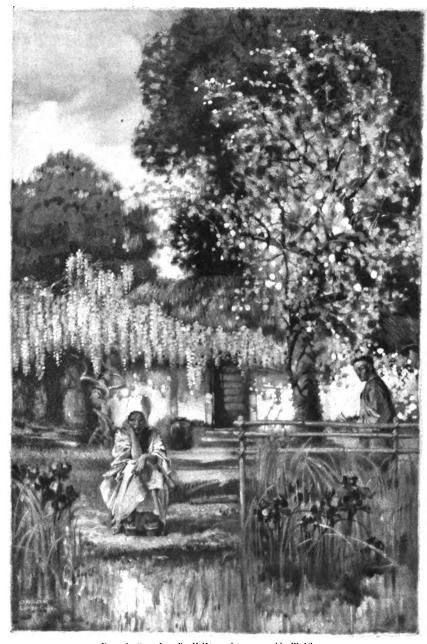
Kadzu was very sorry when Sanko went away. The carpenter was well liked in Kanaguchi, and many of the villagers walked all the way into the city with him, escorting him in honor to the gate of the mobilization barracks. Even little Goki went along, and carried the bamboo pole from which floated the banner setting forth Sanko's history and merits, so that all the people of the city might know who was this soldier who had come to join the colors at the call of war. Kadzu went also, walking with three or four others, silent and thoughtful. But when Sanko passed through the great iron gate of the barracks, she waved the little flag she carried, and cried "Banzai" as loudly as any of the others. Sanko heard, and smiled as he caught her eyes. And though he had said good-by forever, after the manner of a loyal Japanese, as he was, and had made his preparation to die in the field, as indeed he honestly expected to do, yet in his secret heart he found himself cherishing a great hope that he might come back honorably and well, and building plans of what might happen if he should.

If hard work were always a relief for loneliness and trouble. Kadzu would have been neither lonely nor troubled that summer, for the tightening pinch of war made the hard problem of life even more difficult for the girl and her mother. But there was much to talk about now in the events of the conflict, with plenty of excitement. And now, too, Kadzu heard of her longabsent friend. Osame did not write himself, but Sanko did. It was little Goki. who was too small to go to war, who received the wonderful letter, and bursting with the importance of his information, he could hardly wait until his release from duty to strut down to Kadzu's house and relate the news to her. Sanko was already a sergeant, his excellent training in his previous service having speedily won honor for him.

One of the men in his section was Osame, the farmer. He was the same old Osame, only, perhaps, if that were possible, a little more stupid and silent. He was not even a first-class private, in spite of his year of service. He was the target of the jokes and jests of all the men, as he had been in Kanaguchi, and they called him "the battery fool." They were going to the front in a few days. They had been taken out of the fort and equipped with howitzers, forming part of the new regiment of heavy artillery which had just been organized for field service. But poor Osame! He would never win the great fame that comes to men who perform great actions in the face of the enemy. He was too slow and stupid. It was strange to Sanko that the officers allowed him to stay. Only his tremendous strength made him of any use in the battery. He



"GOKI . . . WENT STRAIGHT TO KADZU'S HOUSE"



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman
"THE GIRL WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF THE WISTARIA-VINE"

could do a man's share in handling the guns when some one else told him how, but that was all. He would be only a farmer all his life, if he did not have the luck to be killed in this war.

So the letter ran on, and little Goki, swelling with pride in its possession, mouthed it over and dilated upon it and the certainty of Sanko's coming greatness, and the unhappy lot of poor, stupid Osame, until Kadzu could bear it no more, and sent him away confounded and speechless, for once, with astonishment, perplexity, and indignation.

But if Kadzu would not listen to him, there were plenty of others in Kanaguchi who would, and Goki soon recovered the use of his tongue, which wagged and wagged as he spread the story of Osame's uselessness. And then, as is the way with such reports, the story grew and took on new proportions, and changed through shades of sinister meaning that began with mere lack of proper spirit in the performance of duty and ended in absolute cowardice, the most terrible and unpardonable crime in all the range of desperate offenses conceivable to the Japanese mind.

Kadzu went about her work sad-hearted over what she felt to be the disgrace of her friend, the only person in Kanaguchi who had ever really held out a helping hand to her and her mother. She was too loyal to hear Osame openly disparaged, but in many ways the gossips of the village contrived to get the growing tale to her ears, although none of them dared speak directly to her about it. Little Goki had told the story of her reception of the letter, and had not failed to give it due setting and importance in his repetition. Kanaguchi drew its own conclusions, and many a sigh went up at the sight of the girl, coupled with a pious "Poor Kadzu!" She was not the girl to believe the story of cowardice. It was a wicked slander, she knew, and she lost no chance of denouncing it as such, all unaware of the manner in which thus gradually but persistently she was linking herself to Osame in the minds of the villagers.

Thus matters stood when one day word came to Kanaguchi that the battery had sailed in a transport from Moji, bound for the "certain place" so characteristic of Japanese reports of military movements. In the course of time Goki received an-

other letter from Sanko. The battery had arrived at the "certain place," from which the letter was written, and it was the hope and expectation of the men that in a short time it would proceed to a "certain other place," there to engage in a great action against the "merciless enemy." This time there was no mention of Osame. Sanko contented himself with recounting his own exploits, and his hopes of soon becoming sergeant-major, in the proud belief that the destinies of at least a part of the battery lay in his hands.

The barley was heading out in Kadzu's little field when Sanko's battery sailed for the front. It had been harvested and threshed when this letter came, and the water was standing deep inside the dikes in preparation for the rice-planting. The blight of war left little open trace on the villagers. When they met they were as cheerful and smiling as ever. It was only in the privacy of their own homes that they gave way to the sober feelings that lay ever in their quiet hearts. They would not have been loyal Japanese if they had permitted even their closest neighbors to see anything of the sadness that oppressed them. So Kadzu worked in her rice-field with a smile on her face; but under her heavy blue-and-white kimono her heart beat sometimes with an energy that almost stopped her breath.

There was no news from the front. The wonderful conspiracy of silence which kept reports of the doings of the army from the outside world served also to keep the people whose fathers, brothers, husbands, and sweethearts were offering their lives for the glory of the empire in almost as complete ignorance of their whereabouts as of their deeds. Weeks passed after the receipt of Sanko's second letter, with never a word to any one in Kanaguchi as to what was happening to her sons in Manchuria. If Kadzu had had opportunity to read the city papers, she might have gleaned some inkling of what was going on from the mass of vague allusion and the lines of non-committal ciphers intended to represent the names of men and places which the stringent military law forbade to be printed. But city papers were beyond the range of the farmer girl and her small circle of village friends, and it was only now and then that she caught from words passed from mouth to mouth something of how it fared with her soldier friends.

Wonderful Goki knew everything. Not only did he occasionally see a city paper picked up in the railway-car where some traveler had dropped it, but there was added to his importance the mystery that pertains to all those who have to do with the handling of telegraph files, those monumental repositories of the secrets of individuals and governments. But even through the monstrous conceit of the self-complacent telegraph clerk there had penetrated at last the consciousness that he was no longer welcome at the wistaria-covered hut, and he stayed away, occupying the time he would have spent there in the invention of more and more mouth-filling reports of the astounding deeds of his comrades in the field.

Then one day there came real news, a cold, bare recital, which not even Goki's vivid imagination could embellish with greater interest. He realized his own helplessness as he read the story in a fortuitous newspaper dropped from a car window as a train rumbled through the station. Two great facts stared him in the face from the printed page. There had been a fight, a great battle which had raged for fifteen hours around one devoted spot. In the midst of the maelstrom, the battery, Kanaguchi's own battery, in which Sanko and Osame served their country, had stood all day the target of the enemy, the rock of solid support for its mates. The day had been won, the battle had been a great victory, and Goki read with eyes swelling out of their sockets the words in which the general who commanded the army had praised the battery for its gallantry and its work. And then, with a shock which numbed his sensibilities and made him as stupid as the man he had delighted to call "the battery fool," he read how the general specially commended Shinobu Osame "for coolness, daring, and judgment, which, at a critical moment, and at the imminent risk of his life, had saved the battery and rendered the day's result possible."

Goki put the paper down on his table and stared at it in speechless astonishment. There was no mention of Sanko in it, not a word. Not even was an officer named. Only Osame, the coward, "the battery fool," distinguished by his general above all his fellows and his commanders for the

work no one who knew him would have believed it possible he could perform. It was too wonderful for the little telegraph clerk to comprehend. Yet there it was in the brief, colorless sentences of the official report. Osame had done it; he was the hero, and Sanko was not mentioned.

A long time Goki sat heedless of everything else, pondering this inscrutable event. His relief came in, and, finding him thus occupied, demanded the reason for such unheard-of conduct. Goki replied deliberately that there had been a great battle. Then he picked up the precious paper and walked out of the office into the road. Hardly aware of what he did, he went straight to Kadzu's house. The girl was sitting in front of the wistaria-vine looking at the rice, whose tall rows of clean, straight shoots gave good promise of the harvest. She hardly spoke to the telegraph clerk when he stopped beside her. Without a word he shoved the paper into her hands, pointing to the wonderful news. Kadzu glanced at the place indicated, and then there happened a thing more surprising to Goki than even the news he had brought. For, as she read, the girl both laughed and wept, and then, springing to her feet, gave the little telegraph clerk a stinging slap across the mouth, and crying, "Slanderer!" ran into the house, hugging the paper in her arms. Straight to her mother she ran and thrust the paper into her hands. Here was the truth at last, she cried, and when the mother finished reading the joyful report and looked around for her daughter, Kadzu was lying prone on her face on the mat in the corner where she slept, sobbing as though some terrible calamity had overtaken them.

Utterly dumfounded, Goki walked back along the village street toward the telegraph office, and, for once, had no word for the people he met or who hailed him as he passed. Something more unfathomable than the amazing news in the paper had happened to the garrulous little gossip, and he needed time to think it over by himself. He had caught his first glimpse of the complex working of a woman's heart, and, being only a man, who had thought but little, and never at all of such things, he completely failed to comprehend.

But the mother understood, and made no effort either to comfort or quiet the girl.

By and by, when the paroxysm had passed, Kadzu's first thought was for the paper, and again she read the glorious report. At first it had seemed quite complete. The one great fact was all-sufficient. Osame had proved himself. But now she wanted more. What had he done that was so brave and fine, and how had he done it? Even the smallest detail she craved, and here was nothing beyond the brief words of the hurried general necessary to state the bare fact. It seemed to Kadzu that all the world must be made to know how Osame had been calumniated. The wicked slander must be thrust down the throats of the slanderers, and she herself would do it. She took up the paper and started out. At the door she paused. A sudden blush surged up over her neck and cheeks. She turned back and sat down again on the floor, the paper spread out before her, silently studying the cold, official story.

Kanaguchi did not need to be told by Kadzu of what Osame had done. Even if Goki had not found his tongue again and begun to celebrate the deeds of the man of whom he had been so fond of making jests, with as much enthusiasm as if he had always been Osame's greatest admirer, there were enough of the villagers who had read the report to spread the news. It was wonderful how quickly the tide turned—quite as wonderful as the manner in which these loyal Japanese accepted without question the bald outlines of the story for every detail of which they were so hungry. Only now and then did some doubter try to cast a little shadow over the brightness by suggesting that it must be a mistake, and that Sergeant Sanko probably would be found to have been the man who did the work for which Osame got the praise. But, to their credit, few listened to such sinister suggestion. For the most part Kanaguchi was simply, honestly glad of Osame's proved bravery.

It was on a morning when the village had settled down to its old routine again, after all the excitement, that the letter-carrier brought to Kadzu a long, very official-looking envelop. The girl was so surprised that she studied the outside a long time before venturing to break the seal. It surely was hers right enough. There was the address as plain as if written by a priest. She tore it open, wondering who could have written it, and, woman-like,

looked first at the signature. It was that of the young priest of the little temple on the hill back of Osame's farm. She knew the place well. Since Osame had gone to the war she had been there as often as was proper for a young girl who knew the "greater learning for women," to make offerings for his safety. But she did not know that the priest had gone to the front, too

Mr. Shinobu Osame asked me to write this to you [the letter said], and to tell you that if you heard he had been killed it was not true. He has a wound in the head where the piece of shell struck him, and his hands are very sore from beating out the fire, but he says that is all.

Mr. Shinobu did not ask me to say anything more [continued the priest], but it may be you would like to know how he was hurt. There was a great battle. The enemy held a very strong place on a large hill, where they had many guns. Mr. Shinobu's battery was sent into the center of our line to attack this hill. It was very much exposed, and many of the men were hit; some of them were killed. Mr. Shinobu was struck by a piece of shell on the head and knocked down. But after a little he got up again and went on with his work. He was very strong, and it was his duty to bring ammunition from the wagons a little back of the battery. All the wagons were stationed together in a hollow where it was thought they were under cover from the enemy's fire. But just when the fight was most severe and when most depended on the battery, a shell from the enemy struck one of the ammunition-wagons in the center of the group and burst, setting fire to the wood and exploding some of the shells. It was very dangerous, for a strong wind was blowing, and it seemed likely that all the ammunition would be set off, so that the battery would have to retreat, many men would be killed, and perhaps the battle be lost and the guns captured.

The captain of the battery called to his men to draw away the burning wagon from the others, but although they did not quail before the fire of the enemy, they were afraid of the bursting of their own shells. Then Mr. Sergeant Miyaoka Sanko was ordered to put out the fire; but he replied that he could not, for he had no water and could get none.

It was then that Mr. Shinobu, who had just delivered some shells to the guns, saw what had happened. He ran to the burning wagon at once, and such was his great strength that he alone drew it out of its place and away from the others, so that there was no longer danger of setting them on fire. Then, although the shells in the wagon-box were likely to explode

at any instant, he set to work to put out the fire. He had no water and nothing to work with, so with his bare hands he beat the fire. This he continued until it was all out, and the battery and the ammunition, and, as it proved, the day's great battle, were saved. But he was struck again on the head, and is severely wounded. In a few days he will be sent home to be taken care of. He will get well again in time; but he is too much hurt to be able to recover quickly, and therefore cannot be sent to the hospital, where only those are treated who are expected to rejoin the army soon. By this great act he has fulfilled his service and done his whole duty to the empire, as well as earned the Kanjo and the pension which have been already given him.

The tears ran down the girl's face unheeded as she finished the letter, and she sat for a long time silent and motionless. This was what he had done—saved his battery alone and made the victory possible; stood by the burning wagon, with death only the thickness of a thin board away, and beat out the fire with his bare hands! No wonder they gave him the Kanjo, the certificate of merit for extraordinary gallantry in action, more highly prized than life itself! No wonder the great general had given space in his report to commend him! Perhaps the general did not know that he was only "the battery fool"! The girl laughed scornfully as she thought how he had saved the men who had made sport of him. And now he was to be sent home for care, for the nation was too poor to maintain hospitals for those who could no longer fight for it. She knew how that was, and how all over Japan there were homes where only by the strictest economy, often by living on only two meals a day, the people had kept their fighting relatives in the little comforts in the field their beggarly pay would not buy, and who, when they were wounded or sick, must care for them to the end with no help from the government. But Osame? There was no home for him to go to. There was no one to nurse him and bring him back to health in all Kanaguchi, unless—the blush came surging up over her cheeks again. She rose and went to her mother.

"Osame is coming home to get well," she said, "and there is no place for him to go."

"Yes," replied the mother, gently; "we

must make a place for him here."

Ten days later a hospital train stopped at Kanaguchi, and from it the Red Cross men bore on a stretcher the wounded Osame, his head and arms swathed in bandages. There were plenty now who would be proud of the opportunity to care for the man who had given distinction to all the place, but the stretcher-men bore him gently to the last house in the row on the road, where the purple wistaria hangs thickly over the corner of the thatch, and where a bright-eyed girl and her feeble old mother received him with glad words and happy hearts. And if you chance to be in Kanaguchi when the wistaria blooms again you will doubtless see Mr. Shinobu Osame, "the battery fool," busily at work putting in his barley, while his wife trims the beautiful vine and tends the little garden, she as neat and bright and happy as the little house where they live.



# MRS. M'GROARTY'S INHERITANCE

### BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friel's," "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

#### WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



RS. M'GROARTY was elbowdeep in the wash-tub when the message came that old Ned Mulvanny wanted to speak to her. It was Nannie

M'Ilwaine who left the message, on her way to the shop where she was going for her daily ha'penny worth of snuff. With arms dripping over the tub, Mrs. M'Groarty politely harkened to the message.

"An' Ned Mulvanny wants to speak to me, does he?" she then said. "What 's come over his first cousin, Bridget Mary Durneen? Has n't he got her, that 's sibber 1 to him than I am, to speak till? Or what should he want to speak to me about?"

Nannie informed her that Bridget Mary had taken her departure from Ned's in a bad temper the night before.

"Hagh!" said Mrs. M'Groarty, with the air of one on whom a light has dawned, "so Bridget Mary has left in a bad temper, has she? That means that she has discovered he has n't any Ameriky money, after all."

Said Nannie: "Indeed, an' Mrs. M'Groarty, let me assure you you are not the only one in the parish that has got the same opinion of Bridget Mary's leavin'."

Mrs. M'Groarty set one stout bare arm akimbo, and the other dripping, smoking arm she extended and shook at her visitor.

"When Ned Mulvanny come home from New York," said she, "three months ago, at death's door with the asthma, an' wheezing like Patrick Mullan's cow, an' people thought he must have more money nor a Jew peddler, Bridget Mary Durneen was as bold as brass, an' she let the parish know that as she was his nearest an' his sibbest friend, it was her had the best right to nurse him, an' care him, an' look after him. An' it was Bridget Mary he chose. An' he was said by her an' bid by her, an' the inside of his house was cowlder than the outside for any of his friends that went there—with the best, mind you, an' the charitablest of intentions,"

"Aye, aye," Nannie M'Ilwaine said, reflectively shaking her head.

"I went to see the owl crathur myself," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "an' I killed an' fetched with me my best spring chicken,—I could have picked the eyes out of myself for it after,—an' he allowed Bridget Mary Durneen to insult me an' to tell me that he was too delicate for chickens, and to frown on me comin' in, an' smile on me quittin' the house."

"Aye, aye," said Nannie.

"An' now," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "after three months' nursin' an' carin' an' coddlin' him, and ferretin' into his business an' his private affairs, has Bridget Mary discovered, after all, that Ned Mulvanny is as poor an' bare as the dog that led Lazarus—is that it, I say?"

"By all signs an' tokens," said Nannie M'Ilwaine, "it is, ma'am. The parish knows Bridget Mary to the marrow of her bones, an' it 's what I have heard one an' all say, as I come along this mornin', that if Ned Mulvanny had been worth fifty pounds, Bridget Mary, far from gettin' out of temper with him, would have took all insults as compliments an' stayed by him, if it was ten years, till she would have seen him coffined."

"An' now," said Mrs. M'Groarty, with dramatic indignation—"now that Bridget Mary has found out his poverty an' de-

1 Nearer akin.

sarted him, he has the imperence, has he, to send for me, in hopes that myself an' my family will take up the curin' of him at the place where Bridget Mary Durneen stopped the killin'?"

"An' it is imperence," said Nannie, "when ye come to think of it. An' myself of my mind to Ned Mulvanny, an' aise my conscience of a good deal that was lyin' onaisily upon it since the day that myself an' my spring chicken were bundled out of his door by Bridget Mary Durneen, without as much as sayin' 'Thank ye,' or 'May God be with ye.' Good mornin'.



"MADE A VERY HASTY TOILET IN FRONT OF A PENNY LOOKING-GLASS"

had nothin' more to do with it than deliver my message, as I was bid."

"An' no blame till ye, Nannie, no blame till ye," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "for doin' what you were asked to do. But—" and here Mrs. M'Groarty began decisively unfolding her sleeves—"I am goin' to step over with myself to Ned Mulvanny till he speaks till me—an' till I speak till him."

Mrs. M'Groarty, as she laid aside her apron, made a very hasty toilet in front of a penny looking-glass, and donned a heavy grav shawl, said: "I have n't much time to lose on him; but I'll go till I give a bit

Nannie, an' thank ye, anyhow, for deliverin' your message."

"Good mornin'," said Nannie, "an' good luck to ye!"

Mrs. M'Groarty tossed her head very high and planted her foot firmly on the road that led to Ned Mulvanny's. The kindly neighbors, who, as she passed their doors, hurried out to put time of day on her, and have the usual seanach, thought Mrs. M'Groarty uncommonly curt that morning. They turned their eyes disdainfully after her as she strode onward, and tossing their heads, they went into their

houses again in high dudgeon. They said: "One would think she was left a laigacy."

When she stepped into Ned Mulvanny's and flopped down upon a chair, and dropped her hands on her knees, and gave Ned one look of defiant expectancy, he, from the arm-chair into which he was sunk, in the corner opposite to her, deliberately eyed her for a moment, and—for he was ever the cutest of rascals, as well as the trickiest—in that one moment read every black, indignant thought that weighted Mrs. M'Groarty's bosom.

"Mrs. M'Groarty," Ned said, as cool and composed as if he felt a May-day serenity in the atmosphere, "it's myself is glad to see ye. How is your own four bones, an' Donal's, an' every child's under your care? If you an' them are as well as I would wish them, there would n't be an ache or a pain from the crown of the head of the eldest to the sole of the foot of the smallest of them."

"Thank ye heartily, Ned Mulvanny," she said, in her chilliest manner, "for your kind, good wishes; I am sure I appreciate them. Myself an' Donal an' our care are right well, thank God, an' you," putting undue emphasis on the final pronoun.

"In troth, ma'am, an' it 's myself 's glad to know it," said Ned, who, despite his many years in America, had never forgotten his homely idiom. "I'm sorry I have seen so little of ye since I come home."

Mrs. M'Groarty opened her eyes upon him.

With most admirable affectation of unconsciousness Ned bore her gaze, proceeding: "But I have always been inquiring after you an' yours. Ye have n't forgotten, Mrs. M'Groarty, that we're second cousins by our two mothers—at least I have n't forgotten."

"Hem!" said Mrs. M'Groarty. "Are

"An' blood, you know," said Ned, still unobservant, "is thicker than water."

"Some people's," Mrs. M'Groarty corrected him.

"Aye, some people's," said Ned. "But as I was goin' to say," he went on, rather hastily, "I have sent for you this mornin'—"

"Yes, you have," said Mrs. M'Groarty, putting down a rock in his path. But old and frail as Ned may have become physically, he was still the mental athlete that

he had ever been, and he could skip over her rocks faster than she could put them down.

"—sent for you this mornin'," he repeated, with the unconcern of one whose conscience is clean, "knowin' you to be the good, wise, an' trustworthy woman that you are—in order to have the benefit of your advice an' directions upon two points."

Mrs. M'Groarty's aspect changed just by a shade, and she strained her attention while Ned proceeded.

"The first point," said Ned, "is that I want you to recommend me a good, steady, trustworthy woman who, either by herself or herself an' some member or other of her family by turns, will undertake to housekeep for me, an' give me the nursin' an' care an' attention that I desarve durin' the remainin' few days that God spares me here. An', in the next place, as I have been consitherin' that it is time I settled up my worldly affairs, an' bequeathed to them I like best an' them that are most desarvin' the few thousands' worth of property of mine in America—"

There was now passing over Mrs. M'Groarty's face, and that not unnoticed by Ned, a wave of genuine interest, and she had leaned forward to give respectful attention.

"I want your advice as regards the best scholar and most knowledgeable man to be got, to draw up my last will and testament."

Said Mrs. M'Groarty, without a moment's delay: "Ned Mulvanny, would you dare to throw the slight an' the slur upon me and mine—our two mothers bein' two first cousins—for to go for to ask into your house a paid housekeeper to nurse an' attend you when I an' my family are, thank God! strong an' hearty, an' have willin' hands an' ready; an' when you know—as you do know in your heart—that it would be a pleasure an' a privilege an' a delight if we could be of any sarvice whatsomever to you or to any other cousin of mine in the country, be the same cousin gentle or simple, be he lord or beggar?"

"Och, sure, I'm sure of that," said Ned Mulvanny, with a bony knuckle digging out from his eye what must have been a tear. "It's the kindly heart was yours and your family's ever an' always, Mrs. M'Groarty."

"An' why, then," said Mrs. M'Groarty,



"THOUGHT MRS. M'GROARTY UNCOMMONLY CURT THAT MORNING"

with just indignation—"why, then, I say, go for to put the slur an' the slight upon us of thinkin' to pass us by an' to ask in a stranger to your house?"

"It was stupid of me, surely; but it was n't intentional, believe me, Mrs. M'Groarty," Ned said deprecatingly. "It was stupid of me, for I did n't look at it in that light, an' I now thank you from my heart."

"If you go thankin' me, Ned Mulvanny," she said, "you 'll insult me worse nor ever. Pocket your thanks," Mrs. M'Groarty said, in a noble burst of generosity, "an' don't let me see any signs of them again, if you don't want to drive me out of your sight."

Overcome with such noble generosity, Ned just bent his head.

"An' now," said he, "regarding the most knowledgeable man to draw up my last will and testament?"

"Yes," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "regardin' such a man, I could just put my finger an' thumb on the identical person you want—Masther MacGinley of Loughrossmor, the best an' most knowledgeable man in the

barony, an' a man, moreover, who has drawn up more last wills an' testaments than you could shake a stick at. But," said she, hastily, "what's the hurry to make your last will an' testament? Please God, you have long days afore ye yet."

"I trust so, I trust so," said Ned; "but in an important matter of dividing one's little personal estate upon them that we wish well to, I 'm of opinion that there's nothin' like bein' in good time about it."

"Please God," said Mrs. M'Groarty, waiving the point, and demonstrating her disinterestedness, "there 's plenty of time yet."

"Plenty of time," said Ned, "is the nick of time—so my poor father, God rest him! used to say—an' the right time to do a thing. But," said he, in a considering voice—"but, sure, if you think, Mrs. M'Groarty, that there 's no hurry, why, then, I will be said by you an' put no hurry on me."

"Well," Mrs. M'Groarty said, with deliberation, altering her tone at once, "that sayin' of your poor father's, God rest him! strikes me as bein' one of the wisest of sayin's. Yes," she said reflectively, "plenty of time is, after all, the nick of time, an' the right time to do a thing; so, in God's name, Ned Mulvanny, maybe it 's better for me slip home an' send little Mary over at once to Loughrossmor, to Masther Mac-Ginley, an' bid him come here as soon as it is convenient."

"I think, ma'am," said Ned, "you are right."

As Mrs. M'Groarty returned along the road she had a doubly gracious smile for every soul with whom she had been curt in the coming, but still she had no time for a seanach with any of them.

Master MacGinley brought his ink-horn, a pair of pens, many sheets of foolscap, and all his importance, with him, to the house of Yankee Mulvanny on that evening.

Mrs. M'Groarty had her asthmatic patient in "good rotation," as she styled it—washed, brushed, dressed, and well propped up in his arm-chair. And she had the table from the room set in the middle of the kitchen floor,—for it was by the kitchen fire that Ned sat, and it was in an outshot of the kitchen that his bed was,—with an immaculate linen covering it; and a bottle of whisky and a glass upon the table,—in the generosity of her heart Mrs. M'Groarty had purchased the bottle of whisky at Mollie Rooney's sheeben as she passed, foreseeing that it would be needed both by dictator and inditer.

Master MacGinley, pen in hand and foolscap spread, was soon awaiting the pleasure of Ned.

Said Ned, in whose mind were echoes of wills that he had heard or read in his time: "I, Edward, alias Ned, Mulvanny, of the townland of Knockagar, an' parish of Inver, Ireland, formerly of the city an' State of New York, America, bein' sound in mind an' limb, knowin' that it is given to all men once to die— Have you that down, Masther?"

Master MacGinley, who was a bit doubtful about the form, hesitated a little while before he said "Ye-es."

"Drive ahead, then," said Ned. "An' wishful to make my peace with God an' man,"—Ned was prompted to say, "an' Mrs. M'Groarty," but on second thoughts he considered the will might look better without it, so he continued,—"wishful to make my peace with God an' man, an' die fortified by the rites of the Church of which I hereby declare myself a faithful adherent,

do hereby voluntarily, an' of my own free will an' determination, make my last will an' testament, an' bequeath, dispose, an' bestow my cash, property, an' belongings, in the following manner:"

Mrs. M'Groarty, who was nursing the bottle and glass, at this critical juncture interposed: "Ned darlin', I beg your pardon, but all that talkin' is too much stress on ye. Ye must take a weenie dhrop of this to loosen your throat an' cut away the asthma afore you go any further."

Ned, indeed, had no decided objection—and never had—to taste a wee drop of whisky, more particularly when, as in the present instance, he had n't had to pay for it.

"Poor man, poor man!" said Mrs. M'Groarty, her voice shaken with sympathy as she watched him put the glass to his lips and toss it over. She remarked, seemingly to the fire: "God grant that he may live for a hundred years to come, an' enjoy all his own wealth yet!"

Then she treated Master MacGinley to a drop from the bottle before she allowed him to proceed.

"Take your time an' your aise now, Ned darlin'," she said, "an' don't 'stress yourself, my poor man."

"Thank you, Mrs. M'Groarty, thank you; no fear of me," Ned said, licking his lips in manifest relish of what had recently passed them.

"Namely, my three houses in Pine street, New York City, United States of America, with all the rights, titles, and privileges appertaining thereto, to my dearly beloved cousin—"

Mrs. M'Groarty, laboring under suppressed excitement of an intense character, was leaning eagerly forward and breathing short and quick. Ned Mulvanny, with that unobservant nature characteristic of all great men, did not see this. His eyes were fixed straight ahead of him, seeing nothing; for, to the most casual observer, it was evident that his thoughts were inward.

"To my dearly beloved cousin," Ned repeated, "Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. Donal M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever."

Mrs. M'Groarty turned up her eyes as in thanksgiving to Heaven and drew a long breath. But, as Ned was seized with a coughing fit, with the bottle and glass she hastened to aid him.

"A thousand thanks to you, Mrs. M'Groarty," he said: "that cures me. Have you down that, Masther Mac-Ginley?"

Master MacGinley answered affirmatively.

"Well, then," said Ned, "proceed. I give, bequeath, and bestow my block of

houses on Three Hundred and Thirty-third street, - between First and Second avenues, with all the rights, titles, and privileges, to my dearly beloved cousin, Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever. Is that down?" said Ned.

"Down," said the master.

"Very well, then. That valuable block of house property held by an' belongin' to me, an' situate in Lower Broadway, New York City, United States of America, with all its rights, titles, an' privileges, I bequeath an' endow upon my very wellbeloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'-Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever."

Again Ned Mulvanny was seized with his coughing fit, and Mrs. M'Groarty hastened to his aid with the invaluable remedy.

man, God help ye! It's disthressin' yerself ye are."

"Oh, no, no, not at all, not at all," said Ned. "I'll be aisier when I get this testament off me mind."

"So you will, true," she said. "I think you'll find it will aise your mind a great deal."

"Now, then, Masther," he said; and the master got his pen in readiness.

"That line of houses, my property, on the west side of Fifth Avenue, between Sixty-fourth and Sixty-eighth streets, both inclusive, with all rights, titles, and privileges appertaining thereto, I voluntarily, an' of my own free will, give, bequeath, and bestow to my well-beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, and assigns forever."

"The strain is too much for you, poor man," said the sympathetic Mrs. M'Gro-

arty, who was hovering around him with bottle and glass.

"No, no," Ned said buoyantly; "I am fit for it, if it was double as much. I 'll soon be through now.

" Now, then, Masther MacGinley, them nineteen houses, my sole an' only property on the south side of Fulton street, from Broadway inclusive, westward. with all the rights, titles, and privileges appertaining thereunto, I bestow, will, bequeath, and endow upon my dearly beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. Donal M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever."

Again Ned was overcome by the coughing fit, and was promptly cured once more by the infallible remedy.

"Thank ye, Mrs. M'Groarty," he said; "thank ye," handing her back the empty glass. "May God prosper ye, an' your hand never go empty! Give Masther MacGinley a

small dhrop; for writin' testaments is drier work nor lime-burnin'."

But Mrs. M'Groarty was not going to forget Master MacGinley.

"Now, then," said Ned Mulvanny, "let us proceed, Masther MacGinley. To my dearly beloved cousin Bridget Mary Durneen-" Here Mrs. M'Groarty coughed hard; and repeated the significant remark three times; but it was wasted.

"Bridget Mary Durneen," the ever un-



"Poor man, poor "MASTER MACGINLEY BROUGHT HIS INK-HORN, A PAIR OF PENS, MANY SHEETS OF FOOLSCAP, AND ALL HIS IMPORTANCE"

observant great man repeated to Master MacGinley, as he deliberately watched him pen the name, "her heirs, an' assigns forever, I give, bequeath, and bestow—"

Mrs. M'Groarty was seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing, one effect of which was that she had to support her hands upon the table while it lasted, thus effectively preventing the master from continuing his writing until the attack had subsided.

"—give, bequeath, an' bestow," the still unobservant Ned coolly repeated, while Master MacGinley as coolly penned it, "the sum of—"

Mrs. M'Groarty, good Christian that she was and ever had been, here resignedly bent her head.

"—the sum of one shilling," said Ned Mulvanny.

On a convenient chair Mrs. M'Groarty collapsed. She silently clasped her hands and lifted her eyes, as thanking Heaven for some signal favor bestowed upon her.

"Finally and lastly," Ned Mulvanny went on, "on my dearly beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, and assigns forever, I endow and bequeath all the gold, silver, and cash in my house, possession, or person, or in any other way belonging to me, as well as all the gold, silver, and cash owed to me at the time of my death, as well as all my personal belongings, articles, and possessions, as well as, furthermore, any other cash, property, or real estate that may have at the present time escaped my failing memory.

"An' this, in the presence of witnesses, I hereby declare to be my last an' final solemn will an' testament. In witness whereunto I sign my name, Edward, alias Ned, Mulvanny."

About these princely gifts that he was showering upon his dearly beloved cousin, Ned Mulvanny, still after the manner of all great and wealthy men, seemed as indifferent as if he had only been giving a friend a pipe of tobacco.

On her part, diplomatic Mrs. M'Groarty, putting a due restraint upon her feelings, and refraining from covering Ned with thanks and gratitude, let him see that she had a soul above worldly wealth.

And herein did the greatness of the woman appear.

Ned Mulvanny, who heretofore had

been suffering much from lack of care and attention, never had reason to complain of either from that day forward. For solicitously and attentively and perseveringly Mrs. M'Groarty, either by herself or through the members of her family, nursed and cared him night and day, and kept him ever and well supplied with the luxuries, delicacies, and dainties of the place and season. Blood, she used to remind Ned at times, when, in his own humble way, he apologized for the great trouble he was giving her—blood, as he himself had said, was thicker than water, and if he had been a beggar on the roadside—let alone her cousin-Mrs. M'Groarty could not and would not do for him less than she was doing.

"I'm sure of it, ma'am; I'm sure of it," Ned Mulvanny asseverated; "for I know the good an' kindly, an' charitable heart that 's thumping in your bosom, ma'am."

It was not entirely against Mrs. M'Groarty's wish that the parish got wind of her good luck and of Bridget Mary Durneen's misfortune; and if, from that day forward, Mrs. M'Groarty carried her head a bit higher than usual and was patronizing to her former friends and gossips, it was not to be wondered at by anybody, and was not wondered at by anybody, that a woman who had come into such astonishing good fortune as she should so comport herself. Moreover, now, Mrs. M'Groarty was a woman to be courted and not criticized.

As was becoming, also, Mrs. M'Groarty not only dressed herself better, and sent out her children in "better rotation," but Donal, also, good man, was forcibly deprived of his old coats at a point where, formerly, they would have been only entering upon the first of the many stages of renovation and reformation which they were wont to undergo, before—when no shred of the original coat remained—they were finally discarded. Thus Donal was made a proud man in spite of himself, and he was the most ill-fitting and the uneasiest proud man that the parish had witnessed for many a long year.

When Bridget Mary Durneen had the misfortune to meet Mrs. M'Groarty upon the road, she snaffled and tossed her head, and affected to go past disdainfully, thus wantonly aggravating Mrs. M'Groarty, who naturally expected Bridget Mary to



"'YE MUST TAKE A WEENIE DHROP OF THIS'"

be both humble and downcast under the circumstances.

The asthma, bad as it may be, is a lingering complaint, and Ned Mulvanny was a tough parcel of property, anyhow: so that, before he died, Mrs. M'Groarty, if she had not been an exceptional woman, might well have run out of stamina and broken down under the excessive state which her great good fortune naturally compelled her to carry. Preparing for eventualities she had, at the outset, taken down the address of Ned's lawyers, "Comstock & Bedlow, Attorneys-at-law, 195 Broadway, New York City"-copied down this address from the envelops of the frequent letters which, very naturally, as it seemed to her, he was receiving from them; and when, at length, after long and tedious and patient waiting, Ned Mulvanny finally went the way of all flesh and had the last green quilt drawn over him and copiously watered by Mrs. M'Groarty's tears, there was no time lost in informing Comstock & Bedlow, 195 Broadway, New York City, that Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. Donal M'Groarty, was, by the last will and testament of the deceased Ned Mulvanny, heir to all of his cash, property, and belongings; that she

was desirous of having his affairs settled up without any unnecessary delay; that she wished a statement from them and desired to know whether it would be necessary for herself or a representative to go to New York in person to arrange matters with them.

In due time, to her delight, a reply, in the envelop so familiar to Mrs. M'Groarty, arrived, and behold ye it ran thus:

> 195 Broadway, New York City, October 24, 18—

Mrs. D. M'Groarty.

DEAR MADAM: We beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 4th inst., and to thank you for same. We congratulate you upon inheriting the estate of the deceased, Mr. Ned Mulvanny, and sincerely hope that it represents something very substantial.

We cordially appreciate your offer to settle his account with us, which account we had been forwarding him from time to time for some years past, without getting a response, due, as now we clearly see, to his declining health and prolonged illness.

We beg to thank you for your offer to come in person (or by representative) to arrange with us, but wish to say that such kindness is quite unnecessary.

We wish to explain that we did not press for payment of this account before his departure for home, accepting his statement that he was about to realize some landed property which he possessed in Ireland, and that our claim would be the first satisfied.

We have pleasure in inclosing our statement of account for work done for him in the fall preceding his departure for home, from which statement you will observe that the amount due us is \$213.50, or, in English money, at the present rate of exchange, £43 19s. 5d., a draft for which, at your early convenience, will very much oblige, dear madam,

Your faithful servants,

Comstock & Bedlow.



## HOMEWARD BOUND

ON THE RETURN TO AMERICA OF THE REMAINS OF JOHN PAUL JONES

## BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

WITH proud, uplifted head
The fair Republic claims her dead;
With outstretched hands—the hands he
fought to free—
Awaits, oh, not in ruth,
The lover of her youth,
Her Bayard of the sea.
Let the sea once more caress him,
And the land he loved possess him;
For now the years are sped—
The proud Republic claims her dead.

The oaken ship that won
His storied sea-fight, gun to gun,
To Freedom's flag its red baptism gave,
Aflame, still made reply,
Fought on to victory,
Then plunged beneath the wave.
Let the squadrons close around him
Till the Nation's hands have crowned
him.

Whose fierce sea-fight he won 'Twixt the setting and the rising of the sun.

Atlantic waves, that smiled
Of old so oft to greet your child,
List not to hear his battle-orders ring;
Care not to break his sleep,
But softly, softly bring
Your nursling of the deep,
With his birthright flag above him,
To the shores that own and love
him,—
Of old their rover wild,

Now held in slumber as a child.

Not far from ocean's strand,
His tomb, made lasting by her hand,
Shall henceforth tell within the guarded
field
Of him who that dread night

Began anew the fight,
And, sinking, could not yield.
Down the lengthened line bequeath it,
Let our sailor sons enwreathe it,
And the challenge and command
Be heard anear it and the strand.

Erect, with shining head,
The great Republic claims her dead;
Nor, in that day when every stripe and star
Proclaims the reign of Peace,
Shall honor to him cease
Nor Fame his laurel mar.
Though no battle-peal awake him,
Time upon its scroll shall make him
One of earth's heroes dead,
Whose deeds that golden day more swiftly sped.

July 12, 1905

# OLE BULL AS A PATRIOTIC FORCE

## BY MARGARET E. NOBLE



HE national impulse, as distinguished from the personal and romantic, plays a larger part in the history of art than is often realized. It was the

energy of Marathon, and the need to make a nation out of Hellas, that spoke in the plays of Æschylus. "Nine dumb centuries," it has been finely said, "found a voice in Dante." Who shall say how far Giotto, Shakspere, and Bach were aware, in like manner, of bringing whole realms out of the sphere of silence, and conferring upon them the franchise of the world? Ole Bull's had the good fortune to be one of those world-voices in which perfect command of a difficult technic is made, in its turn, only the instrument of a higher impulse, the heart of a whole people pressing forward to the utterance.

When the present generation was born, Norway was already one of the recognized centers of art-consciousness in Europe. The plays of Ibsen, the works of Biörnson and Jonas Lie, and the compositions of Edvard Grieg have prepared us all for the facts that we observe as soon as we visit the country—the joy of the peasants in wild and beautiful landscape, their keen enthusiasm regarding works of art and artists, and their spontaneous utterance of themselves in music. No one who witnessed in Bergen, in 1901, the unveiling of Sinding's statue of Ole Bull could have failed to be struck by the Hellenic element in the character of the Bergensers, whose very feet spoke the language of delight, beating time to the voice in a sort of dancing march, as each new group caught its first glimpse of the fine bronze.

It must have been on just such a day that Cimabue's great masterpiece was carried through the streets of thirteenth-century Florence, and old men wept for joy

that they had lived to see the painter's brush express so much. Similar festivals, though subtler-toned, are known even now among the simple peoples of Asia, when the proud master-workman seats him for the day beside his newly achieved tower, or pillar, or door, and passers-by linger to see his handicraft and to throw the small coin of acknowledgment and praise into the bowl that rests beside him. Such days are alike wherever they may occur, because they are everywhere the celebration of a single truth—the communion of the whole people in the attainment of genius.

In the case of Sinding's statue, however, it was not alone the work of the artist to which the people responded with such ardor. The peasants had poured in from the country-side, and, at the moment of the unveiling, a great choir, under the conductorship of Edvard Grieg, burst into song, in direct invocation of Ole Bull; everywhere his picture was seen; and the hours resounded with speeches and even hymns addressed to him. In good sooth, the figure of Ole Bull stands to Norway almost as the symbol of her nationality itself. Every year, at dawn of the 17th of May, the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution in 1814, the school children of Bergen carry the Norwegian colors in procession, first to the grave of President Christie, who framed the Constitution. and then to that of him who awakened the national consciousness, their never-tobe-forgotten wizard of the bow.

For the land was not yesterday as to-day. That pine-clad coast so close upon the arctic circle—the hearth of the midnight sun-knew not at all times the strength of its own destiny. Less than a century ago, the Norwegian people regarded the Danish tongue as the medium of polite communication, thought of themselves as provin-

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cials, and did not dream of aspiring to any serious place in the world of European thought; and the main force in the changing of all this was the burning enthusiasm and dogged faith of Ole Bull and those whom he was able to gather about him.

With two of the sacraments of the national life he was, from the first, very closely connected. One of these is the

"pure flag," as it is called, meaning the flag which carries the colors of Norway alone. unmixed with those of Sweden, and the other is the observance of "Norway Day," on the 17th of May. The importance of the first of these will be understood only by those who know what banners mean in Norway. They are not, in that country, used chiefly as international signaling apparatus, but regarded rather as ikons. Every house has its flagstaff, and on all occasions of festivity the flag is flown. Or when a foreign guest is received at dinner, hospitality is naturally and gracefully expressed by including the flag of his country among the table-decorations. Such customs come easily to a people whose life is spent so much upon the sea, and whose ancestors were the vikings, or harbor-men.

It must be remembered that the psychological problem of the national sense in Norway is, to keep itself at

once friendly to and yet wholly individual and distinct from that of Sweden. The Norwegians have always refused to consider themselves as anything but a free nation accepting the sovereignty of the Swedish king; and they showed their teeth so plainly in this matter when, in the year 1814, they found themselves divided from Denmark, that they forced Bernadotte himself to subscribe to their view and acquiesce in the independence of the Norwegian Constitution and Parliament.

Ole Bull and the men who, twenty years later, were young with him could not tolerate the fact that the flag then in common use was the Union standard bearing the Norwegian colors in a minor position.

The festival of Norway Day in like manner will be understood by any one who has once seen it for himself. Salutation of the national heroes, hymns and songs to the national idea, the celebration of Olympic games, contests on field and fjord, processions with banners, and a constant

refrain of the national anthem—all these features fall into due relation round the central scene, the prow of a viking ship raised in the town square at noon as platform for the speakers of the day.

The story of the first celebration of Norway Day, in the year 1829, when Ole Bull met Wergeland the poet in Christiania, one carrying his violin, the other the pure Norwegian colors, only to be hooted and pursued with flying missiles through the streets, and Wergeland severely wounded by the police, seems now hardly credible. But it has been the devotion of a lifetime, not the courage of a moment, that has made the day what it is.

In succeeding years, Ole Bull would make every possible effort to reach Bergen for the occasion, once going to the length of paying five hundred dollars for the privilege of detaining a passen-

ger-boat at Hull for three hours. Always he was to be found in the procession, cheering the races and games, and playing in the open square for the thousands who would assemble to hear him there.

Throughout his life Ole Bull was sensitive to anything that could add honor to the day, and a story still lingers about his name of an anniversary spent in some distant land, and a long reverie suddenly broken by the words, "Yes, it is Norway's birthday. Fit that we say but few words."

This success in formulating the ritual of the national life, however, was only the blossom of a deeper growth—a whole life's



Drawn by Otto Bacher
OLE BULL'S VIOLIN

passion for his country and her people, and definite and clear thought regarding the importance of the sentiment of nationality. The question must needs arise, then, Whence did Prometheus fetch his gift of fire? This question leads us to pass swiftly in review the life of Ole Bull.

Undoubtedly he had from the beginning that passionate and spontaneous love for place and people that we can see only, in such measure, in the childhood of men of genius. A fifteen-mile run along a mountain road is no small feat, yet the return of the Saturday holiday, during school vears, often saw the long-legged boy on his solitary race out of Bergen and back, "just for a peep" at the vale of Lysekloster, where, in the pastures between the mountains and the shore, the ruins of a Cistercian abbey overlook the fjord, and the old manor-house, with its gardens and its Turkish roses, stands guard over both. Long years later, when his hair was gray, the island of Lysöen, visible from these Cistercian "Cloisters of Light," became his home, and it was in the midst of the much-loved scene, to the music of Mozart's "Requiem," that he died.

But all this would have done no more than to make him a poet. What was it that made him undeniably the greatest political influence in the history of modern Norway? The riddle is easy to read. Although he voiced the peasants, his own voice was that of no peasant, but one of the most severely learned of European utterances. His instrumental mastery was complete, and the technical difficulties of his compositions have left them for the most part unperformable. But Mozart was his chosen theme, worshiped with such an ardor of consecration that the whole range of his works had for him no secret. His fame, therefore, was of that order that opens all doors. Statesmen and chief captains like Bismarck and Von Moltke were his intimates, and he was their confidant. To world-artists like Liszt, Chopin, and Mendelssohn he was own brother. Indeed, a curious physical resemblance between Liszt and himself led to many amusing contretemps on this score. And sovereigns, diplomatists, and great nobles were all proud to name him among their friends. In him, then, Norway had found one who could stand for her in the highest ranks of the nations, learn for her the secrets of statecraft, and recover in her behalf the trick of thinking like a king. For this is one of the losses entailed on a people who are governed by foreigners from a foreign seat, that they *forget* to think of their country as a whole, the habit that is the secret of rulers.

Yet it was only as a man, and not by any means as a politician, that an autocrat could claim the friendship of the distinguished artist. His own sovereign felt that he had cause for grave offense when the news reached Stockholm, in 1848, of his heading a procession in Paris to present the Norwegian colors to Lamartine. But even royal anger could not resist the good stories told on the next visit, and the king stood biting his lip at the careless bonhomie of Ole Bull, as he turned suddenly and said, "By the way, sire, you should have been with us the other day in Paris, when we went to acclaim Lamartine."

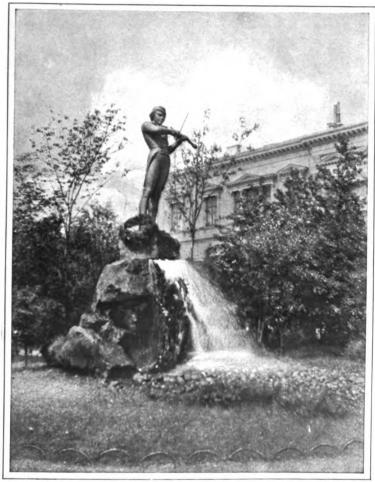
Few tales are told, indeed, which are finer than that of the encounter, in earlier years, with this king's father, the old Bernadotte himself. The king had referred to the Norwegians as "my Poles," at which Ole Bull, drawing himself up, inquired, "When has a Norwegian shown himself disloyal to the king?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he announced that he must at once take leave. Upon this, the king turned to him with an imperious, "I command you to stay!" But the violinist shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Then I will see, sire, whether a Norwegian remains free in the palace of the King of Sweden!" At this, as Ole Bull would tell, when recounting the scene, there came into the face of the monarch the most winning smile he had ever seen on a human countenance, and, putting out his hand impulsively, Bernadotte exclaimed: "Nay; I beg you to remain. A prince should hear the opinions of all his people." And the talk which then resulted was the basis of deep confidence on both sides.

It is said that the first time Bernadotte heard Ole Bull's "Polacca Guerriera," its martial character so stirred the warrior spirit of the old king, to whom the music of battle was ever the sweetest, that he rose while it was played and remained standing to the end.

In later years it was a natural expression of Ole Bull's affection for the royal house

that on the eve of his departure for Egypt, in 1876, he should take tea privately with the king and queen. They asked to be specially remembered at the Great Pyramid; and it was always a happy memory to him afterward that when, in obedience to this

even the friendship of crowned heads was effective only to make him dream of nationality and a national art for his native land. He had started out as a student on his first foreign tour the day after the original celebration of Norway Day, with

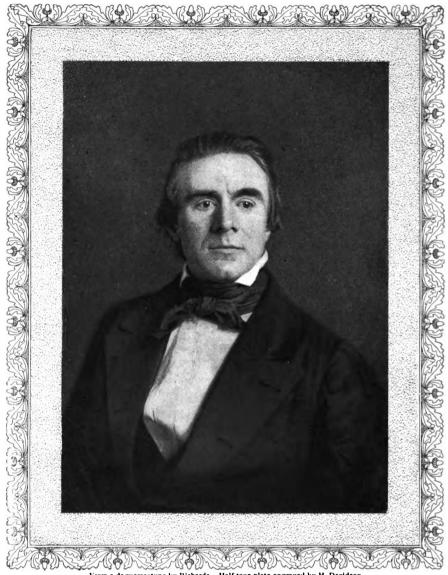


From a photograph lent by Mrs. Ole Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman STEPHAN SINDING'S STATUE OF OLE BULL, BERGEN, NORWAY

request, he had taken out his violin on the summit of the pyramid and played "The Herd-girl's Reverie," two wild swans, as the last notes died, rose from its base and flew away to the north.

It is necessary, however, to look at the intellectual character of the Europe of Ole Bull's day in order to understand deeply why no favor of fortune could avail to shake the steadfastness of his love and hope for the common people, and why

the "pure flag," in Christiania in 1829. This is significant of the fact that the idea of nationality was not gleaned in Europe, but had already formed the theme of his own life and that of his friends at the Norwegian university. Like Ole Bull himself, who was born in 1810, the generation then students were the sons of the men who had faced war in 1814 rather than allow Norway to become subject to Sweden, and who had finally shaped and



From a daguerreotype by Richards. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson
OLE BULL AS A YOUNG MAN

secured her Constitution. Spiritually the heirs of the French Revolution, they were politically the product of the anti-Napoleonic reaction among the nations, and Wergeland was the leader of that party in the university which desired to root out every vestige of Danish influence from the industries, the literature, and the art of Norway. Welhaven, also a poet, was, on the other hand, the leader of the Conservatives, who aimed at building up the Norwegian culture more on the basis of the Danish. The authorities, like officials

of all foreign governments, forced by their very position to prefer order above life, looked with disfavor upon the national party among the undergraduates; and possibly it was this fact which caused the spread of the movement till it was no longer a faction in the university, but the common topic of interest throughout the country as a whole.

Thus Ole Bull's first public return to Norway, in 1838, from his seven years' wanderings in all parts of Europe, covered with glory and loaded with the trophies of his fame, did not *create* the national idea; it only conferred upon it an overwhelming prestige at the same time that it brought his ripened political sagacity to bear upon its problems. We must not forget that those years from 1832 onward were the years in which 1848 was awaking—1848, that hour in the history of nations when the wave of the hopes of peoples gathered itself together, ran forward, and broke in the long white line of thwarted endeavor on the receding shores of the constituted order.

Such was the era covered by Ole Bull's life. When he left home the second time, in 1831, the great mind of Lamartine had only just gained possession of itself. The prime shaping force of 1848 was Lamartine's fusion of political thought in religious fire. Possessed, as the musician was, of the key to two distinct worlds,—those of rank and art,—there was no movement in Europe that did not send its tides surging through his veins. To this day the guest at Lysöen may be startled to catch suddenly in a mirror the reflection of a proud, sad face. It is a portrait of Kossuth, for Kossuth, as well as Bismarck, was Ole Bull's friend.

It was on his return home in October

of 1848 that he determined to venture everything in the creation of a Norwegian national drama with national music. Thus it was that the National Theater at Bergen was at last opened on the second day of January, 1850, with the then unknown Henrik Ibsen, who had just left the university, as its director. It was for this National Theater that Ibsen wrote the long list of heroic plays from Norwegian history which may some day supersede his later social dramas in European taste. More wonderful still, on Ibsen's resignation he was succeeded in the management of the theater by Björnson. The significance and impetus of the National Theater cannot indeed be easily estimated. It was a wonderful stroke of insight and daring that established it at Bergen instead of at Christiania, though it is easy to be wise after the event, and to point out how the very provincialism and remoteness of the more northern town would operate to maintain its native powers in fuller vigor than would the capital. Art reaped by its means an abundant harvest; for peasant music and poetry, rustic humor and dramatic capability all enjoyed an unexampled opportunity here. And the hand that led the orchestra was that of the man

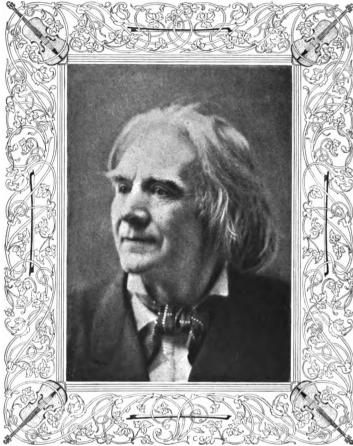
Mas filled nich magic, and the can
Caught echoes of that Ham of Gold,
Mhose, music had be would a Sound.
The Inuted Stag forgot to bound.
The Inuted Stag forgot to bound.
The birds came down from but and tree
The dead came from beneath the Sea,
I've maiden to the hamen's Knee.

Ost, 5. 1376.

Idona M. Son oxfollow.

FACSIMILE OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW'S POEM TO OLE BULL

whose voice had called them together, and whose friendship and good cheer were strong to sustain them till success was assured. These years were, in fact, the their tarantella. They were convinced that he must be one of themselves. The warm Irish heart was captured by his rendering of Tom Moore's melodies; and in a time



From a photograph lent by Mrs. Ole Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
OLE BULL IN OLD AGE

crown of Ole Bull's life as a political force. For henceforth we watch the labors of a second generation, and in the love of those who are proud to have been chosen of him we can but read his influence.

"It is the man," said Björnson of Ole Bull, "that possesses his own national inheritance who can interpret theirs to other peoples." Seldom has a great saying been more apt. The Poles refused to hear his "Polacca Guerriera" in the time of defeat, so poignant were the memories which it revived in all their fullness. The Italians would not believe that any foreigner could have caught so perfectly the rhythm of

of strain between Sweden and Norway, he so took his audience by storm in the Swedish capital, as he played his "Herd-girl's Reverie," that they leaped to their feet and stood, singing the air with him. It was the glory of his life that Spaniard, Italian, Russian, Swede, German, and American were all in their turn as eager to claim his utterance for their own as his motherland had been proud to give him her credentials. For he was in one sense a tone-painter, painting the inmost hearts of peoples.

This love it was that formed the burden of his music. His name is written in the

memory of art, beside those of Tartini and Paganini; the same wild aroma of pathos and romance clings to them all. But in Ole Bull's case, the wail of the violin was the voice of the heart, not of Italy, but of Norway. For that land it was, of peasant songs and peasant fiddlers, that he now made articulate even in the courts of kings. The piercing sorrow that spoke through his bow was the lament of lonely generations to whom the wind on dark nights in mountain forests, or the storm in terrorstricken days upon the seas, could not give voice enough. Or the wild delight of the halling-dance, where the solitary dancer will touch the ceiling with his foot, would alternate perhaps with delicate musicpoems of peasant bridals, where the crowned bride, hand in hand with her "man," and heading a procession of all the children in the valley, follows the village fiddler over the hill-crest to the new home,—and the melody played by that other fiddler mingled itself also, on Ole Bull's instrument, with the picture and the sunlight-dance of tender hopes and fears in the hearts of the newly wed. The strange airs of the Northern night, till now despised as mere "folk-music," acquired undreamed-of glory when the great world had assembled to hear them from Ole Bull. As Wergeland wrote, when he first came home from his triumphs, "The greatest marvel is that he has brought Norway home to Norsemen. Most people knew the folk-songs and dances, but were ashamed to admire them. Now these homely melodies have suddenly begun to gleam like stars, and the people have

1 Harald Fairhair, the first sovereign over all Norway, in 872, when many of the first families migrated to Iceland rather than accept his rule.

## 2 NATIONAL SONG OF NORWAY BY BIÖRNSTIERNE BIÖRNSON

Translated by John Volk. Copyright, 1903, by John Volk

Yes, we love this land arising
Stormbeat o'er the sea
With its thousand homes, enticing,
Rugged though it be—
Love it, love it, not forgetting
Those we owe our birth,
Nor that night of saga, letting
Down its dreams to earth.

Harald saved this land and bore it With his warriors strong; Haakon guarded it, while o'er it Eyvind poured his song. come to feel that they, too, have 'jewels of their own.'"

In the love of his comrades there is still to be seen a strong tinge of the Eastern rapture of discipleship. One tells the story of a midnight climb with Grieg and others up the Lysehorn on midsummer eve, and of Ole Bull standing with his back to the rock and his eyes shut, as was his wont, playing. "And as the music ended," says the narrator, catching his breath, "the light of the dawn appeared in the north, as if drawn upward by his bow."

He and the men he called about him were as full of the sagas as Sir Walter Scott was of medieval romance. It was in the inspiration of the sagas that their work was done. It was even in the same inspiration that his mistakes were committed. For to a descendant of the race that could bid farewell at Romsdal to the flower of the age, sending her own children forth, to settle in bleak Iceland rather than force them, against heart and will, to submit to kings,1—to this man, ten centuries later, it seemed all too easy to lead a Norwegian colony to a brighter fate in distant Pennsylvania. To Ole Bull, Norway was still and forever the saga-land, the land of vikings and heroes, the land of Sigurd and Brunhild. And if in the depths of silence the sound of joy can reach the happy dead, it must be to him pride's crown of pride that the Norwegian national anthem, strongest and most beautiful of all the national songs of the world, has taken its place, short though it be, as the modern saga, being the fruit of that movement which was born of him.

> With his blood King Olaf painted Here the cross, and here Sverre spoke 'gainst Rome, the sainted, Spoke and had no fear.

Norseman, where thou dwellest, render Praise and thanks to Him, Who has been this land's defender When its hopes looked dim. Wars our fathers' aims unfolded, Tears our mothers shed, Roads of them for us He molded, To our rights they led.

Yes, we love this land arising
Stormbeat o'er the sea
With its thousand homes, enticing,
Rugged though it be.
Like our fathers who succeeded,
Warring for release,
So will we, whenever needed,
Rally for its peace.

# A RARE PORTRAIT OF PAUL JONES

THE LITTLE-KNOWN ENGRAVING BY MOREAU COMPARED WITH THE HOUDON BUST AND THE PEALE PAINTING

## BY ALEXANDER CORBETT, IR.

THE discovery by General Horace Porter of the remains of Commodore John Paul Jones, and the proposed reinterment in the land he loved so well and served so gloriously, have aroused an interest such as has never before been known in his portraits as well as in all other pictures relating to his meteoric career. The event, therefore, justifies the publication at this time of a French engraving, which is not only the best portrait of Jones in existence, excepting the Houdon sculptured bust, but is also the earliest in point of execution, and yet is so rare that its being brought to light at this time is little short of an actual discovery.

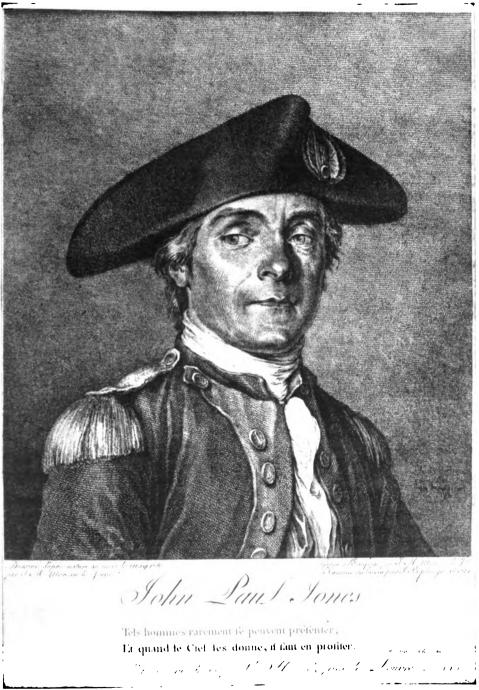
It is surprising that the most lifelike as well as the most artistic of all the graphic portraits of our first and greatest naval hero should have remained virtually unknown to Americans until a hundred and thirteen years after his death, while bad partial copies of it are not uncommon; but such is the fact, and the credit of having finally brought it to public attention is due to Mr. Louis A. Holman, a Boston illustrator of an investigating turn of mind.

This portrait is a copperplate engraving by Moreau, measuring five and one half by six and one half inches. It was casually purchased for perhaps four or five shillings, twenty years ago, at a second-hand printshop in London, by Mr. Benjamin Franklin Stevens, a well-known Bostonian of antiquarian tastes, who, in his early manhood, was in the United States navy. He had no idea of the value of his find when he bought the print, or even when, sixteen

years ago, he gave it to the Bostonian Society, a historical organization having rooms in the Old State House. The gift was straightway hung in an obscure corner of the ancient council-chamber, whence the stern and haughty face of the fiery Scotch-American warrior has ever since looked down upon an old circular mahogany table around which were wont to gather, during nearly a hundred years prior to the Revolution, the British royal governors and their councilors. There Mr. Holman observed the picture recently, and, after having searched in vain all the biographies of Jones, as well as all accessible lists of his portraits, for some reference to this particular one, he became convinced that it possesses an interest and a value hitherto never suspected.

The Jones portrait most familiar to Americans—that by Charles Willson Peale, now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, executed seven years later than the one here referred to-has heretofore been regarded as the best ever made, and it has been reproduced many times, in whole or in part. It is, however, vapid and expressionless, compared with this new engraving, and a comparison of the two with Houdon's bust, which was modeled from a life-mask, and must necessarily always be the standard par excellence in judging portraits of Jones, demonstrates at a glance that this earlier work is a much more faithful likeness, and possesses far more of the real personality of the great fighter, than Peale's painting.

The greater number of the other Paul



I rom an engraving in the possession of the Bostoman Society

THE MOREAU PORTRAIT OF JOHN PAUL JONES

Jones portraits having any resemblance to him are only mere adaptations of the Houdon bust, with variations of one kind or another, and usually with the likeness pretty well eliminated in the processes of drawing and engraving. This new engraving lacks the military badge which Jones was so fond of wearing, but which was not awarded him till after he gave this sitting, though it appears in Houdon's bust, made a few months later.

The data engraved beneath this newfound likeness tells that it was drawn from life in Paris, in May, 1780, by Jean-Michel Moreau, that he also etched it on copper with aqua fortis, and that the burin that gave the finishing touches was directed by the hand of J. B. Fosseyeux. Below the name, "John Paul Jones," is this quotation from Molière's "Gloire du Val de Grace":

Tels hommes rarement se peuvent présenter, Et quand le Ciel les donne, il faut en profiter.

Moreau was one of the most eminent French artists of the eighteenth century. He was special designer and engraver to Louis XVI, whom he assisted in immortalizing by making a number of historical engravings illustrating the most spectacular incidents of the reign of that monarch, including the coronation. Moreau was also illustrator of virtually all the éditions de luxe of the French classics published in his day. He was the grandfather and the teacher of Horace Vernet, the famous historical painter of the First Empire. Another of his pupils was Fosseyeux, who had a hand in the engraving of the Jones picture. One is obliged to smile upon finding this portrait in the French catalogue of Moreau's two thousand productions mentioned under the title, "Portrait of Paul."

In this sample of his work, Moreau has certainly given us a fine example of effective modeling, of a discriminating combination of line and stipple, and of harmonious contrasts in light and shade; he has also most successfully suggested vigor and strong individuality in the countenance of the Scotch gardener's son, whose genius gained him the homage and the friendship of kings and princes in an age and a country where social lines were sharply drawn.

Of all portraits of Jones having any claim to authenticity, this one alone shows us the rough-and-ready American sailor, as yet not transformed, by French fashions, powdered wig, and the airs of the courtier, into what Mrs. Livingston of New York termed, eight years later, "the beau-ideal of a French duke of the ancien régime." That transformation began, by the way, the very month Jones sat for this portrait. Moreau exhibited it, together with his "Coronation of Louis XVI," in the Salon of the Royal Academy in 1781.

Up to December, 1775, when he received his first commission in the navy of the United States, our hero had been but a humble captain in the merchant service and for a short time a Virginia planter. After nearly two years of enterprising service at home, he was sent to France in the Ranger in October, 1777. With that ship he captured the *Drake*; and in September, 1779, with the Bonhomme Richard he won his great victory over the Serapis, which set the whole world ringing with his fame. Between April and December, 1780, he was frequently in Paris. Wherever he went an enthusiastic crowd followed. When he entered Marie Antoinette's box at the opera, the audience rose and cheered, and again when a laurel wreath was lowered from above and hung pendent over his head. He was living, meanwhile, at the Palais Royal, as a guest of the king's cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Orléans.

The proudest and most aristocratic beauties of the court sent him billets-doux, begging the favor of a call from the popular hero. The state of the female mind at that time among the haut ton is well indicated by letters of a young Englishwoman at the French court, who wrote:

Paul Jones dines and sups here often. He is a smart man of thirty-six, speaks but little French, but appears to be an extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a hero. He is greatly admired here, especially by the ladies, who are all wild for love of him, as he for them; but he adores the Countess la Vendahl, who has honored him with every mark of politeness and distinction. If I am in love with him myself, I may die, for I have as many rivals as there are ladies, though the most formidable is the countess, who possesses all his heart.

The lady's estimate of Jones's age as thirty-six, when he was only thirty-three, is an apparent vindication of Moreau, who certainly made him look older than thirty-three in his engraving. About two months

before he sat to Moreau, possibly in anticipation of his subsequent adoption of the court wig. Jones had cut off his queue, as appears by a letter he wrote the beforementioned Countess la Vendahl, about the middle of June, inclosing a lock of his dore had cultivated his queue again. At this particular time his hair appears to have descended only to his coat-collar, and to have been unconfined behind. It was during this visit to Paris that the Countess la Vendahl gave Jones a miniature portrait



From an engraving by J. B. Longacre of the portrait by Charles Willson Peale



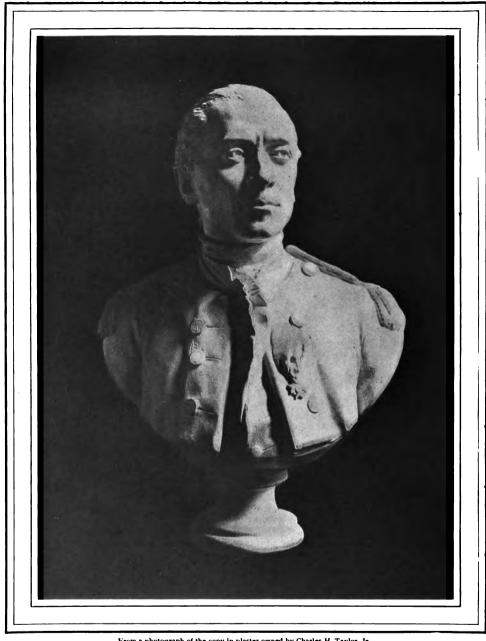
THE PEALE PORTRAIT OF JOHN PAUL JONES

During Jones's last visit to America, in 1787, he was a guest at the Livingston Manor while Peale was there making portraits of members of the family. Peale also made a sketch of Jones, which was afterward elaborated into the painting of which the above is a copy.

hair with this message: "Had you received this three months ago, it would have been eighteen inches longer." It may be observed that Moreau has represented the hair as flowing outward from behind the ears, with a freedom that is not seen in later portraits, made after the commo-

of himself painted by her own hand, the sight of which caused him to exclaim: "Now I am like Narcissus—in love with my own picture."

This La Vendahl miniature, another, made by a Dutch artist, Peale's painting, and the Moreau engraving are, so far as

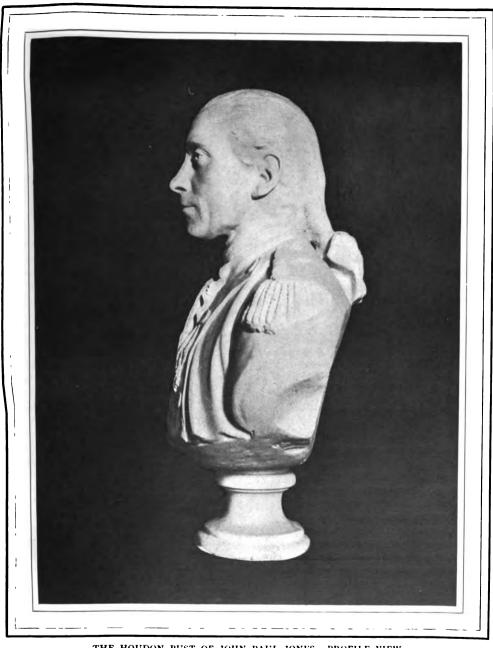


From a photograph of the copy in plaster owned by Charles H. Taylor, Jr.

THE HOUDON BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES—FRONT VIEW

known, the only likenesses of the commodore made from life-sketches. All others are either purely fanciful or else bad copies of one of these just enumerated. It is difficult to account for the ignorance that has existed in this country as to this engraving by Moreau, save upon the supposi-

tion that Jones, whose particular weakness was vanity, and who was always partial to the Houdon bust, may have considered that Moreau had not sufficiently idealized him, and, for that reason, may have stopped the publication of the print when only a few copies had been put in circulation.



THE HOUDON BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES-PROFILE VIEW

"His bust by Houdon is an exact likeness, portraying well the characteristic features stamped on the countenance of the original."—James Madison, writing on April 28, 1825, to John Henry Sherburne, a biographer of Jones.

The Houdon bust, photographs of which are herewith presented, is owned by Mr. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., of Boston. It is one of thirteen, in plaster, sent by Jones himself, in 1788, to friends in this country.

The whereabouts of only five of the thirteen are known to-day. The original was made in 1781, at the request of the Paris lodge of Masons, called the Neuf Sœurs, of which Jones was a member.

# UNDER ROCKING SKIES

## BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY M. J. BURNS

XIII

berg was still playing solitaire; at the opposite side of the table his sister sat, with Drew beside her, reading aloud, as she took a lesson in English.

"Da sea grows sto'-mee, da lit' ones mo-own, But, ah-h, she gafe me nef-fair a lo-o-ok, Faw her eyes weh seal'd tow da holy bo-o-ok! Loud prays da pries'; shot stahnds da do'. Coam avay, chillen, call no mo'! Coam avay, coam da-own, call no mo'!

"Yo' pro-nouns doze d in 'chillen'?"
Her concerned eyes flashed an anxious look
up at Drew.

"Yes," he answered—"'children.'"
"Chil-d'en. Iss das mo' betteh?"
He bowed gravely, but said:
"You must pronounce the r, too."
She shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Ah t'ink doze ahs ve'y difficult tow pro-nouns. Alone, no; but wiz doze ot'er let's doze bec-ome los'." She laughed again.

"Coam avay, chil-dahn, call no mo'!
Coam avay, coam da-own, call no mo'!"

She turned a bright look upon Hetty.

"Meesteh Drew all tam rid doze poetry; so Ah say tow tich me doze lang-widge mo' betteh," she explained. "Ah was tich tow rid doze Anglish by ma home tow Denmahk, but Ah leahn tow spik eet off ma black maid tow St. Croix. She spik ve'y nize, but so sho'tly, Ah unnehstahnd heh not alwis."

"Shortly?" repeated Hetty, in doubt.

"Fastly, rapidly," explained Lieutenant Stromberg, looking up from his cards. "Ma sisteh's Anglish iss only a second coosin off das real Anglish—second coosin twice remove'—t'r-rough Denmar-r-k and Afr-r-rica." Lieutenant Stromberg knew his r's.

"I think she speaks beautifully, with such opportunities," Hetty replied, with spirit.

Miss Stromberg beamed her thanks.

"Ah t'ank yo' exceeding'," she said. She looked at her book, sighed, looked up again, and continued: "But doze poetry mek me tow haf doze sadness—me." She sighed again and shook her head. "Yo' lak doze poetry?"

"Not always," Hetty answered frankly. The questioner laid the book hesitatingly on the table, and her hands drifted together in her lap.

"Ah t'ink das iss mos' coh'ect," she agreed. "Eet iss not alwis possible tow lak eet when yo' s'all t'ink off ot'er t'ings—doze noise' and stohms," she explained.

"Yet yo' s'all desire to heah doze noise' ofer once mo' when yo' rich St. Croix," said the lieutenant, without looking up from his game. "'Ah, doze beau-tiful noise'!' yo' s'all say—'so poetical!'" He laughed mischievously.

"We shall miss many things when we reach St. Croix," said Drew, looking at

them and smiling.

Hetty glanced at him, then she leaned forward and put her hand on the Danish girl's arm.

"We shall miss you," she said softly.

"Ah, no!" Brother and sister spoke together. He turned and bowed to his sister smilingly.

"Ah, no!" she repeated; "yo's'all coam at ouah house alwis; da do' s'all stahnd wide faw yo' fawefer." Her eyes included them all in the invitation.

"Ah wass going tow spik doze sem lak ma sisteh," said the brother, with a magnificent bow.

"I shall bring the book," said Drew, touching it. "It may go better there."

"Shuah-lee!" laughed the Danish girl. "And yo' s'all rid eet in doze gahden, among doze floweh' mos' beautiful, wiz doze o'ange-tree' and t'ibet-tree' meking doze cool shadow, and doze sea-wateh fah be-low shining in da sun. And noise—yo' s'all heah on-lee doze sea-wateh mu'-mu'ing soft-lee, and doze fountains whispehing, and possibly a lil' song ofehhead, and maybe some dahkies pahssing be-hin' doze high wall, calling tow sell yo' some t'ings ve'y nize—and nut'in' mo'."

"Hot arepa! hot arepa dem! Ya da hot arepa!" In a high, slurring singsong Lieutenant Stromberg gave the cry of the negro women street-venders.

"Yas; das iss eet," said his sister. "Yo' t'ink das iss nize?"

"Ah, it would be living poetry!" Drew

She smiled, looked up, caught his gaze; her own dropped to her hands clasped in her lap.

"Das iss mo' nizeh dan heah?" she asked demurely.

"I shall never want to go away," he told her.

"And when doze hurricane coam," began her brother, "how—"

"Sh-h!" she exclaimed, while her eyes bubbled with laughter. "Why spik off doze when we go-ing *in*-vite peop' at ouah house? Possibly doze coam not aany mo'."

"Possibly not," agreed her brother.

"Aanyway," she continued triumphantly, "doze huh'icane nefer hu't us."

For a moment Mrs. March had forgotten the rolling vessel and the threatening sea. "The little tyke!" she said to herself, smilingly; but her daughter spoke aloud.

"Why do you make such a beautiful picture of it?" she asked. "Don't you know that I must go back to the cold and the snow?"

Miss Stromberg laughed, and shook her head.

"Yo' s'all cah not," she answered. "Yo'

s'all say, 'Oh, doze huh'icane!' Wheah da heaht iss, da iss da beautiful pictu'. So womens ah med," she added wisely.

"And is your heart there—in that garden?" Drew asked. He smiled.

She laughed again.

"'T iss joost heah," she replied, and placed her hand on her breast. "Eet hass no feexed 'abitation."

On deck they heard the tramp of feet going aft, and then, as the starboard side lifted, the cry of the crew hauling in the main sheet, and the hoarse croak of the blocks. Before the tramp was heard again, going forward. Captain March came from his room and hurried up to the deck.

Medbury walked over to his side.

"The wind 's hauled around a little, sir. We could n't keep the course."

Captain March looked aloft, then glanced at the compass. He gave no sign of having heard. Suddenly he stopped short and gazed forward.

"What's that contraption you got there,

Mr. Medbury?" he asked.

"One of the flanges of the pump gave way, sir," answered the mate, "and we could n't use but one bar; so I rigged up that whiz-jig. It 's better than one bar, and, besides, we can work it from the poop. If things should get much worse, the men would drown on the main-deck."

"Does the water gain on you?" the

captain asked.

"About the same—inch by inch. But she 's getting a little logy, it seems to me; and if the wind should go down or haul ahead—" He paused in gloomy silence.

"It won't," said the captain.

He walked to the rail and took down the marking of the log-line, and then went below to lay out his position on the chart. For two days he had had no sun to take an observation, and could trust only to dead-reckoning. Carefully he laid out his course and marked the distance traveled, then tried to calculate how far the heave of the sea and the set of the current had modified his right position. At last he pricked out the spot with all the appearance of certainty, made a light ring about the dot, and was rolling up his chart as his daughter came to his side.

"Where are we now, father?" she

He looked at her and smiled.

"Just about here or hereabout," he said.

She took the chart from his hand and unrolled it.

"Where are we?" she demanded.

His stubby finger pointed to the dot.

"It's a long way to go yet," she sighed.
"I hoped we were nearer."

As she spoke, the stern of the brig seemed to sink to a great depth, swing wide, then settle again, and there came a crash of falling seas upon the deck, and a wave went hissing across the house, falling insloppy cascades before the window facing forward, which had not been battened. An instant later the captain was on deck.

The canvas screen above the taffrail was flapping loose from one of the poles; Medbury, with dripping oilskins, was at the wheel with one of the helmsmen, but the other was under the lee rail with his head in his hands.

"That was a heavy one, sir," called Medbury as he bent to the spokes. He straightened up, panting, and nodded to the man who was down. "Don't think he's much hurt," he shouted.

Captain March walked over to the sailor, and, leaning over him, took him by the shoulder.

"What 's the matter?" he demanded. The man rose slowly to his feet, shaking himself.

"I struck my head against the bitts," he said slowly. "I guess it stunned me for a minute."

"Where?" asked the captain.

The man, with fingers that trembled, slowly unbuttoned his sou'wester, took it off, and fumbled about his head. The captain watched him.

"Well, you better look out next time," he called with mild severity, which stopped short of positive reproof. "I guess you were watching over your shoulder more 'n you were your course. Well, now you go forward and send Charlie aft."

He walked toward the wheel, but Medbury said:

"I 'll hold on here a spell, sir."

"No," said the captain; "I'll take a hold. Just get that canvas lashed up again, will you?" Then he took the wheel, which he was not to leave again, except for one brief moment, until the end.

When Medbury had lashed the screen fast, Captain March nodded to him to come near.

"Better start your topsail-sheets a bit,"

he shouted. "They 'll lift a little and ease her. Give 'em about two feet—no more 'n that."

As the afternoon wore on, the wind increased in force and the sea grew heavier. Now and then a sharp shower swept past, and ceased suddenly; but the clouds did not lift, and the rack flew overhead, low down, like steam from a huge exhaust-pipe. At seven bells a topgallantsail-sheet parted, and by the time the sail was housed and the yard lowered it was dusk.

As Medbury prepared to go aft again, he paused by the fore-rigging and looked up. The canvas was thundering like a drum corps; the lee rigging swung slack, but that to windward was as stiff as iron, and shrilled like a score of fifes or roared like organ-pipes.

"Oh, shut up!" he said aloud, and then grinned shamefacedly at his irritability.

As he came to the steps leading up to the poop-deck, he paused and looked about him. It seemed to him that the wind had suddenly ceased, and he could hear it far away, roaring back a defiance through the murky twilight. The next moment he heard the captain shouting to call all hands and shorten sail.

With the crew increased by the men from the lost Danish bark, they had all things made snug and fast in an incredibly short time, and under maintopmast-stay-sail with the bonnet out, lower topsail, and foretopmast-staysail, they were rolling down the long seas in leisurely fashion by the time night was fairly upon them.

Still panting with his heavy exertion, Medbury was standing by the taffrail, looking down at the foam that now seemed only to creep by them, and thinking gloomily of the water rising in the hold, when suddenly he became aware of an increase in the weight of the wind upon his face. He looked up, but, seeing nothing, glanced down again; in that brief moment the foam had disappeared, and he was gazing into blackness. He turned quickly, only to see that the same darkness had swallowed up the men at the wheel and every part of the The binnacle-light was burning, vessel. but the dim glow stopped short at the slide: beyond that it seemed to have no power to go. With an indescribable sensation of being absolutely cut off from every living thing, he stepped quickly toward the wheel, and, putting out his hand, touched his

captain. It gave him a curious feeling of intense relief. Then he heard Captain March speaking in a calm voice that quieted him instantly.

"Is that you, Mr. Medbury?" he said.
"What's wanted?"

"It 's getting black, sir," he said— "black as a nigger's pocket."

"I noticed it," said the captain.

"It came on all of a sudden," the mate went on. He wanted to hear his voice and the voice of the captain: in some curious way even the trivial words seemed to mitigate the awful darkness.

"Maybe you'd better get out some lines for the men at the pumps, and make 'em fast across deck," continued the captain. "We can't afford to lose anybody overboard. And bring us some, too. When you 've done that, just go down to your room, as if you'd gone to fetch something. Maybe it'll help the womenfolks a little to see somebody from the deck before it begins," he went on in a matter-of-fact voice. "But don't stay. I may want you any minute."

In haste, and with hands that fumbled a little, Medbury rigged stout life-lines across the deck for the men at the pumps, and, leaving straps for the captain and his companion at the wheel, descended into the cabin. He struck a match in his room, and looked about him vaguely, smiling to himself at his purposeless errand at a time when moments were fraught with life or death. He was not, like his captain, a man of imagination: his mere passage through the cabin seemed only a bit of fanciful foolishness of which he was a trifle ashamed.

His match flickered and went out; for a moment he stood staring before him in the darkness, hearing the voices of those in the cabin as they talked together. He heard Drew's deep tones, and Hetty replying to them, and a sudden impotent rush of jealousy overwhelmed him as he thought that he must battle on deck in what might be their last fight, while this man, who had known her barely as many days as he had loved her years, would be with her in these last hours. Blindly, without looking to right or left, he walked through the cabin and ascended to the deck.

Though he had been below only a moment, an amazing change had taken place. As he seized the hasp of the door to open it, the pressure from the outside was so

great that for a moment he thought that some one was leaning against it. He knocked on it loudly, then pushed again, becoming immediately aware that the resisting force was wind. Then throwing all his weight forward, he squeezed through, with the door slamming to behind him.

It was only the beginning. The seas seemed to grow momentarily heavier, and it became impossible to stand erect upon the deck. When Medbury went forward to the pumps, as he did from time to time, he went with bent body, keeping his hand upon the rail. His face was stiffened with salt, which clung to his evelashes and had to be wiped away constantly. It became in time no longer possible to distinguish sounds: the bellow of the wind, the roar of the sea, the thunder of the canvas, and the groaning of spars and timber, became merged in an indescribable tumult, the waves of which, like a great sea of sound, seemed to rise about them and beat them down into insignificance. In this strange melting away of all the known landmarks of his craft, Medbury stood at times helpless and irresolute, and doggedly awaited the end.

To those shut up in the cabin there came, as the night wore on, a sense of impending danger. Once, unable longer to bear the feeling of isolation from those who were fighting on deck for their lives, Hetty made her way with difficulty to the companionway, and, mounting to the doors, tried them. Then she turned.

"They have locked us in!" she cried, staring down at her companions. The lamp, swinging in its gimbals, cast only a faint light upon their upturned, startled faces. Her lips trembled. "It makes me afraid," she faltered.

Miss Stromberg burst into tears. Hetty hurried down to her, and, sitting close together on the lounge, the two clasped each other's hands, listening. The men sat with closed eyes for the most part. Mrs. March had long before gone to her room.

Once there came three unusually heavy seas, and as the brig rolled down it seemed to Hetty that they never would rise again, and, closing her eyes, she prayed silently. Then there came the long "smooth," and she opened her eyes and smiled upon her companion.

"That is better, is n't it?" she whispered.

Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate cugraved by C. W. Chathwick ... KEEP 'EM GOING! DON'T LET 'EM SLACK UP A BIT!'''

"Ah do not lak eet." Miss Stromberg whispered back. "Ah ahm affred, alsome.'

Hetty patted her hands.

"It will be better soon," she said.

"Do yo' t'ink Ah s'all be los' once mo'?" asked the girl. "Ah ahm tow lit' tow was'e all doze stohms on-me." She laughed hysterically.

"No, no!" cried Hetty. "You will be

home to-morrow—in that garden."

"Oh, doze gahden! Eet sims a t'ousand woilds f'om heah."

"To-morrow," continued Hetty, "this will seem like a bad dream."

"Ah pray Ah may slip mo' sound-lee," she murmured laughingly. "But yo'-vo' haf doze cou'age!" she added admiringly.

"I trust my father," replied Hetty. She was gaining courage by imparting it.

"And das young officer?"

"Yes," said Hetty.

"Yo' lak him mooch?"

"I 've known him all my life."

"Das iss ve'y nize." She turned sud. denly to Drew. "Wass yo' t'ink off?" she asked.

He looked at her and smiled.

"I was thinking of your garden just then," he replied.

"Ah!" she murmured delightedly. "Yo'

joost da sem lak us!"

"You were thinking of it, too?" he asked.

"Dees ve'y minute. Das iss ve'y nize —tow t'ink doze sem t'ings altowgeddeh."

"Eet iss a ve'y nize gahden," said Lieutenant Stromberg, "but eet iss not so nize as yo' s'all t'ink. Nut'in' iss," he explained. "Eet s'all bec-ome dull—lak dees, lak efer't'ing. Me—Ah s'all play doze cahds." He laughed, and, taking his cards from the glass rack, began another game of solitaire.

#### XIV

ONE by one the idlers in the cabin went to their rooms, and Drew, putting on a storm-coat, stepped out upon the deck from the forward companionway, blinded for a moment by the darkness.

Slowly the shadowy world took on blurred outlines, and, turning his gaze to windward, he saw gray flashes of foam leap high on the pointed crests of waves, and drop quickly into darkness. The gale tore at him and beat him down. He remembered that he had seen a sou'wester in his room, and went softly below to get it. As he opened the door that led from the passageway to the cabin, Hetty, with swinging arms, went staggering across the unsteady floor toward the pantry. With a little thrill of joy at finding her alone once more. Drew hastened to her side.

She was on her knees, peering about her; but, startled by the sudden obscurity that fell upon the room, she looked up quickly, to see him standing in the door-

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how you frightened me!" and turned to her search again. "I was looking for something for my mother," she explained when, a moment later, she rose to her feet. "I cannot find it." Still glancing vaguely about her, she moved toward the doorway and made as if to pass him; but he did not stir.

"Can I not help you?" he asked.

She shook her head, but did not look up. He had sought her with no other purpose than to be by her side for a moment; for, though he had not seen her alone since he had asked her to be his wife, he knew that this was not the fitting hour for his answer: but neither could he let her go.

"I cannot bear to see you suffer," he exclaimed. "Do not think our case hopeless. It cannot be. We shall reach land

yet."

"Oh, you cannot know," she said listlessly. She had no thought to be indifferent or cruel; standing, as she felt, face to face with eternity, her thoughts had passed him by. She had come to regions where he was a vague shadow, a part of a world no longer hers. She was only the sailor's daughter now; all her faith and dreams lay with those who were battling on the deck for the lives of all.

Silently he stepped aside, and she went quickly to her room, closing the door behind her and not looking back.

He could not summon to his mind a single thread of proof; yet, as he turned away, he knew that unconsciously she had given him her answer. The closing door between them, he told himself, was the

He was paler when he went up the companionway again, and his lips were firmly closed; but there was no harshness in their lines, and he carried his head high: clearly he would bear whatever life brought to him.

A moment later, as he stepped into the blinding darkness of the deck, a wave broke near, and a sheet of water, clipped from the toppling crest by the wind, swept across the house and struck him like a lash. Staggered for an instant, with his hand slipping from the sliding-hood, he dropped behind the house.

He was still kneeling on the deck, brushing the water from his eyes, when he felt rather than heard or saw some one go by. He would be sent below, he knew, if seen by the captain or the mate; and he smiled as he thought of his position, feeling like a school-boy in mischief and in danger of detection. Slowly he turned, and, without rising, watched the passing figure.

It was six bells, and Medbury had come forward to change the crew at the pumps. As he stepped past the house and made his way to the life-lines, he lifted his eyes and stopped short. The pumps were deserted. Then he rushed forward and peered down upon the main-deck; only the sloppy space showed itself, unrelieved by a human figure. One of the downhauls of the whiz-jig, whipping in the gale, snapped across his face, and was flung irritably aside.

In the first rush of his dismay the thought came to him that all were lost; but the possibility of four men being swept away without warning was too much to believe, and across his mind there flashed the certainty that the crew had refused longer to work the pumps. That they had been losing heart had been borne in upon him increasingly, and now that he stood face to face with the desperate situation, he felt his face grow hot with the fury that seized him and bore him out of himself. Some instinct told him that they had taken refuge down the booby-hatchway, and he sprang to the sliding-hood, thrust it back, and peered in. It was black and still, but the intangible something that betrays the presence of human creatures seemed to pervade the place, and he knew that his quarry was there. His voice choked with fury as he yelled:

"You damn' curs—you—you—want to ruin us all? Out of this—quick, or I shoot you down like rats in a hole!"

No sound came out of the black interior, and with a snarl of rage he tore open the door, splintering the peg in the hasp, thrust one foot over the sill to descend, and

struck the back of a man. The next instant he had the man by the collar, lifted him struggling to the deck, and with a mighty swing sent him forward into the life-lines, where he hung for a second, and then fell lightly, like a sprawling cat, to the main-deck. With a snarl Medbury swung himself into the opening, and dropped between decks. Three men had been sitting on the steps below the man he had thrown out, and he swept them off like leaves from a wand, and he heard their smothered groans as he crushed them together in a heap on the floor. He was in his own province now, for the store-room was his care, and he could have found a sail-needle there in the dark; and as he freed himself from the sprawling bodies under him, he swung about him, reaching out, with itching hands, for his cowed and dispirited crew.

He felt an arm encircle his legs, and kicked back viciously, feeling rather than hearing his heel crunch against a face. The arm about his legs dropped limp, and he felt another pawing along his shoulders and reaching for his throat. With a quick thrust he found a bristly face, and, striking straight with his free arm, sent the man tumbling to the floor. He heard the sound of feet stumbling up the stairs, and thought the fight was won, and so moved back, only to find shoulders and legs clasped by other men. He clasped back, and the next moment was staggering about the place in a hand-to-hand struggle. He kicked himself free again, and with a quick thrust forward threw himself to the floor, an opponent under him. He heard the sailor's head strike hard, felt his hold relax, and rose, panting, to his knees as a lantern swung in at the door, and Captain March's voice, cool and incisive, called, "Stop right there!" Looking up, Medbury saw the light of the lantern shining along the barrel of a pistol, and the captain's impassive face above it.

They put every man at the pumps, lashing them to the life-lines, and, with a belaying-pin in his hand, Medbury stood guard over them and rushed them at their work. Now and then a fitful flash of lightning showed the men and the deck against a background of vitreous green glare.

Captain March watched them a moment, and then, placing his hand on his mate's shoulder, yelled at his ear. Even then the words seemed far away and indistinct.

"Keep 'em going! Don't let 'em slack up a bit!" he roared. "Never had such a lot aboard a vessel of mine before. It makes me sick."

"Yes, sir," shouted Medbury, grimly.

"Don't understand it," went on the captain in an aggrieved, plaintive voice; "nobody could." He paused irresolutely, and then asked: "Hurt you anywhere?"

"Oh, no," answered the mate. "Guess I rather enjoyed it for a change. Was pretty mad."

pretty mad."

The captain nodded, and was turning away when Medbury put out a detaining hand.

"How'd you know?" he shouted.

" What?"

"How did you know about it—the

row?" Medbury asked again.

"The dominie saw something was wrong, and told me. Got your lantern, too. Good man—seemed to know what to do. Rather surprised me—don't think they 've got that sort of horse-sense, as a rule. But no business on deck to-night. Told him so." Then he staggered aft, and took the wheel from the second mate again.

Drew had gone below when the crew went back to the pumps; but he was strangely excited. He knew that he could not sleep, and in a state of mental helplessness he sat for a long time upon the edge of his bunk. Something of the significance of the scene on deck broke in upon him, and he realized that the crew had given up hope. It was not revolt, but a dumb, sheeplike acquiescence in fate. In his heart he was not without a certain sympathy for the men, feeling in the overpowering mastery of the storm something of the vanity of all human endeavor. Yet the mere effort of holding himself in check, aloof from all the tumult of the deck, grew momentarily more and more unbearable, and, rising at last, he went up to the companionway door again.

He saw at once, novice as he was, that in his brief absence the situation had grown worse. There was a constant sweep of sheeted spray across the deck, and he crouched behind the house, as he had done before, both for protection and to avoid being seen by the mate. He resented the thought of being ordered below. He could see the steady rise and fall of the bodies

of the men working the pumps, and Medbury standing near them. It had grown lighter, he perceived, though it was still black night.

He was beginning to grow drowsy, and for a moment shifted his position, when suddenly the brig seemed to pause and tremble, then spring to a great height, and the next moment he had the sensation of falling in a dream, and heard Medbury's voice, faint, muffled, like a voice coming from a great distance underground, screaming, "Hold hard! Hold hard!" Then

the pumps stopped.

In a second of time, in the light of the foam that whitened the sea to leeward, he saw the deck clearly: the men crouching low above the life-lines; Medbury's face turned away, his hands grasping a line about his waist, his body braced; and behind him, rising from his knees, a man with uplifted arm about to strike. The next moment Drew threw himself forward upon the man, and at the same instant was crushed against the booby-hatch by a great weight of water. He was held there till his ears roared and flashes of light snapped before his eyes and his breath was almost gone; then he felt himself lifted and whirled along for what seemed a great distance, with the body of the man he had seized struggling in his grasp. He had at that moment the feeling that his end had come, that he was being borne far from the garden with the fountain, and from that other garden where he saw his mother kneeling with a flower in her hand and her eyes turned up to him smilingly. With these scenes standing out vividly in a dream where all things else were strange unrealities, he was suddenly awakened to life by the crash of his body against something cruelly hard, felt a sharp sting under his arm, pressed it down tight, and fell to the deck alone.

Groping in the darkness, almost breathless, half blinded by water, he got to his feet and looked about him. He was standing by the lee rail, but the man with whom he had struggled was gone, blotted out. He remembered the sting in his side, and, lifting his hand to the place, struck the haft of a knife that still clung to his coat. Dazed and bewildered, he drew it out, and, holding it gingerly, staggered back to Medbury.

The mate looked at him in astonishment.

A moment later, as he stepped in blinding darkness of the deck, a wave near, and a sheet of water, clippe the toppling crest by the wind, swe the house and struck him lik Staggered for an instant, with slipping from the sliding-hood, behind the house.

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and carefully up. The wind against the ratlines, so that difficulty that he lifted arms and when the brig swung to

seemed to be clinging to the lower rigging, so far did she roll down. - hrouds all the way up," he mut-

the mate was asking about the steward. Cone. They shouted - over the rail.

I waid at hold him · Dama good thing," replied Medbury. and gently pushed him toward the comраплиятах.

Ir must have been four bells when the second mate found his way to Medbury's sade and told him that the captain wanted

"I 'm to stay here." he added. him. Don't give them any let-up," Medbury shoured in his ear; "and lash yourself fast.

But don't give them any let-up. He struggled aft, and put his hand on the captain's shoulder. In the light of the binnacle-lamp he could see that the old

man's face was set and grim. Bant me, sir?" he called, and bent his head to hear.

he heard. The captain whirled the wheel and then continued: "Yes; go aloft: see if you can sight the light on He paused to shift the wheel, waightened up again, and went on: seas run-a little like shoaling al hate to run too far to the

and fetch up on the shoals berond Calebra. Bad enough as 't is. Take Rood levek, and hurry back." All right. sir!" Medbury shouted, then

way to the main-rigging, and him, but turned his eyes away immediately. He saw that Culebra light had not been sighted. Medbury simply shook his head and stepped back, but the captain called him

"I guess it 's too early," he said. "Go up again soon, and if we have n't made it

ATTE MIGHTINE And the was well above we's been copsail, he looked Road short him, near the vessel, the THE THE STATE STAT . River at the sea gleamed spectrally, but inter it was black. The mist had bird and he had the impression, ever

hard but no bight was to be seen. but no light was to be seen. He went upsard stain, till the crosstrees were just

abore him, and looked once more.

He gazed long, sweening of the sea ahead slowly, pausing at each point, that he might not loss point, that he might not lose the flash.

The strain brought the teams.

Inter leaned forward to calculate and he wiped them with his sleeve and looked again. Something in his arrangement and looked again. impressed him more than anything had yet done, and he began to lose heart.

"Father went this way," he muttered, "and I guess it 's good enough for me. He was a better man than I am. Poor Hetty!" He looked for the light again, giving all his thought to it. Then he sighed. "I wish to God," he went on, "that we 'd let her be! She would n't have been here if we had n't teased her about China. I wish she was there. This is no way for her to go—a girl like her." Slowly he descended to the deck.

At the wheel, Captain March was growing unutterably weary, and something like the same thoughts were passing through his mind.

"Lord," he said, "I have n't ever been much of a praying man, and I ain't going to begin now, when I can't shift for myself. I'd be ashamed. You know I've tried to do right. I ain't afraid of death, but I hate to lose the old boat. I 've always had good luck, and I guess I 've kind o' got in the way of thinking it was going to last. I'd like to have it. I rather expected to die at home, and be buried alongside of mother. She thought of that a good deal." Of his wife and daughter he would not trust himself to think.

He looked up as Medbury approached

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y to get a sounding. See if left any cold tea below, will

edbury went down the companionand into the pantry, a figure came my out of the girls' room and tiptoed cross the cabin. It was Hetty. As she neared the pantry, the swinging floor tripped her and sent her flying into the room behind Medbury's back. She giggled hysterically as he turned with a start.

"Good Lord, Hetty!" he exclaimed,

"have n't you gone to sleep yet?"

"I could n't sleep," she said plaintively.
"I waited for you; I thought you'd never come." She hesitated, laid her hand on his arm, and continued slowly: "Now I want you to tell me the truth—the truth. I'm not a child. I can bear it. I know we are in great danger—is n't it so?"

He hesitated and looked away, and she

dropped her hand to her side.

"You need n't tell me; I know," she

told him.

"We 've got a chance," he now explained. "It looks bad, I know, but we 've got a chance. I guess we 've got an even chance."

"We did n't think it would be like this when we left the harbor at home, did we?" she continued. "It was like a spring day, and the buds were getting red. I said the leaves would be full grown when we got .back—I said so to mother." She choked back a sob.

"Don't, dear!" he pleaded. "Don't! You shall see them yet. You shall live to grow old among your trees, Hetty."

"But if I don't," she persisted, "and—anything happens, will you try to get to me? I don't want to go alone, shut up down here."

"Yes," he answered solemnly; "I 'll get to you. But we 're going to pull through—really."

"You will not forget?" she insisted.

He laughed softly.

"Do I ever forget you?" he asked.

"No," she said; "no—and I am glad." Then suddenly she flung her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek against his, and vanished.

When Medbury reached the deck he took the wheel while the captain drank a great draught of the clear, cold tea. Taking the wheel again, he said something that Medbury could not understand.

"What 's that, sir?" he asked, and leaned forward to catch the words.

"I said you were gone long enough. Thought the tea-pot had got adrift."

"Yes, sir," Medbury replied. "Did n't find it right away. That steward never did leave things where you could put your hand right on them. He—" Medbury paused. He was about to say that it was the last of the steward's tea that the captain would ever drink, but changed his mind. "I won't trouble the old man tonight," he said to himself. "Morning will be time enough—if there is a morning."

The canvas screen above the taffrail had whipped itself free, and the great seas, in long ridges that seemed never to break, followed the vessel with vindictive hate. The gale beat the men down, the spray blinded them; now and then a rush of wind, coming with great fury, with a wailing cry that sprang upon them like Indians from ambush, pressed them onward along the rolling seas without motion other than the forward one. Then the wind, relaxing its hold, left the brig wallowing exhausted in the deep hollows, like a collapsing thing.

It was after one of these outbursts that Medbury touched the captain's arm.

"Going up again," he yelled, and pointed aloft.

The captain nodded, and Medbury slanted away.

He went up deliberately, turning his eyes neither to right nor to left until he saw the crosstrees just overhead. Stopping, he thrust a leg between the ratlines to steady himself, and gazed ahead once more. It had grown lighter, and he could now plainly distinguish the blurred line where sky and water met. Suddenly, far ahead, he saw a little point of light grow out of the blackness of the night, flash for a moment, and then disappear. His heart leaped in exultation, but he waited, to be sure. Again it flashed and disappeared. Marking its position well, he hurried to the deck and aft.

"It 's ahead, sir," he shouted. "Bears a point off the starboard bow."

Captain March made no reply; his face was as immobile as a figurehead. Whatever exultation he might have felt in the triumph of his reckoning, he was never to show it.

By eight bells the light was abreast, and they had hauled up on their course past Sail Rock. The gale was sweeping down through the passage, with a threatening sea, and every bit of rigging roaring and piping to the tune of the road. Suddenly, out of the blackness on their port bow a dark shape loomed, and the rock stood up almost beside them. Without changing the course a hair, they drew near, passed under its lee, with the gale dropping for an instant, and the staysails flapping, and overhead, from the rock, the sound of startled sea-birds crying in the night. Then the gale rushed down again, and sea and rigging roared once more.

Medbury gave a sigh of wonder.

"Never heard anything like that before," he exclaimed.

"You can always hear them at night, if you go close enough," said the captain.

"Well, it 's stirring," replied Medbury. He walked to the rail and scanned the sea with the glass. "Pity there is n't something more 'n a 'bug light' on St. Thomas," he said to the captain as he walked over to his side. "We might skip right in before daybreak."

Captain March glanced over the rail.

"By daybreak we'll not need St. Thomas light," he said dryly, and bent to the wheel again.

"The old pirate!" muttered Medbury.
"He 's chartered for Santa Cruz, and that 's where he 's going! There 's five feet of water in the hold, and a tearing gale loose, and a worn-out, hopeless crew; but he 's going to Santa Cruz! If the wind should flop around or fall, we 'd go to the bottom; but it won't. It would n't have the cheek—not with him. Well!"

The wind hauled over the quarter, and fell slightly; gradually the sea grew pale, and spars and sails took on more definite shape; and then all at once it was day, and they saw the sea whipped with foam, and dark masses of purplish-black clouds hanging low, with dashes of gold firing their edges in the east. St. Thomas had dropped behind them, and far ahead the cone of Santa Cruz, gray and misty under the darker clouds, was rising on the edge of the sea.

Day came on apace; the wind dropped a trifle more, but not until the harbor of Christiansted took shape, with the anchored ships lying thick in the roadstead, and the bright-hued little town clinging to the hillside above the water's edge, did the captain allow the girls on deck. As they ascended at last, white but happy, and looked out of the companionway, glancing eagerly about them, the gray, worn vessel, the dark, low-hanging clouds, the windswept sea, appalled them, and for a moment they could not speak.

"Eet iss not lak home," murmured the Danish girl; "eet iss mos' sad and mos'

desolate."

"But it 's land," cried Hetty—"land after that awful sea!"

For a moment they were silent and abstracted, gazing with curious eyes at the land rising under the bow. Suddenly Miss Stromberg seized her companion's arm.

"Ah!" she cried, "doze flag—yonner!" She pointed where the red, white-crossed ensign of Denmark flapped straight out in the gale above the little white fort at the water's edge. "And op by doze tall tree," she went on eagerly, "iss ma gahden—wiz yellow wall, and doze red tiles beyon'. Now eet iss shuah-lee home."

"It will be beautiful when the sun shines—Christiansted," said Hetty.

Medbury, going forward, stopped a moment by the main-rigging, where Drew stood alone. The pumps were quiet as they made harbor, and the crew were forward. Drew was watching them with curious eyes. He glanced up as Medbury drew near, and spoke.

"What will be done with them?" he

asked in a low voice.

"With what?" asked Medbury.

"With the crew. Was n't it technically and actually mutiny?"

Medbury laughed.

"It was a beautiful fight," he said; then remembering their talk early on the voyage, he added: "Call it a case of brutality, if you like; but it seemed necessary."

"But the men's part," persisted Drew

-" will they not be punished?"

"Man alive!" said Medbury, "they had been standing many hours at those pumps and working as they 'd never worked before—with no hope. That 's punishment enough, is n't it? They 're tired now and very humble, and, I guess, if the truth could be told, pretty thankful to me. It was n't mutiny; it was a funk. They simply gave up, that 's all. But if the old man had done it, you would n't be looking into Christiansted roadstead this morning. There 's a man for you!" His voice

changed as he added: "And if it had n't been for you, God knows where I 'd be now. Over the rail somewhere, with the steward's pretty little trinket in my back. I have n't said much; but I guess you know I 'm not going to forget it."

"Do the ladies know?" asked Drew. He had not mentioned his own scratch.

"They know he was swept overboard," the mate replied. "They need n't know any more at present." Then he went forward.

Rolling heavily, low above the sea, white with salt, but with the speed of the gale in her rain-blackened sails, the brig flashed past the shipping, crowded with wondering sailors, and drove straight for the rocky beach where the cocoanut-palms came down to the shore, and on hot mornings the negro washerwomen lay their wet clothes upon the smooth rocks, and the roadstead resounds with the echoing beat of their wooden paddles. Then all at once Captain March's voice rang out, and with sails shaking in the wind the Henrietta C. March shot toward a ribbon of sand on the shore, struck, rolled slowly, and with a long, grating sigh came safely to land.

An hour later, as Medbury walked aft, he mounted the steps to the poop-deck before he saw the flutter of Hetty's dress by the main-rigging. She was looking steadily out to sea.

He stopped by her side.

"Here on this side, when you can see the town on the other!" he exclaimed. "Have n't you had enough of the sea?" She looked up and smiled.

"I was looking beyond the sea—as far as home," she said.

"Are you homesick?"

"No; only thinking of it."

"It 's a good thing to think of," he said.

"'East, west, Hame 's best.'

After last night, that sounds true."

"It's always true—home and the old things," she said softly—" the things we've always known."

He looked down into her face.

"Hetty," he said, "last night—you rushed away so quickly—is it all right?"

She turned her eyes seaward again as she answered in a low voice:

"I think so—yes."

"Oh, Hetty!" he whispered. She dropped her hand to her side, and he caught it for an instant. Overhead there were widening patches of blue sky; the sea was taking on a softer hue. Behind them the tropic world glowed in beauty. On the beach little groups of negro women, in white bandanas and bright-colored, wind-blown skirts, stood and watched the sailors aboard the brig, their shrill laughter and cries coming up softened by the gale, now falling. The pumps were going again.

"It is the only familiar sound—those pumps," said Hetty.

Medbury scarcely heard her.

"I don't understand it yet," he said at last, turning to her. "Just when I thought it was all over, suddenly it comes out right. I don't understand."

"You never will, you poor boy," she replied, smiling up into his face. Then suddenly her face grew grave, and she began to speak again: "It was only when I thought it was all over that I began to think. Then the storm came, and I saw how much it meant to me that you were near me, and I was almost sure that I had made a mistake. I think I was n't quite sure until you made that dreadful picture yesterday of what it would be for us to be merely friends. Then I knew."

"You said I was cruel," he told her.

"You were," she said.

"But if it brought us together, how—"
"That does n't make it any different."

"Well," he replied, in his bewilderment, "I am sure I shall never understand, as you say; but I do not care. It is enough to know that it 's right at last. And you are sure that you will not mind giving up China, Hetty, and the missionary work?"

"Yes," she said firmly; "I was almost ready to give that up three days ago—before I thought I cared for you, you know. I have thought many things in these three days. Sometimes I feel a thousand years old, as Miss Stromberg says."

The door of the cabin below them opened, and they heard the sound of Drew's voice and Miss Stromberg's laugh. She was waiting until she could go ashore.

"I was beginning to think that he was going to stand in my way, Hetty," said Medbury, nodding toward the cabin.

Hetty laughed.

"The idea!" she cried in a gay little voice. "I like him, of course; he 's nice: but—" She looked up and smiled. And with the smile he was satisfied.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

JOHN HAY

HE writer of this has just been rereading the exquisite tribute paid by John Hay to his dead friend, Clarence King, in the remarkable volume "Memoirs of King," and the tribute paid by King in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, in 1886, to his living friend, John Hay, joint-author with John G. Nicolay of the forthcoming "Life of Lincoln." We remember well the keen interest of Hay in the image of himself that would be projected from the mind of one of the most fascinating writers and personalities of the time. The sketch of Hay by King is fine, but naturally not so full and intimate an expression as is Hay's: for one wrote of the living, the other of the lost.

Each of these writers was one of the most brilliant and fascinating in the long list of the other's acquaintances. That is much to say, for the company of friends that each possessed was phenomenally large and interesting, extending as it did to many countries. With those who knew John Hay personally as with those who knew Clarence King, it was not so much the accomplishment in literature or statecraft, in the one case, or in letters and science in the other, that they thought of first when remembering their friend,—it was of the humor, the wit, the attractive personality.

The background of the late secretary's extraordinary career and accomplishment added, of course, to one's interest in the man.

One could not forget that the shadow of three presidential assassinations had fallen across his path. One could not forget that as a boy he had been chosen, wisely, by Lincoln for one of his secretaries,—and that, in the words of Clarence King, "at twenty-one years of age, after a quiet boyhood and a few calm years of university and professional study, Hay was

flung suddenly into the dark vortex of the greatest modern struggle. The friend, the intimate of the President, living with him in the White House, sustaining, day after day, relations of the closest confidence, he saw the whole complex progress of events. and from the very force of position gained an accurate knowledge of the truth of that swiftly made history, free from the mixture of falsehood and distortion, which the public has too often and too credulously accepted. He knew from the lips of his chief the motives, estimates, and intentions of the man, and bore a share of that Atlasload of desperate perplexity and incalculable care which rested with crushing weight on the shoulders of Lincoln."

One could not forget (again in the words of King) that "not only in Washington, by the side of the President, did he do service, but for a time was called to active military duty in the field, where, as assistant adjutant-general on the staffs of Generals Hunter and Gilmore, he rendered that 'faithful and meritorious service' for which the brevets of lieutenant-colonel and colonel were bestowed. Early in 1864 he was recalled to the White House as aide-de-camp to the President, and remained on duty to the end. He watched by the martyr's death-bed, heard the last respiration, and saw the lamp of life dim and die."

It could not be forgotten that in four European capitals, in minor and major capacities, he had represented his country; that, owing to the added power and prestige of the American people, and his own prestige and trained ability, he had attained the position of the most influential diplomat in the world. Nor could it be forgotten that to successful journalism he had added important permanent literary accomplishment; that he was, as said King, "the author of 'Castilian Days' and 'Pike County Ballads'—the one a group of masterly pictures of a land and people

1 "The Biographers of Lincoln," THE CENTURY for October, 1886.

with glory and greatness behind them; a land in the afternoon of life with the fading light of a declining history pouring back over heroes and armies, over castle wall and cathedral spire, glinting a single ray on the helmet of Don Quixote, touching the crumbling towers of the Visigoths, and falling mellow and full upon the inspired canvases of Velasquez and Murillo; the other singing of the deeds of those rough, coarse demigods of Pike, a race as crude as if fashioned out of Mississippi River mud with a bowie-knife, as archaic as Homer's Greeks, as shaggy and dangerous as their early ancestors of the Rhine on whom Cæsar put his iron heel."

Nor could it be forgotten that he was one of the authors of one of the most important biographies ever written, that of his greatest chief; nor that he had written true poetry, and that his occasional addresses, especially the brief ones made while he was our ambassador in London, had an art of prose approaching that of verse in its rhythm, compactness, and purity.

One knew, we say, all this; and that the chancelleries of Europe listened for the slightest word from this quiet, direct, unassuming American, who had faith in a "gentleman's understanding"; and that in the far East great events were guided by his judgment. But the privileged gave themselves up to the delight of correspondence or companionship with a bright, richly furnished mind, glancing over the current field of men and events without moody rancor, but with a penetrating sarcasm altogether unique. For as with Lincoln, so with Hay, the rough edges of untoward events and impertinent individualisms were smoothed by a sense of humor and a parrying and ameliorating wit. The gifts were different but analogous. Likewise, while it may be said that Nicolay had something of Lincoln's gravity of mind and explicitness of statement, Hay had something of Lincoln's sentiment, brevity and balance of style, and imaginative grasp; while both shared the mighty President's love of country and devotion to its service.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IT

THERE seems often to be such a lack of reasonable human motive in the actions of men commanding large for-

tunes, and manipulating financial enterprises and movements, that the curiosity of the ordinary mortal is aroused.

This ordinary mortal is, perhaps, engaged in the common struggle of mankind to earn his own and his family's three meals a day, with something to the good for the condiments of life, including his fun, fads, and altruisms, as well as a bit over for sickness and old age. He looks with astonishment and perplexity upon the group of old men, who, on the crumbling brink of the grave, are still straining their brains, frames, and consciences in the frantic accumulation of unnecessary millions.

One of these persistent accumulators, who was also a congenital miser, was asked once by a friend of ours why he kept on thus unreasonably piling unneeded millions upon millions. "You can't eat them or drink them, you have no reason to pile up more for your heirs—why do you work so hard in your old age gathering them together?" said our friend. The old miser retorted, "Did you play marbles when you were a boy?" "Yes." "Did you keep on winning them?" "Yes." "Could you drink them, or eat them?" "No." "Why did you do it?" "For the fun of the game." "That 's why I do it!" triumphantly cried the old fellow, "that 's why I do it!"

"The fun of the game" accounts for a good deal. But there is another phase of the matter which continues to puzzle. How is it that supposedly "honorable men," often men not without a certain chivalry, even, and who are far from being classed by their acquaintances as among the depredators or degenerates,—do things in their function and capacity of financiers which shock the consciences of the average decent citizen. Is it that the command of great amounts of money, whether inherited or acquired, has somewhat the same psychological effect upon the individual as the being born into or being taken into a legalized aristocracy? Does it set the individual apart as belonging, as by right, to a caste, an order, a privileged class, to such an extent that it gets to be thought a venial offense to stretch the laws of ethics a bit in the maintenance of one's position in this caste, or to increase one's holdings and importance therein? Has not the reader-whom we suppose to belong to the natural order of human

beings—noticed something in the mind of the very successful business man that sets him apart? The old saying that the gods help those who help themselves has, often, a new and dangerous meaning in the mind of such a man. Enormous and brilliant as are his energies, often his success is so prodigal as to astonish even himself, and there soon settles upon his consciousness a sense of the beneficence, to himward, of the unseen, mysterious powers. The gods have helped him, indeed. His God has helped him. He is this exceptionally successful person, he belongs to this peculiar caste of the very or the preposterously rich, by "divine right." In the division of profits why should those be too anxiously and ethically considered by him who, as yet, have shown no signs of belonging in the divine aristocracy of worldly success and earthly wealth! He understands, of course, that those who are indispensable to this success of his must be taken into account. But the ordinary mortal—well, the ordinary mortal must take care of himself, even though the favorite of the divine powers stands in the relation to the ordinary mortal of a sworn and confidentially trusted trustee.

Well, there are signs that the ordinary mortal is beginning to take care of himself. It would seem to be high time.



## The Coming Together of the Churches

THE Inter-Church Conference on Federation, which will meet in New York, November 15-21, has the Zeit-Geist for a backer. Let me hasten to say, that nothing like a church trust is in contemplation. There will be no attempt to recapitalize and unload watered ecclesiastical stock upon the public. The Federation of Churches will not be liable to prosecution by President Roosevelt on the ground that it is a combination in restraint of trade, even though it should result in such local consolidation as to have some "plants" idle for the benefit of the whole. If he does, he will have to bring action against himself as particeps criminis ante factum, for he has repeatedly expressed his approval of it, and it was hoped that he would be able to preside at the opening of the November Conference.

This great gathering of delegates, appointed by the national assemblies of more than twenty denominations, will mark the end of one stage in the progress toward church unity and the beginning of another. It is the combination of the vague and diverse impulses and aspirations of many years; it is the beginning—or so we all hope—of a new period of the definite and practical realization of a closer harmony between different denominations.

Division is not a bad thing in itself. All living things grow by division. Churches, live churches, follow the same law. But the simple fission of the cell into two equal, similar, and

independent cells is confined to the lowest branch of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is in church history as it is in natural history. When we find on opposite sides of the road two little white churches exactly alike, except that the steeple is on the north end of one and on the south end of the other, we know it belongs to the protozoan period of ecclesiastical development. We have outgrown the stage of the multiplication of churches by the primitive processes of splitting, secession, and recession. Even in Scotland where the process was formerly most active, until a church was reduced to "me and Sandy," with doubts as to the latter's orthodoxy, the tide has turned and the churches are reuniting.

Another reason why the time is favorable is the growth of religious toleration and decline of sectarian animosity. People are more ready to act practically upon the commonly accepted dogma that it takes all sorts of people to make the world, and, what is more important, they can see the usefulness of methods which they personally do not like. It is not necessary to discuss this point because it is so generally understood. Creed distinctions, often of a very minor and technical character, have kept churches apart in the past, but now that less interest is taken in portant.

In so far as this is due to indifferentism, to the neglect of the philosophical foundations of religion, it is doubtless to be deplored, but

in part at least it is due to the recognition of the fact that the differences in belief on the points which separated the churches are in many cases less than the differences between the actual beliefs of individual members of our most unified and harmonious churches. Another influence tending toward the disregard of technicalities of doctrine is that laymen are taking a more active part than formerly as leaders in Christian work. They consider a proposed change from the standpoint of practical expediency without much regard to ecclesiastical history or theology, and are not apt to be controlled by a regard for denominational consistency, or by feelings of sectarian pride. In the present movement for church unity laymen are taking a prominent part.

Again, the practicability of federation has been demonstrated; it has been proved in many fields that it is possible to have unity without sacrifice of diversity, and that coöperation does not destroy competition. Our federal system of national government was originally copied from ecclesiastical organizations, but now the churches in their turn learn federation from the States. Our manufacturing trusts have shown us that local factories can retain a life of their own and even compete with one another in efficiency although under the same general management. The organization of charities has resulted in vastly increasing the efficiency of philanthropic work.

The literature circulated by the Federation of Churches has been criticized as being vague in its statements of aims and method. This is because the leaders hope to avoid one of the causes of the shipwreck of similar enterprises, which have started in the opposite way: namely, with a cut-and-dried plan, carefully worked out in all its details, which the churches were then called upon to adopt. In the November Conference representatives of the churches will be brought together to work out their own salvation.

The leaders of the movement have no ambition to be dictators, and while they are full of ideas of what ought to be done, as one soon finds out on talking with them, they are very wary about setting any limit to the movement or prescribing any positive direction to it. They are very anxious that something should be done, but they are willing to let others say what. For that reason the Conference will be watched with special interest by the Christian world. It is not to be supposed that so many distinguished men will come together with a definite purpose and intention for a conference lasting five days without something being accomplished. Such men as President Roosevelt, Justice Brewer, Bishop Greer, Bishop Doane, Dr. W. H. Roberts, Dr. F. Mason North, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Justice Harlan, Bishop Warren, President Tucker, President King, Dr.

J. M. Buckley, President Patton, Dr. C. E. Jefferson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. W. H. Ward, and E. B. Sanford are not going to waste their time in fruitless and effortless talk. In Carnegie Hall will be assembled for the first time the representatives of seventeen million American Protestant communicants to determine in how far and in what way they can make evident and effective the unity of purpose and thought that already exists. In the words of the "Call": "We believe that the great Christian bodies in our country should stand together and lead in the discussion of, and give an impulse to, all great movements that 'make for righteousness.' We believe that questions like that of the saloon, marriage and divorce, Sabbath desecration, the social evil, child-labor, relation of labor to capital, the bettering of the conditions of the laboring classes, the moral and religious training of the young, the problem created by foreign immigration, and international arbitration—indeed all great questions in which the voice of the churches should be heard-concern Christians of every name and demand their united and concerted action if the Church is to lead effectively in the conquest of the world for Christ."

The particular organization which will result from this great convention is likely to be more of a confederation than a federation, since it is not proposed that the cooperating churches will abrogate, or in any way limit, their independence of action. The Permanent Council of the Federation will have no power except such as may be expressly delegated to it by the different denominations, and all its acts will have to be referred back to them for confirmation. But, however slight the official power of such an interchurch council, its influence and significance will be very great. The telephone "Central" and the banking clearing-house are useful in spite of their lack of authority.

Edwin E. Slosson.

#### Note on the Coptic Church

To the discouraging view of the Coptic Church taken by Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis in an article entitled "Hidden Egypt," in THE CENTURY for September, 1904, a Coptic correspondent makes a strong protest. He denies that the church is falling away by the conversion of its members to Presbyterianism, and states that the old reproach of the ignorance of its priests is passing. Many of them, he adds, preach; there is a theological school for them in Cairo; and at least four of their bishops are very well-educated men, who are doing a great work in the church.

Our correspondent denies that the severity of the fasts is driving men from the church, adding that not on the one hundred and seventy fast-days, but on Good Friday alone, do Copts abstain from all food until three o'clock, and even this rule is not binding upon children.

Copts are brought up to trades, and few become domestic servants, so that Mrs. Smith's statement that a Coptic dragoman will rarely select a Coptic waiter on a journey is, in our correspondent's mind, no proof of the incompetence of the people, but rather of its industry. "Neither," he says, "is it true that no free choice is permitted in marriage, nor that the Copt cannot look upon the face of his bride until after the ceremony. As a matter of fact, the church expressly teaches that the young should know each other thoroughly before marriage. To this people a husband or a wife is a gift from God, and every care is used that the choice be made with judgment by the contracting parties themselves.'

## The German Emperor

To the Editor of THE CENTURY

DEAR SIR: Please permit me to state concerning the note on Emperor William in the July CENTURY—regarding the popularity of the German Emperor in his own country—that this "Anglo-Saxon's" statement is entirely unfounded.

As a German woman who has lived in America and breathed the free air of that glorious country for eighteen years, I am not at all narrow in my ideas. I can assure you that the Emperor has the love and sympathy of all sorts and conditions of men in Germany, north and south, which says a great deal, in spite of his impulsive ways. He is an emperor indeed, in mind and heart, a great and a good man living up to high ideals.

Mrs. Franz Röttig.



#### The Automobilia of Punbad the Railer

TARRY when chased; ye may repent at seizure.

IF possession be nine points of the law, self-possession is the tenth.

SUCH is the passing auto: a honk—a grrrr—a whizz—a whiff—a whir-r-r!

A BROKEN mirror is a sign of approaching misfortune,—especially if it fall in thy path.

As a man, bless thou the name of Adam; but as an autoist, the name of Macadam.

#### Richard Butler Glaenzer.

## **Bobby O'Neil's Sweetheart**

BOBBY O'NEIL and the sweet winnin' way of him!

Never a hard word could I find to say of him!

Saucy blue eyes, wid the divil's own light in 'em-

Sweet, with a twinkle and hunger for fight in 'em;

Roguish young mouth and an arm that is strong.

Wid a laugh on his lips and a light-lilted song.—

Sure, when he smiles and I 'm fast in his arms,

God in his grace keep my Bobby from harms!

Bobby O'Neil, and the way that he teases

Yet I must say that it more 'n half pleases me!

Slippin' upon me an' makin' me start, Claspin' me close to his careless young heart.

Swearin' I 'm sweet as the first flower o' May,

Makin' me blush an' half-doubt what to say, Squeezin' me tight till I can't get me breath—

Bobby, my Bobby, I 'm yours until death!

Bobby O'Neil, and the tender young heart in him!

Heaven's own angels must sure dwell apart in him.

When he has kissed me on lip and on cheek, When my cheek is to his and we don't need to speak,

Heart close to heart, in the twilight and

Arm round me close and our hands palm to palm,—

Whisper I then with a laugh and a sob, "God in his mercy be good to my Bob!"

John W. Brotherton.



mayuun autors

## The Tearful Tale of Captain Dan

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A SINNER was old Captain Dan; His wives guv him no rest: He had one wife to East Skiddaw And one to Skiddaw West.

Now Ann Eliza was the name Of her at East Skiddaw; She was the most cantankerous Female you ever saw.

I don't know but one crosser-grained, And of this Captain Dan She was the wife at Skiddaw West— She was Eliza Ann.

Well, this old skeesicks, Captain Dan, He owned a ferry-boat; From East Skiddaw to Skiddaw West That yessel used to float.

She was as trim a ferry-craft
As ever I did see,
And on each end a p'inted bow
And pilot-house had she.

She had two bows that way, so when She went acrost the sound She could, to oncet, run back ag'in Without a-turnin' round.

Now Captain Dan he sailed that boat For nigh on twenty year Acrost that sound and back ag'in, Like I have stated here.

And never oncet in all them years Had Ann Eliza guessed That Dan he had another wife So nigh as Skiddaw West.

Likewise, Eliza Ann was blind, Howas she never saw As Dan he had another wife Acrost to East Skiddaw.

The way he fooled them female wives Was by a simple plan That come into the artful brain Of that there Captain Dan.

With paint upon that ferry-craft, In letters plain to see, Upon the bow—to wit, both ends— Her name he painted she.

Upon the bow toward East Skiddaw
This sinful Captain Dan
He painted just one single word—
The same which it was "Ann";

And on the bow toward Skiddaw West He likewise put one name, And not no more; and I will state "Eliza" was that same.

Thus, when she berthed to Skiddaw West Eliza Ann could see How Dan for love and gratitood Had named her after she;

And likewise when to East Skiddaw
That boat bow-foremost came,
His Ann Eliza plain could see
The vessel bore her name.



Thuswise for nigh on twenty year, As I remarked before, Dan cumfuscated them two wives And sailed from shore to shore.

I reckon he might, to this day, Have kept his sinful ways And fooled them trustin' female wives, Except there come a haze:

It was a thick November haze
Accompanied by frost,
And Dan, in steerin' 'crost the sound,
He got his bearin's lost.

So Dan he cast his anchor out, And anchored on the sound; And when the haze riz some next day, His boat had swung clean round.

So, not bethinkin' how it was,
Dan steered for Skiddaw West;
For he had sot up all that night,
And shorely needed rest.

Well, when into his ferry-slip
His ferry-craft he ran,
Upon the shore he seen his wife:
To wit, Eliza Ann.



Says he, "I 'll tie this vessel up And rest about a week; I need a rest," and 't was just then He heard an awful shriek.

"O Villyun!" shrieked Eliza Ann.
"Oh! What—what do I see?
You don't not love me any more!
You 've done deserted me!"



She pointed to that ferry-craft
With one wild, vicious stare.
Dan looked and seen the telltale name
Of "Ann" a-painted there!

What could he do? He done his best! "Lost! lost! Alas!" he cried;
And, kicking off his rubber boots,
Jumped overboard—and died!

Ellis Parker Butler.

#### Mandy's 'Cubatah

I WAS driving fast to avoid getting wet in a summer thunder-shower, when I heard a mellow negro voice call out:

"Drive right in heah, boss; dah 's plenty room fuh yo' hawse an' buggy undah dis shed."

I accepted the invitation and found that two colored men had already taken shelter there. As the shower passed over, one of the negroes left; he was a short man wearing a long ministerial coat. I remained, as I feared another shower any moment. The negro who still waited under the shed with me remarked:

"Mah ol' 'oman Mandy she sont me down heah to de stable to ketch huh some dem late pulhits to sell to de huxtah-man dis evenin'."

"I hope it will soon clear off, and then you will have time before he comes by," I ventured.

"How's I gwinetah ketch chickens w'en dat niggah stan' roun' heah wid one dese heah long draggely tail-coats on hisse'f?"

"What has a Prince Albert coat to do with getting those chickens for your wife, uncle?" I asked the old man.

"Why, boss, don' you know dat chickens got sense? Co'se dey ain' got sense same lak you an' me; but dey got a sight mo' 'n dey gits credit fuh, you hyeah me. Hit 's dis heah way 'bout mah wife Mandy's chickens. You see, me an' Mandy bofe good Mefodis'; an' w'en Br'er Simkins-he 's our preachahcome to dinnah er stay all night, why, Mandy she 'u'd kill a chicken. You know, Mefodis' preachahs is powerful fond o' chicken, an' co'se Mandy 's lak all de yuthah fool women bout huh preachah. Now dese heah chickens o' huhn done foun' out dat ev'y time a niggah come roun' heah in a long tail Albut coat, why, some o' 'em 's gwinetah hab dey naiks twisted sho an' sahtin. So w'en I seed dat niggah in dat Albut coat, den I knowed dat dey all gone out an' hid deyse'ves in dat ol' sink-hole in de big pastah.

"Ha! I 'spect I hab to tell you how me an' Mandy got ahaid o' ol' Aunt Say Ann. Dat ol' 'oman, Aunt Say Ann, she were 'bout de beatenes' han' wid chickens dat evah wuz in dese heah pahts. Mandy she nevah could stan' to hab nobody beat huh at b'ilin' soap, mekin' lard, raisin' chickens, er nothin'. So, w'en ol' Aunt Say Ann, yeah 'fo' las', raised two mo' spring chickens dan huh, why, boss, hit neah 'bout run mah ol' 'oman 'stracted, sho.

"Ully de nex' fall, de school-teachah he come to boa'd wid me an' Mandy. One night he pull out de cintah-table, de one wid de redan'-yallah 'broid'ry kivah on hit, an' git a lamp an' settle hisse'f fuh to read de news lak. By-m-by he read out sumpin' 'bout a thingmahjig whut dey calls a 'cubatah. Hit wuz a contrapsion fuh hatchin' chickens wid des a common lamp. Mandy she were a-noddin' in de chimbly-cornah wid a ol' tu'key tail 'fo' huh face, 'ca'se de fiah wuz hot; but, bless gracious! w'en he read out 'bout dis heah contrapsion, she sot up mighty sudden lak. Den Mandy she listen close, an' den an' dah she 'termined to git one o' 'em, so 's she kin beat ol' Aunt Say Ann de nex' spring.

"Dat dah 'cubatah contrapsion hit cost a sight o' money, you hyeah me, but Mandy she done got so sot in huh min' 'bout hit dat I seed I gwinetah hab to han'le huh mighty keerful lak. I done got 'bout ten dollahs put 'way in a ol' sock fuh mah burryin'-money. You see, I done gone an' had a rippit wid one o' de leadin' membahs o' mah lodge, de Nunited Brothahs, an' I ain't paid no jues fuh a right smaht spell; so I 'bleged to hab some burryin'-money put 'way. Mandy she want to tek dat ten dollahs an' buy dat 'cubatah contrapsion right 'way dat fall, an' des keep on raisin' chickens all de wintah, so 's to git a

kindah runnin' staht on ol' Aunt Say Ann. But I kep' on stavin' huh off tell 'bout C'ris'-mas-time. Den I seed dat I got to do sumpin' mighty quick, 'ca'se she were gittin' plum crazy to git stahted 'fo' ol' Aunt Say Ann foun' out whut she were up to.

"Well, des 'bout C'ris'mas we had some powerful col' weathah, sho, mun. One col' mawnin', w'en I done got fru feedin' de stock an' packed a sight o' fiah-wood up ontah de back poa'ch, Mandy come in wid huh big yallah-laig roostah in huh ap'on. Mandy she loves huh chickens 'mos' lak dey huh chilluns. Bless Gawd! ef she wuz n' 'mos' cryin' 'ca'se his laigs wuz froze! She goes an' fetches a little baskit an' put him in hit, an' mek him des ez easy ez she kin. Mandy she wuked wid dat ol' yallah-laig fuh two er free days, but his laigs wuz froze so bad, so scan'lous bad, dat dey bofe come off. Mandy tied little rags on whut wuz lef' o' his laigs, an' he got well, mun. I 'lowed to Mandy we bettah mek soup out o' de ol' roostah, but mah ol' 'oman she done got so 'tached to him dat she w'u'd n't lemme.

"De nex' night l wuz settin' 'fo' de fiah in mah ol' cabin wid mah boots off, kindah toastin' mah shins lak. I wuz gittin' tol'able sleepy, w'en Mandy she brung up dat 'cubatah talk 'g'in. I seed f'om de way Mandy talk dat onless I got some mighty good 'scuse she gwinetah hab dat contrapsion ef I hattah do widout a burryin'. I study an' study in mah min' w'ile Mandy's jaw wuz gwine, an', to save dis heah niggah, I can't see no way to haid huh off.

"De ol' lame yallah-laig kindah move roun' in de baskit, an' all a suddin I see how I gwinetah save dat ten dollahs o' mine an' let Mandy beat ol' Aunt Say Ann to boot. But I did n't say nothin' 't all to Mandy; I des lay low an' study hahd. By-m-by Mandy she git tired o' jawin' an' go to baid; den I sot still tell I hyeahed huh breavin' sof' an' easy lak. Den I pull off mah boots an' crope out easy an' keerful. I git a soap-box an' some straw down to de stable an' fetch 'em back to de house. Mandy she ain' move. I tuk de ol' lame yallah-laig roostah out de baskit an' sot him on de aigs whut I put in de nes' I done made in de box wid dat straw. Co'se dat roostah hattah set dah, 'ca'se he ain' got no mo' laigs an' can't walk 't all. You des oughtah seed dat ol' yallah-laig w'en he 'spicioned whut I gwinetah do wid him! He looked mighty droopy-lak, but I did n' keer, 'ca'se I wuz aftah savin' dat ten dollahs fuh mah burryin'. Aftah he kindah settled down lak an' mek up his min' dat he hattah stay dah, I pulled off mah boots an' crope intah baid mighty easy, so 's not to wake mah ol'

"De nex' mawnin' wuz puty an' clah, an'

I oughtah be'n out wukin'; but I kindah loaf roun' to see de fun. W'en Mandy git frough de breakfas' deeshes, she come ovah wid de leavin's to feed ol' yallah-laig. He war n' in de baskit. She look roun', an' at las' she fin' him in de soap-box, an' she up an' say to me:

"'Abe, dat dah roostah gwinetah git roun' yit; he done crawled ovah to dat soap-box

las' night.'

"But I ain' say nothin' 't all. W'en Mandy picked up dat ol' roostah fuh to feed him an' seed de aigs undah him, but you des oughtah seed huh face! At fust she look lak she don' know sca'sly whut to think; an' den she look at me an' kindah grin. Den she 'gin to laf, an' she come mighty nigh havin' one o' dese heah reg'lah ol'-fashion' kernipsion fits den an' dah, sho, mun. W'en she git frough laffin' she look up at me an' say mighty proud-lak:

"'You got a sight mo' sense dan I t'ought

you had, Abe.'

"W'en Mandy tuk ol' yallah-laig off de aigs an' put him on de flo' to eat, he crowed a little an' kindah fix his feathahs up lak an' look peart-lak. But w'en Mandy put him back on de aigs, he look lak he mighty droopy 'g'in. Mandy she tried powerful hahd to lu'n him to tu'n de aigs ovah des same ez a hen do, but ol' yallah-laig he drawed de line right dah. Mandy she were mighty 'termined to mek a good settah o' him, an' ev'y day she 'd tek

his haid an' push de aigs ovah wid his bill. But, bless de Lawd, hit war n' no use. He 'd set dah 'ca'se he ain' got no laigs an' can't he'p hisse'f, but he won't tu'n no aigs.

"At night w'en I wuz a-settin' 'fo' de fiah, I watch dat ol' yallah-laig roostah des to see how he gwinetah tek dat settin' business. Fuh 'bout a week er two he look fuh all de wurrild lak he gwinetah die. He look des prezac'ly lak a yo'ng niggah whut think he 's a man, w'en you put a ap'on on him an' mek him he'p his mammy wid huh wash. But aftah a w'ile de ol' yallah-laig git sortah use' to hit, an' by de time de fus aigs hatched he 'gun to look right peart. Bless gracious, but you des oughtah seed dat ol' roostah w'en de fus aig hatch! W'en he hyeahed de chicken say peeppeep right dah undah hisse'f, he look lak he wuz scared 'mos' to death, sho, mun. But den, w'en he foun' out dat dey his own chilluns, he look mighty proud lak.

"Dat dah yeah Mandy she beat ol' Aunt Say Ann all hollah, an' she sol' five dollahs' wu'th o' extry ully fryin' chickens. She han' dat dah money to me to put in dat ol' sock fuh mah burryin', 'long wid de ten whut I hab. An' w'en Mandy gi'e dat money to me,

she grin lak an' say:

"'Abe, dat 's fun dat dan 'cubatan whut you got fun me.'"

James Speed.



Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert

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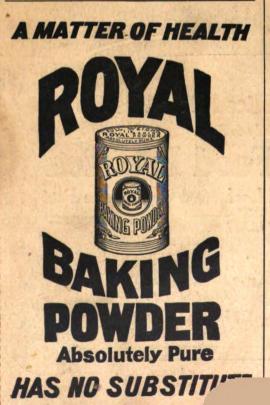
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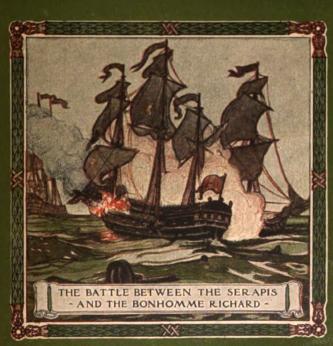




POSTUM

# THE OCTOBER CENTURY MAGAZINE



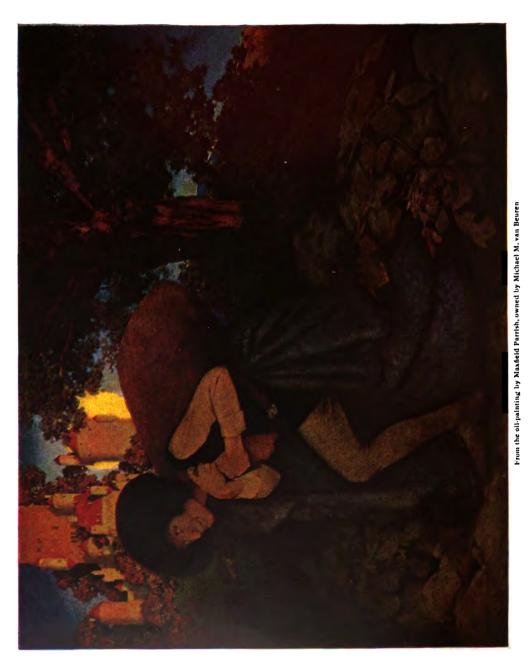


HORACE PORTER'S ACCOUNT OF THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES



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## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. LXX

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 6

#### WITH THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

#### BY KATHARINE A. CARL

WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

#### INTRODUCTION

MISS KATHARINE A. CARL, the American artist who painted the portrait of the Empress Dowager of China which was exhibited at St. Louis and has been presented by the Empress to the American government, has written an account of her life with the Empress, portions of which we are permitted to place before the readers of THE CENTURY in a series of articles.

Throughout all history no other person from the Western world has been received into the intimacy of the imperial palaces. Miss Carl lived for nearly a year in the different imperial palaces of Peking, seeing the Empress daily and associating constantly with the ladies of the court. She was present at all the state and religious functions that took place during her residence and received many marks of the Empress's confidence and favor.

It was in 1903 that Miss Carl received a letter from Mrs. Conger, wife of the minister of the United States to Peking, stating that there was a question of her Majesty the Empress Dowager having her portrait painted, and hoping that, if the matter could be arranged, the portrait might, with the consent of her Majesty, be sent to the exposition at St. Louis. In the event, Miss Carl painted not only the portrait for the St. Louis Exposition, but three others of her Majesty. Unique as were her experiences at the different palaces, she concluded, after she had lived at court for a few months, that she would never make these experiences public, out of respect for Chinese prejudices and in order to conform to their ideas of propriety; but, says Miss Carl:

"After I returned to America, I was constantly seeing in newspapers (and hearing of) statements ascribed to me which I never made. Her Majesty was represented as having stood over me in threatening attitudes, forcing me to represent her as a young and beautiful woman! It was reported that she refused to give me any compensation

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for the portraits, and a number of other statements equally false were daily appearing in the papers. The London 'Times' in speaking of the Empress Dowager said, 'Some one has said "she has the soul of a tiger in the body of a woman," and Miss Carl found the old lady shrewd and tempestuous.' The latter statement, which I never made, seemed to me enough to have on my shoulders; but the article was copied in American papers and I was put down as the author of the first as well as of the second statement. . . . These erroneous statements continue to appear, and I have finally decided that, in justice to my august patroness as well as to my humbler self, it is incumbent upon me to correct them, and it seems to me the only proper way to do so is to write a full and true relation of my life at the palace and my experiences while painting the portraits of her Majesty the Empress Dowager.

"I know I publish this account at the risk of offending the sensibilities of my Chinese friends, for many of them will never know what called it forth. I know that by so doing I may change any favorable opinion they may have formed as to my good breeding and discretion. I was on sufficiently intimate terms with her Majesty and the ladies of the court to know that this account will be looked upon by them as an 'in-

discretion,' to say the least of it.

"In this story of my life at the palace I must naturally give some description of their Majesties and necessarily make some comment upon their characters. In doing this, I will transgress another long-established rule of Chinese propriety, which makes any comment, favorable or unfavorable, upon the sacred persons of their Majesties a gross breach of etiquette. No act of theirs is ever criticised, no report in reference to them is ever explained, no slander about them is ever refuted by loyal Chinese, and the generality of Chinese are loyal. Thus the falsest statements, not being refuted by those in a position to know, gain in credence until they are reported as facts.

"If my comment on their Majesties and discussion of their acts be favorable, this will be no palliation from the Chinese standpoint. Any sort of comment will be looked upon as a breach of hospitality. I have absolutely nothing to gain, should I suppress any disagreeable facts I may have learned as to her Majesty. Should I be willing to sacrifice the truth, in order to please my Chinese friends, this would avail me nothing, for should my account of her Majesty be construed by them into an apology for her, I should be considered most presumptuous and the enormity of my offense would be aggravated. Thus I am between two fires. Those who read my account may imagine I am trying to justify her Majesty and thereby gain her favor, and should the Chinese put this construction on it, my indiscretion will become an offense. Knowing all this, and with the memory of the charming consideration I received at the Chinese court, I nevertheless feel it is my duty to publish a simple and truthful narrative of my experiences, and I hope I may be pardoned for thus breaking Chinese conventions.

"The Boxer rebellion was a frequent topic of conversation at the palace, and I heard a great deal about it from the ladies of the court. It was not considered at all indiscreet to ask questions on this subject, and I did not hesitate to inform myself by asking about things I wished to know. If it be true, as the philosophers say, that, 'The proper study of mankind is man under his own environment,' I had an opportunity of studying her Majesty on the right principles. My account of her should, therefore, have some little value, for I am the only European who has ever had a chance to study this remarkable woman in her own *milieu*, or to look upon the facts of her life from the standpoint within her own circle."

At the present crisis in Oriental affairs, it is hardly necessary to call attention to the unique value and importance of this intimate account of the mysterious ruler of the Chinese people.—The Editor.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

#### MISS CARL'S PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

MY PRESENTATION AND FIRST DAY AT THE CHINESE COURT

I



HE day of my first audience at the Chinese court, August 5, we were up betimes at the American Legation; for it takes full three hours

to drive out to the Summer Palace from Peking, and punctuality is the etiquette of Oriental as well as of Occidental potentates. Our audience was for half-past ten o'clock, and the portrait of the Empress Dowager was to be begun at eleven, that hour, as well as the day and the month, having been chosen, after much deliberation and many consultations of the almanac, as the most auspicious for beginning work on the first likeness ever made of her Majesty.

We left the legation at 7 A. M. in the trap of the United States legation guard, that being the only vehicle available large enough to carry the party—Mrs. Conger and her interpreter and myself, with my painting-materials, which included a large canvas and a folding easel. After leaving the city, the drive out to the Summer Palace is through fertile fields and a fair, smiling landscape. It had rained the night before and everything was beautifully fresh. The wet, stone-paved road stretched ahead like a shining stream; the wheat and corn fields along the road were of a brilliant green, with here and there the somber note of a clump of arbor-vitæ, out of which rose the walls of a temple. The distant hills, where lay the Summer Palace, were delicately limned against a soft blue-gray sky, and the whole made an entrancing picture.

Soon after leaving Peking, the mounted official legation servants that followed Mrs. Conger's carriage were joined by a Chinese guard of honor sent by the Wai-Wu-Pu (Foreign Office) to escort us to the palace. After a drive of an hour and a half we rattled through a busy village, past the yellow ruins of a great lama temple, and along the park walls of the summer homes of several princes of the imperial family, and soon came within sight of the beautiful grounds of the Summer Palace, with its hills, valleys, canals, and lakes, the hills crowned with tea-houses and temples, the waters of the canals lapping the marble

terraces of the palaces. The red walls, the glazed tiles of the yellow and green roofs, the brilliant foliage, freshened by the rain, made a gay picture; and the temples, arches, pagodas, and the many buildings that constitute a Chinese palace, gave it the appearance of a whole town rather than of a single palace.

As in all Oriental palaces, upon the very threshold of the outer courts sit the beggar, the lame, the halt, and the blind, gathering rich harvests from the generosity of the high nobles and officials and their myriad retainers as they pass in and out of the Foreign Office and the outer courts of the palace. The Foreign Office, during the residence of the court at the Summer Palace, sixteen miles from the capital, has offices on the left of the great imperial entrance, in order that state business may be more easily transacted while their Majesties are in villeggiatura.

We alighted at the Foreign Office and were met by a number of officials with their interpreters, who came out to receive After readjusting ourselves in the waiting-room, we were met, on coming out, by the chief eunuch of the palace, who conducted us to the red-covered palace chairs, each carried by six men. They bore us past the imperial gateway (used only for their Majesties), through a door of entrance at the left, when we were within the sacred precincts of one of the residences of the Sons of Heaven and within the walls of the favorite palace of the Empress Dowager. Before we could take in our surroundings, we had been rapidly carried through various courts and gardens, and had come at last to a larger, quadrangular court, filled with pots of rare blooming plants and many beautiful growing shrubs. Here the bearers put down our chairs; we descended, and walked through the court, preceded and followed by a number of eunuchs. The great plateglass doors of the palace in front of us, blazing with the huge red character "Sho" (longevity), were swung noiselessly back, and we were at last within the throne-room of her Imperial Majesty the Empress Dowager of China.

A group of princesses and ladies-in-waiting stood to receive us. The Ladies Yu-Keng, wife and daughter of a former Chinese minister to France, stood near the princesses; and their perfect knowledge of



THE PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER IN ITS FRAME OF CAMPHOR-WOOD CARVED BY THE PALACE ARTISANS AFTER THE EMPRESS'S OWN DESIGNS AND UNDER HER DIRECTION

both Chinese and English rendered them delightful mediums of communication between the princesses and ourselves. Having known these ladies in Paris, it was so simply made, so unobtrusive, that the first I knew of it, noticing a sudden lull, I looked around and saw a charming little lady, with a brilliant smile, greeting Mrs. Conger



From a sketch by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis
THE YOUNG EMPRESS YE-HO-NA-LAH, FIRST WIFE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA

almost like seeing old friends. They seemed a link between the real, every-day world and this Arabian Nights palace into which we had been wafted. As we arrived at a quarter-past ten, we were in the throne-room a few moments before their Majesties appeared. Their entrance was

very cordially. One of the Ladies Yu-Keng whispered, "Her Majesty"; but even after this it seemed almost impossible for me to realize that this kindly-looking lady, so remarkably youthful in appearance, with so winning a smile, could be the so-called cruel, implacable tyrant, the redoubtable

"old" Empress Dowager, whose name had been on the lips of the world since 1900. A young man, almost boyish in appearance, entered the throne-room with her: this was the Son of Heaven, the Emperor of China. that he, too, was closely scrutinizing me as his shrewd glance swept my person.

After a few moments' conversation, interpreted by the Ladies Yu-Keng, her Majesty ordered my painting-things

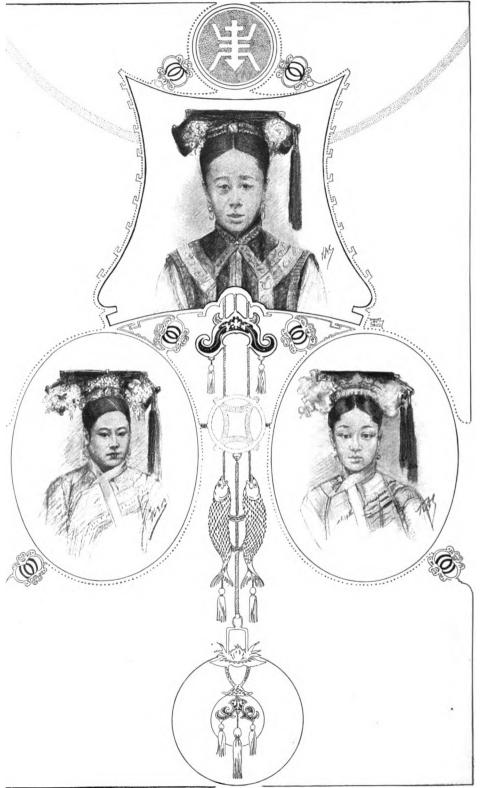


From a sketch by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis
THE SECONDARY WIFE OF THE EMPEROR, IN SUMMER COIFFURE

After greeting Mrs. Conger, the Empress Dowager looked toward me, and I advanced with a reverence. She met me half-way and extended her hand with another brilliant smile, which quite won me, and I spontaneously raised her dainty fingers to my lips. This was not in the protocol program. It was an involuntary and surprised tribute on my part to her unexpected charm. She then turned and, with graceful gesture, extended her hand toward the Emperor and murmured, "The Emperor," and watched me closely while I made his Majesty the formal reverence. He acknowledged the salutation by a slight bow and a stereotyped smile, but I felt

brought in, while she retired to be dressed in the gown she had decided upon as appropriate for the portrait.

After she had left the throne-room, I tried to take in the conditions of the place for painting. The hall was large and spacious, but the light was false, the upper parts of the windows being covered with paper shades. The only place where there was any sort of light for painting was in front of the great plate-glass doors, and this was only a small space in which to begin so large a picture. To get a light upon the portrait, as well as upon the Empress Dowager, I should be forced to place my canvas very near the throne where she was



From the sketch-book of Katharine A. Carl

THE PRINCESS IMPERIAL, FIRST LADY OF THE COURT

to sit; and, with so large a portrait as I was to paint, this would be a great disadvantage. When I thought that I must paint here, and begin at once upon the canvas which was to be the final picture, my heart fell. Her Majesty wished, above all, to have a large portrait, and I was told she would not understand my beginning on a small canvas or making any preliminary studies, and if I did not begin on the big canvas at once she would probably not give me any more sittings; in fact, we had that morning been told at the Foreign Office that her Majesty was to give me only two sittings, so there was no alternative. There could be no preliminary poses, no choice from several sketches, and only a few moments in which to choose the pose which must be final-and I totally ignorant of the possibilities of my sitter or her characteristics.

Luckily, I had but a few moments to consider all these adverse circumstances, for the Empress Dowager soon returned. She had been clothed in a gown of imperial yellow, brocaded in the wistaria vine in realistic colors and richly embroidered in pearls. It was made, in the graceful Manchu fashion, in one piece, reaching from the neck to the floor, and fastened from the right shoulder to the hem with jade buttons. The stuff of the gown was of a stiff, transparent silk, and was worn over a softer under-gown of the same color and length. At the top button, from the right shoulder, hung a string of eighteen enormous pearls separated by flat pieces of brilliant, transparent green jade. From the same button was suspended a large, carved pale ruby, which had yellow silk tassels terminating in two immense pear-shaped pearls of rare beauty. At each side, just under the arms, hung a pale-blue, embroidered silk handkerchief, and a scent-bag with long, black silk tassels. Around her throat was a paleblue, two-inch-wide cravat, embroidered in gold with large pearls. This cravat had one end tucked into the opening on the shoulder of her gown, and the other hang-

Her jet-black hair was parted in the middle, carried smoothly over the temples, and brought to the top of the head in a large, flat coil.

Formerly all Manchu ladies, who have marvelous hair, carried the hair itself out from this coil over a gold, jade, or tor-

toise-shell, sword-like pin, into a largewinged bow. The Empress Dowager and the ladies of the court have substituted satin, instead of the hair, for this wing-like construction, as being more practicable and less liable to get out of order. So satin-like and glossy is their hair that it is difficult to tell where it ends and the satin begins. A band of pearls, with an immense "flaming pearl" in the center, encircled the coil. On each side of the winged bow were bunches of natural flowers and a profusion of jewels. From the right side of the head-dress hung a tassel of eight strings of beautiful pearls reaching to the shoulder.

She wore bracelets and rings, and on each hand had two nail-protectors, for she wore her nails so long that the protectors were necessary adjuncts. These nail-protectors were worn on the third and fourth fingers of each hand; those on the left being of brilliant green jade, while those on the right hand were of gold, set with rubies and pearls.

Her Majesty advanced with animation, and asked me where the double-dragon throne was to be placed. After the eunuchs had put it where I said, she took her seat. Although not more than five feet tall, as she wears the Manchu shoes, with six-inchhigh, stilt-like soles, to avoid throwing the knees up higher than the lap she must sit upon cushions, and when she is seated she looks a much larger woman than when standing.

She took a conventional pose, and told me I might make any suggestion I wished; but I had made up my mind that the pose and surroundings must be as typical and characteristic as possible, and as I had had no time to study my august sitter I thought she would know best as to her position and accessories.

It was nearing eleven. Beginning anything is momentous. Every artist knows how the wonderful possibilities of the bare canvas, in its virgin purity, standing before him inspire him with almost a feeling of awe; how he hesitates about beginning, so great is the responsibility. This bare canvas may become a masterpiece, the full expression of his thought, or it may come forth a maimed and distorted effort. Today, in these strange surroundings, with these unusual and unfavorable conditions, my hesitancy was greater than usual; for

upon this beginning depended my being able to go on with the portrait.

My hands trembled. The inscrutable eyes of the wonderful woman I was to paint, fixed piercingly upon me, were disconcerting; but just then the eighty-five clocks in this particular throne-room began to chime, play airs, and strike the hour in eighty-five different ways; the auspicious moment had come. I raised my charcoal and put the first stroke upon the canvas of the first portrait that had ever been painted of the Empress Dowager of Great China, the powerful "Tze-Hsi." The princesses and ladies-in-waiting, the high eunuchs and attendants, stood around in breathless silence, intently watching my every movement; for everything touching her Majesty is a solemnity.

For a few moments I heard the faintest ticking of the eighty-five clocks as if they were great cathedral bells clanging in my ears, and my charcoal on the canvas sounded like some mighty saw drawn back and forth. Then, happily, I became interested, and absolutely unconscious of anything but my sitter and my work. I worked steadily on for what seemed to be a very short time, when her Majesty turned to the interpreter and said that enough work had been done for that day. The conditions had been fulfilled and the picture begun at the auspicious moment. She added that she knew I must be tired from our long drive out from Peking, as well as from my work. She said I must rest and we must partake of some refreshments. She then descended from the throne and came over to look at the sketch.

I had blocked in the whole figure and had drawn the head with some accuracy. So strong and impressive is her personality that I had been able to get enough of her character into this rough whole to make it a sort of likeness. After looking critically at it for a few moments, she expressed herself as well pleased with what had been done, and paid me some compliments on my talent as an artist. I felt instinctively, however, that this was due more to her natural courtesy—her desire to put me at ease—than to an actual expression of her opinion. After she had looked at the portrait, she called Mrs. Conger and the princesses to see what had been done, and it was discussed for a few moments. Then she turned to me and said the portrait interested her greatly, that she should like to see it go on. She asked me, looking straight into my eyes the while, if I would care to remain at the palace for a few days, that she might give me sittings at her leisure.

This invitation filled me with joy. The reports I had heard of her Majesty's hatred of the foreigner had been dispelled by this first audience and what I had seen there. I felt that the most consummate actress could not so belie her personality, and I accepted, without a moment's hesitation, the invitation so graciously tendered. I thought that thus I should be able to get a good beginning for a satisfactory likeness of this most remarkable and interesting woman. My sanguine heart even leaped forward to the possibility of finishing the portrait entirely at the palace. Her Majesty seemed pleased at my acceptance and said she would try to make me happy. She then withdrew, and we were served with luncheon.

The Empress Dowager always eats alone. When she has guests, the Princess Imperial, as the first of the ladies of the palace, acts as hostess. The guests of honor are placed at her right and left. The princesses, Ladies Yu-Keng, Mrs. Conger, and I formed the guests on this occasion.

The table, decorated with flowers and fruits, groaned under the many Chinese dishes placed thereon. Foreign dishes were served à la Russe. The Chinese dishes, attractive to the eye as well as to the senses of smell and taste, appealed to me at once, though I had been told one must cultivate a taste for them. There were foreign table-waters and wines as well as Chinese drinks. We did full justice to the viands, tasting everything and trying to use the chop-sticks, though knives and forks were also placed for each of the guests.

After the repast, her Majesty and the young Empress, the first wife of the Emperor Kwang-Hsu, came in. Her Majesty presented the young Empress with the same grace with which she had indicated the Emperor at the morning audience, repeating her title, "The Empress," as she did so. Immediately behind the young Empress was the only secondary wife of the Emperor, who was also presented by the Empress Dowager.

Then her Majesty told Mrs. Conger she had her players at the theater that day, and invited us to come and hear them. The Empress Dowager and Mrs. Conger led the way, and I followed with the young Empress and the princesses. We passed through several courts, all gay with flowers, and finally reached the largest of all, the court of the theater. The theater projects into this rectangular court and consists of a covered rostrum, open on three sides, with doors at the back for the entrance and exit of the actors. In front of the stage and across the open, flowerfilled court, with splendid bronze ornaments here and there, is a building which might be called the imperial loge. This is from sixty to eighty feet long, with a pillared stone veranda, and occupies one entire side of the court. Huge panes of plate glass, the full height of the building. enable her Majesty and the Emperor to see, from within, all that passes on the stage, and they can, of course, hear everything perfectly. The buildings which form the other sides of this court, those which run at right angles to the imperial loge, are divided into small stalls, each about the size of an ordinary opera-box. There are no chairs in these boxes; the occupants sit Turkish fashion upon the floor, for no courtier can occupy a chair when in the presence of their Majesties. These side rooms are for the use of the high officials and princes who are sometimes invited by their Majesties to be present at the imperial theatrical representations.

On my first day at court there were no other invited guests; the players had been summoned in our honor. Her Majesty sat in a yellow-covered chair on the red-pillared veranda of the imperial loge. The Emperor was seated on a yellow stool at her left, the place of honor in China. Mrs. Conger and I were on her Majesty's right, the young Empress, princesses, and ladiesin-waiting standing around. After seeing two or three acts of a play of which we understood little more than the pantomime, but which was interesting from its very novelty, Mrs. Conger arose to take leave of their Majesties and the princesses. After this was accomplished, I accompanied her to one of the outer courts and there told her good-by.

When she left, I was alone in the palace, the first foreigner to be domiciled in any residence of a Son of Heaven since the time of Marco Polo, and the only foreigner who had ever been within the women's precincts. I had a curious feeling of having been transported into a strange world. A sense of loneliness crept over me, and I feared the strangeness of my position might affect my work, and that, after all, I should not accomplish what I had remained in the palace to do. I stood for a few minutes pondering my position, but was soon joined by the Ladies Yu-Keng, with a message from the Empress Dowager that I need not return to the theater, as she had gone to rest. She sent word that she thought it would be well for me to go to my apartments and try to sleep a little. She hoped I would be happy in the palace and find the pavilion she had set aside for me comfortable: She added that I must not hesitate to order anything I wished and must make myself perfectly at home.

The Summer Palace, like all Chinese palaces and temples, and even the dwelling-houses of the rich, consists of a series of verandaed buildings, built on stone foundations which rise about eight feet from the ground, generally of one story, around the four sides of rectangular or square courts, connected by open verandalike corridors. The apartments set aside for my private use, while in the precincts, were to the left of the Empress Dowager's throne-room and near it, in order that I might be within easy reach of my painting. These apartments occupied an entire pavilion. They were charming. Their shining marble floors and beautifully carved partitions, their painted walls and charming outlook over flowery courts, made them a delightful retreat. These pavilions at the palace have movable partitions, and the rooms may be made as small as closets or as large as the whole building.

My pavilion consisted of two sittingrooms, a dining-room, and a charming bedroom, separated from one another by screen-like walls of beautifully carved open woodwork, with blue silk showing through the interstices. In the larger spaces were artistic panels of flowers painted on white silk, alternating with poems and quotations from the classics, in the picturesque, ideographic writing of the Chinese. On one of the solid walls was a large water-color painting on white silk, representing a realistically painted peafowl in a flowery field; an immense mirror formed the other solid wall. The plate-glass lower windows had blue silken curtains, the upper windows, of white Corean paper, were rolled down, and the rich perfume of the flowers in the court came in. In my honor, several foreign objets de vertu adorned the tables and windowshelves. The bed, a couch built into an alcove, was covered with blue satin cushions; and the windows were shaded from the outside by blue silken awnings, which gave a soft, subdued light to the room, that made it very cool and restful-looking. I found the couch so inviting that I was soon really resting, and the events of the day passed before my mental vision in kaleidoscopic array. Although the cushions of the bed were harder than I had been accustomed to, and the dozen or more eunuchs who had been set aside for my service were whispering just outside my window, ready for any call, I soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and reaction from the unusual events of the day.

At five o'clock one of the Ladies Yu-Keng knocked at my door to tell me the Empress Dowager was awake, and had asked that I come up to the throne-room as soon as I was ready. When we went up, she called me to her side and said she hoped I had rested well and found my apartments comfortable; she repeated again the wish that I should be happy with her. She said we would not paint any more for that day, but on the morrow we would have another and longer sitting for the portrait. She begged me to let her know if there was anything I cared for particularly, in order that she might order it for me.

The Empress Dowager then dined alone, after which the young Empress and the princesses led me into the throne-room, and we dined at her Majesty's table, her seat being left vacant. The young Empress occupied the place at the left of this vacant seat, and had me on her left. When we had finished dinner, at which the young Empress and the ladies were most considerate of me, seeming to try to make me feel at ease, we went up to take our leave of the Empress Dowager. After this was accomplished, we left the throne-room and made our adieus to the young Empress and princesses, and left the imperial inclosure for the palace of the Emperor's father, which her Majesty had set aside for the use of the Ladies Yu-Keng and myself while I was at work on the portrait.

II

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER—A CHINESE REPAST—BOATING

I was eager to be off the next morning, to have the promised long sitting from her Majesty. The sitting of the day before had only whetted my desire for further work on the portrait. When we arrived within the precincts, we met the Empress Dowager and the Emperor coming out of the great audience-hall from their joint audience. When her Majesty saw us she stopped, as did the whole train of her attendant ladies and eunuchs. She called me up to her side, took my hand, and asked me how I had rested and whether I felt ready for work. This question showed her penetration, for she had seen the day before, from my eagerness and the breathless haste with which I used every moment, that my work was my first object, and she smiled when she put the query. I walked along by her side from the audience-hall to the throne-room where I had begun the portrait of the day before. When we reached the throne-room, she was divested of her official garments, took a cup of tea, and called one of her tiringwomen to bring her the dress and ornaments worn the day before, and she prepared to sit for me the second time.

At this second sitting I looked at the Empress Dowager critically. I feared that the agreeable impression of her and of her personal appearance that I had formed the day before had probably been too hasty, the result of the unusual glamour in which I had begun the portrait. I thought perhaps the Oriental environment had dazzled me and prevented my seeing the Empress Dowager as she really was, and I looked forward to a disillusion. As she sat there upon the throne, before she was quite ready for me to begin, before she had transfixed me with her penetrating glance, before she knew I was looking at her, I scanned her person and face with all the penetration I could bring to bear, and this is what I saw:

A perfectly proportioned figure, with head well set upon her shoulders and a fine presence; really beautiful hands, daintily small and high-bred in shape; a

symmetrical, well-formed head, with a good development above the rather large ears; jet-black hair, smoothly parted over a fine, broad brow; delicate, well-arched eyebrows; brilliant black eyes, set perfectly straight in the head; a high nose of the type the Chinese call "noble," broad between the eyes and on a line with the forehead; an upper lip of great firmness; a rather large but beautiful mouth, with mobile red lips, which, when parted over her firm white teeth, gave her smile a rare charm; a strong chin, but not of exaggerated firmness, and with no marks of obstinacy.1 Had I not known she was nearing her sixty-ninth year, I should have thought her a well-preserved woman of forty. Being a widow, she used no cosmetics. Her face had the natural glow of health, and one could see that exquisite care and attention were bestowed upon everything concerning her toilet. Personal neatness and an excellent taste in the choice of becoming colors and ornaments enhanced this wonderfully youthful appearance, and a look of keen interest in her surroundings and remarkable intelligence crowned all these physical qualities and made an unusually attractive personality.

When I was so far in my study of her appearance, the Empress Dowager had finished speaking to her attendants, had settled herself to her satisfaction on the throne, and she turned to me and asked what part of the portrait I was to work on. I had been told she would be much pleased if I would paint in the face. Thinking it was important to please her at the outset, instead of advancing and perfecting the drawing of the whole figure, as I should have done, I began on the

In the firmament of the Son of Heaven A brilliant new star has risen!— Supple as the neck of the swan, Is the charm of her graceful form.

From the firm contour of charming chin Springs the faultless oval of her fair face, Crowned by the harmonious arch Of a broad and noble brow.

The stately profile, chiseled clear, Is dominated by the pure line of noble nose, Straight and slender and singularly mobile, Sensitive to all the impressions of the soul.

Dewy lips with gracious curves Are the portals of a dainty mouth, Where often blooms the sweet flower Of a most alluring smile. face; first correcting the drawing as far as possible and then putting in a thin wash of color. During the sitting the ladies, attendants, and eunuchs were coming and going. She took tea and conversed, but seemed to understand that she must keep her head in the same position, and she would look over apologetically at me when she moved it. I did not wish her to be stiff, and preferred her moving a little to sitting like a statue. Her Majesty, like all Oriental ladies, smokes, and during the sitting the eunuchs or some of the princesses brought her either the graceful water-pipe, of which she would take a few whiffs, or she would indulge in European cigarettes. She never allowed the latter to touch her lips, but used a long cigaretteholder. She was extremely graceful in her use of both the cigarette and water-pipe.

After little more than an hour's work her Majesty decided that enough had been done for the morning and that we both needed rest. She came over to look at the face, and it was easy to see that she liked it much better now that the color was being put in. She stood behind me, discussing it for some time, and said she wished it were possible for some one else to pose for the face, so that she might sit and watch it grow. She thought it very wonderful that on the flat canvas the relief of the face could be represented. She then turned to me and said she knew I must be tired both mentally and bodily, as I stood at my work, advised me to go to my pavilion, have lunch, and rest, and added that she would try to give me another sitting in the afternoon before we went out for some sort of promenade.

I returned to my pavilion with the

Her face is lit by black and sparkling eyes, Whose flames, in hours of ease, With oblique caress, envelop and thrill That happy mortal allowed to see.

When stern circumstance demands, Her graceful form an attitude of firmness takes, The soft glow of her brilliant eyes Grows penetrating and holds one with proud authority.

O beauty Supreme! O brilliant Star Shining but for the Son of Heaven! From thy glowing soul radiate Love, daring, hope, intellect, ambition, power! From a Chinese poet—written at a time when the Empress Dowager was twenty-five years old. Ladies Yu-Keng, whom her Majesty had appointed to keep me company for the meals in my own quarters. There was a young Manchu girl at court, whose father had been an attaché at Berlin, who spoke German and English; she, also, had been ordered by her Majesty to take her meals with us, so that I might have pleasant company and be able to converse in my own language and have proper relaxation during my meals. Besides, I did not know enough Chinese to direct the servants or make my wants known, and these ladies were her Majesty's interpreters.

The meals at the palace were all of the most lavish description, twenty or thirty dishes being placed upon the table at the beginning of the meal, while macaroni, rice, and a few other things were served from a side table. The Chinese are passed masters in the culinary art, and the delicacies seen at good Chinese tables are fit for a repast of Lucullus. Sharks' fins, deers' sinews, birds' tongues, rare fish, bird's-nest soups, fish brains, shrimps' eggs, and many other extraordinary dishes, make up the every-day menu. No one can cook goose, duck, and, in fact, all fowls and game, to such perfection as the Chinese. Their soups are of a delicacy and flavor quite unequaled. Their bread and cakes seem to the foreigner, at first, the least delectable of their viands. Their bread particularly, which is steamed instead of baked, is not tempting; but when one gets over, or, rather, through, the raw-looking outside, with its five cochineal spots surmounting its pyramidal form, it is very sweet and wholesome. It is made of gray flour, as the Chinese do not believe in whitening the flour as we do. They make delicious creams, as to consistency; and these and their sweets generally are much esteemed by foreigners.

At the palace the food is served in tall dishes of painted Chinese porcelain, and everything is placed upon the table at once—soups, roast, sweets, all except the rice and macaroni. These latter dishes the Chinese eat boiling hot, and they are kept on chafing-dishes until served. Each person has a bowl, a small saucer, and a pair of chop-sticks. A small square of very soft cloth is used as a napkin. There is never any salt upon the table. The small saucer at the side of each guest contains a very salty sauce; if extra salt is needed,

this sauce is used. The Chinese consider powdered salt too coarse for seasoning food after it is cooked.

They rarely drink at meals, and when they do, only tiny cups, about the size of a liqueur-glass, of heated wine. This is poured out of silver teapots, and is kept hot by being placed in receptacles containing boiling water. Their wines are more like liqueurs than ours; they are generally distilled with flowers and herbs and have a delightful "bouquet." Some of these wines have most poetic names, such as "dew from the early morning rose," and "drops from the hands of Buddha." The Chinese never drink cold water, nor do they take tea at meals. For me, being a foreigner, champagne was always provided, as well as claret or Burgundy. The Chinese do not drink coffee. After leaving the table, they take tea without milk or

The middle of the day is set aside for the siesta, and during the heat of the summer every one goes to her apartments for two hours after luncheon. As I found the Chinese bed-cushions too hard to rest well upon, I took to my pavilion a foreign, eiderdown cushion, which I used for several days, until one day, on going to my room, I found two lovely new cushions with pale-blue, removable silk slips. On touching them, I found them to be soft, and deliciously cool and fragrant as well. They were made of tea-leaves, and had been sent as a present from the Empress Dowager. I found them a great improvement over eiderdown or feather cushions, especially for summer use. Though I did not care for this long midday rest, I was forced to go to my room and remain there, as there was nothing else to do.

When her Majesty awakes, the news flashes like an electric spark through all the precincts and over the whole inclosure, and every one is on the qui vive in a moment. The young Empress and the princesses go up to her Majesty's throne-room to be present at her lever. When her afternoon toilet is made, the Empress Dowager comes out of her private apartments into the throne-room and generally partakes of some light refreshment, or drinks a cup of tea or some fruit-juice.

She gave me a short sitting after her nap this second day, and then ordered the boats for a row on the lake. Attended by

the young Empress and princesses, and with the usual train of attendants and eunuchs, we went out into the court of the throne-room, and passed through a small pavilion opening directly upon the beautiful white marble terrace, with its quaintly carved marble balustrade, which stretches all along the southern side of the lake. Her Majesty's own barge lay at the foot of the marble steps, and numbers of other barges and boats lay around, forming a little fleet. She descended the steps and entered the barge. The young Empress, princesses, and ladies followed. Majesty sat in the yellow, throne-like chair in the middle of the raised platform of the barge. The young Empress, princesses, and ladies took their places as decreed by centuries-old tradition. They sat upon cushions placed upon the carpeted floor of the raised platform of the barge.

When I stepped on, her Majesty motioned me to come near her and sit at her right. The young Empress was on her left. Several of the high eunuchs stood at the back of the Empress Dowager's chair with her extra wraps, bonbons, cigarettes, water-pipes, etc. There were two rowers on the barge, who stood with their long oars to guide it, for it was attached by great yellow ropes to two boats, manned by twenty-four rowers each, and was towed along by them. Only the eunuchs of the highest rank, her Majesty's personal attendants, went on the barge with her, and the two boatmen simply guided it. All the palace boatmen stand to their oars, for they cannot sit in the presence of her Majesty, even though not upon the imperial barge. And it is only on the barge that the Empress and ladies sit in the presence of the Empress Dowager without being invited by her to do so.

A number of flatboats followed the imperial barge with the army of eunuchs that go to make up the train of their Majesties when they move about the palace or grounds. One boat carried portable stoves and all the necessary arrangements for making tea. As this is taken so frequently by her Majesty and the ladies, it may be called for at any time.

We were rowed across the lake to one of the islands, and when we looked back at the palaces, the memorial arches, the temple-crowned hills, the curious camelback bridges, and the beautiful white

marble terraces jutting out into the lake with its islands, the scene was indeed fairylike. We were then rowed into a field of beautiful lotus-flowers, and her Majesty ordered some pulled by the eunuchs to be given to the ladies. She seemed delighted at my sincere admiration of this beautiful water-plant, so dear to the Chinese. After an hour on the lake, we were rowed back to our starting-point and disembarked. This time the princesses and ladies left the barge first and stood to receive the Empress Dowager when she landed. When she had dined she asked us to dine with the young Empress and ladies at her table in her throne-room, after which we made our adieus and returned to our own palace, without the precincts.

\* \* \*

### THE YOUNG EMPRESS AND LADIES OF THE COURT

THE young Empress, the first lady of the court after her Majesty the Empress Dowager, was to me a charming character. She is the daughter of the Duke Chow, general of one of the Manchu Banner Corps and a brother of the reigning Empress Dowager. She is thus a first cousin of the Emperor, and is his senior by three years. Her mother, a lady of high birth, ancient lineage, and great distinction, brought her up with much care. She also had the advantage of being a great deal at the court with her august aunt, and is highly accomplished, according to Chinese standards. She was affianced at an early age to the Emperor, but, as the custom is, their marriage did not take place for several years later. It was celebrated with great pomp at the Winter Palace in February, 1889, the week before the young Emperor himself took in hand the reins of government, held up to that time by the Empress Dowager, when he became Emperor in reality.

The young Empress has the erect carriage and light, swift walk of the Empress Dowager. She is small, not quite five feet tall, with exquisitely dainty hands and feet, of most patrician type. She has a narrow, high-bred face, with a thin, high nose. Her eyes are more of the Chinese type, as we conceive it, than either the Emperor's or the Empress Dowager's. Her chin is long and of the type generally called strong. Her

mouth is large and extremely sensitive. Her eyes have so kindly a look, her face shines with so sweet an expression, criticism is disarmed, and she seems beautiful. She has a sweet dignity, charming manners, and a lovable nature; but there is sometimes in her eyes a look of patient resignation that is almost pathetic. I should not say she possessed any great executive ability, though full of tact; but while the Empress Dowager was in retirement and she was the first lady at court, she is said to have shown great capability in her conduct of affairs. Her dignity, perfect breeding and natural kindness of heart would

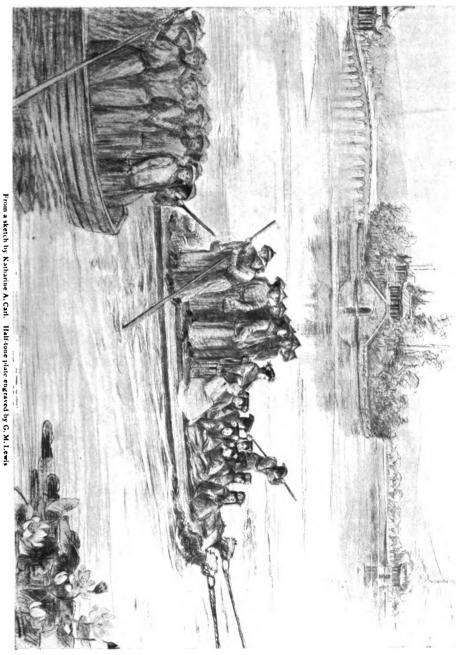
tart ' and a sectly meaning limwin of the Emperor. She is said to 1 extremely beautiful at the time she was chosen as his second wife by the Empress Dowager. She belongs to an excellent family, being the daughter of a viceroy; but though only twenty-eight years old when I knew her, she was already very stout, and there were visible few remains of great beauty. She has very large, fullorbed, brown eyes, and still has a beautifully clear complexion; but her nose is flat, her mouth large and weak; the contour of her face is marred by layers of flesh, her forehead does not indicate much intelligence, and she has very little distinction in appearance. She seems good-natured, but is neither very clever nor tactful. She is not a favorite among the ladies generally, and is not nearly so interesting in any way as the young Empress. She is, however, treated with the most kindly consideration by the young Empress and has precedence over all the other ladies, and her position at court is second only to that of the young Empress. Whenever I mention the young Empress, it may be understood that the secondary wife followed immediately after her, coming before the princesses or any other of the ladies forming the court of the Empress Dowager. I have often seen references made to the "imperial harem"; there is no such thing as an imperial harem at the court of his Majesty the Emperor Kwang-Hsu. He has only these two wives.

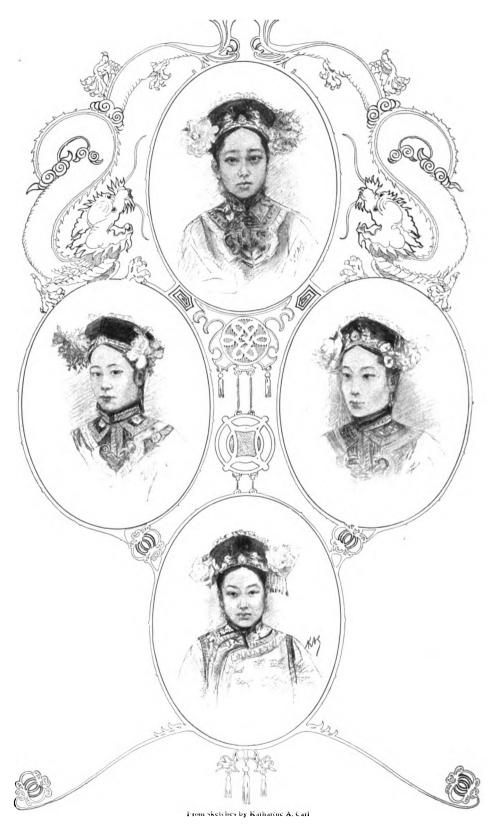
Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting are principally princesses of the blood or the widows of imperial princes. Her first lady, Sih-Gerga (fourth princess), daughter of Prince Ching, the prime minister, is a widow of twenty-four. She married, at the age of sixteen, a son of a high Manchu official (then viceroy of Tientsin), and was left a widow a few months later. She is a beautiful young woman, with face a perfect oval, large brown eyes, and a clear, magnolia-leaf complexion of exquisite texture. She would be called beautiful, judged by any standard. She has no children of her own, but, like most ladies of position who are widows or childless, has an adopted son.

Adopted children in China are much closer in relationship than is a child by adoption with us. In many instances their own parents are still living when they are adopted, and even these parents speak of their child as the son of the adopted mother or parent, and bow to her wishes in bringing up the child.

The next two ladies of the court are two duchesses, also widows. Widows in China never remarry, or, if they do, they lose caste and reputation. They are not sacrificed on the funeral pyres of their departed husbands, as in India; but a voluntary suicide on the part of a widow in China is still looked upon as a noble act. A widow who remains faithful to the memory of her husband during a long life is rewarded by the greatest respect and consideration during her life and is honored after death.

If a girl prefers to remain unmarried, if a widow remains faithful to the memory of her husband, she is honored after her death with much pomp and ceremony, and great memorial arches are erected in her memory. All over China one is constantly coming upon these arches to widows and virgins. If the family is not sufficiently wealthy to raise these monuments themselves, public subscriptions are taken, all the relatives contribute, and often the inhabitants of the village or the country where the heroine lived beg to be allowed to have their part in raising a monument to her memory. These arches, of stone or wood, are elaborately carved, sometimes with remarkable sculptures of fabulous animals, flowers, and thousands of birds of every kind (these latter showing the immortality the soul has acquired). Across the entablature of the arch, cut deep into the stone or wood, and gilded or painted in glowing vermilion, shines the name of





PRINCESSES OF

IN WINTER COSTUME

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the virgin or widow to whom it is erected, and on the sides of the arch is inscribed an account of her virtuous acts.

A girl is sometimes affianced at the early age of from six to eight years, and the affianced is from that time spoken of as her husband. Should he die before they marry, which is never earlier than sixteen for the bride, she is considered a "widow," and must henceforth live the life of a recluse. She can never marry any one else. She may adopt a son, who will call her "mother"; but she may never hope for the joys of family life of her own, without calling down upon her head the obloquy of all whose respect she desires. She wears deep mourning the first three years after his death, and then second mourning; and she can never again put on the festive red, joyous green, or any other color except blue or violet—second

The northern Chinese and the Manchu ladies use a great deal of paint and powder on their faces; but a widow can never add one artificial iota to the rose of her cheek, to the cherry of her lips, or the lily of her brow. She can nevermore use paint or powder. In most instances the Chinese ladies are but the prettier for this, for they have beautiful skins, and the use of powder and paint is carried to such an excess as to be quite unnatural.

There are only eight of her Majesty's ladies who live always in the palace, but this number is increased about four times on festive occasions. The Princess Imperial, the Empress Dowager's adopted daughter, is the first of the princesses at court, and, when she comes to the palace, ranks next to the Empress and secondary wife of the Emperor.

One evening, at dinner in the throneroom, Sih-Gerga undertook to tell me the
relationships of the different princesses to
one another and to the young Empress.
Incidentally, this made them related to the
Emperor and the Empress Dowager, but
neither of their Majesties' names was mentioned in this connection, for such would
have been a great piece of presumption,
amounting almost to sacrilege. They might
be related, but no princess would dare
mention such a thing. It would be against
all the laws of Chinese propriety. I
found, after this explanation of Sih-Gerga's,
that the ladies were all related by consan-

guinity or marriage to one another and to the young Empress.

There are a number of tiring-women and maids in the palace who are called by outsiders "slaves"; but they are not slaves, or, if they are so, it is only for a time, a space of ten years. Every spring the daughters of the lowest of the Manchu families, the Seventh and Eighth Banners, are brought into the palace to be chosen from, by the Empress and Empress Dowager, for maids and tiring-women. One day, on going to the palace, I saw a number of ordinary carts near one of the postern gates, and I learned that they had brought crowds of these girls of the families of the Eighth Banner. They are first passed in review by the chief eunuch, and he selects from them those he thinks may please her Majesty. These pass before her, and she tells the chief eunuch which ones are to remain in the palace. They are brought to the palace from the ages of ten to sixteen years. They remain in service for ten years, after which time they are allowed to return to their families; and in case they have been satisfactory and have pleased their Majesties, they are given a comfortable dot and are provided with a handsome marriage outfit, which causes them to make much better marriages than they would otherwise do. During their so-called ten years' slavery in the palace they live upon the fat of the land, and have beautiful clothes and many advantages. They wear, while in her Majesty's service, blue gowns, with their hair plainly parted at the side and braided in a single long braid (tied with red silk cords) which hangs down the back. They wear a bunch of flowers over each ear. The young Empress and the secondary wife, as well as each of the princesses, have their own maids and tiring-women, who remain in the private quarters of these ladies.

Besides these young maids, there are in the palace a number of old women, servants of her Majesty, who have been married and have children; these overlook the younger women, direct the work of the lower eunuchs, and are in a position somewhat similar to housekeepers with us. Among these is a Chinese woman who nursed her Majesty through a long illness about twenty-five years since and saved her life by giving her mother's milk to drink. The Empress Dowager, who never forgets a favor, has always kept this woman in the palace. Being a Chinese, she had bound feet. Her Majesty, who cannot bear even to see them, had her feet unbound and carefully treated, until now she can walk maids are bought when they and their mistresses are children, they grow up together, and though the maid never forgets the respect due her mistress, they are on a much more friendly footing than mistress



From sketches by Katharine A. Carl SLAVE GIRLS

comfortably. Her Majesty has educated the son, who was an infant at the time of her illness, and whose natural nourishment she partook of. This young man is already a secretary in a good *yamen* (government office).

No Chinese lady of position ever dresses herself or combs her own hair, and she generally has three or four personal maids. These are, in many instances, bought outright from their parents, and might be considered really slaves; but they are treated with great consideration and even friendliness by their mistresses, and have in most instances a happy lot. As these and maid could ever be in Europe in such cases.

The first of a lady's maids stands behind her at table, no matter how many servitors there may be, goes out with her, sits with her, sleeps either in her room or at her door, and is almost her constant companion. When the time comes for them to marry, they are given a comfortable outfit by their mistresses, and are cared for to the third and fourth generation; but the children of the so-called slaves are free, unless the mother or parents decide, of their own free will, to sell them, as they have been sold, to some good family.

(To be continued)



# THE CAT COQUETTE BY MARCHERITA ARLINA HAMM WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

" $Y^{
m OU}$  do not understand me," stammered the interpreter from Cairo.

"Yes, I do, wretch," shrilled the widow.
"You said that—"

"Hush, my dear Eirene; the mourners will hear us through the door," he entreated, nervously fumbling the wisp of clay-colored hair lately acquired to conceal his small chin.

"It is not the widow's place to hush at this time," she retorted, catching fastfalling tears in her thumb-bottle. "And I will tell everybody how you have insulted me before his body is entirely cold."

"Peste! Confound it! I was your husband's closest friend, and, as is the way of our clan, he bequeathed you to me."

"What! You little hyena! Well, if he said so, he was n't in his right mind. He was in the Valley of Wanderings, struggling between the clutch of Satan and Saint Michael. At any rate, you have no sense of shame."

"My dear Eirene, don't talk so loud. I merely feared that somebody else might speak first—"

"Oh, these heirs are keen on bequests. Word-parrot! this is a free country, and I sha'n't be bequeathed to anybody except myself. I know you. You want my cats."

"Not so, not so," protested the inter-

preter, wiping his receding brow with the red mourning-handkerchief. "I don't like cats. I never thought of your cats."

"Then you are no honest Egyptian. I would n't trust a man that did n't like cats. Evil follows malice to cats. Last week he kicked Thoth, son of Ra, and to-day he worries on the Sacred Scales."

"Maskee!" cried the interpreter with a Portuguese shrug. "What ze devil! You're a nice Coptic Christian. Still hankering after the goddess Bast et les petites superstitions."

"Enough!" sobbed the widow. "Wait — wait until I speak out at the grave!"

She opened the parlor door that gave on the alley and left the discomfited man to gaze on a prospect of clothes-lines in back yards and to catch the vague, dolorous mewing of threescore cats immured in the cellar, with an occasional glimpse of kitten faces at the little wire-screened window.

Within the parlor many mourners were assembled to honor the departed merchant. The women were gaily dressed in American style, but their hair was disheveled and their faces were smeared with indigo and kohl. They shrieked and wrung their hands. The men, on the contrary, sat shabbily indifferent on the couches about

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the room, smoking narghiles and drinking coffee. They talked leisurely of business and the weather, finishing out sentences interrupted by the overloud feminine lament. The coffin was laid on a couch in the center of the room, and newcomers were assured that its occupant's flaxen robe had been steeped in the river Jordan—the only garment of this virtue in the colony. Moreover, the deceased held in his hand a splinter of wood from his native place, Shebin, where Noah's ark landed after the flood.

"It is unfortunate, neighbor Siamon," remarked Hanno the scribe, "that we have no more authentic records of Noah's peregrination."

"Oh, it is perfectly clear," replied the bow-legged bird-trainer, cheerfully. "Did not Noah utter the word Shai-bayen when he landed—and the bird he sent forth to bear witness?"

The widow, entering at this juncture, consulted a small mirror on the wall. It made her weep afresh to see the lines of grief in her dusky features, the redness of hazel eyes that squinted to narrow slits under bushy eyebrows, the quivering of her nose, and the palpitation of her fuzzcovered upper lip-a face that resembled one of her beloved pussies. Lifting the mirror in her short, thick hands, she shattered it on the floor and wildly asked why it had not been broken like the rest, knowing well she had given orders to have fresh mirrors put up. Next she snatched a rug from the floor and turned it upside down, dabbed some indigo on her cheek, and turned several pictures on the wall bottom side up.

"O-o-o-o, my husband!" she wailed, dropping on her knees before the coffin. "Here is my ear; speak to me! Thou wast a prince among men. Oh, how we did love each other! How fond thou wast of the cats!"

"She told us herself that he kicked one last week," muttered Amina the lace-maker, a spiteful old woman.

"O-o-o-o, my husband! see how I mourn! I have made myself ugly for thee. My ear-rings are twisted and my sandals worn heel foremost. I have broken all the looking-glasses."

"Not half as many as they smashed at the funeral last week," whispered the lacemaker. The widow rose, glowered at Amina, and uttered the same warning she had given the interpreter: "Wait until I speak at the grave."

There was a lull in the mourning noises, which permitted the mewing and snarling of sixty cats to ascend from the regions below.

"I must feed the poor darlings," exclaimed the widow, hurrying from the parlor.

"She thinks more of them than of her husband," was Amina's parting shot. "I am sorry for his successor."

"Oh, the interpreter is a learned man," said Hanno, gravely, fondling his white beard, but with an amused glint in his eye.

In the afternoon the priest came, and putting on his brocaded vestments, he lighted many candles and performed the ceremony of "calming." The women became quiet, adjusted their clothes, and washed their faces. The pictures and rugs were restored to their proper positions.

The next morning a very large delegation from the colony rode in hacks to the suburban cemetery, hopeful that Eirene would justify her reputation of sharp wit on this one occasion when a Coptic woman has liberty of speech. Every one impatiently awaited the conclusion of the ceremonies at the grave, which was flanked with roses of Sharon and a feathery-plumed cypress. The lute-players and the singers made doleful music, while the mourners stood in a broken circle with hands bent downward at the wrist. Some oven-baked dust was tossed on the coffin and the earth shoveled after.

"Now, Eirene," said the priest, motioning back the others, "thou art entitled to the last talk with thy husband. Thou hast privilege to say on without being answered. Unburden thyself, and hereafter hold thy peace."

The interpreter, standing under a weeping willow, shuddered and wiped his forehead. Amina and some other women who had a reason were likewise affected by nervous chills.

"Oh, my dear husband," began the widow in purring Arabic as she crouched at the grave-side, "dost thou know what I have done to secure thy happiness? Is this abode pleasing to thy sight? Lo, I have ordered a full-sized wax image of thee to be sent to thy native town and

buried with thy kin, so that at the last trump one or the other body may arise glorified. As for myself, thank God, the business is in a good condition and the pets of Basta are thriving. There is no duct of my wretched neighbors. There is an old wrinkled lace-maker who accepts my hospitality and utters jealous lies behind my back. She is uglier than my oneeyed Madras he-cat. Then there is that



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

#### "'IT IS NOT THE WIDOW'S PLACE TO HUSH AT THIS TIME'"

malignant or cheating relative whom I may accuse."

The interpreter breathed a sigh of relief. Amina and the other women visibly expressed their satisfaction.

"No relative, it is true," went on the widow in a shriller tone, "but, oh, my beloved, I am worried to death by the con-

stingy thing whose husband toils at the buried cities, and who commits sacrilege by keeping a dog in the house, refusing a kitten that I offered very cheap. Moreover, the neighbor who borrowed two cups of flour a week ago."

As the widow pursued this vein, denouncing all her women neighbors, the interpreter felt convinced that he was to escape.

"The worst is yet to tell, dear husband," shrieked Eirene, clawing the earth. "I have been outraged and insulted before thy body was cold. A fellow who gads about without any means of support asked me to marry him. The scamp pretended that you had bequeathed me. And why such indecent haste? He was afraid another might get my money that I have made breeding the cats. Oh, the rascal! Heaven knows how many wives he has already in Cairo, Stamboul, and New York. Of course you know the person I mean—him who posed as your friend, a man hitherto esteemed in the colony, though his blood is pale with a foreign strain. He is that ugly little interpreter with the small chin. As if one could improve one's features with three white hairs. May the cats scratch his eyes out!"

It was said afterward that this was merely the widow's introduction. But the interpreter, misjudging her rhetorical ability, believed that she had covered the subject, and he drifted away through the screening foliage of linden-trees and bronze beeches.

After this it was natural for him to vow the banishment of relicts from the sphere of fancy; he kept himself secluded, knowing that he was the butt of prodigious ridicule throughout the colony. By no means a sensitive man, he nevertheless could not ignore the sly jests and gibes that assailed him on every side. When he met patriarchs like Hanno and Siamon, he was seriously reprimanded and advised. They spoke of righting some wrong. If he had insulted some one he ought to apologize by the homeopathic method. Once when he tried to change the subject by complaining of insomnia and bad dreams, Siamon replied earnestly:

"That 's it, my friend. Every man has a wife, either spiritual or in the flesh. You are a bachelor and evade your duty. Your afrit-wife kneels on your chest every night and tears away your breath."

The interpreter paled, but attempted an incredulous smile.

"At least," said Hanno, "I hope you did not leave Egypt to escape the bachelor-tax."

"Let me tell you, friend," resumed Siamon, "the worst kind of ghost-wife, which I had once myself, is the kind that vanishes gradually. First a hand and then an arm, until there is left only eyes and a red tongue wagging at you out of darkness. Ya salam! Have you had that yet?"

"She is named Eirene, which betokens Peace," said the scribe, "and her inner nature must correspond. The nettle does not sting a swift hand."

"Have you had the vanishing specter yet?" persisted Siamon.

"Bah! What zilly nonzense!" muttered the interpreter, twisting the wisp at his chin. "Zese are old wives' fabliaux; yez."

It came to pass, however, after a few such conversations that he paid a visit to the widow's house under pretense of settling the estate of her husband.

She was sitting in the kitchen with three choice kittens on her lap drinking milk out of a nursing-bottle. Two tortoise-shell cats fed themselves from a saucer at her feet. Above her head, in a cage, a gray Nile cat was whirling frenziedly within a wheel -a blur of glaring eyes, white teeth, and fuzzy tail. Along the window-sills extended a dado of cats, blue Carthusians, pink-lipped Persians, rusty-spotted Madras, brown-cheeked fishers of Malabar. Wandering over the floor and about the furniture were lean blacks, fat striped pussies, tailless Crimeans, fawn-colored out-toeing Chinese cats, flat-headed Bokharas, stiffhaired Mombas, scrawny, ill-tempered cats, wise-looking, cynical cats, and sweetly amiable cats. Finally a dozen truculent Thomases occupied a row of hutches along the sunny part of the wall, whence they darted vicious claws at enemies or invited the caresses of admirers. As for the noise, it was a multitudinous compound of an orphan-asylum and an orchestra tuning up.

When all her pets had been fed and somewhat quieted, Eirene deigned to take notice of the caller.

"Ah, my dear lady," he exclaimed, "this makes me homesick for your native city, Tel Basta, the sacred home of cats and their goddess Bast. Many a dollar I have earned there from travelers—"

"By twisting the truth," she replied coolly.

"What? That is to say, an interpreter must interpret."

"Verily. I hear you did not attend the funeral."

"What! I was certainly there—at a



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"DRINKING MILK OUT OF A NURSING-BOTTLE"

little distance. You know, Eirene, you did me a great wrong. It was a mistake."

"Is it true that you are haunted by an afrit-wife?"

"Bah!" The interpreter laughed feebly. "Is it true that you worship Bast in the moonlight?"

"Did you come here to join in the wor-

ship?"

"Well, I don't know. Is there anything I can do, Eirene—"

"Anything? They say you are a talker

and language-twister."

"You misunderstand, O Shining Light. Is it not difficult for you to conduct this cattery alone by yourself?"

"What do you know about cats, O wise one? Let me see you wash one, for

example.''

"Oh, of course I don't mean that. But do you not see how a clever man might help you in the business? You exhibit at the cat-show in the Madison Square. I am a great talker. I will tell the American people about your pets and they will buy many at big prices."

She reflected awhile, embracing the bushy-tailed hazel-eyed Siamese, whose features closely approximated to her own.

"Perhaps I will hire you to talk on trial. How much do you want for two talks a day for a week?"

"Well, the cats are smaller than the elephants and camels I am accustomed to recommend at Coney Island, so the price would be smaller. But it grieves me, O Early Dew, that you should think of diverting the love-pain into a bargain. I meant to say that it was not good for a woman to be alone and unprotected, especially when her husband-"

"So you still hanker after unearned money! You wish to idle your time in the

café, telling stories."

"Hush, hush, my dear Eirene! I have great plans for us both. On my own part I mean to establish a guides' bureau in New York to show the Americans the sights of their city. I will hire many men, and especially Hanno, if he will cut his long beard and learn to speak fast."

"You have many ideas in your head," she retorted, "but few blisters on your

hands."

"It is evidence of my sincerity," he retorted, "that I endure your words so patiently."

"Your mouth is full and your pocketbook is empty."

"How many suitors do you expect to

have at this rate?"

"The Nile is full of crocodiles," she concluded.

He was silent for a long time, and in his bitterness of spirit felt like retiring The gray acrobat in the cage stopped whirling and spit downward at a hutch rival who was flirting with a green Javanese. At length he decided to make

a last attempt.

"Eirene," he said gently, "I know the truth, that your previous experience has prejudiced you against men. Your husband was sickly and incompetent, though otherwise meritorious. You had to support and nurse him like a child. It was noble of you to praise him so when he crossed the wide river, especially when you thought how he scorned and ill-treated your beloved pets."

Eirene's heart was touched. Her eves became narrow and moist.

"Yes, this is the truth," he went on. "Now I will not say that I am capable of loving them as thou dost, for perfect knowledge is requisite; but truly I esteem cats, and here is a little girdle set with cat's-eyes which I bought for thee."

"Oh, it is handsome!" cried the widow, in spite of herself. "Yes, it is very pretty."

She fitted it on her ample waist and stood before a mirror.

"Khud—take it, then."

"Kettar kherak," she replied warmly. "Thy goods increase!"

"Now I must be going," said the astute

interpreter.

"No, no. Stay awhile, drink coffee and smoke. Then return at nightfall and you may walk with me to the pier where my darlings take their airing."

The enchanted suitor spent the whole day with the widow, and learned how to wash cats, amuse cats, and feed kittens from a nursing-bottle. He learned all the secrets of a successful cattery—the treatment of sick and well, feeble-minded and precocious; how to interpret oracular noises and clairvoyant eyes; how the animals must be kept confined by day but released at night to roam through the colony, secure from molestation at the hands of the pious Egyptians. At twilight a procession of frisky cats and kittens followed the widow and the interpreter across West street, now deserted of trucks and cabs, to the steamboat pier. Here the animals, like trained hunters, took up separate trails of rats and mice and scampered through the piled-up merchandise. There was a little wrangling over the same quarry between a green-eyed Maltese and a tailless Manx. Several of the cats, before eating their prey, brought them proudly to the feet of their mistress, who stood with her friend at the pier's end looking out over the light-reflecting water.

So much harmony could not endure. When they returned to the house, it being quite dark inside, the interpreter stepped with both feet on a thick, squdgy tail. The caterwauling arose to heaven, and still above it the hoarse shrieks of Eirene. The interpreter leaped in the air and blasphemed in many languages. When the hanging lamps had been lighted, the widow glanced at the sufferer of the mangled tail and a terrible wrath shot from her narrowed feline eyes.

"It is the same my husband kicked!

Ruh! Out of my house!"

Hanno and Siamon were personages too reverend to promote a mere jest, so it must have been benevolence on their part when they made light of such mishaps and exhorted the suitor not to drop the rose because of the thorns. The old men, being unmarried, argued the more eloquently in favor of the institution. Hanno quoted the law and the poets, while the bird-trainer invoked legend, and with glistening eyes cited the connubial felicity of his young nephew Musa.

"Blessed is the anger of a loving wife," said Siamon. "It is like unto the nip a faithful camel gives to her master."

"It is written," declared Hanno, "that the daughters of Tel Basta are more vivacious than the fawns of Beharieh—"

"S'e iss impozzible," growled the inter-

preter.

"If she was bequeathed to you," said the scribe, "it is your duty to accept the bequest."

"Have you been troubled yet," asked Siamon, innocently, "by the vanishing wife that ends by wagging her red tongue at you?"

"Barbe de Saint Jean! I would rather have an afrit-wife sit on my chest than have my eyes clawed by a human cat. The law does not make me accept a bequest. S'e iss impozzible. What do I care for her money?"

Nevertheless, a few days later it was reported that the interpreter had made his peace with the widow by presenting her with a bracelet to match the cat's-eye girdle. He was seen walking with her nightly to the pier at the head of the pussy procession, and several times he had been at the drug-store buying catnip and other soothing herbs and musky perfumes grateful to feline nostrils.

When the cat-show at the Madison Square Garden occurred, it was known definitely that the pair were engaged. Attired in a frock coat, a Count d'Orsay hat, spats, and white-satin vest, the interpreter stood four hours a day beside Eirene's exhibit and spouted its merits in a jargon that entranced every auditor. Members of the colony were awed and filled with pride, regretting the light respect they had accorded to a genius.

"Ladeiz and gentlemen," declaimed the orator with suave accent, "zare are a plethora of cats wizin eyezight, some admir-able, some lesso, but zis iss ze only zenuine exhibit by a lady from ze sacred cat city of Tel Basta, ancient called Bubastis. Zees puss are descended by pedigree from ze half-divine beings of ze goddess Bast, and zeir parents repose as mummies under ver' sumptuous monuments. Like great Napoleon say, dis green eyes look down at us from ze forty centuries. Zey know everyzing-zey tell fortunes better as ze stars. Look at ze lady! Look at ze cats! Zey are both très jolie. Behold here ze whirling black Ptolemy, who make twenty-zeven revoluçions wiz ze moon (Yes, madame, ten dollars, two hundred piasters, two and half napoleon), and look at ze great Cheops climb ze pole despite it iss slippery, and see zare ze Mademoiselle Kittens and zeir papa, ze great Mehemet Ali, who sit like ze sphinx —oh, ver' wise—but ze ozzers are merry, nimble lads. Ah, zay mew and pur-r-r so swiftly like ze music-wind at evening over Mokattam."

The widow, seeing his fervor and the tangible results of it in large sales,—of course, there were favorites she would never sell and others that it cost her a pang to lose,—felt her heart swell with tenderness. She repented of every harsh

word that she had ever uttered. She admired; she loved.

The interpreter, on the contrary, secretly despised himself as he thought how in former days he had been chief guide at A rock of woe upon which the bark of their courtship came near total wreckage was planted by kismet soon after these blissful days. The interpreter had been going about the colony in his orator's garb,



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick "'AFTER ALL, ZEY ARE CATS'"

khedival visits to the Pyramids; how he had extolled camels and elephants and majestic wild beasts at the Coney Island spectacles. What a fall from elephant to cat! What paltry deceit, representing miscellaneous miaulers as pure-blooded Egyptians, making close bargains with experts and mulcting amateurs. However, he remembered that it was profitable and the widow had promised to be his.

jingling money in his pocket, smoking scented cigarettes, and drinking Damascan wine, treating his friends and being congratulated by everybody. He had large plans for the future, and approached Hanno on the subject of cutting his beard and learning to talk fast, so as to join the guides' bureau. People borrowed money of him. He explained what he would do with his cat business.

Now the widow at this time received an invitation to visit a friend in the Streets of Cairo, and at first she would not think of going.

"Certainly you must go, O New Grass

Top," said her fiancé, genially.

"But who will look after them?"

"Am I not their adopted parent?" "M-m-m. Oh, my poor little darlings would die of longing."

"Then you do not really trust me?"

"Still, you kicked the same one.—Forgive me—would you get up in the night and feed the kittens with the bottle?"

"Why not? I am a light sleeper. More-

over. I would set the bell-clock."

"Would you know how to change the bandage on Ra's broken leg? And set the cooling drink before the fevered one? Will you let them all loose at sundown? And open the door to them at daybreak, lest they come to grief among foreigners. Remember, we have sold the inferior ones, and the best remain."

"Rest thy mind, O Shining Light. I will attend to everything—and if one ninth of a cat's life be lost, I will pay the forfeit with my head."

"Well, then-"

"Give me a kiss, O Sweet-breathed. Ateeni bosa."

The widow giggled fondly, arched her back, and crumpled her fuzzy upper lip. Afterward she seemed to purr with satisfaction.

That night when she was gone the interpreter argued with himself that the dignity of his new position required celebration, a farewell festival, a bachelor supper party to admiring friends and envious enemies. What better time than when he was alone in the widow's house, able to draw on her cupboard and her credit? So, having dismissed the cats to their nocturnal liberty. he visited many places of compatriot resort and invited all to rejoice with him in his new home. He ordered from the restaurant narghiles, coffee, kitobe, coosa, date candies, and leather-bottled wine of Damascus, thick as syrup. The party was a tremendous success. Unrestrained by the dull comprehensions of the feebler sex, the guests indulged their humorous fancy to the utmost. A thousand witticisms were launched at the expense of the Cat Coquette and the dauntless adventurer who had taught her to sheathe her claws. The host, superb in

his frock-coat and d'Orsay hat, transmuted many beakers of wine into golden oratory. At length he arose in enthusiasm and stood with slightly tottering limbs between Hanno and Siamon, patting each on the shoulder, proclaiming these excellent old men to be the true authors of his bliss. Scribe and bird-trainer looked at each other dubiously, thinking of temperance saws and proverbs about match-making. The riotous evening wore away. At one o'clock all the supplies were gone and the last guest stole out, leaving the host snoring on a divan in the smoky, littered parlor.

A black-robed figure with a swift American stride, a basket on her arm, and a sheaf of pamphlets in her girdle, moved through the shadows of the street and stopped before the widow's house. The figure entered the alley and distributed mysterious little things on the ground.

Then she vanished.

Early the next morning Eirene hurried back to the city, misgiving her great trust in the interpreter. At a little distance everything seemed to be all right. When she entered by the street-door her ear was smitten by snores, her eye outraged by the disordered leavings of a carouse. She dashed forward, seized her fiancé by the ear, and nearly twisted it off.

"Thou art a light sleeper!" she screamed. "Thou wouldst be a faithful

guardian! Pig! Drunkard!"

"Let go my ear," he muttered surlily. "What 's trouble? My head is splitting. Can't you let me sleep?"

"Sleep! You wretch, you did not feed the kittens. You did not bandage the leg.

It is a wonder they are alive."

"Oh, it 's all right; it 's all right," he babbled, holding his head in both hands.

"Well, he must have fed them at least—they are so quiet," said the Shining Light to herself.

She hastened to the kitchen. The next moment she flew to the alley, flung the door open, and then emitted a screech terrific and prolonged.

The interpreter, never more awake in his life, staggered to the door and he almost swooned at the sight that met his gaze. Stretched lifeless on the cobbles in every attitude of angry and resigned agony lay the corpses of more than two-score cats. The tailless Crimean and the price-

less Siamese, majestic black cats and

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ermine-coated cats, blue Carthusian and yellow Bokhara, lay together with too glassy eyes, outstretched pink tongues, and stiff paws pointing heavenward. Some had bitten their own tails, others had fought with their fellows in the death-throes. Most pitiful of all were the foam-lipped cats clustered about the screen of the cellar window, endeavoring to flee from the unknown horror, and the lone tortoise-shell that had expired with paws extended on the very door-sill.

"But it is a mistake," Eirene was saying softly to herself. "My darlings are asleep; they are a little bit sick." She fell on her knees and called out the names of her favorites; she caressed the stiffened limbs and kissed the grinning whiskered lips.

She rose to her feet, glared at the pallid wreck in the doorway and sobbed:

"Assassin! Zaqum—food of Hades!"
"I—I—what do you mean? I am innocent."

"Thing accursed!"

"How could I be guilty of sacrilege?" he stammered, holding out an arm to ward off attack.

"Traitor! O-o-o-o, my sweet little pets! I have a mind to kill you!" She burst into hysteric laughter while searching her garment for some suitable weapon.

"Do not be rash, Eirene—I—I beg you. What Egyptian would dare to do this thing? It is some outside enemy. See, what is this paper on the ground—?"

He reached with trembling fingers for a printed leaflet and applied his distracted mind to its perusal. He had indeed an awful feeling of guilt, for had he not at times hated the cats and almost wished their destruction? Perchance last night the devil had inspired his liquor-maddened brain to massacre.

"Aha, this is the enemy, this is the assassin!" he cried, suddenly mastering the contents of the leaflet. He explained to her in hurried Arabic the purport of the document, which opened thus:

(Leaflet No. I)
SOCIETY FOR THE AID OF
FRIENDLESS CATS

THE merciful man is merciful to his beast. Why are cats kept in bondage, starved and ill-treated, allowed a precarious existence on glass-strewn walls and in noisome cellars? There is not one in ten thousand really happy.

Our society, universally humane in its scope, has experimented with 125 different poisons and uses only the best. Our agents traverse the thickly cat-populated districts of the city at night distributing savory morsels impregnated with our painless elixir. For the last quarter of this year the statistics show a gratifying increase in our benevolent work. . . . Every penny helps, so please. . . .

(List of patronesses on back)

It is doubtful how much of this farrago the widow understood, despite the laborious explanations of her friend, except only that some inconceivable foreign enemy, sacrilegious heathen, or cruel maniac, was guilty of the slaughter.

"I am alone in the world," she moaned.
"Oh, misery! My sweet little pets, my baby kittens, who will never more drink out of the bottle! My lordly cats, and oh, plush-footed Mahomet Ali! My queenly cats! Beloved Cleopatra! They are dead and I ought to die with them. Will you die with us?"

"Me!" stuttered the interpreter. "Oh, my beloved!"

"If you love me you will die with me," she insisted hoarsely.

"Is it not enough to shave our eyebrows?"

"You said you would forfeit your

"Ya salam, this is frightful. Wait, I will think of some plan. The law-courts—yes, they are too slow. Eirene, I know a very great doctor, an American magician. It is as you said at first, the little pets are merely asleep. He will know how to awaken them."

She fell on his neck with a flood of tears and begged him not to lose a moment's time.

The interpreter donned his battered tile, smoothed the wrinkles in his frock-coat, and went away. He returned soon, driving a closed butcher's cart with a grated window at one side; a staff of three small boys helped him load up the forty carcasses. Thereupon he drove briskly to the nearest dump at the river-front, disposed of the victims of Western benevolence, and began an all-day voyage through the city in search of a fresh cargo of cats. Twice he had to whip up his horse to escape being mobbed, and once a policeman chased the wagon for several blocks, flourishing a revolver. The devoted lover braved all

these perils with a light heart and kept up the courage of his assistants with plenty of pennies and sweetmeats. They captured two splendid Angoras in Madison avenue, they acquired a tortoise-shell and a ringtailed cousin to Mahomet Ali in Washington square, they picked up a bay-hued Nepalese near police headquarters, they purchased several families of kittens at second hand, and received the overflow of mongrel progeny from janitors. They obtained a gaunt white Siberian in Hester street and an out-toeing Tatar in Chinatown; elsewhere a portly Manx, a marble cat, and several Maltese. It was astonishing, the number of vagrants, strays, and home-dissatisfied pussies that yielded themselves to the strangers in response to a kind tone and a caress, and how unscrupulously little children, for a price, parted with their own and their neighbors' At least the collection was nearly as cosmopolitan as the defunct one.

When the interpreter drove his wagon into the alley late that afternoon the widow heard the miauling of sixty-and-five pussies and her heart leaped with savage maternal joy. She ran to the door, purring all over and prepared to embrace him who had restored her darlings to life.

But what were those strange faces appearing and disappearing in quick, nervous rivalry at the barred window? Why such snarling tones of strife and dismal wails as of homesick infants? At the best these seemed to be relatives of the massacred, more or less distant and unwashed, wildly beribboned and belled.

The interpreter explained it to her gently

and by degrees.

"It is like this, Eirene," he said. "The magician doctor could only restore the spirits of thy cats in other bodies. Thou wilt become accustomed to the change—as they also. Probably these are just as valuable and rare, and they are more numerous. After all, zey are cats," he concluded with a gesture and a dazzling, triumphant smile.

"It—is—not quite the same," she said slowly, blinking away her tears. "No, it is not. But if you are sure the souls are unchanged—we will adopt them, my

friend."



# THE TURBULENTS

# BY W. A. FRASER



HIS story has to do with the period of time in which Swampy, the racoon, associated with some lumbermen in Cameron's shanty in the

thick Canadian woods.

The toilers slew the oak and chestnut giants of the forest, in the matter of daily bread; danced at some farm-house out in the Scotch Block; toyed with immature corn whisky at Rodney; or coon-hunted in their own forest at night, in the way of relaxation. And, in addition to all this, there was the ever-present feud with the "river boys."

The McRaes, the Campbells, the Grahams, interminable of relationship, living along the Thames River, held the men of the Scotch Block—the McPhails, the

McIntyres, and Camerons—as enemies to be threshed at times, and reviled always. These martial sentiments were reciprocally entertained by the Cameron adherents. A pretty face at a dance, with a little misunderstanding over an engagement for a Scotch reel, and a McRae and a McPhail would be at each other's throats out in the chip-yard before you could say "Great Wallace."

But a sore irritant was the matter of coon-dogs. Jack McRae's boast was that his dog Watch could tree a coon quicker 'n anything that wore hair, would stay with him till the cows came home, and could lick his own weight in swamp-coons or wild-cats. He had enlarged on this boast by adding that he had the best coon-dog in the county of Elgin, and that Cameron's

Queenie did n't know a coon-scent from the odor of a wild onion.

It was a primeval condition of life, its atmosphere surcharged with toil, and strife, and religion, and coon-hunting.

Swampy's advent, though dramatic enough, was uneventful compared with his exit.

His mother, a true swamp-coon, long of limb, black-haired on the back, and stout of heart, hibernating through the long winter in the hollow limb of a black-ash tree, came by the way of a family in the month of April. Half a month later, the Cameron men felled her lofty home for lumber; mother coon, darting from her front door, was set upon by Queenie and was slain

The fall of the ash had killed all the youngsters but one, and the foreman, McIntyre, put the orphaned little creature in the bosom of his flannel shirt, and carried it to the log shanty. That was in the evening, and the whole camp entered seriously into the consideration of how the little chap's life was to be saved.

A plump, gray, fluffy ball, with an extremely attenuated nose, the coon babe slept in a little box filled with cotton batting behind the cook-stove, totally oblivious of the grave question he had raised by his unwilling advent.

It was Ben Locke who hit upon the brilliant idea that proved so satisfactory at first and so productive of disorder later on. "Try him with Queenie," Locke suggested; "she might take to him in place of one of her pups. I believe she's lone-some with only Bruce."

Queenie was a half-bred collie, and, as such, great in motherly instinct, and jealous to a degree. Her brown eyes searched Locke's face understandingly as, with fore-finger extended warningly, he commanded her: "Down, Queenie! Now, now—that's a good dog—that 's a good dog!" This while McIntyre held the little orphan to the mother-fount of nourishment.

There is no doubt that Swampy's methods differed from the collie pup's, for Queenie curled her lips in a snarl that showed her white teeth, and growled her disapproval. But Swampy made good use of his time; and presently, his little stomach round and taut like a toy drum, he was put back in his box and presented in this shape to Queenie for inspection.

No one ever knew how it happened, but in the morning Swampy was found sleeping with the collie pup at the mother's side. After that he was made free of the collie's bed, and made foster-brother to Bruce, the pup.

He washed his food in a little wooden trough before he ate it, and poked his thin, inquisitive nose into cupboards, boxes, and every nook of the log shanty. From a long line of swamp-dwelling, night-prowling ancestry had come to him an inherited sensitiveness of touch. His slim, blackskinned fore paws were like another pair of eyes; he appeared to be always feeling for treasure. Sometimes, half angered by Bruce's foolishness of puppyhood, his sharp claws cut little lines of remonstrance in the youthful collie's face. The thin parchment ears of Swampy were slitted into ribbons by the fish-like teeth of his dog foster-brother. Thus the three played together, and ate together, with as much amity, relieved by occasional family jars, as though they were all dogs or all racoons.

When Swampy was a little over a year old, one night the tremulous whistle of his own kind sang in his slitted ears from a tree in the forest and something that he had forgotten all about came to him with compelling force. He had lain there the child of a collie mother, and in a minute a dozen whimpering notes of call reincarnated him and he was a coon. Inherited visions of a black-ash swamp in which he might puddle all through the hours of darkness for frogs and snails and things delicious to a coon's palate, flashed through his mind.

He stole softly from the little box that was his home, raised his gray, black-barred muzzle, sniffed inquiringly toward the forest, and then slipped like a noiseless shadow across the clearing and was swallowed up in the gloomed bush.

Men came and went from the Cameron lumbering gang, and their passing was of transient regret; but Swampy's defection laid melancholy upon the whole camp. The men said he would come back again, but he did not.

One moon from the passing of Swampy,—it was a September night,—Locke and McIntyre, taking the dogs and their axes, made their way along three miles of bushroad to a little clearing in the woods. This

field was planted in corn, and, as Locke said, every coon in the bush knew it.

Eager in the hunt, having knowledge of its method, the dogs slipped silently through a fence; their masters perched on its topmost rail and listened to the whispering corn-leaves as the dogs, panting in bloodlust, chased through the rustling stalks, up and down the dwarf avenues of the miniature forest. A misty moon peeped over a somber tree wall into the little clearing, turning to jewels the dewdrops held in the silver feathers that were the tassels of the corn.

Nose to ground, Queenie raced; at her heels the pup. When Bruce sought to forge ahead, the mother lunged at him with her teeth, adding a yelp of admonition. She knew that even then, perhaps, the one they sought was safe settled in a tree; but if she clung close to the trail they would come to his hiding-place and then her partners in crime, the humans, would bring him to earth for a grapple.

At first above the whispering of the shadowy corn came little whines of anxiety, as though Queenie asked: "Where is he—where is he?" Then there was a short yelp of delight.

"Found! There 's one there!" Locke muttered, touching his companion's arm.

Presently, as the scent freshened, shorter and sharper came the "Yeh-yeh!" and then, from a half-burned fallow beyond, with its blackened stumps and charred logs, the Queen's voice came back, tingling the night air with a joyous "Yi-ih-ih, yeh!"

The men slipped from the fence, dashed through the corn-field, sprawled through the labyrinth of burned logs, into the woods on the farther side, over a sandy knoll clothed with beech and maple, and down into a black-ash swamp, where the ringing bark of dogs told they had treed a coon.

"Hullo!" ejaculated Locke, as they came to the scene of turmoil, "darned if thereain'tanother dog! Wherein thunder—Hanged if it ain't McRae's."

"We're here first, whatever," McIntyre answered. "We'll make a fire, so we can see to chop."

The swamp was dry from the summer drought, and while the men gathered sticks and built a fire, Queenie sat on her haunches, her nose pointed at the stars, and her red-brown eyes fixed wistfully on something very like a fur muff high up in the ash. Bruce and the McRae dog were

tearing about the tree, jumping against its smooth-barked trunk, and causing the forest to echo with their clamor.

"We can throw her into that openin'," Locke said, as he squinted up the tree; "let 's hurry. Them McRae boys 'll be sneakin' in, an' claimin' their cur treed the coon."

As the axes rang sharp and clear against the ash three men slipped into the firelight and a voice said: "Hey there, you fellers, what 're you doin'?"

Locke grounded his ax and, leaning on the handle, retorted sarcastically: "Shavin' myself. What 'd you think I was doin'?"

"Looks like you was choppin' down 'nother man's coon."

"Not on your broadax, Jack McRae. Our dogs druv the coon out of Gillis's corn, an' treed him; an' as we sort o' happened along 'bout that time, we kinder surmised 't would n't be a bad idee to chop him down."

"Us boys 's got that job in hand, Ben

Locke."

"We're first, which is nine points of the law."

"I'm thinkin' you've got two points, an' we've three," McRae rejoined menacingly.

"Look here, Jack McRae," broke in McIntyre, "that 's too strong. We're not out for trouble, but we'll chop this coon down, whatever."

"If you're a better man nor me, you're meanin', Dan McIntyre, by God!" and the speaker slipped off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Don't swear at me, McRae; I 'm no a horse. I 'll take that from no man."

Locke interposed. "What's the use of you river boys lookin' for trouble. You know just as well as I do, Jack, you'd have more'n your hands full with Dan. Let the fightin' go till the fall fair at Wallacetown; there'll be plenty of it then. We come out for coons, an' so did you."

"Yes, but you're comin' by the coon, Ben, which makes a grand difference."

"Well, I 'll tell you what we 'll do, an' if that don't go, an' you shove the quarrel home, me an' Dan 'll take you McRae boys on, and Archie Campbell can see fairplay."

"Well, spit it out of you, Locke."

"We was here first, an' oughter have first go. Me an' Dan 'll fall the tree, you keep your dog back, an' if ourn don't get the coon, he 's yourn." "You 're meanin', Locke, you 'll give us a smell o' the herrin'. It 's no a fair shake," objected McRae.

"It 's dead on the square," Locke retorted. "It 's a pretty thick bush here in the swamp, an' most like the ash'll lodge, then the coon'll skip into that elm—perhaps he'll do it soon's the ash starts to go; from the run he give our dogs he's cunnin' enough for anythin'. Anyway, 't ain't no use good men fightin' over a pelt that ain't worth more 'n a dollar. We're two to three, but we ain't goin' to take no back water."

The McRaes and Campbell stepped to one side and debated the question; the well-known fighting ability of "Strong Dan" McIntyre having something of a mollify... influence upon their spirits.

Jack McRae came forward presently and said: "We'll agree to that, only we'll draw lots for first try at the coon."

"All right, boys," Locke acquiesced; "we 'd rather do anythin' than fight, would n't we, Dan?" There was a deprecating pleasantry in his voice which amounted to a sneer.

Then he broke two twigs, placed them between his fingers, and held his hand up to McRae, saying, "Draw, Jack; long stick wins."

The other drew; and Locke, throwing the remaining twig in the fire with an angry jerk, growled: "You win; go ahead."

While the Cameron men sat holding their dogs, the others sank eager axes into the soft flesh of the black ash.

Soon a shivering moan went up from the tree; its top trembled and swayed; as Jack McRae drove the blade of his ax to its eye there was a crackling scream of dissolution; the ash reeled drunkenly for a second, and then swept downward. Halfway in its fall to earth a strong limb caught in the elm and the tree hung suspended. With a powerful stroke the axman knocked the butt from its holding stump, the tree rolled and, with a swishing sigh, fell to its side.

The McRae dog dashed into the manylimbed top in a fruitless search; for the racoon, running blithely along a limb while the tree swayed in mid-air, had jumped into a slender tamarack and clambered nimbly to its top.

The two men waited till the McRaes came back to the fire, their faces sullen

with anger. Then Locke stepped over to the tamarack and ran his eye up its length, which was like the tapering spar of a yacht.

"The coon's up there right enough," he said, "an' there ain't no use fallin' this saplin'; it 'd never come down—it 'd lodge sure."

He sat down and pulled off his boots, saying: "I 'll shinny up an' shake him down. You watch the dogs, Dan."

Locke had been a sailor on the Great Lakes and with arm and knee he worked up the tamarack like a boy. As he approached, the much-hunted one moved from the crotch in which he had huddled and crept cautiously along a slender limb, where he hung by his long, sharp claws.

"Look out below!" Locke cried, standing in the crotch: then he struck the limb a sharp blow with the sole of his foot. The coon, dislodged, drew in a great lungful of air, till he was blown out like a football, and fell lightly to earth.

With a rush Queenie and Bruce were upon him; and then, even as they stuck their noses into his fat stomach as he lay on his back ready to battle, the two dogs sheathed their teeth and, drawing back a little, sniffed in a puzzled manner at the quarry. And through the sensitive nostrils of the collie mother vibrated the faint scent that reawakened a memory almost obliterated; it was the scent that once had stood for one of her own children. She gave a whine of delight; pleading, eager it was, and with her paw she scratched coaxingly at the coon's neck.

The foster-mother had come by the truth: it was Swampy, the escaped one.

But with him, a half-generation reclaimed from the forest life, memory was shorter; he had lapsed rapidly to the primal savagery of his race. His white teeth gleamed for an instant in the firelight and then were buried in the paw that was the transmitter of mother affection.

With a yelp of pain, even of indignant remonstrance, the collie sprang back, and Swampy, rolling leisurely to his feet, scuttled back to the tamarack and, quite regardless of the fact that his man-enemy was up aloft, prepared to climb beyond reach of the meddlesome dogs.

The men sitting below had watched with astonishment this curious little pantomime, all but McIntyre; to him had come

the thought that the coon must be the escaped Swampy: the dogs would have

torn to ribbons any other.

When Swampy laid unfilial teeth upon the paw of Queenie and she shrank back, Jim McRae said, and his voice was keyed high in a sneer: "Blamed if the dogs ain't feared o' coon! Yon's a good coon-dog you've got, Dan McIntyre." Then he gave an irritating laugh of derision.

Just as Swampy reached the tree, Campbell took his hand from the collar of the McRae dog, and the latter, darting forward with a snarl in his throat, pounced

upon the escaping coon.

Then Swampy's foster-mother Queenie and his foster-brother Bruce sank teeth of remonstrance into the rash McRae dog, and sought to tear him limb from limb.

With an oath, Jack McRae sprang forward and kicked Queenie in the ribs. And even as he kicked, something like the paw of a bear smote him in the neck, to the end that he went headlong over the dogs. Then the other McRae and Campbell fell upon the smiter, "Strong Dan," and sought to batter him in the way of reproval.

The din of battle came to Locke's ears, and his breeches screeched and fairly smoked with the friction of his descent as he shot down the scale-barked tamarack. It was a time for rapid descent: he was needed. Strong Dan was surely being dragged to earth when his companion, crouching, after the manner of sailors in a fight, made entry to the festive scene.

"You would—blank you!—Huh!"
That was a grunt at the butt end of a blow, as Locke's fist swung inward on Campbell's chin and dropped him to his knees. Before Locke could recoil to guard, Jim McRae's long arm flopped around like the loose end of a flail, and the Scotchman's fist, as hard as a horse's hoof from rough toil, smashed like a brick into the sailor's face.

It was a joyous mill, flagging not for the new-fangled innovation of rounds. It was one long continuous swirling round, full of action, good old-time rough-and-tumble rules governing the contest.

Locke was a master in the sailor's fighting art, which is a method of fair execution; and McIntyre's strength, known throughout the county, was as hurtful as a bear's. On the other side there were three of the river boys: the McRaes, long of limb, clean of wind, like cats on their feet—proper woodsmen; while Campbell, though short of stature, had been nicknamed "Fighting Archie." Hate and clan rivalry set a fast pace, and the combatants' diligent method would soon bring a verdict for one side or the other.

Meanwhile the cause of the little unpleasantness had scuttled up the tamarack once more, where he sat blinking curiously at the extraordinary animals who shattered the peace of the forest below. Because of the preoccupation of their masters, the dogs carried on their engagement, until Watch, outnumbered and sorely bitten, curled his tail between his legs and took to the darkened bush with howls of disgust.

The uneven ground, the big rouse the elm, and the slippery moss-covered sticks, introduced a rare element of chance into the contest. Sometimes "Strong Dan" was on his back with two men atop, until Locke, throttling one of them, would slip and all hands go rolling over one another like pups at play. It was like a football scrimmage; in the faulty, glimmering firelight a hard-knuckled fist, missing its mark, would land on the nose of a friend.

The Marquis of Queensbury and his rules had never puzzled the minds of these busy Scotchmen. It was go-as-you-please, kick, and slug, and clench in that ring, which was the whole black-ash swamp. Rough-and-tumble bars nothing but the gouge and the bite; and, so far, the combatants adhered closely to these honorable rules. It was a scrap of fervor, fast and furious; at times a little breathing-spell coming in a clench. They were almost too busy for speech. Once McIntyre grunted: "Take that, McRae, blank you!" as his Scotch knuckles, high in bone, ripped like a saw at his opponent's eyebrow. And Jack retaliated with a kick that would have opened an oak door.

Locke, less economical of speech than the Scots, encouraged his fighting comrade from time to time. "Give it—to him—Dan! I'm at your—back." And he was. But, unfortunately for his powers of succor, he was surrounded himself. Three men can deploy in battle more promiscuously than two; so there was always a spare fist ready to prod either Dan or Ben just as he was getting the better of his opponent.

Locke's face was redder than the rose,

and the crimson hue had smeared his shirtfront; he peered with difficulty from beneath a beehive, or something, that hung heavily over his left eye. Three times Campbell had been knocked as many feet; but he was a wasp, a terrier that came snarling back to meddle officiously with four good men who desired to settle, in their own way, a difference of opinion.

Once the two McRaes held McIntyre in their long arms until he was like a figure of the Laocoon. Jack's left had Dan's head in chancery, while with his right he upper-cut, only to batter his knuckles against the McIntyre skull.

"Will you take water now, blank you?"

McRae panted.

For answer Strong Dan buckled his hips sidewise and with a feint of throwing his opponent backward, gave him the rolling-hip lock, and McRae turned in the air, falling on his back heavily. That would have settled it if it had not been for the spare man. Before McIntyre could recover from the throw he was back-heeled by the brother and brought down, with a McRae atop.

Locke, jumping back from a swing of Campbell's fist, found time for an impromptu kick at Jim McRae's ribs; and at the same minute McIntyre turned his man beneath.

Jack was up again, and, first pivoting a blow into the base of Locke's skull by way of assistance to Campbell, reached down and clutched at McIntyre's throat with his long fingers for a strangle-hold. Then he pitched forward at a blow from Locke, and the three,—the two McRaes and McIntyre,—rolled over and over in a ground-tussle. Suddenly Jim McRae's hand, clutching treacherously at his enemy's face, found an opening, and two fingers slipped into his mouth, fastening upon the cheek in a gouge-hold.

Just as Locke had landed a subduing blow over Campbell's heart he heard a half-smothered cry of "Gouge!" from his comrade. The flickering firelight fell red upon the polished steel of an ax almost at Locke's feet. With an oath the sailor swung it over his head, and, springing to the struggling group, cried: "Let him up, you dogs, or I'll split your heads open! I'll smash you like a rat for gouging—you cowardly Indians!"

Locke's address was short and very

much to the point; even the advantage of a gouge-hold sank into insignificance compared with the advantage a man held standing above them, ax in hand. With a growl Jack McRae rose to his feet, while the fingers of Jim uncurled from their vise-like grip.

With a twist Dan turned the McRae under and sprang to his feet, saying: "Get up now, you dirty dog, whatever! Stand by, Ben, to see fair play, an' I 'll lick the two of them. Fightin' river boys—gougers!"

It was a fine point, this discriminating between the kick and the gouge; but the latter was well over the line into the illegitimate.

"Never mind, Dan," Locke expostulated; "we gave them more 'n they sent —they got their bellyful of fight this time. We don't scrap with old women that scratch."

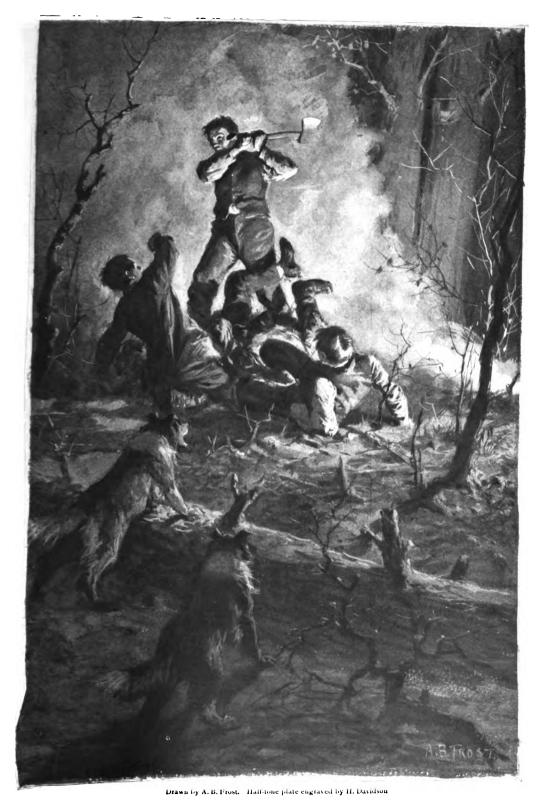
McIntyre was of the patient, quiet kind usually, and, as is the manner of that tribe, when his blood was up, was hard to subdue.

"I'll tell you this whatever, Jack Mc-Rae," he said angrily, "I'll give you a thrashin' for this night's work yet. You've boasted from Rodney to the town-line that you could best any man in the Scotch Block, an' I'll make you eat your words. An' forbye you're doubtin' what I'm sayin', just step out here an' fight like a man."

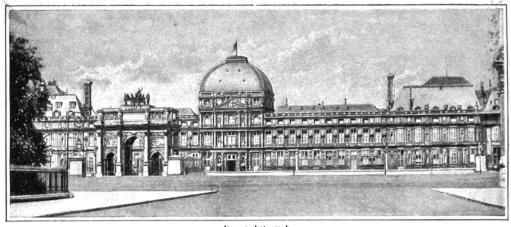
"You 'll get your chance, McIntyre," McRae retorted, "where there 'll not be cowards swingin' axes."

This exchange of compliments was good, in a way, for the respite from action allowed the heated blood to cool. And as for fighting, it would have been a greedy man who would have clamored for more than had been served out in the ash-swamp. McIntyre's face bore eloquent testimony to the excellence of the entertainment, and the McRaes were battle-scarred to a high degree.

As the two parties gathered their axes and prepared to depart, McIntyre spoke again: "I'll tell you, Jack McRae, why Queenie did n't tackle the coon, fearin' ye'll spread it from the town-line to the lake that she's no a good coon-dog: yon coon is Swampy, that she raised as one of her own pups; and that's why she'd no put a tooth in him. And now, Locke, do you away up the tamarack again and bring Swampy down in your arms this time. We'll take him back to the shanty."



"'LET HIM UP!"



From a photograph

THE TUILERIES, FROM THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL

# THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S FLIGHT FROM PARIS

A CHAPTER OF UNPUBLISHED HISTORY

BY DR. THOMAS W. EVANS, WHO ESCORTED THE EMPRESS TO ENGLAND

INTRODUCTION BY DR. EDWARD A. CRANE, WHO WAS ONE OF THE PARTY TO THE COAST



T is thirty-five years since the fall of the Second French Empire, and no authentic account has ever been published of one of the most interesting and dramatic inci-

dents of that memorable event—the flight of the Empress Eugénie from her capital.1 In a forthcoming volume of the "Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans," there is an accurate and complete narrative of what happened to her Majesty, from the time she made her escape from the palace of the Tuileries until she found a new home at Chiselhurst in England, and of this narrative the present article forms a part. In it will be found freely and frankly expressed the first thoughts of the Empress after her fall from power. That morning of the 5th of September, 1870, was a "psychological moment" in her life, and the record of her acts and opinions at the time cannot fail to interest the reader who cares to know something more of her personality and character.

Having been requested by the executors of the estate of the late Dr. Evans to edit his "Memoirs," after I had consented to do this work,—but before I had seen the material, -I informed the Empress in the course of a conversation with her that I had consented to edit Dr. Evans's manuscript, remarking, at the same time, that I hoped I should not discover in them any petites indiscrétions that might annoy her. She at once replied: "So far as anything you find may relate to myself, publish what you like, only tell the truth."

As I have a personal knowledge of what <sup>1</sup> See postscript to this article. - EDITOR.

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took place during the time covered by the pages that follow, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that while, in preparing them for publication, I have availed myself of the liberty generously and nobly accorded to me, I have not forgotten my own responsibility for the statements they contain.

It will be remembered that the fall of the empire was sudden and unexpected. Immediately after the official announcement of the disaster at Sedan (September 1, 1870), when it became known that Napoleon III and his whole army were prisoners of war, the Empress, who had been acting as regent, was called upon to abdicate. Before the first step could be taken to form a provisional government, the ringleaders of the Revolution and their followers broke into the Chamber of Deputies, while the deputies were still in session, and took possession of the building. The garden of the Tuileries was at the same time invaded by an armed mob, and the Empress was compelled to leave the palace to escape falling into the hands of the populace.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of September 4 that,

under the escort of the Austrian and Italian ambassadors, Prince Metternich and Signor Nigra, the Empress, attended by Mme. Lebreton, her dame de compagnie, was hurriedly conducted through the great galleries of the Louvre to the exit in front of the Place Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Here a common cab was found, which the Empress and Mme. Lebreton quickly entered, telling the driver to take them to an address in the Boulevard Haussmann. But on arriving there and finding no one at home, and the doors closed, the Empress suggested that refuge be sought at the house of her friend and professional adviser, Dr. Thomas W. Evans. There the two fugitives went. On ringing the bell at the gate, they were informed by a servant that the doctor had gone into the city, but was expected back very soon. They decided to wait in the library until he returned. When and how Dr. Evans met the Empress, how her escape from Paris was planned and carried out, and what was done and said during the first hours of the journey from Paris to the coast, is told at length by Dr. Evans himself, in the pages that follow.

Edward A. Crane.

# DR. EVANS'S NARRATIVE

## AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

IT was now about six o'clock. On entering my house, a servant said to me: "There are two ladies in the library who wish to see you. They have not given their names, and decline to state why they have come here; but they seem to be very anxious to see you, and have been waiting for you more than an hour."

After giving an order, I went to see who these visitors were that had called upon me in this rather singular and mysterious manner. When I stepped into the room and found myself standing in the presence of the Empress Eugénie, my astonishment can hardly be imagined.

"Perhaps you are surprised to see me here," said the Empress. "You know what has taken place to-day, and that the government is in the hands of the Revolutionists."

Then in a few words she told me how she had been obliged to leave the Tuileries

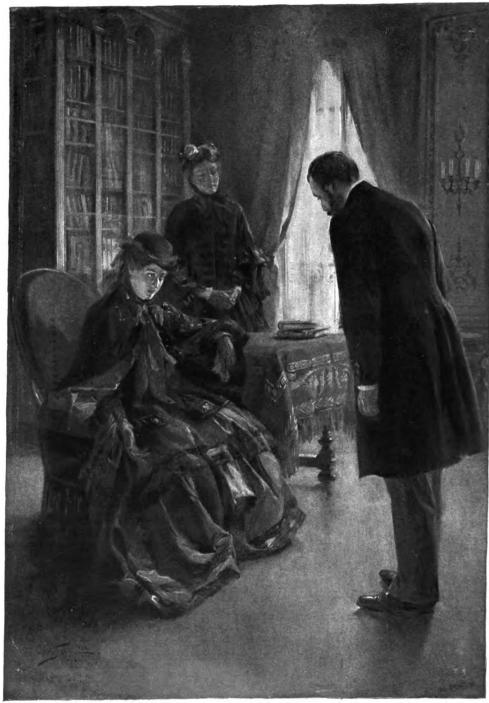
suddenly, without preparation, almost without warning.

"And I have come to you," she said, "for protection and assistance, because I have full confidence in your devotion to my family. The service I now ask in my behalf, and in that of the lady, Mme. Lebreton, who is with me, will be a severe test of your friendship."

I at once assured her Majesty that I should be only too happy to give her the protection she sought; that I held myself entirely at her service, and would willingly do anything in my power which might be necessary to secure her personal safety, or to assist her in any way.

She thanked me with emotion, and speaking again of the events that had just occurred, she contrasted them with her surroundings only a few short weeks before.

"You see," she said, "I am no longer fortunate. The evil days have come, and I am left alone."



Drawn by Audré Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE EMPRESS AT DR. EVANS'S HOUSE, ASKING FOR PROTECTION

She stopped speaking, and tears filled her eyes.

While speaking, she sat in a deep armchair, the pale light from the window by her side falling upon her still paler face, careworn and sad, but singularly beautiful, and I could not help feeling profoundly touched by the pathos of the situation. And if I felt a certain pride in having been chosen as the protector of this noble but unfortunate lady, I knew that I should have still better reason to feel proud and happy when I had justified the confidence she had placed in me, by my efforts to rescue her from the danger that seemed imminent, and which she had certainly cause to fear.

#### MATURING PLANS FOR ESCAPE

I now asked her Majesty if she had any special plan that she desired to carry out. She replied that she wished to go to England, if she could; and expressed, in particular, a very earnest desire to leave Paris as quickly as possible. But in the absence of any prearranged plan, the Empress was evidently at a loss to know what should be done. At first she suggested that at about ten o'clock that evening I should take her in my carriage as far as Poissy, some fifteen miles from Paris, saying that we might there meet a night-train which would leave the Gare St. Lazare at a quarter before one o'clock in the morning, and would reach Poissy at half-past one o'clock, and arrive in Havre a little before eight o'clock. She added that we could stop in Havre the next day (Monday) and take the boat which would leave for Southampton in the evening. The objections to adopting this course were pointed out, and other suggestions were offered. The questions to be considered were too important to be decided hastily. I wished to reflect upon the subject, and so asked to be excused for a short time.

Soon after, Dr. Crane joined me, and the question of the ways and means of enabling the Empress to make her escape from France, with the least risk, was very carefully considered by us both.

The Empress had been so much calumniated that a great many persons had been led to believe that she was the principal instigator of the war, and that she had recklessly sacrificed the French nation in

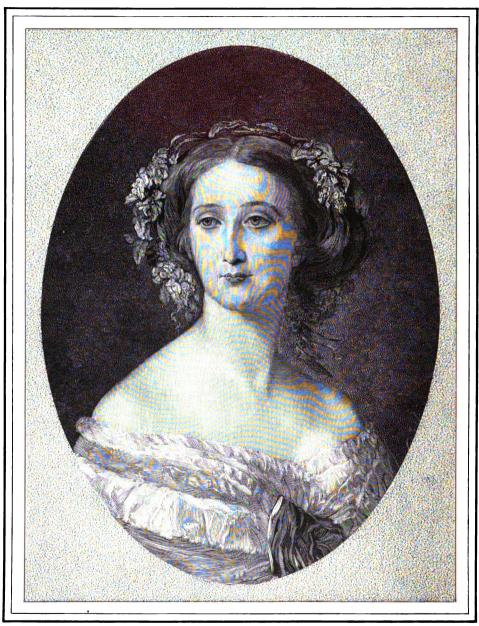
an attempt to consolidate the imperial dynasty. So violent had been the expressions of hostile feeling toward her in certain quarters that we were quite of her own opinion that, if seen and recognized, she might be the object of a personal attack, or might be arrested by some person, without authority, but ambitious to signalize in a dramatic way his zeal for the Revolution.

Again, her arrest might be attempted for another reason. It was not certain that the Revolution proclaimed in the streets of Paris either was or would be successful. No one knew how it would be received by the country or by the army. The Empress. although a fugitive, was still regent. Were she, therefore, once out of the capital and beyond the reach of the insurgents, the members and friends of the imperial government and the army might rally round her, and a new seat of government be established. To prevent the possibility of such an event, the leaders of the Revolution might think it of the utmost importance to obtain possession of her person. With the Emperor a prisoner in the hands of the Germans, and the Empress lodged at the Conciergerie in Paris, the overthrow of the empire might properly be considered complete and final.

I was not surprised afterward to learn that it was generally expected in the chancelleries of Europe that, in the event of a successful insurrection in Paris, the regent would attempt to transfer the seat of the imperial government to some place in the provinces. That the leaders of the Revolution should apparently not have thought of this, nor taken any means to prevent it, is a remarkable fact, which reveals the extreme confusion and want of foresight existing at the time among those into whose hands power had suddenly fallen. They were so dazed and intoxicated by the prodigious results of a street riot that for many days, happily, they forgot the very existence of the Empress.

We were thoroughly impressed with the idea that we were about to engage in an undertaking attended by many risks, and that it would require great discretion on our part, if it was to be successfully executed. What made caution all the more requisite was that, although very plainly dressed, the Empress could not divest herself of the air of distinction that marked

every feature of her personality; and, from her frequent appearance in public and through pictures and photographs, her face Taking all these things into consideration, we were convinced that the journey to the coast could be made with some degree



Engraved on wood by R. G. Tietze, from a lithograph of the portrait by Winterhalter

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

was so well known to Frenchmen that were she seen by any half-dozen of them, she would almost certainly be recognized by more than one, at least.

of safety only by keeping away as much as possible from all assemblies of people, and by making use of private conveyances. The next thing to do was to select some



point on the coast from which we could easily embark, and at which, also, we could arrive without being exposed to public notice.

My wife had been spending the month of August (and was still at the Hôtel du Casino) in Deauville, a quiet seaside resort near Trouville and not far from Havre. I was acquainted with the neighborhood; and, furthermore, my wife might be able to render us valuable assistance. Having for these reasons fixed upon Deauville as a place where, or near which, we should be likely to find a yacht or boat of some kind in which we could cross the Channel, it was next settled that we should begin the journey in my own carriage, since we felt pretty sure that we could count on finding relays of horses along the route, in such towns as Mantes, Evreux, and Lisieux. And, finally, it was thought best that we should leave Paris early the next morning.

This plan having been agreed upon between us, it was submitted to her Majesty, who accepted it very willingly, and evidently with a feeling of great relief. It only remained to arrange a few details.

The passports which the Empress had brought with her were now examined, and one of them was found to have been obtained at the British embassy. In it, all whom it might concern were "requested and required to allow Dr. C—— (British subject), going to England accompanied by a patient, Mrs. B—— (also a British subject), to pass freely, also without let or hindrance, and to afford them every assistance and protection of which they may stand in need."

This passport was dated August 13, and was signed "Lyons." It had been "viséed" and stamped, on the same date, at the Prefecture of Police in Paris. It was exactly what we wanted: it was not only a passport to England, but its terms were such as to enable us to complete our plan, and justify it in the most plausible manner possible. Dr. Crane would personate the physician, Dr. C—; the Empress, the patient; I, her brother; and Mme. Lebreton, the nurse.

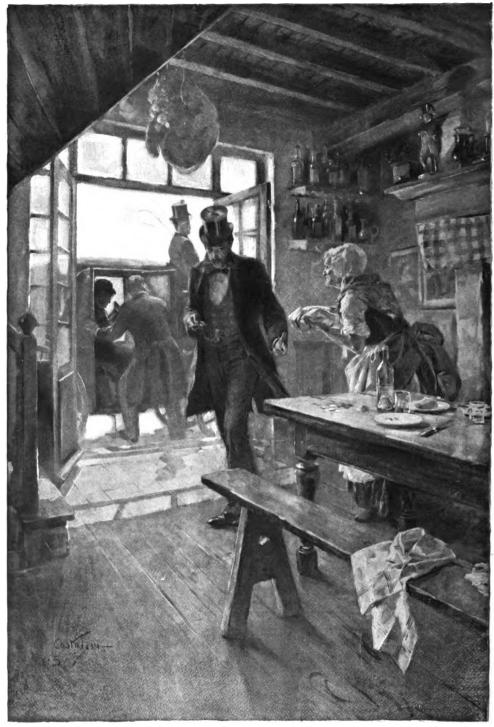
It may be remarked that this document was a bona-fide passport that had been made out for a well-known English physician and a patient, but which, after having been "viséed," for some reason had not been called for. It had been sent to the Tuileries shortly before September 4, with several other passports signed by Prince Metternich, to be used, if needed, according to the special requirements of the case.

It was arranged that we should all be ready to leave my house at half-past five o'clock in the morning. The Empress and Mme. Lebreton then retired for the night, but, as her Majesty told me afterward, not to sleep.

And it was no wonder; for the hours the unfortunate Empress spent that night in my house were the first in which she had really had time to reflect upon the events which had taken place on that fatal day. It was now for the first time that she began to realize their meaning—that she was no longer sovereign of France. Her husband was a prisoner of war; her son's fate was unknown to her; she had lost an empire, and was not only homeless, but her nearest friends did not know what had become of her. What a turmoil of thoughts, of memories and emotions, must have troubled her! The Empress was not the woman to abandon a ship that seemed to be sinking, or to give way to vain regrets. She was never a pessimist, but possessed a happy, hopeful temperament that always inclined her to look upon the bright side of things. And I am disposed to believe that if she slept but little during this night, it was very much less on account of looking back and grieving about what she had lost than for the reason that her active, resourceful mind was engaged in looking forward, and thinking where her duty lay and of what might still be saved.

### PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS

As it was not late, Dr. Crane returned to the city to ascertain what the situation was there, and, if possible, to learn if anything new had occurred that would cause us to alter our plans, or might in any way specially concern us. He came back a little before one o'clock and reported the quarters he had visited to be perfectly quiet. The guards were on duty about the Tuileries as usual. He noticed also on the walls of the palace, and at the sides of the arched passageways leading into the Place du Carrousel and the courts of the Louvre, the words "Propriété Nationale," in large letters, written in chalk. It was evident there had been no invasion of these build-



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PROCURING FOOD AT THE CABARET OF MME. FONTAINE

ings. He heard that a new government had been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville, of which Jules Favre, Gambetta, and Rochefort were members. At midnight, except at the cafés, the streets were deserted. Indeed, he saw very little to indicate that the population of Paris was yet fully aware of the profound and far-reaching consequences of the events of the day, although it was clear that the Revolutionists were in undisputed possession of the city.

In the meantime, I had thought it best to make a sort of reconnaissance in the direction of the Porte Maillot-the gate at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, through which we were to attempt to leave the city the next morning. The streets along which I passed were silent and deserted. On reaching a point from which I could see the gate, I stopped, and, after watching a little while, noticed that cabs and carriages were permitted to pass in and out, without apparently being subjected to much, if any, inspection on the part of the guard on duty. I was very soon convinced, from what I saw, that no orders had been given establishing a rigid surveillance of the exits from the city, and returned to my house feeling quite confident that we should be able to pass this post in the morning without much difficulty.

Neither Dr. Crane nor I thought of rest, and, although I could rely entirely on the fidelity of my servants, we both sat up the whole night watching over the safety of her Majesty.

During the gloomy hours that dragged slowly on, my mind was filled with memories and pictures of the past. I remembered the Empress as she appeared when I first saw her, her memorable marriage, her brilliant court; the Emperor, his kindness to me personally, and how profound an interest he always took in the welfare of his people—a swiftly moving multitude of scenes and thoughts.

## THE DEPARTURE

It was about five o'clock on the morning of September 5 when I rapped on the door of her Majesty's room, and informed her that the hour fixed for our departure was at hand. Soon after we had taken a light breakfast—a cup of coffee and a roll—a servant announced that my landau, a

four-seated, covered carriage, was at the door, and we were ready to go.

We left the house dressed as we were the evening before. Not a bag, not a package even of toilet articles, did one of us carry. The Empress had on a black cashmere dress, which, she told me afterward, she had not taken off for nearly a week, subject as she had been to calls at every hour of the day and night. Over this she wore a dark-colored, thin waterproof cloak or mackintosh. A narrow. white collar about the neck, dark gloves, and a round, black Derby hat, to which was attached a plain black veil, completed her costume. Not the slightest attempt had been made to disguise her identity, beyond such concealment as might be afforded by a dress too simple and common to attract attention. In the hurry of leaving the palace, she had taken with her absolutely nothing more than the clothes she wore, except a small reticule, in which were a couple of handkerchiefs. She had no visible jewels with her, or money, or valuables of any sort. Mme. Lebreton, her companion, was also very simply dressed, and without wraps or articles of travel of any kind.

Mme. Lebreton entered the carriage first, taking the back seat on the right hand; the Empress took the seat on the left. Dr. Crane sat opposite Mme. Lebreton; and I took the place opposite the Empress. This disposition of seats had been prearranged: it would, in a measure, keep the Empress out of sight of the guards stationed on the left-hand side of the gate through which we were to pass. The carriage was closed, a window only being open on the side taken by Mme. Lebreton and Dr. Crane. My faithful coachman Célestin was on the box. I told him to drive to St. Germain.

## THE FIRST DANGER PASSED

It was a few minutes before sunrise when we started on our journey. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere seemed slightly hazy in the soft gray light, the air was cool and fresh, but there was no wind. It was, in short, a lovely September morning, and everything gave promise of the fine day that it proved to be. As we crossed the section of the city between my house and the foot of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, we saw the street-sweepers at their work, shutters being taken down by shop-

keepers, market-wagons and milk-carts. and other familiar indications of the hour —evidence, in a word, that the events of the preceding day had not interfered perceptibly with the functions most intimately connected with the organic life of the city. When we arrived at the gate, we were ordered to halt. As the officer of the guard approached, I let down the window at my right; and on his coming close to the door of the carriage and asking me where we were going, I leaned forward, and, partly filling the opening with my head and shoulders, told him that I was going with my carriage, horses, and coachman into the country to spend the day with the friends who were with me; that I was an American; that I lived in Paris, and was well known to everybody in the neighborhood. He did not ask my name. Had he done so, I probably should have given it. My reply to his question seemed to be satisfactory, for, stepping back, he looked up at the coachman and said, "Allez."

I may add that, fearing that a person coming close to the carriage might see and have too good an opportunity to inspect the occupants of the back seat, I had provided myself with a newspaper to be used as a screen should the case require it. While speaking with the officer on guard, I held the paper loosely opened in my left hand, which rested on the side of the window nearest the Empress. This newspaper completely concealed her face from the view of any one standing on that side of the carriage.

As I leaned back in my seat I heard the rumble of our wheels as we went over a sort of drawbridge thrown across the moat in front of the fortifications which had been extended and cut through the roadway, and I caught a glimpse of some palisades and earthworks that, in the event of a siege, had just been erected to defend this entrance to the city. In a moment we were past the outposts and the sentries, and I was greatly delighted to know that we had escaped the first and, perhaps, greatest danger we were to meet on our journey. Indeed, it was an immense relief to every one of us to feel that, after the long hours of anxious waiting through the night for the day to come, we were now safely out of Paris and on our way to the coast. The sight of the open country relieved the tension of our jaded nerves, and the fresh morning air that entered our carriage-windows, now opened, was most grateful to us, especially to her Majesty, who had been long subjected to the terrible weight of official responsibility and personal anxieties.

#### HISTORIC CONTRASTS

YET there was something inexpressibly sad in the thoughts suggested at every turn of our route. On the right once stood. the château of Neuilly, the favorite residence of Louis Philippe; it was only a little over twenty years before (in February, 1848) that I had seen this splendid building plundered by the mob, and almost burned to the ground. And soon we were passing by the bronze statue of the "Little Corporal," standing like a sentry on guard at the end of the broad avenue, in the Rond-Point of Courbevoie, but since removed by the "Patriots" and pitched into the Seine. Two or three miles farther on, we came in sight of the church of Rueil, where rest the ashes of the Empress Josephine and of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. And this mother was herself a fugitive from the Tuileries when, in March, 1814, the victorious army of the allies reached Paris; and, as she escaped from the city, she heard the guns that fired the last shots in its defense from the Buttes Chaumont. Strange as it may seem, these guns were under the command of Colonel Porto Carrero, Count de Teba, the father of the Empress Eugénie. A few minutes later we passed the gate of the park of Malmaison, the famous château in which the Empress Josephine long resided, and where she died; where, after Waterloo, Napoleon sought a refuge for a day with his mother; and whence, with a "Good-by, mother," "Good-by, son," they separated: she to be thenceforth, to use her own words, "la mère de toutes les douleurs," and he, the son, never to see France again. There, also, Napoleon III saw for the last time his uncle, who, as he turned to leave the house, seeing the little prince, caught him up in his arms and with tears in his eyes kissed him again and again.

# THE EMPRESS ON HER PROPOSED ABDICATION

THE spirits of the Empress rose as we went on our way along the Route Im-

périale, the great highway that follows the left bank of the Seine through Bougival, Marly, and Le Pecq, lovely suburbs of the French capital, where the parks and gardens were still fresh and clean and full of color; and she talked freely, and often with great animation, about her situation.

"They asked me to abdicate," she said; "but how could I? How could I, who have acted only as a delegate, abdicate a sovereignty that is not my own? I had on personal grounds no objection to doing this; I was quite willing to surrender into the hands of the representatives of the people all my power as Regent, but it seemed to me necessary, in the interests of France, that the regency should be maintained in name in order to meet with efficiency the exigencies of the moment. And I told them that the one thing, the only thing, that should concern us now is the military situation, the enemy and our armies; and that, in the defense of the country, I was ready to assist any persons, no matter who they might be, provided they possessed the confidence of the nation."

Everything indicated that Paris would be besieged within a few weeks; and when her Majesty recalled how much she herself had done to prepare the city for such an emergency, she felt deeply grieved that she should not be permitted to have the just satisfaction of guiding, by her authority and judgment, the defense toward which she had contributed so much.

"I could have been of service in many ways," she said. "I could have been an example of devotion to my country. I could have visited the hospitals; I could have gone to the outposts; I could have encouraged and stimulated the defense at every point of danger by my presence." Finally, wrought up, as it were, to a state of exaltation by her own words, she cried out: "Oh! why could they not have let me die before the walls of Paris?"

# HER OPINION OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER

SHE referred with indignation to the attempts that had been made to throw upon her personally the responsibility for the war—a war justifiable solely because German diplomacy had put in jeopardy the

prestige of the French nation, and which had been precipitated by the clamor of the very persons who were now trying to disclaim any responsibility for its consequences, and, at the same time, were rejoicing at the opportunity thus given them to rise to power on the ruins of the state. "The French people," she went on to say, "have great and shining qualities, but they have few convictions, and lack steadfastness. They are versatile, but volatile. They love glory and the sunshine, but have no heart for reverses of fortune. With them the standard of right is success. In France we are honored to-day and banished tomorrow. It has sometimes seemed to me that the French set up their heroes, as it were, on pedestals of salt, so that when the first storm strikes them, they tumble down, to lie for ever in the mud. In no country in the world is the step between the sublime and the ridiculous so short as in this. And how French history repeats itself! Every government in France, for a hundred years. with a single exception, has ended in a revolution and a flight. Only a few days ago I declared to some of those who were near me and were fearful lest the announcement of another defeat might lead to the fall of the imperial government, that I never would leave the Tuileries in a cab. as Charles X and Louis Philippe did. And that is exactly what I have done!" As she said this, she could not resist the impulse to laugh at the comicality of the coincidence.

But the subjects referred to sometimes brought tears to her eyes: as, for instance, when she told us of the despatch she received from the Emperor, on Saturday evening, announcing that the army had surrendered at Sedan, and that he was a prisoner, after having in vain sought to die on the field. "It is terrible!" she exclaimed. "I cannot think of it, and I myself am here a fugitive. It all seems like a horrid nightmare." Then, quickly changing the conversation to some political subject, she discussed it with remarkable perspicacity as well as with vivacity; or, some personal incident coming to mind, she narrated it with striking and often amusing originality and esprit.

And now the first houses of Saint-Germain-en-Laye came in sight, and the anxieties of the moment arrested the conversation.

#### AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

WE had come again to a place where caution was necessary, because, before entering the city, we had to pass the toll-gate, where the octroi officials were stationed, and an inspection of our carriage, for the purpose of seeing whether we had with us any articles subject to the city toll, was sure to take place. We could not, of course, avoid this investigation, and I had to think of some device by which I might be able to quiet the suspicions of the officials, in case they should be too inquisitive. Remembering that near Saint-Germain there lived an English lady, one of my acquaintances, who was very well known, and was loved by all the inhabitants of the neighborhood on account of her kindness to the poor, I had decided to state, should I be asked where we were going, or if any trouble should arise, that we were friends of Lady Trotter. I was nearly certain that any of her friends would be respected, while at the same time I was persuaded that a few words to that lady would be sufficient to make her enter into my plans for the safety of the Empress.

Fortunately, things turned out better than we had expected, and we were not obliged to appeal to Lady Trotter. The officials, when we reached the gate, permitted our carriage to pass almost without stopping. They had no suspicion of the character or quality of the travelers who with so much anxiety awaited the result of this inspection; it was quite enough for them to know that we did not look like persons who wished to smuggle chickens, cheese, wine, vegetables, or other similar articles into the worthy city of Saint-Germain.

I will confess that I was greatly relieved when we had left the toll-gate behind us; for I was afraid that my house had been watched, or that our movements after leaving it had attracted attention, and that a telegram might have been sent ahead of us to Saint-Germain, to stop us there.

Although we were tempted to make inquiries here as to whether any special news had been received from Paris, we did not think it wise to ask questions or to delay even for a moment, and so drove on without stopping, leaving the city again, a few minutes later, by the gate which opens on the road to Poissy. After a short drive

through the beautiful forest of Saint-Germain, we reached this town, which is well known as the birthplace of Louis IX. From Poissy to Mantes the road follows the right bank of the Seine, and passes through Triel, Vaux, and Meulan. As we proceeded, the road, shut in by the hills on the north and exposed to the sun on the river side, grew dusty, and the glare and the heat became disagreeable and oppressive; but we did not for a moment interrupt our journey until we were about twelve miles from Mantes, when it became evident that our horses needed rest. We stopped, therefore, at a small cabaret by the wayside, where we might obtain some water for our horses and perhaps some refreshment for ourselves; for Dr. Crane and I, at least, were beginning to feel the need of food, and were of the opinion that it would be prudent not to neglect any good opportunity of getting it.

## LUNCH AT MME. FONTAINE'S

GETTING out, I bade the woman of the cabaret good morning, and told her we wished to water our horses and rest them a little; and I asked her if she could furnish us also with something to drink or to eat.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I can give you some good wine, such as we make here [vin du pays]. Come in and try it."

The doorway in which she stood opened directly into a room that served at the same time as kitchen, wine-shop, and living-room. Entering, I sat down at a rough table, and the woman placed upon it a bottle of wine and some glasses, a roll of bread a couple of yards long, two or three kinds of cheese, a big Bologna sausage, and a knife. The wine and bread and sausage proved to be really good, and Dr. Crane and I expressed our appreciation to the hostess; but the Empress and Mme. Lebreton were not disposed to leave the carriage, nor would it have been prudent for them to do so.

Two years later, when Dr. Crane and I again stopped at the same cabaret, the woman, Mme. Fontaine, remembered us very well; but to my question as to whether she remembered the appearance of the persons who had remained in the carriage, she replied that she could not tell, for she had not looked into the car-

riage, because she thought it an affront to look too curiously at travelers.

Before settling our score with this good woman, we got her to put up in a paper some bread and a piece of the Bologna sausage. It was rough fare indeed, but it was the best we could get; and not long after we had set out again on our way, the Empress asked to have the package opened. She broke off a piece of the bread, and, having eaten it, pronounced it excellent, and borrowed Dr. Crane's pocket-knife to cut off a slice of the sausage. Poor Mme. Lebreton, however, seemed to have no appetite for the lunch we had bought at the wine-shop. She had not recovered from the shock produced by the events of the preceding twenty-four hours; and she lacked that rare gift, with which the Empress was so richly endowed, the faculty of adapting herself with ease, simplicity, and naturalness to the conditions of her environment. Whether at state dinner, or picnic, or appearing as the mistress of some tournament of beauty and courtesy at Compiègne, or riding on a camel in the Libyan desert, it mattered little to her Majesty, although I think she would at any time have preferred "roughing it" to any function of ceremonial display, not merely as a diversion, but from a romantic sense of the pleasure of winning victories by effort and sacrifice.

It was about eleven o'clock when we approached Mantes, and as our horses could not go much farther, except after a long rest, I decided to stop, and to go myself on foot into the city, in order to procure another carriage and fresh horses. The place where we halted was near the Rue Farvielle, just by the junction of the roads leading to Meulan and to Magny. A sign-post stood in the angle of the roads; it bore on one side the inscription, "Route Impériale," and on the other the number thirteen and the inscription, "à Meulan 13.5 kilomètres." Over a large ornamental iron gate at our left were inscribed Vergil's well-known words:

# O FORTUNATI NIMIUM SUA SI BONA NÔRINT AGRICOLƹ

(Oh! only too fortunate farmers, did they but know it)—words that might well have expressed the thought of the unfortunate sovereign herself.

# "THE REPUBLIC HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED"

A FEW minutes after having left my companions, crossing the bridge, I entered "Mantes la Jolie," as it was formerly called. The morning papers from Paris had just arrived, and I went to a small stationery-shop in the Rue Royale (now called Rue Nationale), No. 25, belonging to Messrs. Beaumont Frères, and bought copies of the "Journal Officiel" and the "Figaro," which I scanned carefully, in order to see if they contained any reference to the Empress. But I could not discover any. It seemed that up to the morning of the 5th, the disappearance of her Majesty had not been publicly noticed. This gave me some ease of mind; still, it was not clear to me what steps I should take in order to continue our journey. While I was thinking over this matter and walking through the streets, without knowing just what to do or where to go, I saw a harmless-looking person standing before a shop, reading a newspaper; and, from an exclamation to which he gave utterance, I observed that he seemed to be greatly astonished. I approached him and asked him if he would kindly let me know what important event had taken place.

"The Republic has been proclaimed in Paris," he said, "and there is great excitement there on account of the fall of the Empire."

"The fall of the Empire!" I exclaimed.

"Are you certain that the report is correct?"

He handed me the paper; and reading it, I pretended to discover news which was entirely unknown to me and which greatly disconcerted me.

"I must at once go back to the place from which I came," I said, returning the newspaper; "I must report to my friends this extraordinary announcement. But where shall I find a carriage? Besides, the Marquis de R——" (I remembered that this gentleman had an estate near Mantes, but I had no idea where it was situated) "must know, through me, at once, what has happened, and I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will tell me where I can find a carriage to take me to his château."

1 O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint, Agricolas! . . . VERGIL, Georgics, Book II.

## A SUBTERFUGE AND A RELAY

HE conducted me to the omnibus-office in the Rue Bourgeoise, No. 36, where I was told that I must wait for information until the return of the omnibus, which had been sent off to the railway-station with passengers.

I waited for about half an hour. But that half-hour seemed a century, and I did not dare to walk again through the streets, where I was sure to attract attention; for, in French provincial towns, every stranger is easily recognized.

At length, becoming impatient at this detention, I asked to be shown into the carriage-house, wishing to see for myself if there was really a conveyance of any sort which we could make use of. At first, to my dismay, I saw nothing but a two-wheeled vehicle, which of course would not have suited us. On looking around, however, I discovered in a corner, partly hidden under a covering, a carriage in which four persons could easily travel; in fact, it would apparently answer our purpose perfectly, as it could be opened or closed as occasion might require.

When the omnibus returned from the station, I asked the man in charge of the stable if he could let me have a carriage. His answer quite naturally was: "What kind of a carriage do you want, and where do you wish to go?"

Thinking it best to tell a plain story, one as near the truth as was prudent, I told him that I had started that morning from Paris in my own carriage with my invalid sister, her doctor, and a lady companion, on the way to Trouville; that we had taken this means of traveling, as my sister preferred it to going by the railway; that we had proposed to make the journey by easy stages, but that, unfortunately, we had met with an accident just before reaching Mantes, which would make it necessary for us to send our carriage back to Paris, and continue our journey in some other way; and that, as this occurrence had interfered with our original plans and most of the day was still before us, we had decided, if we could obtain another carriage in Mantes, to go on to Evreux.

He replied that he could not send us as far as Evreux, the distance, going and returning the same day, being too great for the horses, but that for thirty francs he would give me a landau, with horses and a driver, which would take us to Pacy, where we would have no difficulty in finding a conveyance in which to go on to Évreux, if we wished to do so.

A few minutes later I found myself, to my extreme delight, en route; and I was pleased, also, to observe that the "turnout" I had secured was, taking it altogether, a very comfortable and decent-looking affair, even better suited for the business before us than the voiture de maître in which we had made the journey to Mantes, because it would be less likely to attract the attention of those whom we might meet on the way.

# A CLEVER RUSE

AFTER a short drive, we arrived where Célestin, with my carriage, was waiting. When a few yards from the place I told the man to stop; and then I went to my friends and explained how I had arranged matters, giving to the Empress and my companions instructions how to act in order to prevent the new coachman seeing her Majesty's face.

This done, I returned and directed the driver to bring his landau up as close as possible to my own, so that the doors of the carriages should be exactly opposite. In this position the Empress, as well as Mme. Lebreton, was able to take her seat by simply stepping from one carriage into the other; and as the drivers were facing in opposite directions, neither of them was able to see the travelers without turning and looking back, and this they did not do.

I then gave Célestin orders to return to Paris; and instructed the new driver to pass through the outskirts of Mantes to the Route Impériale leading to Évreux.

#### THE EMPRESS HEARS THE NEWS

AFTER we had reached the open country beyond Mantes, I gave her Majesty the news I had obtained at Mantes: that the Republic had been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville; that a ministry had been chosen which included among its members Favre, Gambetta, Crémieux, Picard, and Jules Simon; that the new government was called "Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale"; that apparently it was in full possession of the administrative offices,

with the army behind it; "for," I added, "Trochu, the military governor of Paris, is at the head of the revolutionary movement." Her Majesty had listened to me with interest while I was speaking of the revolutionary government as an accomplished fact, and appeared to be anxious only to know who had been made Minister of the Interior and who Minister of Foreign Affairs. When, however, I announced that the military governor of Paris—Trochu—had joined hands with the agents of the revolt and had consented to act as their chief, she was greatly astonished, and at first refused to believe it.

"No, no," she said; "this cannot be so!" Then, after a brief pause, she added with much feeling: "How could he go over to the Revolutionists, after the solemn declarations of loyalty and personal devotion that he made to me! I cannot believe it."

"But, madame," I replied, "here is the 'Journal Officiel' of this morning, with an account of the proceedings at the Hôtel de Ville that immediately followed the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies. Here are the names."

### HER INDIGNATION AT TROCHU

THE Empress took the paper and, glancing over the list, her eyes fell on the following words:

General Trochu, invested with full military powers for the national defense, has been appointed President of the Government.

For the Government of the National Defense, *Léon Gambetta*, Minister of the Interior.

As soon as she had read this, the paper dropped from her hands, and she exclaimed:

"How was it possible for him so to betray me!" Then after a few moments she continued: "Only yesterday morning, spontaneously, of his own volition, he pledged to me, on his honor as a soldier, on his faith as a Catholic and a Breton, that he would never desert me, that whoever might wish to harm me would have to pass first over his dead body; and those words were spoken with such apparent emotion that I could not suspect his sincerity. From the day he was made governor of

Paris he proudly proclaimed his loyalty. Shortly afterward, at a council of the ministers, when the measures to be taken to prevent an insurrection in Paris were brought up for discussion, General Trochu being present, I said: 'In case of a revolt, I do not wish you to think of me; but it is most important that the Corps Législatif should be protected.' 'Madame,' said General Trochu, addressing me in a voice indicative of decision and firmness, 'I pledge you my honor that I will protect you, and the Chamber of Deputies also.' Whom could I have trusted if not him—a soldier selected by the Emperor himself as specially trustworthy, whose accepted duty it was to defend me, who to the last hour swore fealty!"

Her Majesty seemed to be quite overcome as she spoke. Her voice trembled, the tears came into her eyes, and she remained silent for some time. Then, taking up the paper again, she read over the names of the members of the new government, two or three of which evoked a smile or a vivacious comment, as she repeated aloud, "Ministre des Affaires Étrangères, Jules Favre; Ministre de l'Intérieur, Gambetta." But she reverted almost immediately to Trochu, whose name in her mind seemed to stand for the whole government and suggest the basest of personal disloyalty. Nor was it so much the setting up of the Republic that distressed her Majesty, -in fact, this appeared to give her very little concern.—but it was her discovery of the treachery of the soldier, the avowed friend and protector in whom she had trusted, that weighed most heavily on her mind. It was not the loss of power that she felt, but a keen sense of abandonment, which for the first time had thus been brought home to her.

But it was not long that these shadows rested upon her face. After a few moments she looked up suddenly, and, smiling through her tears, said: "I shall soon be in England, and then I shall know what is to be done." And the thought of soon seeing again the Prince Imperial and, perhaps, the Emperor quickly dispelled all traces of sorrow, and she talked with hope and confidence of the future. Although occasionally during this day and the following days she spoke of the treachery of Trochu, it was with no further manifestation of feeling except of contempt.

### HER IDEAS CONCERNING THE PEACE

INDEED, the Empress did not at this time fully apprehend the political consequences of the Revolution. It was not possible then for any one to do so, much less for her, with an imperfect knowledge of the situation as it existed in Paris, of the sentiment of the French nation, and of the policy of the King of Prussia. She knew that the empire, the French army, and France had met with a series of terrible disasters, and believed that the war with Germany had virtually come to an end at Sedan; but she did not seem to think that the Republic proclaimed in Paris was a necessarily, or even a probably, final and substantial consequence of these events. She doubted very much if the King of Prussia would be willing to treat with a government which was the product of a street riot, and the existence and acts of which were without the sanction of the French people. Furthermore, it remained to be seen how the announcement of this new government would be received by the army that was still under the command of Bazaine.

Certainly, it was not likely that a selfconstituted government of Radical Republicans, acting without legitimate authority and absolutely irresponsible, even if recognized by the King and his councilors, could obtain a treaty of peace except on terms humiliating to the last degree to the amour propre of the French nation. She presumed that the King of Prussia would be willing to conclude peace with the Imperial Government on conditions that might be accepted with honor. She thought that an effort should be made at once to obtain peace on such conditions. France was not prepared for this war; a great mistake had been made; it should be frankly recognized by all, and the damage repaired to the fullest extent possible. And the Imperial Government, in her opinion, would be far better able than any other to conclude peace upon favorable terms, and to mitigate the consequences of the existing military situation. But if such was her opinion, she made it clearly understood that she was speaking, not for herself, nor for the dynasty, but in the interest of the French people. She said: "I had a thousand times rather abandon every attribute of the sovereign and every dynastic claim than feel that such claims were an obstacle to an honorable peace and the permanent prosperity of France. Oh," she continued, "why could not the people of Paris allow me to remain with them? The German army is reported to be marching on Paris. How happy I should be, could I have the privilege of defending—could I but save the city that for me possesses so many delightful memories, for the sake of the people in it, whom I have so dearly loved!"

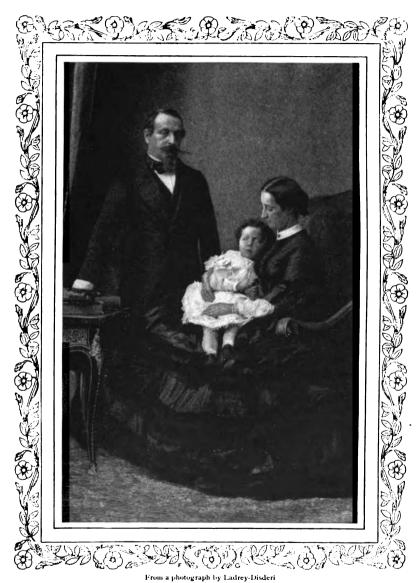
And here I should say, since I have spoken of the sense of abandonment and desertion which for a moment seemed to crush and overwhelm her, that it was only the broken heart of the woman that found relief in silence and in tears—broken by feeling the cruel injustice with which she had been treated by those to whom she had dedicated her life and in whom she had implicitly confided. Never once did she exhibit the slightest indication of fear or any sense of danger to herself personally. Whatever had happened or might come to pass, her soul remained unconquered and unconquerable. When, as the hours passed during this day, the possibility of certain eventualities came to her mind, it did not disquiet her, except it were the thought of a civil war. This she shrank from; this she never would listen to.

But as regent still-de jure-she was as fearless and heroic as she was prudent. Peace should be sought, and any honorable terms promptly accepted. But were the Germans to consent to peace only on such terms as a great, brave, and independent people could not with honor accept, then let the war go on. Never would she give her consent to an ignoble peace. Were insolent and humiliating conditions exacted, then the nation should make a supreme effort to drive the invader from its territory. Forms of government and dynasties should be forgotten, and parties disappear, melted in the glow of an ardent patriotism.

It was not in her thought to stand in the way of the national defense. No personal sacrifice could be too complete in order to effect this object. "I am willing to forget everything, and to forgive all my enemies, if they will only find a way to save the honor of the nation. Oh," said she, "should the occasion ever come, how I should like to show to the world the joy with which I can suffer and endure!"

If fortune, less kind to her than to others, did not give her the opportunity to realize all her dreams of glorious doing, it was through no fault of hers. God had be-

THE route taken from Mantes to Deauville was via Pacy-sur-Eure, Évreux, La Rivière de Thibouville, Lisieux, and Pont l'Évêque. The continuance of the journey



NAPOLEON III, EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

stowed on her every quality both of head and heart for such a part. To save France from the humiliation of conquest, and the army from the dishonor of defeat—this was the principal theme of her discourse, and the subject that was uppermost in the Empress's thought until she reached England.

is thus narrated in an article which appeared in this magazine in December, 1870, and which had the authority of Dr. Evans, who furnished the data for it.— EDITOR.]

Frequent relays of horses were had as they continued the journey toward the sea. They



From a photograph by Ch. Reutlinger DR. THOMAS W. EVANS

traveled the first day until midnight, when they stopped at a small inn. There was but one spare room, with two beds in it. "Why, we are all brothers and sisters," said the Empress, "and we must have two rooms." At length this was arranged. By noon the next day the party reached Deauville. Mrs. Evans was first advised of her august visitor, and in a few moments the Empress entered the apartment. Wearied and exhausted with anxiety and the journey, she sank into a chair, exclaiming, "Merci Dieu! sauvé!" (Thank God! saved!)

That afternoon the yacht of Sir John Burgoyne (the Gazelle) was secured to convey her to England, and it was arranged that the party should go on board at midnight. By marvelous good fortune her crossing the Casino ground and entry to the hotel had not been observed, so that no one in the house suspected her presence there. After a refreshing sleep she was taken to the yacht, which sailed early the next morning for England. Here a new danger assailed them: they were twenty hours in a violent storm, all believing that the end had now come, as the yacht was not fit for such work. The calmness of the Empress never forsook her. At last they reached the English shore. The Empress then learned for the first time that her son was in England, and the reunion of mother and child took place. After a few days' sojourn at Hastings a suitable villa was found at Chiselhurst. . . .

Safe at Deauville, her mind was released from its constant tension of anxiety, and she recounted the amusing incidents of the journey with the greatest good humor, laughing most heartily at her successful impersonation of the English invalid, her extreme weakness in descending from the carriage, and the very great difficulty they had in getting her upstairs at the little country inn. Observing some photographs upon the mantel, she took out one of her son, the Prince Imperial, which she had hardly allowed herself to look at during the terrible weeks that had passed. Only at this time did her feelings give way. "Oh, my poor husband, and my poor boy! What will become of them?" she said, and burst into a flood of tears. The Empress always spoke of the Emperor as "my husband."

The anxious days and sleepless nights which had been hers for the past few weeks had left a sensible impression upon her face. Her departure had been so sudden that she had taken nothing with her, and Mrs. Evans supplied her wants from her own wardrobe. As she was about to recline upon the bed which Mrs. Evans had arranged for her, she stopped to admire the pillow which her friend had provided, and remarked, "How pretty it is—it 's too nice."

In all these little incidents she manifested the most perfect simplicity and sweetness of character, embracing Mrs. Evans most heartily on taking leave of her.



From a photograph by W. U. Kirk & Sons
COLONEL SIR JOHN M. BURGOYNE, BART.

# HOW THE EMPRESS CROSSED THE CHANNEL

NARRATIVE OF THE PASSAGE OF THE GAZELLE, R. Y. S., FROM DEAUVILLE (FRANCE) TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SEPTEMBER 6, 7, AND 8, 1870

BY COLONEL SIR JOHN M. BURGOYNE, BT.



N 1870 I was owner of the cutter-yacht *Gazelle*, with which vessel I was elected a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron in August, 1869. The *Gazelle* was

about the smallest yacht in the club, being forty-two tons Thames, thirty-six tons register, measurement. She had been built by Messrs. Samuel White & Company of Cowes for the Admiralty, as a coast-guard tender in Southampton Water, but being too small for that service, was bought and fitted up as a yacht by the Marquis of Cholmondeley. I bought her in 1869. She had good accommodations for the crew, but very little for yachting people, was heavily sparred, and carried a great deal of canvas, but was a powerful little boat in a sea.

In the summer of 1870 my wife had gone to Wiesbaden with my mother, and when the Franco-German war broke out in July we arranged to meet at Havre, and I went there in the yacht in the middle of August; but owing to the number of ships there, discharging grain, we could not get a safe berth, and the harbor-master advised me to go to Trouville, where Lady Burgoyne joined me.

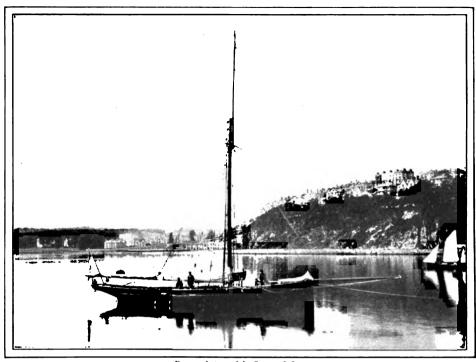
Constant rain and wind detained us, and I gave notice at the pilot-office of my intention to leave as soon as the weather moderated. On the morning of September 6, two gentlemen came on board. One of them asked me if I was going to England, and gave me his card—Dr. Thomas W. Evans,

Rue de la Paix, Paris. He then told me that the Empress Eugénie was in Deauville, in distress and danger, and asked me to take her on board the yacht, and place her under the protection of the British flag.

I acknowledge that I did not believe him, and told him so, but asked him to go into the cabin and speak to Lady Burgoyne, who told me that Dr. Evans was a well-known dentist. Dr. Evans then told me about his journey from Paris, and begged me to take her Majesty on board at once.

I suggested that in the excited state of the people at Deauville, it would be unwise for her to attempt to embark by daylight; and as I found that Dr. Evans knew nothing about seafaring matters, I told him I would agree to take the Empress to England on the understanding that I arranged the details and took the responsibility. To this he assented.

I satisfied myself that the Empress was really in Deauville, and when I met Dr. Evans we arranged twelve o'clock (midnight) as the time for her Majesty to come on board; and I stated that I should sail in the morning at seven o'clock, when it would be high water. Deauville is a barharbor and vessels can enter and leave only about the time of high water. It is a shipping port; Trouville, on the other side of the river, is the fashionable watering-place. The quay close to the yacht was in great confusion, with reserve soldiers coming in, drums parading the town day and night, and therefore I prepared to



From a photograph by Seaman & Sons

THE "GAZELLE," SIR JOHN BURGOYNE'S YACHT, WHICH CARRIED THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE ACROSS THE CHANNEL

haul the yacht out into the basin in case of a disturbance.

At 11 P. M. a stranger came on board "to see an English yacht, as he was going to Paris next morning." Of course I saw that he was a police agent, but I showed him over the yacht, and he left quite satisfied. Just before midnight I walked along the quay and met the Empress and Dr. Evans walking together. Her Majesty, who was dressed in black and was closely veiled, came toward me and said: "You are the English gentleman who will take me to England?" Saluting, I answered, "I am Sir John Burgoyne, your Majesty," and conducted her across the plank gangway on board the Gazelle, and presented Lady Burgoyne to her. A few minutes later another lady, in attendance upon the Empress, Mme. Lebreton, sister of the celebrated General Bourbaki, with the nephew of Dr. Evans, came on board also. None of the party had any luggage except the Empress, who had a small bag. The nephew of Dr. Evans left the yacht before we sailed. The Empress asked Lady Burgoyne to read the latest news in the English papers, with which we had supplied ourselves for that purpose. We were much crowded on board, but luckily the ladies' cabin, for the size of the vessel, was a good one.

I gave Dr. Evans my berth, and he was seasick during the passage, and did not go on deck until we got inside the Isle of Wight. Early in the morning of September 7 I asked her Majesty's permission to get under way, and at 7 A. M. the pilot came on board. The wind had moderated, and we hoped for a fair wind; but it was not to be. I was determined that it should not be said that a British yacht sneaked out of the harbor, so I hoisted the white ensign at the mainsail-peak, and when we had good way on the yacht, ran up another white ensign at the topmast-head, to show that we had some one of importance on board.

We had a fresh, fair wind for about ten miles, with a heavy westerly swell; then the wind suddenly veered round to northwest, so that we could not sail our proper course, and we had to reef down and prepare for a long beat to windward.

It began to blow hard and became thick; but the sea was not high until we approached the English coast and sighted

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the Owers lightship, when we ran into a tremendous sea and took on board so much water that we had to unship both gangways to let the water run off. As we knew where we were, it seemed best "to heave to" until the force of the west-going tide had slackened. From childhood I had sailed about the channel in small vessels, both in winter and summer, but I had not before seen a worse sea. I may add that on this night, H. M. battle-ship Captain, Captain Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, V. C., capsized in the Bay of Biscay. The little cutter behaved splendidly, and surprised us at the way in which she went to windward in such heavy weather, though it was extremely uncomfortable for those battened down below.

Her Majesty the Empress showed an example to all by exhibiting a cool courage and a consideration for others which won the esteem of every one on board. When the water smoothed a bit, we beat up toward the Nab lightship, at the entrance of the Solent, and all hands were thankful when we anchored off Ryde at about 4 A. M. on the morning of September 8.

When we got into smooth water, we took the canvas covers off the skylights, cleared the main cabin, and our smart steward had a good breakfast on the table, at which the Empress and Dr. Evans joined us. Her Majesty then told us part of what happened when she left the Tuileries, and about her going to Dr. Evans's house. She also requested me, on her behalf, to thank the crew of the *Gazelle* for their exertions to take her safe to England.

She landed at about 7 A. M., and at her request I went with her to the hotel and, later in the day, went with her to the steampacket at Ryde pier that conveyed her to Portsmouth, en route for Hastings. Shortly after arriving at Hastings the Empress wrote a most kind letter to Lady Burgoyne and sent a splendid locket, and I was thanked for my small service by his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III, at Chiselhurst, and, as a further mark of the Empress's kindness toward me, when I was married for the second time, in October. 1903, she presented to Lady Burgoyne and me a magnificent silver-gilt tea and coffee service.



# ECONOMY IN FOOD

# BY RUSSELL H. CHITTENDEN

Director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University Author of "Physiological Economy in Nutrition"

If thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return;
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop Into thy Mother's lap, or be with case Gathered, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.

Paradise Lost.

MILTON was not alone in his conception of the value to mankind of temperance in diet. Many of the old-time philosophers and thinkers were plainly of the same opinion. Sir William Temple, John Locke, Lord Bacon, and many others, in

their writings all clearly expressed belief in the efficacy of a simple and regular diet, "limited by every man's experience of his own easy digestion, and thereby proportioning, as near as well can be, the daily repairs of our wasting bodies." "Certainly," says Lord Bacon, "diet well ordered bears the greatest part in the prolongation of life."

These early advocates of temperance in diet were not scientific men trained in the habits of exact analysis; most of them lived in an age when nutritive conditions were measured simply by strength of arm and keenness of intellect as indicated by the life and prosperity of the nation. They knew little of nitrogen requirements, while the potential value of the food-stuffs was to them an unknown quantity. Yet they knew, as well as we of the present generation, that "the daily repairs of our wasting bodies" were to be accomplished by the taking of food, recognizing, however, at the same time the possible injurious effects upon the race of inordinate or intemperate quantities of food. They plainly deprecated the dominating influence of instinct and habit as contrasted with reason in the dietetic customs of their generation.

# HABIT AND CRAVING

CORNARO, the Venetian, who wrote his last treatise, "The Birth and Death of Man," at the age of ninety-five, says in one of his discourses, "It is certain that habit in man eventually becomes second nature, compelling him to practice that to which he has become accustomed, regardless of whether such a thing be beneficial or injurious to him. Moreover, we see in many instances—and no one can call this into question—that the force of habit will triumph even over reason."

Again, the great philosopher John Locke, in his celebrated essay on education, says: "I do not think that all People's appetites are alike, . . . but this I think, that many are made Gourmands and Gluttons by Custom, that were not so by Nature; and I see in some Countries, Men as lusty and strong, that eat but two Meals a Day, as others that have set their Stomachs by a constant Usage, like Larums, to call on them for four or five."

It is interesting to observe from the foregoing quotations how clearly these writers recognized the effect of custom and usage upon dietetic habits; and we have in this viewa partial explanation at least of the origin of the dietetic rules and standards which exist even in this present day of scientific method. It is well to remember, however, that the so-called cravings of appetite are purely the result of habit. A habit once acquired and persistently followed soon has us in its grasp, and then any deviation therefrom temporarily disturbs our physiological equilibrium. The system makes complaint and we experience a craving, it may be, for that to which the body has become accustomed, even though this something be, in the long run, distinctly injurious to the welfare of the body. There has thus come about a sentiment that the cravings of the appetite for food are to be fully satisfied, that this is merely obedience to nature's laws. This idea, however, is fundamentally wrong. Any one with a little persistence can change his or her habits of life, change the whole order of cravings, thus demonstrating that the latter are purely artificial, and that they have no necessary connection with the welfare or needs of the body. In other words, dietetic requirements are to be founded not upon so-called instinct and craving, but upon reason and intelligence.

## DIETETIC STANDARDS

In harmony with what has been stated, dietetic standards have been set up by various authorities, in many lands, and for different classes of people; but they are based primarily upon observations as to what people, living under different conditions of life, are accustomed to consume. Such data are interesting and instructive as showing the dietetic habits of mankind, but they are of little value as indicating the real needs of the body for food. Bodyweight, health, strength, mental and physical vigor, endurance, and the ordinary resistance to disease, must all be maintained through the agency of the food consumed. There must be enough food, and the proper proportion of the different kinds of food, to insure a condition of physiological and body equilibrium; but anything beyond the quantities requisite to attain this condition would seem to be quite unnecessary, and, indeed, may prove distinctly injurious.

In the United States, a systematic and cooperative study of the nutrition of man has been conducted by the Department of Agriculture, through the Office of Experiment Stations, and many interesting and valuable data have been obtained and re-

corded. In a recent pamphlet issued by Messrs. Langworthy and Milner 1 we are told that Congress has provided sums ranging from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars a year from 1894 to 1905, making a total of \$182,500, for the study of human nutrition in this country. The same report states that "the total number of persons-men, women, and children-included in all these studies is not far from 15,000." As a result of these dietary studies, -i.e., studies of the actual food consumption of people of different classes in different parts of the United States,—certain dietary standards have been suggested. These standards, covering the quantities of food per day, "are intended to show the actual food requirements of persons under different conditions of life and work," and are as follows:

indicated the possibility of maintaining health, strength, and vigor (with even improvement of the bodily condition) on amounts of food absurdly low as compared with the quantities called for by the socalled standard dietaries.

#### NATURE AND COMPOSITION OF FOODS

ALL the food-stuffs made use of by man are composed essentially of four distinct groups or classes, viz.:

(1) Proteid or albuminous foods. These occur in both the animal and the vegetable kingdom, and are specially conspicuous in meats, fish, eggs, milk, flour or bread, cereals, peas, beans, etc. They are substances characterized by containing nitrogen (when pure and dry they contain about 16 per cent.), and hence are frequently

·		GRAMS PROTEIN	CALORIES OR HEAT UNITS *
Man with very hard muscular work (Atwater)		175	5500
Man with hard muscular work (Atwater)		150	4150
Man with moderately active muscular work (Atwater)		125	3400
Man with light to moderate muscular work (Atwater)		112	3050
Man at "sedentary" or woman with moderately active work (Atwater	r) .	100	2700

<sup>\*</sup> Fats and carbohydrates in sufficient amounts to furnish, together with the protein, the indicated amount of energy.

These standards are much the same as those adopted by most other countries in the civilized world, though perhaps calling for somewhat higher values; but even perfect agreement on standards devised by this method of study does not carry conviction that the standards in question represent in any degree the daily needs of the body for food. Custom and habit, the pleasures of eating, the so-called "cravings of the stomach," the too prevalent belief that by hearty eating lies the road to health and strength, all tend to lead people on to greater and greater freedom in the taking of food. Why, therefore, the mere fact that people are in the habit of eating certain quantities of food in the twenty-four hours should be taken as a basis on which to found dietary standards is difficult to explain, especially as the example furnished by many persons in different parts of the world and in different periods of time has

termed nitrogenous foods. Further, since the foods of this class are absolutely essential to life, they are often spoken of as the "essential foods." In lean meats and eggs the proteid material, aside from the water present, composes the great bulk of the food-stuffs; in wheat flour, on the other hand, there is present about 13.5 per cent. of proteid, with an admixture of about 72 per cent. of carbohydrate, mostly starch; in fresh green peas, aside from the water, there is present 7 per cent. of proteid and 17 per cent. of carbohydrate. With the exception of meats and eggs, most proteidcontaining food-stuffs have a large admixture of carbohydrate material, mostly starch.

(2) Carbohydrates. These are preëminently vegetable products, and as they are entirely free from nitrogen, they are termed non-nitrogenous foods. They are represented mainly by starches and sugar, and,

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Investigations on the Nutrition of Man in the United States," United States Department of Agriculture, Office of Experiment Stations, Washington, 1904.

unlike the proteid foods, are frequently used as pure products separated more or less completely from the admixtures with which they occur in nature, i.e., as canesugar, beet-sugar, etc., and as corn-starch, arrowroot-starch, etc. Many natural vegetable food-stuffs, however, eliminating the water, are composed largely of starch, as rice, with 79 per cent. of starch and only 8 per cent. of proteid; raw potatoes, with 18.5 per cent. of starch and 2.2 per cent. of proteid. (Raw potatoes contain about 78 per cent. of water.)

(3) Fats. These foods, like the carbohydrates, are free from nitrogen and occur in both the animal and the vegetable kingdom. They are widely distributed, being mixed in varying proportions in nearly all natural food-stuffs, but are especially conspicuous in fat meats, bacon, cream, butter, vegetable oils, etc. Compared with carbohydrates, they contain a relatively large percentage of carbon and hence are capable of yielding per gram a relatively larger amount of heat by oxidation.

(4) Inorganic salts or mineral matter, the bulk of which passes through the body more or less unchanged.

. The nutritive value of the food-stuffs is expressed in terms of nitrogen or proteid, and in fuel value (calories), or heat-producing power, i.e., the amount of heat set free in their combustion. A calorie is the amount of heat required to raise one gram of water one degree centigrade, i.e., from 0° to 1°. This is a gram-degree unit of heat, or small calorie. A large calorie is the amount of heat required to raise one kilogram of water one degree centigrade, i.e., a kilogram-degree unit of heat. It is obvious from these statements that a large calorie is the equivalent of one thousand small calories.

The calorific value of a carbohydrate or fat is determined by direct experiment, i.e., by burning a weighed amount of the substance in oxygen, in an air-tight bomb, and measuring, under proper precautions, the amount of heat liberated. By such a method it is learned that 1 gram of carbohydrate will yield 4100 small calories or 4.1 large calories, while 1 gram of fat will yield 9300 small calories or 9.3 large calories. These substances, when oxidized in the bomb-calorimeter, are completely burned to carbonic acid and water. The same thing happens in the body, and the

heat liberated is the same in amount as when the oxidation is carried on in the laboratory.

With proteid or albuminous substances the case is somewhat different. When proteid foods are taken into the body they are transformed and mainly oxidized to carbonic acid, water, and urea. The latter substance is then eliminated from the body in the excretion from the kidneys. When burned in a calorimeter, on the other hand, proteids are completely oxidized to carbonic acid, water, and nitrogen. Consequently, the fuel value yielded in a calorimeter is somewhat in excess of that yielded in the body, the urea being a substance which is composed of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, and therefore containing a small store of energy which is lost to the body. In the body, 1 gram of proteid yields 4100 small calories, or 4.1 large calories.

Proteid or albuminous foods, however, are chiefly of value because of the need of the body for nitrogen in this particular form to make good the loss of tissue material. Further, no other form of nitrogen than proteid can supply this need; hence, as previously stated, the proteid foods are essential foods, without which the body cannot exist. They are of value, however, for their nitrogen and not for their potential energy or fuel value, the latter being more advantageously supplied by fats and carbohydrates. Stress, however, should be laid upon the fact that proteid substances when decomposed within the body yield. a large number of nitrogenous compounds, antecedents of the final product urea, which, floating about through the system, may exercise more or less physiological action upon the individual organs and This action is undoubtedly at times injurious to the well-being of the individual, as seen, for example, in the effects of undue amounts of uric acid in gout, rheumatism, etc., to say nothing of more serious results. Further, it is easy to see, in view of these facts, that an excess of proteid food necessarily imposes more strain upon certain organs of the body, as the liver and kidneys, than an excess of carbohydrate or fat, which foods are capable of being burned up directly to simple gaseous products, such as carbonic acid and water, and which are more quickly and easily eliminated from the body.

# AMOUNTS OF FOOD REQUIRED BY STANDARD DIETARIES

ACCEPTING the daily dietary standards previously enumerated, and which are based upon observations as to what people are accustomed to consume, it is plain that the average man doing from light to moderate muscular work must take each day approximately 116 grams of proteid matter (18 grams of nitrogen), with sufficient fat and carbohydrate to yield a total fuel value of 3050 large calories. The usual proportion of carbohydrate (mostly starchy food) is about 500 grams to 50-60 grams of fat. In other words, the average man needs, according to the above hypothesis, approximately, 120 grams of proteid, 500 grams of carbohydrate, and 60 grams of fat for his daily ration. In order to obtain these amounts of nutrients he would require, per day, three fourths of a pound of ordinary roast beef, one pound of boiled potato, one half pound of white bread, and one fourth of a pound of butter. Naturally, much greater variety of food might be adopted with the same nutritive values as the above; but these figures will suffice to give some impression of the quantities of ordinary cooked foodstuffs required to yield the nitrogen and the total fuel value called for by the above standard dietary.

A more elaborate diet, one in large measure free from meat and having essentially the same content of nitrogen, and with a total fuel value of approximately 3000 calories, would be as follows: fried hominy, six ounces; syrup, three ounces; baked potato, eight ounces; butter, one and one half ounces; baked spaghetti, ten ounces; mashed potato, ten ounces; boiled turnip, six ounces; bread, two ounces; apple-sauce, eight ounces; apple-tapioca pudding, twelve ounces; fried sweet potato, eight ounces; fried bacon, one ounce; fruit jam, four ounces; coffee, one and one half pints; and tea, three fourths of a pint. Such a diet, owing to its vegetable nature and lack of concentration, is naturally quite voluminous. A greater concentration of diet is easily obtained by replacement of a portion of the vegetable matter by meat; and this the ordinary man, with his highly developed palate, usually prefers to do, because of the increased flavor which his acquired taste now calls for. Further, the resources at the command of the civilized

man render possible great variety in matters of diet; but whatever the character of the daily food, or however great the number and variety of the ingredients, it will be found that the nitrogen content and fuel value of the daily food of mankind will in general correspond in large measure to the dietary standards usually adopted throughout the civilized world.

The writer's experience, indeed, leads him to the conclusion that there is a great tendency on the part of the ordinary person to consume far more food than even the standards call for. This is well illustrated by some recent observations made in the writer's laboratory while studying the dietetic habits of a group of United States soldiers who, while living on the ordinary army ration, were allowed reasonable freedom as to the quantity of food consumed. Thus on one day the following dietary was made use of:

Breakfast: Beefsteak, nine ounces; fried potatoes, nine ounces; fried onions, one ounce; thick meat gravy, two ounces; bread, six ounces; coffee, one and one half pints, with one half ounce of sugar.

Dinner: Roast beef, seven ounces; boiled potatoes, fourteen ounces; boiled onions, two ounces; bread, nine ounces; coffee, one quart, with one ounce of sugar.

Supper: Corned beef, eight ounces; boiled potatoes, seven ounces; boiled onions, one ounce; bread, six ounces; fruit jelly, four ounces; coffee, one pint, with one ounce of sugar.

For a period of two weeks each of the soldiers in this detail consumed every day an amount of food approximately equal in nutritive value to the above, though naturally there were variations from day to day in the character of the food taken. Yet these men were not doing any unusual amount of muscular work; indeed, the amount of work they were called upon to perform was considerably less than what they were accustomed to do in the ordinary performance of their duties as soldiers in the regular army.

Naturally, variations in the degree of muscular activity—i.e., the amount of muscular work to be performed—will call for variations in the amount of food to be taken if the body is to be maintained in equilibrium, but there is no justifiable reason for such excessive quantities of food

-quantities far beyond the amounts indicated by the so-called dietary standards.

Another illustration of this common tendency toward excessive eating, especially on the part of persons who are engaged in vigorous muscular work, was seen by the writer in studying the dietetic habits of a group of university athletes who were in a high state of training for their competitive contests. It was found that these men, under the mistaken belief that their strength was to be maintained and increased by a hearty meat diet, were in the habit of taking each day of meat and other proteid foods at least fifty per cent. more than is called for by the existing dietary standards,—and this in addition to an amount of non-nitrogenous food sufficient to yield far more than the fuel value implied as necessary for men of their weight and activity.

# THE TRUE NEEDS OF THE BODY FOR FOOD

Do the real needs of the body demand such quantities of food each day as the ordinary dietary standards call for, or as man from his acquired habits has become accustomed to? A slight excess of food beyond the true physiological requirement is no doubt desirable as tending to prevent any danger of under-nutrition, but any great excess must of necessity be detrimental. The ideal diet is that which suffices to meet all the wants of the body—i.e., the maintenance of body-weight, nitrogen equilibrium, health, strength, vigor, and endurance—and, in the period of adolescence, to supply material for the growth and development of the tissues of the body. Anything beyond this quantity is just so much of an excess which must inevitably do harm if continued indefinitely, and detract in some measure at least from that high degree of efficiency which every enlightened man desires to attain.

Impressed with the importance of this problem from a physiological, economical, and sociological standpoint, the writer began, some two years ago, a careful study of the true needs of the body for food, with a view to ascertaining how far the so-called dietary standards of civilized man are in accord with physiological requirements. The investigation was made upon a large number of men, representing differ-

ent types, ages, and nationalities, under different degrees of mental and physical activity, with a view to having the inquiry as broad as possible. Further, the study was continued over a long period of time, in order to afford ample opportunity for the detection of possible changes, favorable or unfavorable, that might be slow in developing.

How, now, are we to ascertain with any degree of accuracy the true requirements of the body for food? As a preliminary to answering this question, it must be remembered that the living body is constantly undergoing change, that it is the seat of incessant chemical decomposition, varying in extent with the degree of bodily activity, the temperature of the surrounding air, etc. The material composing the tissues and organs of the body-the proteid, fat, and carbohydrate—is constantly undergoing oxidation with liberation of energy in the form of heat, by which the body is kept warm, and in the form of muscular work, both voluntary and involuntary—i.e., the voluntary movements of the limbs as in walking, and the involuntary movements of the heart, respiratory muscles, etc. To make good this loss of tissue material, food is necessary, and in amounts sufficient to counterbalance the loss incidental to the daily activities. If this loss is not made good by the daily diet, there is a gradual diminution of bodyweight, owing to the using up of the store of reserve material and of the organized structure of the body itself. Further, it is to be remembered that the final decomposition or oxidation products, which result from the changes going on in the body, are the gaseous carbonic acid excreted through the lungs, water excreted through the lungs, skin, and kidneys, and nitrogen in various forms, but especially as urea, eliminated through the kidneys and in smaller measure through the bowels.

It follows from these statements that the amounts of nitrogen, carbonic acid, and water passed off from the body are a measure of the extent of decomposition taking place within the system. For example, if there is eliminated 16 grams of nitrogen in the day's excretion from the kidneys, that means the breaking down in the body of 100 grams of proteid material, since the nitrogen thrown out from the kidneys can come only from the decomposition of pro-

teid substance. This obviously implies the necessity for 100 grams of proteid food to make good the loss. (Pure, dry proteid material contains on an average 16 per cent. of nitrogen.) If, now, a man is kept under daily observation, comparing each day the composition of the food taken with the composition of the various excretions, noting at the same time the bodyweight, physical strength, and reaction time of the nervous processes, etc., it is possible to ascertain with accuracy the influence of different qualities and quantities of food, with reference both to the maintenance of strength and vigor, and to that of bodyweight and nitrogen equilibrium.

#### THE MENTAL WORKER

Professional men, whose work is mainly mental rather than physical, would not seemingly require as much food for the maintenance of a high degree of physical strength and mental vigor as the purely physical worker. In order to test this question and at the same time to ascertain what the real demands of the body for food are in the case of the mental worker, six men, professors and instructors in the university, were selected, upon whom the effect of smaller quantities of food could be studied. The men chosen ranged from twenty-five to forty-seven years of age. They were all men of good physique and good health, and varied in body-weight from 146 to 170 pounds. These men were under daily observation for periods of from six months to two years. The results of the experiments with these subjects may be summed up as follows:

Professional men, whose daily work is primarily of a mental character rather than physical, though by no means excluding a reasonable amount of physical activity. are quite able to maintain their bodies in a state of nitrogen equilibrium—i.e., to balance the loss of nitrogen from the body by nitrogenous food—through an intake of fifty grams of proteid per day, and with an additional amount of carbohydrate and fat sufficient to yield a total fuel value of about 2000 calories per day. This was accomplished by several persons for periods ranging from five to nine months, with maintenance of a constant body-weight (after the initial loss of weight due to the restriction in diet), and with continuance

of mental and physical vigor, etc. This means that all the apparent needs of the body, with men of this class, can be met by at least one half the amount of proteid food called for by the existing dietary standards, and by approximately two thirds of the calorific power generally considered as necessary. This is surely a physiological economy worthy of some consideration. We are informed that man with light to moderate muscular work requires 112 grams of proteid food per day, with a total fuel value of 3050 calories, while a sedentary person needs 100 grams of proteid and 2700 calories daily. As these standards are based upon observations made on 15,000 persons, we are justified in assuming that people ordinarily consume at least this quantity of food. But the subjects of our experiment, men leading very active lives, were quite able to maintain unimpaired their mental and physical vigor, and with every evidence of gain in their general health, on quantities of food far below the standards adopted as necessary for health and strength.

In fact, the statement made above is quite conservative, as the writer has no desire to overestimate the degree of economy it is possible and profitable for the mental worker to practise in his daily dietary. To give an illustration of the actual economy practised by some of the subjects of our experiments, mention may be made of one person—a university professor, 47 years of age, weighing now 127 pounds -who for a period of nine months maintained a constant body-weight and general physiological equilibrium on an average daily intake of 39 grams of proteid food with an average fuel value of 1600 calories. A second subject, however, likewise a university professor, but with a body-weight of about 160 pounds, maintained equilibrium, etc., for nearly nine months on a daily intake of 51 grams of proteid food and with a total fuel value of 2400 calories. This latter person was much more active physically than the first subject mentioned, which fact, added to his greater bodyweight, called for a somewhat larger fuel value in his daily diet.

It is of course understood that there can be no absolutely fixed standard of diet suitable for all persons, even though there is a close degree of uniformity in habits of life, since differences in body-weight, as well as in the personality of the person, must of necessity introduce some degree of variation in the real food requirements. There is undoubtedly what may be termed a personal coefficient of nutrition, a personal idiosyncrasy, characteristic of each person, which controls in some measure the extent of the nutritive processes. While there is no evidence that this factor modifies in any general way the trend of our conclusions, it is probable that minor physiological differences do exist which may manifest themselves by slight variations in the actual needs of the body for one or more of the different classes of food-stuffs. With a full recognition of this possibility, the fact remains that so far as experimental evidence goes, the average man, whose life is spent in mental rather than physical activity, does not require more than one half the amount of proteid food called for by the minimal dietary standard.

Further, it is evident from the foregoing statements that we are now in a position to determine what constitutes an excess of food. If the body can maintain its equilibrium, with continued health and strength, on an average consumption of 50 grams of proteid per day, it is certainly proper to class all proteid food beyond this amount as an unnecessary excess, for which the body has no real need. Moreover, it cannot well be considered illogical to urge that such excess is not only wasteful, but must inevitably be a source of danger which prudence would counsel us to avoid.

To make more emphatic, and perhaps render more intelligible, the full significance of these conclusions, we may add that the full requirements of the mental worker for food are easily met by a very simple dietary. In fact, some of the subjects voluntarily restricted the taking of food to two meals a day. Thus, one man, with a body-weight of 127 pounds, for many months partook of a daily diet of approximately the following composition:

Breakfast: One small cup of coffee, with cream and sugar.

Lunch: One shredded wheat biscuit, or other cereal product, about one ounce, with three ounces of cream; one wheat gem, one ounce; butter, one fourth ounce; one cup of tea, with one third ounce of sugar; cream cake, or other sweet, two ounces.

Dinner: Pea soup, four ounces; the lean meat

of one lamb chop, one ounce; boiled sweet potato, one and three fourths ounces; wheat gem or biscuit, three ounces; butter, one half ounce; a cake or sweet pudding, two ounces; demi-tasse coffee, with one third ounce of sugar; cheese-crackers, one half ounce.

Such a diet contains 6.7 grams of nitrogen, or about 42 grams of proteid matter, and has a total fuel value of only 1750 calories; yet for nine months this person lived essentially on such a diet as this, i.e., on a diet containing approximately this quantity of nutrients, - and indeed he has not varied much therefrom for a period of about two years. The fuel value of his daily food has rarely exceeded 2000 calories, while the amount of proteid food has been kept constantly within very narrow limits, and with maintenance of bodyweight and nitrogen equilibrium, thus showing that the daily food has been quite sufficient for the needs of the body. Further, he asserts that under no circumstances would he return to his former habits of living, so much better is his bodily health, and so much greater his capacity for mental work. New habits of living have been formed, and there is no craving for the excessive quantities of proteid food that formerly his system seemed to demand, and which our present dietary standards assume to be essential for health and strength.

A man of greater body-weight, and perhaps doing more muscular work, would naturally require a somewhat larger amount of food, especially non-nitrogenous food, owing to the need for greater fuel value; but the same simple diet will suffice and with the same great economy in the amount of proteid or albuminous food. Thus, another university professor, of 160 pounds' weight, leading a very active life, lived for a period of six months on a daily diet of which the following is a fair sample:

Breakfast: One banana, six ounces; one cup of coffee, with one ounce of cream and two thirds of an ounce of sugar.

Lunch: Bread, one ounce; potato croquettes, nine ounces; sliced tomato, five ounces; Indian meal, four ounces; syrup, one and one half ounces; one small cup of coffee, with three fourths of an ounce of cream and half an ounce of sugar.

Dinner: Bean soup, four ounces; bread, one ounce; bacon, one fifth ounce; fried potato,

eight ounces; lettuce-orange salad, one and one half ounces; prunes, five ounces; one cup of coffee, with one ounce of cream and two thirds of an ounce of sugar; one banana.

This ration, which, as can easily be seen, is more bulky than the diet of the preceding subject, contained 8.3 grams of nitrogen, or 51.8 grams of proteid, and had a total fuel value of 2450 calories. On a diet of this general character, though naturally varying somewhat in its make-up from day to day, but with essentially the above composition as to nitrogen and calorific value, this subject maintained weight, general health, strength, and vigor, together with nitrogen equilibrium, for a period of seven months. Further, after the experiment was closed, there was no disposition to alter materially the character of the daily food, so beneficial to the system had become the diet of the preceding months.

It may be said quite justly that diets such as the above are exceedingly simple and do not afford sufficient variety to satisfy the requirements of a cultivated taste. In reply it may be said that the above dietaries are simply samples, and that as great variety as is desired may be introduced, without necessarily increasing the quantity of nutrients therein. Further, it is obvious that where bulk is desired there must be an excess of vegetable food relatively poor in proteid, though perhaps rich in carbohy-The experience of the subjects under investigation, however, indicates that where simplicity in diet is practised until it becomes a habit, with a reduction of the proteid food to a level somewhere near the actual needs of the body, there is gradually acquired a strong liking for simple articles of food, together with a distaste for large quantities, thereby suggesting that the body finds it easy to adjust itself to the new conditions, while the improved state of health and increased efficiency for work suggest that these conditions are more in accord with the natural habits of the body. However this may be, the chemical and physiological evidence from these experiments is quite strong that the body of the mental worker can be successfully and satisfactorily maintained on these comparatively small quantities of food, and with every indication of a betterment in the physical and mental condition of the person using the simpler dietary.

## THE PHYSICAL WORKER

In our study of the food requirements of the physical worker, a detail of soldiers from the Hospital Corps of the United States Army served as subjects. Through the courtesy of the War Department, these men lived in New Haven for a period of six months under command of Dr. Wallace DeWitt, first lieutenant and assistant surgeon in the United States army, being under strict military discipline, performing the daily duties required of soldiers in their position, and in addition taking a regular amount of systematic exercise each day at the university gymnasium, under the supervision of the gymnasium instructors. Of the twenty men detailed, thirteen men of the detachment took part in the experiments, the others being non-commissioned officers, cook, cook's helper, etc., who looked after the household and other affairs of the detachment. The men ranged in age from twenty-one years and six months to forty-three years.

While all of these men had volunteered for the experiment, knowing what was desired of them, and no doubt willing to undergo, if necessary, some personal inconvenience, yet it could not be expected that they would take that zealous interest in the experiment which the members of the preceding group did. Consequently, in gradually reducing the quantity of food, it was necessary to keep the men thoroughly satisfied with their daily diet, so that there might be no complaint from pangs of hunger, insufficiency of food, or monotony of diet. Further, it must be remembered that these soldiers were accustomed to a very abundant meat diet, and they also labored under the delusion that physical strength and vigor could be obtained only through consumption of meat, a mental prejudice that had to be gradually overcome. On a preceding page is given the daily diet of these men when they first reported for the experiment. At that time they were taking each day more than the 118 grams of proteid called for by the man doing moderate muscular work, and more than the 3000 calories, the supposed requirement in fuel value.

Contrast now the daily consumption of food by these men during the last five months of their stay in New Haven. The experimental evidence gradually accumu-

lated showed that these soldiers were quite able to maintain their body-weight, their bodily strength and vigor, and their nitrogen equilibrium with a daily intake of about 55 grams of proteid, and with a total fuel value in their daily food equal to about 2500 calories. The eleven subjects of the detachment who remained throughout the experiment were thus able to keep up their physiological equilibrium and to preserve their health and strength with a saving of full fifty per cent. or more in proteid food, and with considerable saving also in the consumption of non-nitrogenous food.

The dietaries of three days may be given as illustrating the character and quantity of the food consumed, remembering that these men had to be supplied with somewhat bulky food in order to avoid the suggestion of any restriction in diet:

Breakfast: Fried Indian meal, four ounces; syrup, three ounces; baked potato, nine ounces; butter, three fourths ounce; one cup coffee.

Dinner: Thick tomato soup, with potatoes and onions boiled together, eleven ounces; scrambled egg, two ounces; mashed potato, eight ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, one third ounce; one cup coffee.

Supper: Fried bacon, three fourths ounce; boiled potato, eight ounces; butter, one third ounce; bread pudding, six ounces; sliced banana, eight ounces; one cup tea.

This day's diet contained 8.4 grams of nitrogen, or 52.5 grams of proteid, and had a total fuel value of 2400 calories.

Breakfast: Fried rice, six ounces; syrup, two ounces; baked potato, six ounces; butter, one third ounce; one cup coffee.

Dinner: Thick pea soup, ten ounces; boiled onions, six ounces; boiled sweet potato, six ounces; bread, three ounces; butter, two thirds ounce; one cup coffee.

Supper: Celery-lettuce-apple salad, five ounces; crackers, one ounce; cheese, one ounce; Saratoga chips, three ounces; rice custard, four ounces; one cup tea.

This day's diet contained 7.8 grams of nitrogen, or 48.8 grams of proteid, and had a total fuel value of 2280 calories.

Breakfast: Boiled hominy, seven ounces; milk, five ounces; sugar, one ounce; baked potato, six ounces; butter, one third ounce; one cup coffee.

Dinner: Hamburg steak, with much bread, fat, and onions, six ounces; boiled potato, ten ounces; bread, three ounces; butter, one third ounce; one cup coffee.

Supper: Bread, three ounces; butter, two thirds ounce; jam, three ounces; tapiocapeach pudding, ten ounces; one cup tea.

This day's diet contained 8.7 grams of nitrogen, or 54.5 grams of proteid, and had a total fuel value of 2380 calories.

While this comparatively simple dietary, persisted in for five months, though naturally with daily variation in the character of the food, was quite foreign to what the men had been accustomed to previously, they had at the end of this period become so habituated to the new order of things, and were on the whole so well satisfied with their condition, that it is very doubtful if they would have made voluntarily any radical change in their habits. Certain it is that at the end of the six months' period, three of the men weighed more than when they came to New Haven, while five others were of essentially the same weight as when the experiment commenced. The others, with one exception, lost only three or four pounds, which loss was on the whole more beneficial than otherwise, since they had some surplus fat. Further, when there was a loss in bodyweight, this occurred at the outset of the experiment, when the change in diet was first made, after which the body-weight remained virtually constant.

Perhaps the most noticeable result of the experiment with this class of men was the fact that all the subjects, without a single exception, showed a most marked gain in bodily strength, as determined by appropriate dynamometer tests, thus indicating that not only were they able to maintain unimpaired their health, strength, and vigor with this great economy in diet, especially in the use of proteid food, but that the simplicity and temperance in diet were so beneficial that the muscular machinery of their bodies was able to work more advantageously. Indeed, the noticeable gain in physical strength, the greater ease and skill in bodily movements, the general good health of the men, together with the maintenance of equilibrium, all suggest the possible advantages of a daily dietary more closely in accord with the true physiological requirements of the body than the habits of the majority of mankind prescribe.

#### THE ATHLETE

THE athlete, or the man who makes extra demands upon his body for excessive muscular work, must obviously need in his daily diet a larger fuel value than is called for by one whose habits of life do not lead to great muscular activity. While this must be granted as a self-evident truth, it by no means follows that there is any real occasion for the large amounts of proteid food usually consumed by the man in training for athletic work, or for the large fuel value in his daily ration. In order to throw light on this problem, a group of eight university students, college athletes, was obtained for an experimental study of the possibilities of physiological economy in connection with athletic work. The men selected represented different types of athletic activity, and they were all in the pink of condition physically when they entered upon the experiment, and were all trained to the highest degree of perfection for their athletic contests. They were men of recognized standing among their fellows in the university; many of them were "Y" men, indicating that they had been successful in athletic competition.

These men, following the ordinary traditions of training, were at the time the experiment began consuming per day amounts of food corresponding at least to the standards set for "men with hard muscular work," namely, 150 grams of proteid per day, with a total fuel value of 4150 calories in their daily food. Yet these men, gradually reducing their intake of both proteid and non-nitrogenous food, soon established equilibrium at a much lower level, but experienced no difficulty in keeping up their athletic work during the period of five months that the experiment was continued. Indeed, one man gained a much coveted intercollegiate championship while on the restricted diet, and many of the men commented on the greater ease with which their athletic work was accomplished. Furthermore, every man of the group at the close of the five months' period showed a marked gain in physical strength, as indicated by the dynamometer and other tests, clearly suggesting that the body was better off without the large surplus of food they had been in the habit of consuming.

How great the economy in daily food was may be indicated by a statement of fact. One man, with a body-weight of 150 pounds, was in equilibrium on a daily diet of 56 grams of proteid, with a total fuel value of about 2500 calories. A second athlete, weighing 175 pounds, was in equilibrium on 71 grams of proteid food per day, with a total fuel value of 2800 calories. A third subject, with a bodyweight of 162 pounds, maintained equilibrium on 72 grams of proteid daily, with a fuel value of 3000 calories. It is surely no exaggeration to say that these men during the five months of the experiment practised an economy in their daily food equal at least to a saving of 50 per cent. in the amount of proteid, and with an added economy of at least 30 per cent. in the consumption of non-nitrogenous food.

One or two samples of the daily diet made use of by these men may be added as showing the general character and quantity of their food, which, it may be stated, was the result of their own choice:

Breakfast: One banana; wheat roll, two ounces; butter, one half ounce; one cup of coffee, with four ounces of cream and one and three fourths ounces of sugar.

Lunch: Boiled eggs, four ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, two thirds of an ounce; apple-sauce, five ounces; one cup of coffee, with two ounces of cream and one half ounce of sugar.

Dinner: Bacon, one and one half ounces; potato croquette, two and one half ounces; macaroni, two and one fourth ounces; bread, one ounce; butter, one fourth ounce; water ice, four and one half ounces; one cup of coffee, with two ounces of cream and three fourths of an ounce of sugar.

This day's diet contained 8.4 grams of nitrogen, or 52.5 grams of proteid, and had a total fuel value of 2400 calories.

Breakfast: One orange, five ounces; baked potato, six ounces; butter, one half ounce; wheat roll, one and three fourths ounces.

Lunch: Macaroni, six and one half ounces; mashed potato, six ounces; fried rice, four and one half ounces; syrup, two ounces; bread, two ounces; butter, one half ounce; ice cream, six ounces; cake, one and one half ounces.

Dinner: Cream of celery soup, six ounces; baked chicken, three and one half ounces;

fried sweet potato, two ounces; spinach, one and one half ounces; boiled potato, two ounces; strawberry short-cake, eight and one half ounces. This man took only water with his food.

This day's diet contained 10.7 grams of nitrogen, or 62.8 grams of proteid, and had a total fuel value of 2780 calories.

As with the preceding subjects, we see that the characteristic of the daily dietary is especially the low content of proteid; but since all the men under experiment were virtually able to maintain nitrogen equilibrium throughout the long period of experiment, it would seem obvious that the body had no need for any larger quantities of proteid food. How, otherwise, can the tissues of the body maintain their weight, their equilibrium, and show the noticeable gain in strength with these smaller quantities of proteid food?

## JUDGMENT AND REASON IN MATTERS OF DIET

THE writer is not inclined to draw too sweeping deductions from the results obtained, though they have been secured by most painstaking care and with all necessary precautions for the avoidance of error. The physiological evidence, however, is quite plain and decisive, to the mind of the writer, that all the needs of the body can be met by amounts of food, especially of proteid foods, far smaller than the daily habits and customs of mankind ordinarily prescribe, and far smaller than the so-called standard dietaries call for. There is every reason for the belief that temperance in diet—i.e., the daily use of a regular and simple diet, "limited by every man's experience of his own easy digestion"—will result in benefit to the health, strength, and vigor of the user.

It is clearly the part of wisdom for us to have some definite knowledge of the real necessities of the bodily machinery in order to guard against undue consumption of food with its attendant dangers; for excess means not only waste, but, what is of far greater importance, it entails a useless expenditure of energy on the part of the various organs and tissues of the body in taking care of the excess, to say nothing of possible ill effects from the action of the numerous waste products which result

from the combustion or oxidation of this' uncalled-for surplus.

In this day of enlightened knowledge and scientific progress, mankind may reasonably expect benefit from the results of scientific study. Many of the causes of disease have been made clear to us. We have learned to identify pathogenic microorganisms and to avoid or successfully. combat their incursions into our systems. The typhoid-fever bacillus is no longer a myth, but a reality, and the intelligent people of a community take every care to avoid contamination by such a dread household visitant. We fully appreciate, ordinarily, the knowledge gained by modern methods of research, and are glad to take advantage of the remedies afforded, even though there is involved a sundering of our faith in old-time traditions. Why should we not likewise apply the results of acquired knowledge in the physiology of nutrition to our every-day life?

Progress inevitably carries with it a shattering of old idols, and introduces new points of view that are not always easy of acceptance. In matters of diet we are apt to possess strong convictions, and we have great faith in our knowledge of ourselves. Is it not possible, however, that we may profit by a fuller understanding of our real dietetic requirements, and that our instincts and our cravings may be advantageously modified by the use of reason and the application of that intelligence which is the crowning glory of enlightened man?

For the good of the individual and the benefit of the community, there should be a just appreciation of the part which the daily diet plays in the running of the bodily machinery. The burning of more fuel than is really necessary is as wasteful in the nutrition of the body as in the running of the boiler and steam-engine. The prudent engineer knows to a fraction the pressure of steam he needs to carry, and he does not intend to waste fuel or endanger his boilers or engines in heedless management or reckless disregard of actual requirements. Man, on the other hand, is rarely inclined to consider the application of these principles to his own bodily machinery, with its even greater complexity of structure and function, and with its infinitely finer adjustments. He ordinarily allows appetite and craving to determine the character and quantity of his daily fuel, quite satisfied so long as the machinery stands the strain.

Economy in food does not imply prohibition. It is neither vegetarianism, fruitarianism, nutarianism, or any kind of "ism." It means simply temperance in diet, with the application of available scientific knowledge; the use of reason and intelligence, combined with a due appreciation of the dignity of the body and the necessity of meeting the daily wants without imperiling that high degree of efficiency which helps to render man physically and mentally supreme. Practically, this implies the avoidance of the large quantities of proteid food so commonly made use of by civilized man, with the substitution of a dietary characterized by a predominance of the lighter vegetable foods. In this respect it leans somewhat toward vegetarianism. The heavier meats of our daily diet can be advantageously replaced in part by lighter articles of diet less rich in proteid, and with more frequent addition of green vegetables, fruits, and corresponding articles of food, less prone to yield objectionable decomposition products.

Finally, we may venture the belief that a daily diet, characterized by simplicity and temperance, so constructed as to harmonize more fully with the true needs of the body, with habitual avoidance of undue excess of food, will eventually lead to a betterment of the physical and mental condition of the human race; with the added probability that not only will greater health and strength be secured for the individual, but that man's years will be multiplied through the increased saving of energy now wasted in caring for the large surplus of fuel unwisely introduced.



### PAULY G.

#### BY G. W. OGDEN

WITH PICTURES BY JEROME UHL



O, I kain't tell why I keep on 'spectin' Grigg might come back in a wagon, when I know now hit 's plumb onreason-ble," said Betty, wearily lean-

ing her head against the door-jamb and looking up the road at the approaching vehicle. "No, I jist kain't tell. But hit ain't him. Hit 's Mis-s Lankston an' Jim. They passed t' other way this mornin', goin' to Weaver."

As the wagon drew nearer, Betty turned away from the door, mingling a hymn with household orders, as she could do without dropping a note:

"Let the lower lights be burn-

"Lott, go out in the yard an' git that faar-shovel you was a-diggin' wells with—

"Send a gl-eam acrost the wave—
an' put hit behin' the stove, whur hit b'longs—

"Some pore fainting, struggling seamun You may rescue, yo-u-u may sa-a-ve.

"He won't never come back in no wagon now. Pore feller, he won't never come back in nothin', 'cept hit might be a coffin, 'cause I know he 's drownded." . Betty bent above the stove and wiped it carefully with a greasy cloth, wiping up the tears that fell on the warped and cracked iron whereon she had cooked many a meal for Grigg, glancing quickly over her shoulder at Lile, wondering if she had seen.

Betty's husband, Grigg Crowder, had gone fishing one morning two months past. He had not returned. No one save Betty and the children had ever believed he intended to return when he left. Diligent search of the creek the day after his disappearance convinced the neighbors that he had not been drowned. "He 's jist racked out an' left 'em," they said.

It appeared plain that he had. And Betty reasoned that he must have had some excuse, some good excuse. The neighbors said it was because he was shiftless and lazy; but Betty thought that he would come lumbering up in a wagon some evening about dusk, and prove to all of them how he had been misjudged.

Why she had planned it that Grigg was to appear in a wagon—his own wagon, at that — Betty could not explain. Perhaps it was because she had always expected him to surprise her by some remarkable achievement, or perhaps it was because Grigg was, by trade, a wagon-maker, therefore to be naturally associated with wagons. There appeared to be such a vast range of possibility in Grigg. While he had beenup to the time he had shouldered his pawpaw pole and headed for the creek-an empty shell in the battle of life, Betty had clung to him in the hope that he might explode with a noise that would be heard round the world some day. But to Grigg it was a sham battle, a piece of frivolity to be avoided.

Sitting in the door and looking along the road by day, and lying awake in bed at night, Betty tried to fix it all up so Grigg would acquit himself with honor, despite his apparent desertion. Perhaps he had heard of something while he sat on the bank of Mill Creek fishing—something that would make his fortune, all their fortunes. More than likely it was one of those rare opportunities that must be roped and clung to, no matter where it might drag a man, and Grigg, in the tussle, just did n't have time to come home and tell her. So she listened for wagons. And Lile and Lott, Pauly G. and Sid Clarence, and even Bill, simple-minded and short of memory, sharing her hopes and beliefs, looked and listened for wagons.

After a while the wagon theory was abandoned. Grigg would write and send money from some distant State, perhaps from home, away up north in Kansas. A

month wore the fabric of this hope away, and then Betty said Grigg would never return. He was drowned. And Lile and Lott, Pauly G. and Sid Clarence, said he was drowned. Bill said he was drowned, and fished for him in the rain-barrel with a cornstalk, tiptoeing to bring his eyes above the chime.

Pauly G., fourteen years old, assumed the position of head of the family vacated by his father. With Grigg the position had been merely nominal; with Pauly G. it was active. He worked for the neighboring farmers, planting and hoeing cotton and corn. Sid Clarence sometimes worked with him, and Betty's cupboard was better supplied than it had been since she and Grigg and the children packed up and left the house her father built for them on the corner of his Kansas farm.

The long Texas spring has fused into the insistent glare of summer. The corn was in tassel, the cotton in bloom. Pauly G., his heavy hoe across his shoulder and the money he had gained by it in the week past in his pocket, noted an unusual commotion as he approached his home. Chairs and bedding were piled outside the house, and within he heard Lile and his mother talking and moving things around. Lott ran down the path to meet him.

"We 're a-goin' back to Kansas," she

"We're a-goin' back to Kansas," said Betty, from the doorway, as Pauly G. leaned his hoe against the side of the house. He looked up at her, bewilderment in his face at the sudden turn of events.

"Has he—has pap wrote?" he asked. Betty shook her head. "No, son; he ain't," said she. "An' what 's more, he never will. He 's dead an' gone."

Pauly G. sat down on the door-sill and rested his head in his hands. "I might 'a' knowed he did n't, though," said he; "he's too ornery."

It was the first disrespectful word Betty had ever heard one of her children utter regarding the missing parent, and surprise overbalanced her indignation for a moment, while the blood flooded to her face and seemed to stand, firing it as red as the dust-screened sky in the west.

"Pauly G., sir," she cried, stamping her foot angrily, "what a you mean by runnin' down yore pap?"

" I hope he don't never come back," he

said, facing her suddenly. "He was n't never no good to us. They was allus a plenty o' wagon-makin' to do, but he never done none of hit. All he done was feeshfeesh an' chaw terbacker, ten cents' wuth a day."

"Oh, yore pore dead-an'-gone pap!" moaned Betty, shaking her head re-

proachfully.

"He ain't no dead-an'-gone pap," said Pauly G., with asperity. "Jim Lankston told me yisterday at Ben Kerns told him pap set a taar an' made him a hin' axle week afore last."

Betty felt as if she had been hamstrung. Her legs bent under her like tallow candles in the sun and she sank down on the floor beside her boy. It was dark when she leaned forward and touched his shoulder. Her cheeks were hot and her lips dry, and her head swam and made her hearing dim, as it used to do when she looked at the whirling water below the mill-wheel when she was a girl.

"Son," she whispered—"son, do you want to go?"

He did not answer.

"Somehow," she continued, moving a little nearer to him, "hit seems like they's somethin' a-callin' me back thar. I don't know what hit is, Pauly G.; but I know we kain't stay here no longer."

Behind them the interior of the house was dark and still. The children were romping in the yard, and Lile, who was almost a woman, was cooking supper over

a fire by the kitchen door.

"We got a good anough wagon, Pauly G., an' we got ole Kit an' Sam. I been a-hangin' to 'em year by year, spite o' times yore pap wanted to sell 'em. They brung us here, son, seven year ago, when you was n't nothin' but a little tad, an' I allus 'lowed 'at they could take us back. We got the bows an 'the wagon-sheet,—I patched hit up to-day,—an' I sold Reddy an' 'er caif a Thursday fer twenty dollars. With what you got, that 'll keep us in grub a good part o' the way. We kin git thar afore winter if we rack out to-morrer."

She was silent. Bill, playing that he sought a drowned man in the channel of the path, shouted excitedly to the others. Betty brushed the damp hair back from Pauly G.'s forehead and bent a little nearer to him.

"Yes, hit seems like they 's somethin'

a-callin' me back yander," she said softly.

"I dreamp las' night I was a-drawin' worter f'om the ol' well on pap's place, an' the ol' ellum-tree was a-floppin' hit's limbs aroun' up over my head an' a-drappin' them little worms hit has fer hit's blooms in my hair. An' my mouth 's dry fer a drink o' that worter, an' my head 's a-achin' fer the tech of hit; fer I hain't had a drap of hit fer many an' many a day. Pauly G., son, don't you keer to go—don't you want to go 'long o' yore ol' mammy, Pauly G.?"

Pauly G. felt her arm pressing his shoulders and her hot breath on his forehead, and, as her lips touched it where the sweat of his toil had left its salt and grime, he hid his face in her lap and sobbed:

"Yes, I wa-wa-wa-nt to g-g-g-o."

1

BETTY knew that Kansas was, in a general direction, north of Texas. And she concluded that by traveling persistently northward they would ultimately reach the seat of their desires. So the journey was by dead reckoning. Many days were lost and many unnecessary miles traveled because Betty did not shape her course for some definite point. Long before they passed beyond the confines of Texas their money was gone and their wagon in need of repairs.

Two weeks in the fields picking cotton, all hands at work, provided funds sufficient for them to set forward again. Before they started, the planter for whom they had

worked advised them wisely.

"Kansas," said he, "is long and it 's wide. You keep on traveling and asking how to get to Kansas and you'll doubtless get there. But you may hit the east end, the west end, or the middle. Now, you want to head for Fort Scott; that 's the nearest big town to your home."

He mapped out a route for them, town by town, which Pauly G. put in his pocket. They proceeded with confidence, and the perplexed query, "What road do you take to Kansas?" gave way to a wistful, impatient, "How far is it to Kansas?"

Pauly G. always rode on the seat with his mother, and they took turn about at driving. Their conversation was principally of Kansas and what awaited them there. Compared with Texas, Betty said, it was biscuit 'longside o' corn-pone.

"I kain't see, Pauly G.," she would say, "why we stayed in Taixas as long as we done. We ain't done nothin' but wean an' weary an' chaw hardtack, you might say, sense the day we sot foot on the gumbo of this here State. Slave an' dig an' pack an' tote fer a hunk o' side-meat an' a sack o' yaller meal. Nothin' but niggers eats yaller meal in Kansas. Taixas, the lan' o' cotton an' cattle, they called hit in the papers the lan' agent uster send us whan we was back home. They said you could live without workin', an' that 's what 'ticed yore pap down thar. All the cotton you an' me 's ever seen, Pauly G., was a-growin' in some other feller's fiel', an' all the beef we ever et was what we got fer work now an' ag'in f'om ol' Bob Bass; an' hit was so pore an' ornery hit 'u'd 'a' stuck to the side o' the house if you 'd 'a' slapped hit up ag'in' thar."

Only at night, beside the camp-fire, when the children were asleep, would Betty allow free rein to her thoughts of Grigg. She knew he was worthless and improvident, cowardly and mean of soul, but his meek, dog eyes would come between her and the fire and plead with a thousand excuses, any of which appeared

good to her forgiving heart.

What if he had been working and saving to take them back home, and what if he intended to come in by the back way some evening, laughing as he did when his luck at fishing had been good? Perhaps he had come back and found the house empty. She saw his lank figure in the gloom of evening stalking around the corner of the porch and pausing at first one window and then another; trying the nailed doors, shaking them in a sweat of repentant fear, and at last moving out to the road, where he stood looking at the roof that had once sheltered them, wondering if any of them, in their wanderings, thought of him. It began to appear to her in course of time that she had done Grigg a great wrong in leaving. Time and again, for weeks, she was on the point of turning back. She knew the children would never consent to such a move, however, and plodded on. None of them ever seemed to think of Grigg-none save Pauly G. One night when she supposed him asleep by the fire he raised himself on his elbow suddenly and said:

"I wonder where pap is to-night."

"Lord knows, son," she replied. "He left us. We ortent to care."

"I hope," said Pauly G., lying down again, "'at nothin' ain't happened to him."

Betty's heart echoed the hope, not only then, but day by day as the miles increased between them and the deserted house with the trampled yard away to the south in Texas.

Finally a morning came when a man told them that they were twenty-five miles from the Kansas line. That was a feverish day. The horses were urged onward in the hope that they might camp that night in Kansas; but an Indian told them at dark that the line was still seven miles away.

"We 'll camp here," said Betty, "an' take a' early start in the mornin'."

The sun was lifting its rim above the prairie next morning as the wagon reached the crest of a long, low ridge. Betty sat in the middle of the seat, Pauly G. on her right hand, Sid Clarence on her left, and Lile, Lott, and Bill crowded behind, all straining their eyes for the first sight of Kansas. A man on horseback reined up sharply when he met them.

"Mister," said Pauly G., "how fur is hit

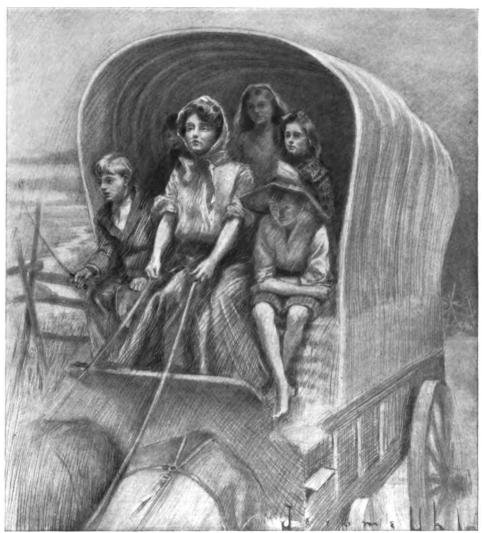
to Kansas?"

The man turned in his saddle and pointed behind him. "See that fence bout a quarter of a mile down yander? Well, that 's the line 'twixt the Nation an' Kansas. It 's Nation on this side, Kansas on the other."

Pauly G. handed the lines to Betty and leaped to the ground over the right wheel. Sid Clarence scrambled down over the left. They met in the road in front of the team and set off in a panting race for the honor of first reaching the soil of Kansas. Their bare feet flung a cloud of dust back of them, and Betty, her eyes alive with the gleam of home-coming and the eagerness to speed it to the journey's end foot and foot with her yearning, stood on the footboard, shook the lines, and called shrilly to the horses. But Kit and Sam, weary and thin of hoof from the three months' journey, could not be urged, coaxed, or driven beyond an uneven, clanking, shuffling walk.

Down the road the boys were running elbow to elbow, their faces purple with the strain and their feet pattering on the thick dust like drops of rain. Within fifty yards of the line Sid Clarence stumbled, reeled to the side of the road, and fell. Defying the pain of his wrenched ankle, he regained his feet and limped on, but Pauly G. was far ahead of him, and in a moment seemed to fly from him day by day as the winged creature of a dream.

Betty stopped the wagon beside him. "Come on, son," said she. "Hit 'll only be a few days now till we git home, please



Drawn by Jerome Uhl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

#### THE WAGON REACHED THE CREST OF A LONG, LOW RIDGE

Sid Clarence saw him cross the line and throw himself face downward in the road, as one flings himself down beside a stream to drink.

Pauly G., his tears mingling with the dust of his native State, nestled his face close against the ground and stretched his arms out wide, as if to gather and hold to his breast the elusive land that had

the Lord, an' then we won't wander an' sorrer no more."

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THE elm beside the well was strewing the ground with its pale-yellow leaves when Kit and Sam, their ears set forward as if they anticipated the rest and refreshment awaiting them, turned in at the bars.

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"So Grigg he pulled out an' left you to shift fer yourself, hey?" said Betty's father, as he stroked the brand on old Sam's shoulder. "Well, let'im go. Good riddins to bad rubbage, that 's my notion of hit."

"Maybe," Betty said, looking away toward the hazy south. "Maybe hit is, pap."

"The house you uster live in 's ready fer you, Betty. I been a-keepin' hit fer you, thinkin' you might come home ag'in some day. You 'll git on, Betty. Them 's mighty likely-lookin' boys o' yourn—nothin' like Grigg. You 'll git on."

The children were happy and contented in their new home and Betty tried to be. But her heart vearned back to Texas, not because of Texas, but because Grigg was there. She wished that she had waited a month, a year, maybe, for Grigg to come home. Now he would never come. Her thoughts of him, which had plagued her on the journey, had given way to an endless longing. She was hungry for the sight of him and weary of the miles that stretched between them. Often in the night, when she sat alone by the stove with Pauly G., she reviled the absent man, eager to draw a word of defense from the boy that would show he nurtured still some tenderness for his father. One screaming winter night, when her arraignment had been unusually severe, Pauly G. had taken up the defense hotly.

"He was n't haiff as ornery as some men we knowed in Taixas," he said, "an' he was n't haiff as mean as some we know here. He never hurt hisself a-workin', but his back was n't very stout, an' he did chaw lots o' terbacker. But he did n't rair an' cuss, an' he never riz his han' ag'in' one of us kids in his life."

"Lord bless you, son!" Betty replied, patting his head as she brushed her tears away, "I did n't mean a word I ever said ag'in' 'im. I jist wanted to fin' out if you 'd turned ag'in' 'im like yore gran'pap, an' if you 'd clean forgot 'im, like Lile an' Lott an' Sid Clarence."

"But hit was ornery of him to leave us the way he done, ma. You know you kain't git aroun' that."

"He never meant to leave us, son. He was a-workin' an' a-savin' an' intendin' to take us home on the train."

The gray in Betty's hair had almost submerged the black, and the spirit within her that struggled and longed to fly away to Grigg wore hollows beneath her eyes and lines beside her mouth. It was a comfort to her to know that Pauly G., in spite of some bitterness and resentment, was loyal to the memory of his father. Since she had learned it, she often talked with the lad of her hope that Grigg would prove his good intentions in the end. Husking corn in the field in open weather with Pauly G., she would suddenly look up, after an hour of silent thought, and say:

"Do you reckon he 'll ever write?"

And he, knowing always whom she meant and wishing to cheer and comfort her, would answer:

"Yes, ma; I know he will."

Sometimes Pauly G. would meet her as he came from the stable in the thin, shivering dawn, her head bent, coming along the path to the well. She would not see him until he would take the pail from her hand, then her eyes would meet his questioningly and she would whisper:

"Pauly G., you reckon he'll ever come?"

Spring came. Betty, with her brood in the house she had left to go to Texas, the land of idleness, as Grigg had thought, was getting on. The restful smell of burning cornstalks was in the air, and the timid wind of the April evening was soft and warm as a widow's tears. Pauly G., in from following the long black furrows, was washing on the kitchen porch. Betty was turning the bacon in the pan, singing as she watched it curl and brown:

"Let the low-er lights be burn-ing."

"They 's a man comin' into our yard," gasped Bill, mounting the porch and running to his mother. "Now, what 'd I tell you?—he 's a-knockin' on our door."

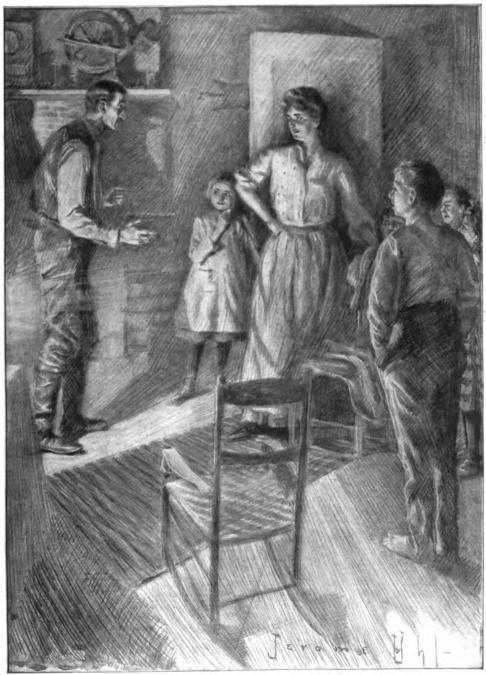
Betty lifted the last piece of bacon from the bubbling fat, pushed the platter back on the stove, wiped her hands on her apron, and went to the door.

"Hello, Betty!" said the visitor. "I jist 'lowed I 'd s'prise you."

Betty clung to the door and looked at the man, drew her hand across her eyes, and looked again. He moved forward.

"Well, ain't you a-goin' to ast a feller in?" he said.

She pushed the door wide open. "Come in, Grigg," said she. Then she stood gazing at him as one stares dumbly when awakened suddenly from a dream, as if



Drawn by Jerome Uhl. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'HOLD ON, GRIGG," SHE SAID. 'YOU HAIN'T GOT NO RIGHT TO SET DOWN IN THIS HOUSE'"

seeking to connect the thread of the vision with the scene before his eyes.

Grigg hung his hat on the back of a chair, took off his coat, and prepared to resume his throne of authority in the household. Betty sprang forward and drew the chair away. All Pauly G. had borne rose up in her mind against his father.

"Hold on, Grigg," she said. "You hain't got no right to set down in this house. They 's another man in yore place, an' you 'll have to ast him wh'er you can stop here to-night or wh'er you must rack out an' never show yore head no more."

Grigg's face portrayed the fright in his heart. He held out his hands appealingly and whispered: "You hain't gone an' married ag'in, have you, Betty? I was n't dead, Betty; I ain't dead," said he, raising his voice as if in witness of his statement, and glancing at the silent group of children huddled behind their mother.

"No, Grigg, I ain't married ag'in," Betty answered. "This is the man that 's took yore place," she said, placing her hand on Pauly G.'s shoulder. "He 's a-totin' the load you throwed down 'cause hit hurt yore back, an' he ain't a-whimperin' an' a-whinin' an' a-shirkin' his duty. Pauly G., here 's yore pore ol' ornery, racka-bones pap come a-sneakin' back like a wetdog. Comea-sneakin' back after leavin'

us alone to root-hog-'r-die down vander in Taixas. Come a-sneakin' back after we grieved 'im as dead, an' after we stuck up fer 'im in the face of all when we knowed he was a lyin', deceivin', good-fer-nothin' ol' houn'. Now, he wants to nose in an' eat up what we've made, wants to laze aroun' an' feesh, an' blow, an' chaw, an spit, an' gab, like he allus done. Pauly G., what a' we a-goin' to do with a feller like yore pap? Air we a-goin' to set the dog on 'im an' sen' 'im away back whur he come f'om; air we a-goin' t' give 'im his walkin'-papers an' bun'le 'im out, or air we a-goin' to—? Pauly G., yore the man o' the fambly, an' yore to be the jedge."

Pauly G. turned and looked into the kitchen where the cheery fire threw its wavering lights and shadows on the wall; looked out through the open door, where the purple dusk drooped above the fresh fields. He remembered now his mother's yearnings; they had changed places. He swallowed to relieve the dry contraction of his throat; brushed his sleeve across his eyes to stay the springing tears; reached out blindly as one groping in the dark until his hand found his mother's and, with his gaze still on the fields, where the long winnows of cornstalks smoldered, said:

"I reckon we 'd better give 'im one more chanct."



### THE NEW NAVAL ACADEMY

#### BY RANDALL BLACKSHAW

WITH PICTURES BY BIRCH BURDETTE LONG, BASED ON THE DRAWINGS AND PLANS OF THE ARCHITECT ERNEST FLAGG

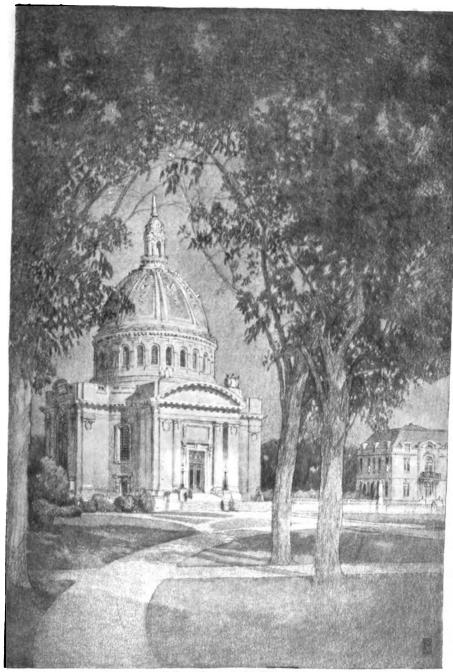


HEN I was graduated at Annapolis, in 1858," said Admiral Dewey to the writer last summer, "I had but fourteen class-

mates." Last January the number of graduates was one hundred and fourteen.

It was not in the nature of things that an institution designed to house and instruct a hundred students should accommodate nearly a thousand. Temporary makeshifts have been resorted to time and again, to equalize the supply of class-rooms and living-rooms with the demand; but since the academy came into being sixty years ago, nothing has been done until recently that has not had to be done over again. In one respect this is a present advantage, for it justifies the reconstruction of almost the entire plant on adequate and harmonious lines. Save only the compar-



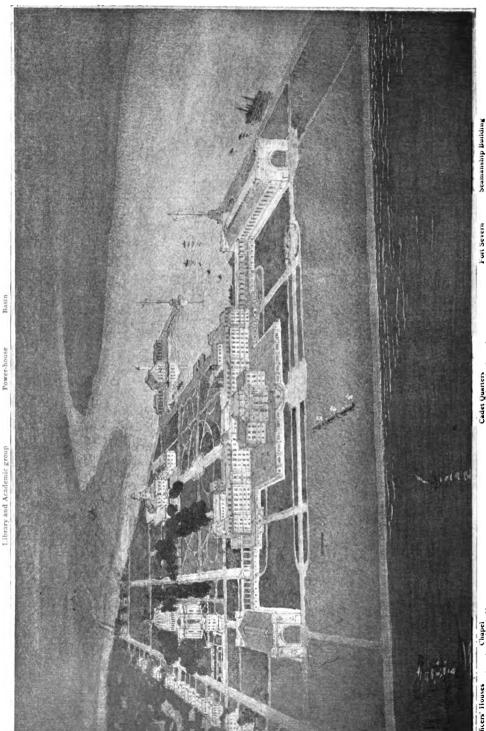


Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

THE CHAPEL AND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

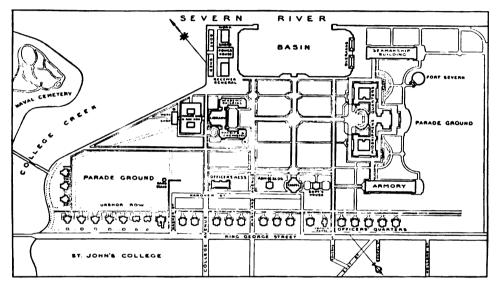
The body of John Paul Jones will be placed in the crypt of the chapel when finished

Officers' Houses Superintendent's House Armory



atively new officers' houses at the west end of the grounds, there was scarcely a building on the premises that could not well be spared.

It was left for the Board of Visitors of 1895 to take action that bore fruit. The animating spirits of this board were ex-Governor Sayres, of Texas, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, and Mr. Robert M. Thompson of New the academy's needs and devise means to meet them; and Secretary Herbert promptly appointed such a commission. Their chairman was Admiral (then Commodore) E. O. Matthews, and one of the most active members was Captain P. H. Cooper, then superintendent of the Naval Academy. It was found that extensive mud flats along the water-front served as a barrier to the proper drainage of the



GENERAL PLAN OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDING

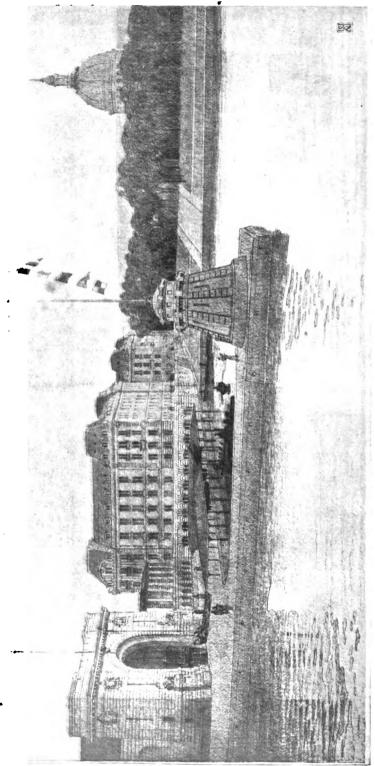
York, a graduate of the year 1867, long since returned to private life; and the most pregnant paragraph in the board's report ran as follows:

The board feels that the Naval Academy should be an institution second to none of its kind in the world; that it should meet every modern requirement as an institution of learning, not only as to the instruction given, but as to the conveniences and accommodation offered officers, instructors, and cadets. It feels that the present buildings are insufficient and inadequate for the purposes to which they are assigned, and that a reconstruction of buildings, grounds, and sanitation, upon the most approved modern architectural and sanitary lines, will not only be an incalculable benefit to the naval service, but a progressive step which will meet the approval of the whole country.

The report recommended the appointment of a board of survey to examine into premises. The commission therefore recommended that before any new buildings should be erected, the land along the water's edge should be raised wherever necessary, and a new sea-wall constructed. Mr. Ernest Flagg, a New York architect, was asked to aid in devising a scheme for the rehabilitation of the academy, and his plans, embodying the commission's ideas, were submitted with their report.

The actual work of construction has been in charge of a graduate of the Naval Academy from the start, and it is greatly to the credit of the institution that it can turn out men so competent as Professor O. G. Dodge to supervise such an undertaking.

This was in January, 1896; but matters were allowed to drift for two years longer. Then the recitation-hall was discovered to be unsafe, and the outbreak of hostilities with Spain underscored our need of naval



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

VIEW FROM THE RIVER SEVERN OF THE END OF THE SEAMANSHIP BUILDING AND THE CADETS' QUARTERS, THE DISTANCE

officers, while the navy's brilliant achievements made the navy so popular that Congress could deny it nothing.

When, in August, 1845, the historian, George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, proposed the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he laid no more stress on its urgent necessity than on the fact that it would cost the nation nothing. His letter commissioning Commander Franklin Buchanan as its first superintendent—a document which showed how carefully he had read Professor Chauvenet's proposals for such a school -began by stating his desire to "avoid all unnecessary expense," to "incur no charge that may demand new annual appropriations," etc. Nothing less than our brush with a warlike but unmilitary nation, six years ago, was necessary to open the eyes of the average Congressman,—especially the representative of a midland constituency,—to the importance of this training-school for officers and the urgency of its needs. The charges for its maintenance for sixty years from the day it was first opened, have amounted to little more than the cost of a single modern battle-ship! Yet since 1893, a larger sum (\$10,000,000) has been voted by Congress to rebuild the academy on lines that have some finality.

The site of the Naval Academy comprises about two hundred acres on the south shore of the Severn River where it flows leisurely into Chesapeake Bay. The southeastern frontage is about eighteen hundred feet, the frontage on the river being about twice as great, and the total length of the shore-line, including that of College (or Graveyard) Creek, a tributary of the Severn, nearly a mile. An acute angle marks the junction of the two bodies of water; but by running a new sea-wall along the true line of the Severn, reclaiming a part of the flats between the old wall and the new, and dredging out the rest, so as to form a basin for the practice-boats of the academy, the grounds have not only been considerably enlarged, but made more symmetrical in shape. On the opposite, or town, side of the grounds, nearly eleven acres of land lying between Hanover street (the former boundary-line) and King George street were bought by the government in 1902, and eventually the remaining space between these streets will

be secured, making an addition of about three hundred and sixty feet to the width of the grounds for a distance of nearly a third of a mile. The present old row of officers' houses just inside the wall will then be demolished and replaced by a new one occupying the same relative position to the new boundary-wall that the old row bears to the present boundary, thus continuing the line of similar houses erected last year on the newly acquired soil.

When the academy was founded, some buildings connected with the military post attached to Fort Severn were pressed into service, and from time to time others were added, the cost of the original purchase having been only \$1801. It is a small round edifice, with immensely thick walls, and a protected entrance on the land side. Of late years a one-story superstructure has stood upon the old walls, and the fort has done triple duty as gymnasium, dancing-academy, and ball-room. Formerly the water almost washed its base; but land has been reclaimed from bay and river. till to-day the building lies well inside the sea-wall. Under the plans now being carried out, the reclaimed area between the walls of the fort and the nearest stretch of sea-wall has been widened by several hundred feet. It is proposed to restore this relic to its original form, and to mount upon it the old guns. Ten thousand dollars has been allotted for this purpose. This will make it an interesting feature of the new Parade Ground, and present an effective contrast to the proposed new practice-battery on the point. Fort Severn will soon be the sole remaining link between the old academy and the

From time to time the government has acquired additional land and included it in the academy boundaries. Among the most important of these acquisitions were the grounds surrounding the residence of the colonial governors of Maryland, bought in 1866 for \$25,000. The mansion itself was used for years thereafter as the academy library; but it had lost much of its former beauty and dignity. The wings, for instance, which had contained the slaves' quarters, had been torn down; the old front porch had been replaced by one out of keeping with the style of the original edifice; and a ponderous new roof

had further robbed the exterior of its former symmetry. The scheme for rebuilding contemplated the restoration of this interesting relic to its original form, and its adoption as the residence of the superintendent. But when the repairs were begun the old walls were torn down by the authorities, who found them too weak to support the load to be placed on them under the plan for remodeling.

The academy is separated only by a wall from the ancient capital of Maryland, the many charms of which are set forth with-

out exaggeration in a popular romance a graduate of the academy itself - Mr. Win-Churchill's ston "Richard Carvel." During the Civil War students and instructors were transplanted Rhode Newport, Island, and for four years an army hospital occupied the academy, working havoc with trees and shrubs and turf. At all other times the place has been renowned for its quiet beauty and attractiveness, due in part to its situation on the water and in part

to the abundance of shade-trees fringing "Lovers' Lane" and other walks, or scattered about over the comely face of the campus. But the advantage of a picturesque location was minimized by the placing of certain buildings, some of them of the humblest and ugliest sort, where they cut off the view of the water as if it were something to be ashamed of. Mr. Flagg was quick to see this defect, and he has largely remedied it by arranging the new buildings in groups or series on three sides of the campus, leaving open most of the side toward the river.

On this side—one of the wider ones lies the artificial inlet for practice-boats, measuring nearly eleven hundred by six hundred feet, and almost wholly inclosed

by massive piers, with a diminutive lighthouse on each side of the opening toward the water. This basin, with the craft it shelters, will be one of the most conspicuous and charming objects in the landscape. Directly across the grounds, just inside of and parallel with the high brick wall that severs town from gown, runs a new row of officers' houses, most of them semi-detached. In front of these, with the superintendent's house on one side of it and the administration building on the other, towers the dome of the new chapel,

> rising from the highest point on the grounds. It is a happy coincidence that the recovery of Paul Jones's body in Paris should have occurred at a time when so appropriate and magnificent a tomb as this chapel affords, should have been approaching com-

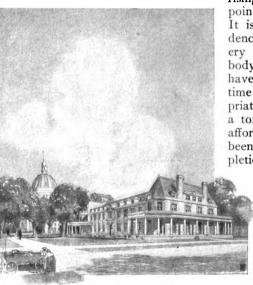
pletion.

This is the central feature of the reconstructed academy. From its wide steps the choicest vistas will lure the eye. On the right, as one stands here. and skirting the inner edge of the new paradestands

ground. the midshipmen's new quarters, flanked at the end toward the river by an enormous seamanship building, a part of which will be fitted up as a gymnasium, and at the end toward the town by an armory of like design and proportions. On the left rises, or will rise, the academic group, the new library occupying the western side of a square the northern side of which will hold the academic building proper. while the southern side will be shut in by the physics and chemistry building. Southwest of the academic group of buildings, which occupies in part the site of what has been known for thirty-five years as the "New Quarters," lies "Oklahoma."

This region, extending along the bound-

ary-wall of St. John's College to College



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley THE OFFICERS' MESS WITH THE CHAPEL IN THE DISTANCE



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MEMORIAL HALL, IN THE CADETS' QUARTERS

Creek, is one of the many Naboth's vineyards coveted and acquired by the academy during its sixty years' existence. It accommodates two rows of officers' houses, too modern to be torn down, but in their bricky redness swearing somewhat loudly at the newer granite or gray-brick buildings elsewhere on the reservation. These tually quarters for the bachelor officers, standing not far from the main entrance at the head of Maryland Avenue, and therefore readily accessible to the retired officers who make their home in Annapolis; and, at the northwestern end of the pier inclosing the basin, a power-house, a shop-building, and a general store. Provision has



ENTRANCE TO CADETS' QUARTERS

cottages, arranged in lines that form a right angle at the southwestern extremity of the academy grounds, overlook the present parade-ground and athletic field beside the river. Their broadacres lie well outside the campus, which, as already indicated, is bounded on the north by the Severn, on the south by the group of buildings of which the chapel is the chief, on the east (the side toward the bay) by the midshipmen's new quarters, and on the west by the academic group. Hereafter the main parade-ground and athletic field will occupy the new land between the midshipmen's quarters and the bay.

Other features of the architect's plans are the steam-engineering and naval-construction building, a huge rectangular structure; the officers' mess building, vir-

been made for a naval hospital to be built beyond College Creek, on high land near the present naval cemetery. Another group of buildings, not forming a part of the academy, though allied to it, and coming into the same general composition, will be erected on government land across the Severn, almost opposite the boat-house or seamanship building. Here will be housed the naval-engineering laboratory.

Secretary Long allotted the money for the various structures at the Academy in accordance with the architect's estimates of their cost, based on the prevalent prices for labor and material. Unhappily, all the contracts could not be made at once, as many of the new buildings were to occupy the sites of old ones, which could not be torn down till they were

replaced. First the seamanship building and the armory were started, and then the midshipmen's quarters. Contracts for these buildings were let within the amount of the estimates, though at the time the last of the three was contracted for the cost of labor and materials had largely increased, and the plans had to be modified accordingly. The advance in prices was accompanied by a growing demand for more room for the purposes of the school, the number of midshipmen having been greatly augmented. More money had to be provided, and in 1902 Congress raised the limit of cost from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000. But of the two-million increase, some \$200,000 was allotted for dredging a channel to the bay, and \$200,-000 for the building of a hospital, and the sum left to offset the greatly increased cost of labor and material was far from sufficient to permit the carrying out of the original plans without modification. As the size of the buildings could not be reduced, it was unavoidable that cheaper materials should be used. Brick and terracotta had to take the place of granite, ornamental work to be omitted, interior finish simplified, and, in some cases, fireproof construction abandoned. Hence the later buildings are not in strict keeping with those that were erected first. On the whole, however, the general effect is fairly harmonious, and the buildings are impressive by their size and massiveness of construction. In style they remind one of the debt our younger architects owe, and are repaying, to the teachers and traditions of France.

Some idea of the magnitude of the alterations in progress may be had from the following figures: Whereas the present "New Quarters" (the chief dormitory since 1869) is only about 300 feet long, the really new quarters, arranged around an enormous courtyard, occupies a plot of ground measuring over 700 by 400 feet, is 100 feet high, and is subdivided into a thousand rooms. Chief among its innumerable apartments is a huge assemblyroom and memorial hall, adorned with flags, statuary, etc. The treasures here to be housed include the flag captured from the Guerrière by the Constitution, and Perry's famous Lake Erie ensign, with its legend, "Don't give up the ship." The armory—the first of the new buildings, for which ground was broken on April 12, 1899, by the superintendent, Admiral F. V. McNair, then the oldest graduate on the active list—measures 410 by 110 feet; and the boat-house is similar in size and design. Covered archways will unite the vast structure containing the dormitories with these two wings, the three thus joined making perhaps the longest building in the world (1270 feet). The academic building is to be 440 by 370 feet; and the chapel (which is designed as a memorial of the heroic dead of our navy) measures 160 by 150 feet, the height of the dome above the foundations being 168 feet. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid by Admiral Dewey in June, 1904. The chapel will be the scene not only of the religious services of the post, but of all important indoor academic functions, save those of a purely festive character. Whether its seating capacity—twelve hundred -will prove adequate to the demands likely to be made upon it, is a question still to be answered; the library, also, is probably destined to be cramped for space in the near future.

The annual register of the academy fully outlines the course to be pursued by the lad who wishes to become a midshipman. Not only are all the questions printed which were asked at the last previous examinations for admission, but the thousandand-one ailments and imperfections are catalogued that a candidate must be free from,—including "weak or disordered intellect,"—and a list given of the \$257.81 worth of personal effects that he must bring with him, or provide himself with on entering the academy. Here, too, he finds a summary of the courses of study to be pursued after he matriculates.

The entrance examinations, though by no means unduly severe—perhaps, indeed, because of their very lack of severity, which induces over-confidence on the part of candidates—exclude a very large percentage of aspirants to a naval career; while the standards of scholarship and deportment, once a student has entered, are so high as to eliminate a considerable number of lower classmen every year. The graduate is inevitably a young man of highly trained intelligence, and the one who leaves Annapolis with honors must be an exceptionally able man. Not till he has been away for some years can he hope



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE ACADEMIC GROUP OF BUILDINGS-LIBRARY IN THE CENTER

to be a master of the many branches of knowledge in which he has been grounded there: but the necessities of the service. and the fact that he can retain his standing only by passing examinations whenever there is an opportunity of promotion, tend to keep him a student always, no matter with what joyous rites he may bury "Math" and "Skinny" (Physics) on the eve of graduation. Then, too, there is always the possibility, even when he has reached command rank, that he may be sent for instruction to the Naval War College at Newport (where Captain Mahan's famous sea-power essays were originally heard as lectures), or to the Torpedo School at the same place.

By act of Congress approved in 1903, the number of midshipmen allowed at the Naval Academy is two for each senator, representative, and territorial delegate, two from the District of Columbia, one from Porto Rico, and five each year appointed from the States by the President. This statute is to continue in force till the last day of June, 1913; thereafter one midshipman, instead of two, is to be nominated for examination by each member of the Senate and of the House. In 1904 the total number of students was about eight hundred and twenty; the law contemplates an increase to nine hundred and eighty-three. The academic course extends over four years (as at West Point), with two years afterward at sea, before the rank ensign is attained.

When the writer was at the academy in the early seventies, the entering age was from fourteen to eighteen years. And in the next decade Mr. Hobson—the youngest member of the class at the head of which he was graduated in 1889-was only fourteen when he passed his entering examinations. Now, however, the ages of midshipmen on entering range from sixteen to twenty years. Even at a time when the lower classmen were the merest lads, it was a breach of etiquette to call them boys: that was a term reserved for the negro waiters, etc. The youngest student was not only a midshipman, but a man. This, of course, did not apply to the occasional negro student, who was no more regarded as a man than as a brother.

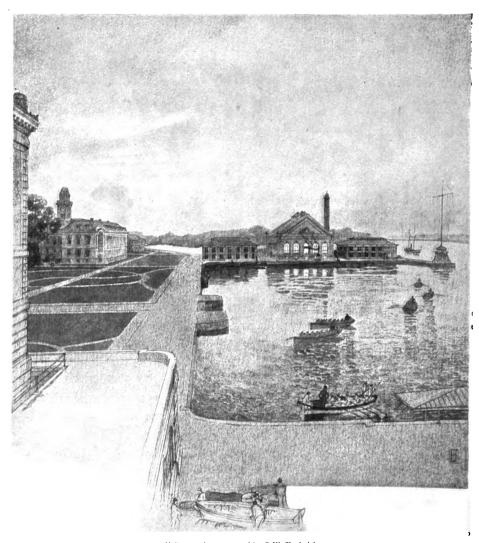
Students entering before 1851 were called midshipmen: the name was then literally as well as historically correct. For

ten or twelve years thereafter their title was acting midshipmen; then it became midshipmen again, and remained so for another decade. An act passed in 1882 made it naval cadets, and another passed twenty years later turned it back into midshipmen. As this is a title that cannot be improved on, it is to be hoped it will not again become the sport of legislation.

In the years 1868-82 there were graduated from the academy one hundred and fifty-three cadet engineers; since then most of the special courses taken by the "greasers," as they were elegantly nicknamed by the midshipmen, have been taken by the whole body of students. At present the intellectual élite among the graduates have the privilege of studying naval construction for three years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A special department of naval architecture, based on one already in existence for the training of builders of merchant vessels, was instituted there in October, 1901, its curriculum and working methods having been mapped out by Rear-Admiral Bowles, Chief Naval Constructor; his fellow-graduate of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, Commander William Hovgaard of the Danish Navy; and Professor Cecil H. Peabody. Hitherto a post-graduate course in naval construction had been procurable by our officers only in Europe, until one was undertaken at Annapolis under Captain (then Lieutenant) Hobson, in 1897; but the breaking-out of the war with Spain closed the academy, and the new department was never reëstablished.

On the government farm across the creek from the academy grounds was established, in 1903, a school of application for the instruction of officers of the marine corps of the navy, its head being the commanding officer of the marine barracks at the academy. The training is limited to one year.

The great expansion of the navy in recent years, the consequent increase in the number of midshipmen at the Naval Academy, and the extraordinary development in the use of electricity and in other branches of applied science, have necessitated many additions to the facilities for instruction at Annapolis. While the study of books has kept pace with modern requirements in technical branches, strictly practical instruction in all departments has



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
THE GRAND BASIN, WITH THE POWER-HOUSE AND SHOPS AT THE NORTH END

been attended to with unremitting care. The teaching of seamanship has been extended to include the handling of steam-vessels, launches, and torpedo-boats, as well as sailing-craft; and in steam and electrical engineering, wireless telegraphy, etc., the student is not only taught theoretically, but enabled—and obliged—to put his knowledge to the test. In ordnance and gunnery the same advance has been made, advantage being taken of the lessons of the Spanish war, and of recent improvements in ordnance material—guns, torpedoes, and mines. Turret-ships, torpedo-boats, and destroyers have been sent

to the mouth of the Severn; and the latest systems of training gun-pointers on board ship have been put in force. In the summer the midshipmen are assigned to duty on the ships of the coast squadron and on a frigate, and are so changed about that every young man spends some part of the cruise on each type of craft—sailing-vessel, turret-ship, and torpedo-destroyer.

In short, every effort is made to keep the graduate of the academy up to that standard in practical work with modern weapons and materials necessary to fit him for the discharge of the subordinate duties that will fall to his lot on board the new-

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est ships. And this technical training is not all the midshipman receives at the Naval Academy. No less emphasis is laid upon the development of his ideals of duty and his personal and professional honor. Moral courage and loyalty to the service are inculcated with the same urgency and success that attend his instruction in the science of commanding a fleet, sailing a ship, or blowing an enemy out of the water. The results of this training were put to the touch seven years ago, when for the first time in a generation our officers had a chance to show their skill and prowess in the work for which they had been educated. No wonder the late superintendent of the academy, Captain W. H. Brownson, who investigated naval educational methods in England last year, found that Great Britain was adopting the American system, which hitherto she had decried; and that it had won the approval of the German Emperor, who was about to found a new naval academy at

In estimating the efficiency of the academy as a training-school for officers, it must be remembered that it was tested in no small degree ten years ago, when Japan won her victories over the Chinese fleet, and again in 1905, when she annihilated Russia's sea power in the East. For between the years 1869 and 1900 some fifteen Japanese youths, sent out by the imperial government, studied at Annapolis as a preparation for the naval service of their country. While Admiral Togo got his European training in England, Vice-Admiral Uriu, who began the present war by destroying the Variag and Korietz, was a student at the American Naval Academy from 1877 till 1881.

Nor can the distinction of some of the five hundred graduates now in civil life be ignored, in estimating the value of the training given at the academy. The briefest list of these would include Professor Ira N. Hollis of Harvard University, who graduated at the head of the (engineer) class of 1878; Mr. Frank J. Sprague, electrician, a graduate of the same date; Professor Albert A. Michelson, physicist, (1873), and Mr. Winston Churchill, novelist.

Athletics flourished at the Naval Academy under the enlightened superintendency of Admiral Porter, but had languished

sadly when Mr. R. M. Thompson, who had been a midshipman in Porter's time, initiated, from the outside, a successful attempt to revive them. In this he had the cooperation of many other alumni who had returned to private life. The reawakened interest in rowing, which dates from 1893, was mainly due to the enthusiasm of an undergraduate, Mr. Winston Churchill. But the favorite sport is football, which had held first place in the midshipmen's regard ever since their eleven went up to West Point, in 1890, and beat the military cadets by 24 to 0. The annual game of these two teams at Philadelphia, to which an enormous crowd is admitted by invitation only, is one of the most interesting American amateur-sporting events of the year. Double credit is due to the academy athlete and sportsman, in that the time available for training is far less in his case than in that of the student at any civilian school or college.

This country has never had a President who recognized more clearly than Mr. Roosevelt the importance of sea power. The rebuilding of the Naval Academy on a grand scale is a work that has his heartiest approbation. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have been asked to address the graduating class on the 30th of last January; nor that he should have done so, though to keep the engagement meant a journey from Washington to Annapolis in the morning, another in the afternoon from Annapolis to Philadelphia. where he was scheduled to make an important speech the same evening, and a return trip to Washington at night. And no one thought to gainsay him when he said to the graduating midshipmen:

"No other body of men of your age in our country owes so much to the United States, to the flag that symbolizes this nation, as you do. No other body of young men has on the average as great a chance as each of you has to lead a life of honor to himself and of benefit to the country at large."

If future graduates of the academy fall short of the standard set by John Paul Jones, Perry, Decatur, Lawrence, Farragut, Porter, and Dewey (of whom only the last received his training at Annapolis), it will be due to no lack of opportunity to fit themselves for the discharge of every duty that can devolve upon them.



# HOW SNOOPIE BROKE UP THE CIRCUS

#### BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

TIME: When "You" were a Boy PLACE: Up-stairs in Hen's Barn

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HEN SCHMIDT, Proprietor and Ringmaster YOU, Proprietor and Contortionist BILLY LUNT, Trapeze and Tumbling

TOM KEMP, Trapeze and Juggling NIXIE KEMP, Trapeze and Tight Rope FAT DAY, Clown

SNOOPIE MITCHELL, Everything

ADMISSION—Ten Pins to All, including Grand Menagerie



RCUS was in the air. Circus had been in the air for some time, exhaled broadcast by village bill-boards and fences, and the fronts and exposed

sides of numerous buildings. Breathing this atmosphere, small wonder is it that you and your compatriots were circus-crazy, and cared not who knew it.

The circus came. From half-past four, in the pink of the dawn, until nightfall, it was given your unremitting aid and presence—the two in one. Your fellows were equally assiduous. Nothing that might be

done outside the tent was left undone; nothing that might be inspected was overlooked. As for the inside, some of your friends penetrated, like yourself, with the escort of father, mother, uncle, brother, or neighbor; some, like Snoopie Mitchell, "snuk under"; but all were there.



The circus went. Behind it remained, as evidences of its visit, the still contagious bills; one more welt in the shape of a ring, added to the other similar but older welts upon the face of that historic pasture patch; and a burning ambition in the breast of every youth.

Now witness each back yard a training-school for tumblers, trapeze-experts, weight-slingers, jugglers, bareback-riders, and tight-rope walkers. Right among the foremost were you.

"Hen and me are goin' to have a circus," you vouchsafed importantly at the family board.

"Hen and who?" queried father, quizzically.

"Hen and me." Why fuss with grammar, when greater things were impending? It is not what one says, but what one does, that counts: at least, according to your copy-book at school, in which you had laboriously

written, "Deeds, not Words," twenty times.

"We 're goin' to give it in Hen's barn, and you and mama 've got to come."

"I don't know that I can get away, having just been to one," stated father, gravely. "I did n't expect another so soon."

"I'll come," comforted mother. "When is it?"

"We dunno yet; but everybody that gets in has got to bring ten pins—and bent

ones don't count, either. Hen's mother 's comin'."

"Do you think we can spare ten pins?" inquired mother of father.

The idea seemed preposterous to you, with a whole cushion bristling on the bedroom bureau; but nevertheless you awaited, with considerable anxiety, father's reply.

"I guess so," answered father. "But members of the performers' families ought to go in free. How's that, John?"

You shook your head decidedly. Such a suggestion must be nipped in the bud.

"Naw, sir! Everybody has to pay!"

THERE was no dearth of performers; they were as plenty as ball-players, and you had an embarrassing number of volunteers who offered themselves as soon as the news of your circus spread through the neighborhood.

Snoopie Mitchell was among the earliest. "Say, I'll be in your circus," he proposed. "I can skin the cat twice, an' do the giant's swing, an' turn flip-flops both ways, an'—"

"Pooh! That 's nothin'. So can I,"

"You can't, neither!" contradicted Snoopie. "Le''s see you, now."

Hen obligingly cut a caper.

"Aw, gee!" sneered the redoubtable

Snoopie, with high scorn. "That ain't no hand-spring! That 's only a cart-wheel! Anybody can turn a cart-wheel! Aw, gee! Lookee here! Here 's the way you did." He demonstrated. "Lookee!"—and again he demonstrated.—"That's a reg'lar hand-spring."

"Well—I can do it, only my back's lame," faltered the abashed Hen. "And I can skin the cat, too. Can't I, John?"

You nodded.

"But I 've skun it twice, an' John 's

seen me, have n't you, John?" shrilly trumpeted Snoopie.

You nodded confirmation to this, also.

"Yep," you said; he did, Hen; truly he did."

"Without changin' hands?" insisted Hen. "Of course,"asserted

Snoopie.
Snoopie was ac-

cepted.

Tom Kemp and Nixie Kemp were organizing a circus of their own, but consented to be in yours if you 'd be in theirs.

Over Billy Lunt occurred almost a fight, because a rival company set up the claim that he had promised them; but by bribe of a jews'-harp he was won to your side. Fat Day

was asked chiefly on account of his pair of white rats, which would prove a valuable addition to the prospective menagerie.

"If you'll lemme be clown, I'll bring 'em," consented Fat.

"But John he 's clown," explained Hen.

This was true. Before advertising for talent, Hen had preëmpted ringmaster, and you, clown, as the choice positions, which was only the part of ordinary discretion.

"I tell you, Fat: you can be fat boy, and wiggle your ears and make folks laugh,"

suggested Hen, eagerly.

"Uh-uh! If I can't be clown, I won't be nothin'," declared Fat. "An' you can't have my white rats, either."



Hen looked at you dubiously.

"All right. I don't care. Let him," you assented moodily, kicking up the dirt with your toe.

"You can be one clown, Fat, and John'll be the other," proffered Hen, with fine diplomacy. "And you and he can make b'lieve fight, and things. We ought to have two clowns, you know."

But the glowing picture of the two clowns did not appeal to Fat's imagination.

"Naw," he whined. "If anybody else is goin' to be clown, I don't want to."

Accordingly Fat was awarded the clownship, and you said you 'd just as lief be contortionist, which he could n't be.

Clowns were really a drug on the market. Not a boy but aspired to the chair, and it required no little tact to steer them into other lines.

The organization, as finally effected, was as follows:

Hen, ringmaster.

You, contortionist.

Billy, who could hang by his toes and do other things on the trapeze, and who, as a tumbler, could stand on his head (sometimes) without touching his hands.

Tom, who could do things on the trapeze, and who was a juggler learning to keep three balls going in the air.

Nixie, who also could do things on the trapeze, and who was an aspiring (and

at times almost an expiring) clothes-line walker.

Fat, who could wiggle his ears.

Snoopie, indefatigable, marvelous, a genius of one suspender, whom a special providence seemed to have endowed.

Menagerie (in prospect): Don, your dog; Snap, the Kemps' dog; Lunt's cat; Fat's white rats; Hen's "bantie" rooster.

A rehearsal was not only unnecessary, but impracticable as well; that is, a rehearsal in company. However, individual practice went on daily, and not a member of the troupe but emulated the most daring feats produced under Barnum's tent, as could be testified to by the most casual observer, and by that emergency Band of Mercy, the Sisterhood of Mothers, adepts with court-plaster and needle.

"Oh, John!" sighed your own mother. "How do you manage to tear your pants so! This is the third time, and in the very same place! Can't you be careful?"

"I m practisin' splits," you offered.
"'Splits'?" repeated mother, densely ignorant.

"Yes. You straddle, and you keep on straddlin', and see how near you can come to sittin'; and you 've got to get up again without usin' your hands. There was a man and woman and little girl and boy no bigger 'n me in the circus that could go clear down till they touched. I can 'most do it."

"John!" exclaimed mother, in horror.



Then she noted something else. "And your waist, too!"

You condescended to explain farther.

"Yes; I tumbled off the trapeze when I was swingin'. Look here!" Pulling up your sleeve, you proudly exhibited an elbow. It was an elbow that earned you distinction among your comrades, although Nixie had a knee which he boasted was "skinned" much worse.

The date of the circus was set for Wednesday afternoon, and that morning a

show-bill, tacked upon the Schmidt front gate-post, anounced it to all the world.

All the little girls of the neighborhood were by turns flippant and wheedling, and boys, your rivals, were positively libelous in their derision.

Schmidt's barn-loft had long been empty of hay and tenanted chiefly by spiders and rats and mice. It was a splendid place for the circus, a commodious tent being lacking.

Throughout the morning you and Hen, assisted by your associate performers, labored like fury, a profound secrecy enveloping your operations. No one except

Billy's small brother (he having sacredly been sworn "not to tell," an investiture of confidence that gave him a decided strut) was admitted to gaze upon the advance proceedings; but the noise of hammering and other preparations was carried afar, together with a cloud of dust out of the open loft door.

"Where was your parade?" asked father -at noon, when, hot and excited and somewhat grimy, you feverishly attacked your well-heaped plate.

"Did n't have any," you mumbled.
"Fat would n't let us take his rats out on the street, 'cause he said they 'd get away; and, besides, we did n't have wagons enough for all the cages."

But to the timid inquiries of the little girls during the morning you had replied boldly:

"There ain't goin' to be any parade. Of course there ain't! Do you s'pose we 're goin' to let everybody see what we got?"

At half-past one o'clock the public was invited to ascend. The ticket-taker was Billy's small brother aforesaid, and never was receiving-teller of a national bank more vigilant or particular.

"You did n't gimme only nine!" he would accuse shrilly. "You did n't, either! You did n't, either! You 've got to gimme another pin or you sha'n't come in!"

"I gave you ten! I did! I did! Did n't I, Susie? You dropped one."

Peace would be restored by the number being made up through the prodigality of a friend, and the ruffled damsel would pass in.

Your mother and Hen's mother, and your hired girl and the Schmidt hired girl, arrived together, their appearance causing a flurry and contributing to the circus the importance due it. Mrs. Schmidt panted heavily after the toilsome climb,—she was a large, short-winded woman,—and, choosing a seat near the door, fanned herself vigorously.

A few boys, after poking their heads above the floor and grinningly surveying the scene, ended by trooping in with apologetic and bantering mien. But in the main

the spectators were feminine.

The amphitheater, constructed of boards laid across boxes, in two lines, slowly filled. As the etiquette of the profession required that circus-performers not be seen until the time for their act, you and Hen and the other stars remained in close seclusion, huddled in the dressing-room—the far corner, veiled by a calico curtain (from the Schmidt clothes-press) tacked to convenient rafters. Meanwhile the public might enjoy the collection arrayed at one side of the loft, where was conspicuously exposed the sign, in white chalk: "Managerie."

In a soap-box with slats across the front wrathfully crouched Lunt's gaunt gray Thomas-cat, who had been rudely awakened from a matutinal slumber in the Lunt cellar and ignominiously confined. At regular intervals he uttered an appealing, protesting "Yow!" while he glared through his bars.



Next to him was Hen's red "bantie," also in a soap-box, but more composed.

Then came Don, for whom no cage procurable was ample enough; so he was tied to a nail, which afforded him liberty to fawn impartially upon old and young, and occasionally to make frantic endeavors to reach you in the dressing-room.

Next to him was Snap, the Kemps' black-and-tan, miserable in close quarters; and at the end of the row, quaking in abject terror over the proximity of so many enemies, were Fat's precious white rats.

"Is that all the m'nag'rie you kids got? Aw, gee!" sneered the invidious boys among the spectators.



"It 's more 'n you got, anyhow!" you and Hen retorted from your covert.

"Don't you touch those rats!" commanded Fat, with a jealous eye out for meddling fingers. "They 're my rats."

It was very hard restraining the members of the troupe in their quarters until time was ripe. Fat, his face streaked in red and white water-colors, and wearing a costume devised by his mother from large-figured calico, was wild to exhibit himself; and Snoopie, bursting with prowess, demanded careful watching or he would anticipate the program.

"Stay in here, darn you! You 've all got to wait till the ringmaster says to come"

"Let go of me, will you!"

"You sha'n't go out! 'T ain't your circus!"

"Who 's goin' out!"

Signs of revolt manifested themselves.

"Why don't you begin?"

"Gee, I'm hot!"

"If you don't begin pretty soon I 'm goin' home, and I 'll take my rats, too!"

So, urged from behind, Ringmaster Hen stalked forth and announced:

"We 're ready to begin now."

He swaggered and magnificently cracked his whip—a treasure consisting of a double length of leather lash, cut by the shoemaker from a square of oak calf, with a twine snapper and a skilfully whittled stock.

Fat Day, needing no second summons,

immediately bolted out. He gamboled and pranced and grimaced and "wiggled" his ears, to the applause of the amphitheater and the tremendous excitement of the menagerie.

"Lemme! It 's my turn!"

besought Snoopie.

"No. lemme!" implored

"You said I could go first, did n't you, John?" reminded Billy.

Privately, you thought that the honor should be yours; but you waived your rights as proprietor and decreed:

"Yes, let Billy go first, cause I promised."

Out went Billy and distinguished himself by all the feats in his repertoire, after

each one saluting with the expansive gesture of the real professional. Having exhausted the trapeze, and having poised for a breathless instant on his head, he finished by vaulting over three saw-horses, in lieu of elephants, and plunging into the dressing-room.

"Now I'm goin'," asserted Snoopie. "Naw; it 's my turn!" opposed Tom

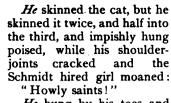
and Nixie together.

But Snoopie shoved between them and past you, and was in the ring.

Snoopie Mitchell, ragged, wandering, independent, but at times despised Snoopie, was as one inspired. Never before had he such a circle of witnesses, and the wine went to his brain.

He flip-flopped frontward clear across the loft from the dressing-room corner into Mrs. Schmidt's lap, and flip-flopped backward to the dressing-room again, and bowed. He walked about on his hands, and bowed. He stood on his head ("That ain't fair!" called Billy. "I did that!") longer than Billy did, and while in that position spit, besides, and bowed. He did the "splits" farther than you could, and kissed his hand, while the spectators murmured various acknowledgments of his posture.

He rubbed his palms and lightly sprang to the trapeze dangling from the beam.



He hung by his toes and threw wide his arms; but, suddenly letting go, with preconceived adroitness fell on his back, amidst muffled shrieks.

He chinned himself, but he did it ten times.

"Come in now! That 's enough!" you ordered.

He obeyed you not. Instead, he hung by his knees; he hung by one elbow and swaved and kicked: he straddled the bar and went around it faster and faster; and with

feet between hands, soles against it, he went around that way, too.

In the dressing-room reigned despair and lamentation.

"'T ain't fair!" wailed Tom, hotly. "I was goin' to do some of those things myself."

"So was I!" declared Nixie.

Snoopie was now juggling balls while



traversing the official tight rope stretched between two of the saw-horses.

"Make him come in, Hen!" you called. Hen snapped his whip at Snoopie's bare legs, and brought him to the boards.

"Quit, will you!" snarled Snoopie.
"Don't you go whippin' me, or I 'll paste

you!"

"You darned old fool!" you scolded.

He wiggled his ears—wiggled them much more than Fat could his—and twitched his scalp, accommodatingly turning to right and to left so that all might see.

Then, breathless, crimson, perspiring, he walked on his hands into the dressingroom.

"What did you do all that for?" de-

manded you, angrily.

"Do what?" retorted Snoopie. "I did n't do nothin'! What 's the matter with you kids, anyhow?"

"You did, too!" berated Nixie. "You showed off an' spoilt everything. I ain't

goin' out."

"Don't you—an' we won't, either!"

chorused Tom and Billy.

"Oh, Jock! Fat's got his rats and he's takin' 'em away with him!" announced Hen.

"You come back, there, Fat! Darn you! bring them back!" you cried, rushing to the rescue.

Too late. Fat was stamping rebelliously down the stairs. The disintegration of Schmidt & Walker's United Shows, through jealousy, had begun.

"Are n't you fellows comin' out?" queried Hen.

"Uh-uh! 'T ain't any fun," grunted

Billy, spokesman.

"They say they won't play any more," you reported to Hen.

"I guess that 's all, then," stated Hen to the spectators.

With high hoots from the boys, and a rustling of dresses from the ladies, the amphitheater was emptied.

"I did n't do nothin'," insisted Snoopie, grinning. "You need n't go to blamin' me!"

But nobody answered him; and with a derisive, "Ya-a-a! Your old show ain't worth shucks!" he scampered below, to join riotous, admiring spirits elsewhere.

"How was the circus?" asked father, politely, at supper.

"Aw, Snoopie Mitchell spoilt it," you

accused.

"What was the matter with Snoopie?"
"Why, he went and did everything fore the rest had any chance—did n't he, mama!" you asserted.

"Is that so?"

Father glanced at mother, and they exchanged a subtle smile.

"What 's become of the receipts?" he

inquired.

You did not comprehend.

"Papa means the pins you took in,"

explained mother.

"Oh, I dunno," you responded, your chief interest just now being in your dish of strawberries.





Drawn by George Wright, Half-tone plate engraved by G.M. Lewis
PASSING THE CAVALCADE WITH A FRIENDLY NOD

# THE CONQUEROR OF BARNEY THE BALKY

#### BY ELIZABETH HYER NEFF

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

YELLOW road wound through the retty round saucer of valley that lay in the hollow of the hills, cutting in twain its rich corn-fields and meandering leisurely up the easy slope of Mount Hazy. At the moment when the sun rested on the tip of the opposite hill and shot vivid orange darts through the opalescent mist that filled the valley, a young man checked his horse on the tip of Mount Hazy and glanced down upon the landscape. Then he gazed. It was not the splendor of the sunrise that caught his eyes, nor yet the promise of the stately corn, but a group that had halted at the foot of the hill before him. Gazing at it, he collapsed upon his pommel in silent laughter. When he had looked again and laughed, he started his horse and rode down the hill, passing the rear vehicle with a friendly nod to one of its occupants.

A large-boned, speckled gray horse stood motionless at the foot of the hill, with his big fore feet planted with the fixedness of a balky horse. He was hitched to a light farm wagon filled with fruit and vegetables for market, and tied to the rear of this was a low, old-fashioned buggy in which sat two women, with patient acceptance of the situation. The older woman utilized the time by knitting a rag rug, while her pretty niece sat bareheaded, trimming the hat that she intended to wear to town when the horse elected to take her there. She returned the young man's greeting with a shy nod. Her aunt looked back after him with keen eyes.

"Who was he, Delight?" she asked.

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"DAVE TURNED A LOOK OF KEEN INQUIRY UPON HER"

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"Him? Oh, why—why—he 's—he 's a young fellow that goes to the Sundayschool. He was at the picnic, too, and at Em Barnes's party."

"Um-m'm! And you don't know his name! Is n't your hat 'most done? By the time I knit out this strip I reckon Barney 'll be over his spell."

"My hat is done now," replied the girl, quickly, glad of the change of subject.

Miss Claypoole's wooden needles rattled vigorously as she ended the gay strip; then she got out of the buggy and climbed to the high seat of the wagon in front, and untying the reins, clucked to Barney.

But Barney's mood was not yet pro-

pitious, and he stood.

"Seems to me like he's gettin' slower this summer," Miss Cynthia called back to Delight. "Time was when I could get him started in half or three quarters of an hour, but, I declare to goodness, he stands a good hour every time this summer. We'll have to allow fifteen minutes more for him."

"If we humor him like that, he 'll get us to startin' the night before and campin' on the way," retorted the girl, putting on her new hat by a tiny mirror from her chatelaine.

"Come on, Barney! Git up, now! Shame on you for keepin' us like this! Git up! Git up!"

The tolerant impatience of her tone must have appealed to Barney at last, for he switched his tail, bobbed his head, blew his nose, and—started. It was late afternoon when they reached the same spot on returning, Barney, with high head, trotting solidly, a different horse, indeed, from the one that had taken root there in the morning. At the foot of the slope they encountered the same young man who had met them in the morning. Again he exchanged a bashful greeting with the girl; again Miss Cynthia's all-seeing eyes measured him.

"Seems like I ought to know that fellow. Where does he come from, Delight?"

"I think he lives round on the river road, the other side of the hill."

"Oh, does he? Then he must favor somebody I know, for I never go that way. But it does seem—you 're sure you ain't never heard his name?"

"I never said I did n't know his name," said Delight, unsteadily, as a white line set about her lips. "I do know it."

There was a flash of intelligence in Miss Cynthia's brown face.

"And what might it be?" she asked.

"It 's-why, his name is-he is-John Ransome."

Miss Cynthia turned her face quickly toward the other side of the road.

"Git up, Barney! Git up!" she clucked, slapping him with the reins, although Barney was devouring the road at a noble gait. When he had plunked across the little wooden bridge, she turned again to the girl.

"Well, I reckon he don't know that he dassent speak to you-all, or he would n't do it. The Ransomes and us ain't never been on terms since my father and old Jimmy Ransome, that 's dead and gone these many years, had a fuss about the boundary fence. I never told you about it, because I don't believe in keepin' a continual rumpus about anything; but I do respect my father's memory enough not to make up to them that insulted him in his lifetime. The next time you meet that young man you 'd just better not speak to him at all."

The white line about Delight's mouth widened, and the hot color went out of her cheeks. She did not answer, and her aunt looked at her sidewise again.

"You have n't been speakin' to him very much, I reckon?" she pursued, with a little softening of her hard tones.

"Yes; he used to go to school when I did," was the answer, in a hopeless tone. "I did n't know then that—that it was wicked to. The girls told me and the boys told him. Everybody knowed it but us."

"Git up, Barney!" said Miss Cynthia, crossly. "Does seem like this horse is so slow here lately that we 're 'most always on the road. Git up, sir! Now move your lazy bones, or I actually will whip you with the whip, so I will."

Yet Barney was really making his very best time!

The same young man met them in the same place the next week. Miss Cynthia had finished her rug and was making buttonholes in a coarse blue shirt for the boy she had taken to bring up, and Delight was reading a novel. It was never Delight who was doing the rough things.

When the young man had passed them a little way he picked up something from the road and brought it back. It was Miss Cynthia's reticule.



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis
"A STRANGE STRUCTURE WAS RISING OVER BARNEY"

"I'd like to know how it fell out in the road when it was pinned to my skirt," grumbled Miss Cynthia, with a suspicious glance.

"It's going to be a fine day," ventured the youth, and Delight agreed with him.

"You must lose a heap of time with your horse. We had a horse that balked once, and I cured him. I'd like to try yours; I believe I could get him over it."

"No, you could n't," retorted Miss Cynthia, with crushing grimness. "Barney 's too old, and I won't have no fire built under him nor no salt shot into him." And she looked at Barney with eyes fierce enough to have stung him to flight as she got out of the buggy and climbed up to the high wagon-seat. But Barney was in some happy day-dream and refused to budge for twenty minutes or more, although his mistress shook the reins over his back and almost put her hand on the whip. John Ransome was likewise immovable at the side of the buggy.

When this had happened some eight or nine times in succession, and he always seemed to find something in the road that belonged to them and gave a chance for conversation, Miss Cynthia began to have a worried look. At last she was moved to speech.

"If that young fellow don't stop botherin' the life out of a body, I 'll—well, I 'll hev to try Barney at the plow and drive General Grant to town. I did try Barney oncet, and he balked half an hour at the end of every furrow. Land! can't a body have a minute's peace on this earth?"

"But, Aunt Cynthy, he don't hurt you—and the road is free."

"That 's the trouble; the road is free. It 's that Barney's doin'. I 'll hev to take General Grant out of the wheat-field, and we 'll see where the young man gets left. I 'll send for Dave Johnson to come up with his team and help out with the seed-in', I 'm so late on account of the rains. He 's a relation of mine, and I heard the other day that he 'd been burnt out and had no end of hard luck."

Delight looked up in surprise. She was crocheting a bead purse.

"Why, Aunt Cynthy, I thought it was the Johnsons that had the lawsuit against you and beat you."

"So it was, and I never spoke to any of them since. But Dave is a pretty likely sort of man; he hed the grit to run off with my cousin Mary Selina and marry her, and a man that 'll take the girl he wants, whether or no, is right smart of a man. Yes, I 'm goin' to send for Dave Johnson to finish the seedin'."

Delight's head bent suddenly to conceal the bright color that flamed in her face, and her hands trembled so that she spilled the beads hopelessly into the dust. Even the willing fingers of John Ransome, whose approach had occasioned the outburst, could not find them.

"Miss Cynthy," said the brave young voice, "I really would like to try a hand on Barney. I promise not to hurt him the

least bit, and I 'm just sure I could find some way to start him."

"No, you could n't. The man don't live that could conquer that beast now. It might 'a' be'n done when he was a colt, but it 's too late now. Git up, Barney! Now, ain't you 'most ready to start? Do git up!"

It was so late when Dave Johnson finally arrived that every hour in the day had to be counted; so he told Delight to bring him his dinner every day, that his nooning might be shortened, and he sat under a maple-tree to eat it, while the horses lunched by his side.

"What 's that ugly strip of brush along the boundary-line for?" he asked Delight, who sat waiting for the basket, as he selected a huge sandwich.

"Oh, it's because there was a quarrel," said the girl, wearily. "Mr. Ransome's father thought my grandfather had set his fence too far over, and so he put one on grandfather's land. And they had lawsuits about it till they both died. Then it was never settled, and the two fences stayed there, and all that brush grew up between them."

"Well, why don't the folks make it up now and clear up that waste land, if the ones that had the quarrel are dead and gone? They ain't fussin' about it yet, are they?" he asked, measuring the waste strip with his eye.

"I don't know. Aunt Cynthy never said anything about it; but I know she would n't make it up now. The girls at school said that Mr. Ransome used to be Aunt Cynthy's beau, and their fathers found it out and made them separate. Then he married another girl—and she never married anybody. I guess she don't believe in marryin'."

"Well, she don't need to. She can get along alone, if ever a woman could. She's the best farmer in Claypoole township"; and Mr. Johnson critically selected, from the assortment of triangles of pie, a juicy piece of squash.

"Yes, she can get along, but it is awful for a quarrel to run for three generations—and spoil so many lives. And I could never run the farm as she does. I'm not like that."

Dave turned a look of keen inquiry upon her.

"No, of course you could n't. No other woman could; but then you don't have to."

"Not unless I should live to be an old, old woman and live here all alone."

The girl looked wistfully through the thicket of brush, beyond which a young figure driving a drill could be seen.

That evening Dave came to the house with a look of illumination on his face. He had struck up acquaintance with the worker on the other side of the boundary. Delight was getting supper when he came into the kitchen—a generous farm supper, the scent of whose fragrant coffee and frying ham had flown far afield. Miss Cynthia had just come in from a hard day in her corn-field.

"It 's a terrible pity about all that boundary land bein' wasted, Cousin Cynthy," he began, as he pumped a basin of water for her.

"Well, it's be'n that away all my time," she snapped. "If them that comes after wants it different, they can change it."

"How do you reckon they 're goin' to git a chance while you hold out ag'inst it?" he asked adroitly.

For once she had no ready reply. She plunged her warm face into the basin and rubbed it furiously. As they went in to supper, she remarked:

"I allow you 'll git to harrowin' by Monday, won't you?"

After the dishes were done that night she sat by the living-room lamp with Delight, who bent over her bead-work in silence. Miss Cynthia's tireless fingers were idle for once, and she looked at the pretty drooping head and troubled face beside her with a new expression in her terrible eyes. It looked in the dim light as if it might be yearning tenderness. Her hands clenched nervously, but speech was rare and hard for her. Life had been all battle for Miss Cynthy, and she knew no way to bend to its amenities.

"I'm thinkin'," she began in her hard, out-of-door voice, with a suddenness that made the girl start—"I'm thinkin' that I'd ought to begin haulin' corn day after to-morrow. The crop's so big that I won't git it to town before the roads break up unless I begin as fast as it's shucked. So you can start on a piece ahead with Barney, and I'll follow with one of the teams and a load of corn. I'low I'll ketch up with you 'fore he gits over his tantrum. If I don't, you can go right on and wait for me at the general store."

"Yes, 'm," said the girl, passively.

"You won't be afraid to start alone before day, will you? There ain't no harm comes along that road—without it is that young fellow from over the hill. And he ain't goin' to carry you off—you need n't be scared at him. There 's none of his breed that has the grit to run off with a girl."

"No, 'm," faltered the girl.

"I'll give you some start, but if Barney should take to trottin' after he gits started, don't you wait for me, specially if that fellow gits to tormentin' you."

"No, 'm." And Delight bent lower over her work. A little later she slipped away,

saying good night.

Miss Cynthia sat alone for an hour with a worried face. When the clock struck nine she started at the lateness of the hour. It had been many a month since she had heard nine strokes in the evening. When she went up to her own room, she opened the high bureau drawer and took a little packet from its depths. It contained a faded photograph of a mild, weak-faced youth, a crumbling candy heart, and a gaudy valentine. She replaced them tenderly, looked across to the boundary thicket in the moonlight, and slowly drew down the shade.

The second morning after this dawned with such pomp of autumn pageantry that Miss Cynthia seemed to be making a triumphal march across the valley with her load of corn, under an arch of magnificence unspeakable. She was driving slowly; in fact, she was n't driving at all; the team was taking its own gait. She looked eagerly ahead as she rounded the curve that brought the foot of the hill in sight; but when she saw Barney standing there as usual, she said: "Well, I might have known how it would be. It ain't in 'em." But she climbed down and deliberately opened the end gate of her wagon, so that a few ears of corn could slip through, and then went on, with her eyes fixed on the buggy. As

she saw a roan horse hitched to the fence near Barney, a smile made unaccustomed lines in her weather-beaten cheeks. Then she leaned back with a little gasp and stared with amazement. A strange structure was rising over Barney—a tall white pole that was firmly strapped to his round barrel and secured to the shafts of the buggy. When it was fast, a new white sail was hoisted and filled itself with the fresh autumn breeze.

"Well, I'll be floured and fried if he ain't got some grit in him, after all! Bless the boy! And he 's gittin' even with Barney for all these years! Just look at that, will you! Just look—at—that!"

For Barney, so many years, through summer and winter, autocrat of Miss Cynthia's movements and monarch of the road, had found in the spicy breeze a power that defied his own sulky will, and, to his boundless astonishment, discovered his stubborn old legs trotting nimbly up the hillside in the middle of his morning balk. Iohn Ransome, on the roan, trotted behind him with the sheet in his hand, and when they reached the sharp turn of the road at the summit, he steered Barney as neatly around it as if he had been a racing yacht. When the tip of the mast had disappeared over the hill, Miss Cynthia, shaking with delighted laughter, gathered up her reins and started on. A man trotted up beside her and said breathlessly: "Your wagon 's leakin' corn, ma'am."

"My wagon? Land of Goshen, so it is! Well, I hev to pick that up; there 's too much to lose." And she turned back to the yellow trail that scattered across the bridge. The sun was high above before she gathered the last ear and mounted the seat again.

"I reckon it 's all of nine o'clock now," she said to herself, with pitiful loneliness. "The court-house will be open, so they 've got the license by this time; but they might have to wait for the preacher. I won't hurry none."





rawn by M. L. Croft. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill BEECH WALK AT TAN-YR-ALLT

# A STRANGE ADVENTURE OF SHELLEY'S

AND ITS BELATED EXPLANATION

BY MARGARET L. CROFT



ERYTHING connected with Shelley is of such interest to the lovers of literature that I venture to think that a fresh view and true account of his nocturnal adventure at

Tan-yr-allt, near Portmadoc, in north Wales, may be welcomed by many people who are admirers of the most spiritual poet of the age. I am enabled to throw new light on the mysterious occurrence through the kindness of Miss Greaves, the present occupant of Tan-yr-allt, whose family lived there many years, the elder members of it being in personal communication with the chief actor in the drama. In Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley"

we read a letter of Harriet Shelley's, dated March 11, 1813, from Dublin, to Hookham the publisher. •

MY DEAR SIR: . . . Mr. S \_\_\_\_ promised you a recital of the horrible events that caused us to leave Wales. I have undertaken the task, as I wish to spare him, in the present nervous state of his health, everything that can recal to his mind the horrors of that night, which I will now narrate. On Friday night, the 26th of Feb., we retired to bed between ten and eleven o'clock. We had been in bed about an hour, when Mr. S---- heard a noise proceeding from one of the parlours. He immediately went downstairs with two pistols, which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them. He went into the billiard room, where he heard footsteps retreating; he followed into another little room which was called

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an office. He there saw a man through a glass window which opens into the shrubbery. The man fired at Mr. S ----, which he avoided. Bysshe then fired, but it flashed in the pan. The man then knocked Bysshe down, and they struggled on the ground. Bysshe then fired his second pistol, which, he thought, wounded him in the shoulder, as he uttered a shriek and got up, when he said these words: "By G-, I will be revenged! I will murder your wife, I will ravish your sister! By G-, I will be revenged!" He then fled—as we hoped for the night. Our servants were not gone to bed, but were just going, when this horrible affair happened. This was about eleven o'clock. We all assembled in the parlour, where we remained two hours. Mr. S ---- then advised us to retire, thinking it impossible he would make a second attack. We left Bysshe and our manservant, who had only arrived that day, and who knew nothing of the house, to sit up. I had been in bed three hours, when I heard a pistol go off. I immediately ran downstairs, when I perceived that Bysshe's flannel gown had been shot through, and the window-curtain. Bysshe had sent Daniel to see what hour it was, when he heard a noise at the window. He went there, and a man thrust his arm through the glass and fired at him. Thank Heaven! the ball went through his gown and he remained unhurt. Mr. S- happened to stand sideways; had he stood fronting, the ball must have killed him. Bysshe fired his pistol, but it would not go off; he then aimed a blow at him with an old sword, which we found in the house. The assassin attempted to get the sword from him, and just as he was pulling it away, Dan rushed into the room, when he made his escape. This was four in the morning. It had been a most dreadful night: the wind was as loud as thunder, and the rain descended in torrents. Nothing has been heard of him; and we have every reason to believe it was no stranger, as there is a man of the name of Leeson, who the next morning that it happened went and told the shopkeepers at Tremadoc that it was a tale of Mr. Shelley's to impose upon them, that he might leave the country without paying his bills.

This they believed, and none of them did

anything toward his discovery.

We left Tan-yr-allt on Saturday, and stayed till everything was ready for our leaving the place, at the solicitor-general of the county's house, who lived seven miles from us. This Mr. Leeson has been heard to say that he was determined to drive us out of the country. He once happened to get hold of a little pamphlet which Mr. Shelley had printed in Dublin; this he sent up to Government. In fact, he was forever saying something against us, and that because we were determined not to admit him to our house, because we had heard of his

character; and from many acts of his, we found that he was malignant and cruel to the greatest degree. . . .

The Tan-yr-allt outrage has been a puzzle to Shelley's biographers. Was the assassin real, or was the whole thing an illusion of Shelley's excitable brain?

Mrs. Williams, the widow of the gentleman who, as a man of business, helped Shelley in his attempts to obtain subscriptions toward the work of making the great embankment across the estuary of the sea at Portmadoc, says:

My husband often talked to me of Shelley's "ghost." He believed that there was no attempt at burglary, or was there anything like an apparition at Tan-yr-allt: it was all produced by heated imagination. Mr. Williams was sent for, and found Mr. Shelley in a sad state of distress and excitement; he had fancied that he saw a man's face in the drawing-room window; he took his pistol and shot the glass to shivers and then bounced out on the grass, and there he saw leaning against a tree the ghost, or, as he said, the devil; and to show Mr. Williams what he had seen, he took his pen and ink and sketched the figure on the screen [see p. 908], where it is at this moment, showing plainly that his mind was astray. When I add that Mr. Shelley set fire to the wood to burn the apparition (with some trouble they were saved [sic]) you may suppose that all was not right with him.

Tan-yr-allt is a very pretty residence built in the Italian style. The rooms on the ground floor consist of drawing-room, dining-room, and billiard-room with a small room opening out of it, originally an office, but now forming part of the entrance-hall. One side of the billiard-room is wholly filled in with glass. This room looks out on the lawn, with the great beech-tree in view, against which Shelley thought he saw the figure of a man or devil that he described to Mrs. Williams. According to Harriet's letter, the first attack must have taken place in the room once an office, the window of which looks out on the shrubbery. The second, which happened two or three hours later, probably took place in the billiard-room, the window of which looks out toward the great beech-tree. The house stands on a rocky plateau at the foot of a range of magnificent rocks which are clothed with beautiful woods almost to their summits. On the topmost

height being reached, one comes upon a narrow rocky pasture-ground, where the short herbage is grazed by a few sheep and black Welsh kine.

Here is a little farm, tenanted at the time when Shelley inhabited Tan-yr-allt by a shepherd named Robin Pant Evan, a rough specimen of the Welsh mountain tives of humanity would be very likely, by a kindly shot, to put an end to their misery. This proceeding exasperated Robin Pant Evan and his friends.

They came down to Tan-yr-allt on that wild February night, and Robin Pant Evan fired a shot from his gun through the window, not meaning to murder any



sheep-farmer. This man, in after years, was wont to give his own version of the incident we have been describing. He boasted how, as a young man, he and two other shepherd lads had agreed to frighten Mr. Shelley in order to make him leave Tan-yr-allt. The family of Greaves was living at Tan-yr-allt between 1847 and 1865, and it was to the elder members of the family that Robin Pant Evan confessed his part in the matter. He alleged that Shelley was in the habit of climbing up the Roman steps to the rocky height where the sheep were grazing near his farmstead, and that, much to his disgust, Shelley had more than once put an end to the life of a sheep affected with scab or other disease, if he found it lingering in suffering on the moor. We know that Shelley was in the habit of carrying pistols, and, in his pity for the helpless creatures' pain, from moone, but to give the inconvenient young meddler a good fright. Shelley's pistol flashed in the pan. Robin entered the room, wrestled with him, knocked him down, and then escaped through the window. It was his rough face and form that Shelley afterward saw, standing near the beech-tree; and when Shelley gazed out, all bewildered with the night alarm and the shaking, he thought he saw the devil.

Robin gained his end, for Shelley and Harriet and her sister left the place next day, never to return.

The screen with the sketch on it, which Shelley drew when trying to describe to Mrs. Williams what he thought he had seen, is unfortunately lost, although she spoke of it as in her possession at the time.

At Tan-yr-allt Shelley composed the latter part of his poem "Queen Mab," and some smaller poems not printed but

in manuscript in his commonplace-book, now in the possession of the Rev. C. Esdaile, the son of Ianthe Shelley's daughter.

Shelley seems often to have been the victim of assaults of various kinds—once at Chestnut Cottage, near Keswick, and once in the post-office at Pisa, besides the occasion I have been describing. His was an imagination easily excited to fever-heat, and what to many would be a very simple affair became, through that many-hued medium, a dangerous attempt at assassination. Everything at Tan-yr-allt conspired to make him think so. The night was a stormy one, and the wind howled round the solitary house. His servant, Dan Healey, had only that evening returned from imprisonment for distributing Shelley's seditious pamphlets in Lynmouth, and probably with Irish loquacity had been telling Shelley of the likelihood of spies and detectives being put on his track by the government. The gloomy woods overhanging the house, and the wildness of the night and the terror of the attack through the window, wrought on his heated fancy, so that the uncouth figure of Robin Pant Evan against such a background appeared the very image of the evil one. I will now quote from a letter received from Miss Greaves's sister, Mrs. Hansard:

### No. 1 Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, Sept. 1, 1902.

MY DEAREST H-: I have read the MS. of "Shelley at Tan-yr-allt" with great interest, and it seems to me to be substantially very correct so far as my memory of what I heard as a girl serves me. Old Robin Pant Evan himself described the catching and beating of Shelley by the farmers to me. It must have been in the year 1862 when he talked to me, waiting in the Tan-yr-allt drive to see father as a magistrate about some bother he had got into about his sheep or goats (it always was Robin's sheep and goats who were a difficulty at Tan-yr-allt), and he jumped about in his gray worsted stockings and cochddie kneebreeches, brandishing a great hooked stick, and showed me how he burst out of the bushes to "frighten Mr. Shelley"; and I am sure he looked hideous enough to be taken for a visitor from the infernal regions. . . .

¥r. loving sister,

E. M. Hansard.

NOTE. The biographers of Shelley have generally discredited his story of the attack upon him, as it was discredited by the people of the

neighborhood at the time, and by subsequent investigators. The more charitable, like Dowden, consider it an hallucination due to overwrought nerves in a nature peculiarly open to mental illusion. At least on two other occasions Shelley declared that he had been murderously attacked by unknown persons; and the absence of any known cause, as well as of corroborative evidence, seems to indicate a tendency to self-deception.

On the other hand, biographers like Jeaffre-



COPY, BY MISS FANNY HOLLAND, OF SHELLEY'S DRAWING OF THE DEMON

son have gone further, ascribing the story to Shelley's desire to leave Tan-yr-allt before his coming of age brought down upon him a burden of money obligations, like the promised gift of five hundred pounds to the Tremadoc embankment.

Respecting Shelley's exertions for the preservation of the Tremadoc embankment, Dr. Richard Garnett informs us that Mrs. Williams, the wife of the steward of the house that Shelley occupied at Tan-yr-allt, once told Miss Fanny Holland that Shelley used to ride about the country with Mr. Williams, elo-

quently urging the people to send men and material to repair the embankment. Through his influence, a loaded vessel was sunk in a breach, and thus the embankment was saved from total destruction.

It was Miss Holland who made the copy

(reproduced in this article) of Shelley's drawing of the "demon." The copy is now owned by Dr. Garnett. The screen itself on which Shelley made the drawing Dr. Garnett saw many years ago in the possession of the late Lady Shelley.—EDITOR.



## UNKNOWN PICTURES OF SHELLEY

BY N. P. DUNN



IDDEN away from the world for almost three quarters of a century, far from the scenes of the poet's passionate life and tragic death, there have just come

to light in a Southern American city a portrait and sketch of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Their impregnable authenticity and uncommon beauty give them a value to the art world hard to overstate.

In the "Magazine of Art" for September, 1901, Dr. Richard Garnett, who is amply qualified to speak the last word on any subject connected with Shelley, calls attention to the dearth of likenesses of the poet. There is in the Shakspere Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon an alleged Shelley at the age of nine by Romney. Dr. Garnett ventures to state that, if a Romney, it is not Shelley, and if Shelley, it is not a Romney, basing his opinion upon the date at which Romney's active work ceased. Next there is the drawing of Shelley as a youth, said to be by the Duc de Montpensier, and now at Oxford, an engraving of which is used as a frontispiece to Dowden's "Life." A water-color drawing by Williams, doubtless a reliable likeness, was unhappily lost. A fourth picture mentioned by Dr. Garnett is now in the National Portrait Gallery. It was painted by Clint after the poet's death, and was composed from the Williams drawing and the Curran portrait, in an effort to correct admitted defects in the

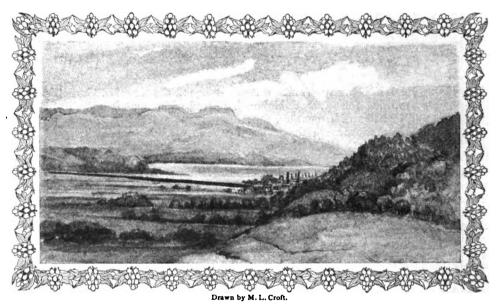
Dismissing these four pictures,—apocryphal, juvenile, posthumous, and lost,—we come to the only portrait of the adult Shelley, taken from life, known to be in existence at the time Dr. Garnett's article appeared. Flat and inanimate, the work of an amateur, it was yet greatly treasured by Mrs. Shelley, and is now jealously guarded by the National Portrait Gallery in London. It was painted in 1819 by Miss Curran, whose artistic pretensions were so modest that she once threw the canvas to the flames, but on second thought withdrew it, to be recovered by Mrs. Shelley with feverish eagerness after the poet's death. The widow writes to the artist from Pisa, July 26, 1822: "Through your talents and your goodness I shall possess the only likeness that is of my husband's earthly form." She was unaware that not farther off than Florence, in an old palace, one of the north rooms of which served as a studio for a young American artist, there were at that moment a pencil sketch and an oil cabinet portrait of exquisite beauty, made only a few days or weeks before the fatal 8th of July.

To make clear the history of this newly discovered sketch and painting, it will be necessary to give some account of their author. William Edward West was born in Lexington, Kentucky, on December 10, 1788. His family was of English origin. Edward West, his father, who had removed to Kentucky from Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1785, was a man of great inventive genius, and constructed a small steamboat which successfully plied the waters of the Elkhorn River in 1793, ten years before Fulton launched the Clermont. West generously gave Fulton all the assistance in his power as he pursued his experiments, writing him long letters of advice; but when success came, Fulton had no

word of credit for his friend, whose prior invention had gained only a local fame. William Edward was one of a large family of children, all richly endowed with musical or artistic talent. After studying in Philadelphia under Sully, he went to Italy in 1819, and established himself in Florence.

Save for a few letters sent back to the far-off home, we hear nothing of West till in the summer of 1822 he is in Leghorn attending him at Monte Nero or his coming to me at Leghorn. It was determined that I should go to Monte Nero. He expressed his regret that he could not keep me at his house altogether,—he would, however, send a carriage every day and convey me thither."

At all times the Gambas, with whom Byron was living at the Villa Rossa, were objects of suspicion to the authorities.

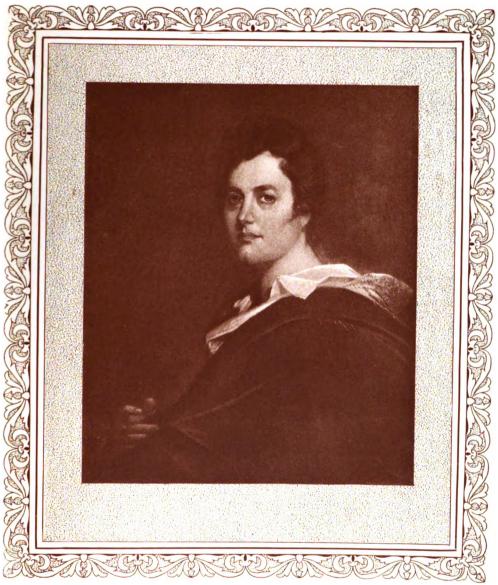


VIEW FROM TAN-YR-ALLT, SHELLEY'S HOME IN WALES (SEE PAGE 905)

for the purpose of painting Byron's portrait. Moore gives the date as about the middle of June. He probably went somewhat earlier, and remained into the first week of July. West writes to his father from Florence in July (the day of the month is not given): "I have just returned from a visit to Lord Byron, the celebrated poet, with whom I have been for the purpose of taking his likeness. . . . His friends say it is the only likeness ever taken of him, all the others having been ideal heads. . . . They insist on my having it engraved. . . . I painted also for him the Countess Guiccioli. . . . The whole time I was occupied with him was time most interestingly and, I hope, valuably employed." He also wrote an extended account of this episode for the "New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal" in 1826. Of their first interview he says: "He [Byron] was very delicate in ascertaining whether I preferred

Now fresh trouble broke out, and they were ordered to leave Tuscany at once, and, West continues: "Lord Byron and all the party left Villa Rossa in a few days, to pack up their things in their house at Pisa. He desired me if I could do anything more to the pictures to come and stay with him. . . . I was with him at Pisa for a few days, but he was so annoyed by the police, and the weather was so hot, that I thought it doubtful whether I could improve the pictures, and, taking my departure one morning before he was up, I wrote him an excuse from Leghorn."

In September Byron writes from Pisa to West, still in Florence, requesting that he have Morghen engrave the portrait. Morghen named a price which was considered exorbitant and asked for three years' time in which to execute the order, so the plan was not carried out. Several



From an engraving, lent by Mr. John Murray, of the portrait by William E. West owned by Mr. Percy Kent

WEST'S PORTRAIT OF BYRON

replicas of the Byron portrait are in existence. The original, with the portrait of the Countess Guiccioli, is said to be owned by Mr. Joy of Hartham Park, Wilts. It has been engraved a number of times, and has been used as frontispiece to various editions of the poet's works.

The accompanying picture of Byron is from an engraving kindly sent me by Mr. John Murray, who had it made, from the portrait in the possession of Mr. Percy Kent, for the matchless Prothero and Coleridge edition of "Byron's Letters and Poetry," of which he is the publisher. It appears as frontispiece to the fifth volume

of the poetry.

In 1839 West returned to America. After fifteen years or more spent in New York, where he lived quietly, but worked indefatigably, making a specialty of the small cabinet portraits in which line he excelled, he came, as an old man, to Tennessee, whither had now drifted the remnant of the family he had left in his Kentucky home. There, among his loved ones, he died November 2, 1857. At his death the portrait and sketch of Shelley passed to his niece, Mrs. A. P. N. Bryant, and were conserved by her with religious care. She did not, however, realize their extreme value, being under the misapprehension that West had made replicas of the portrait and sold them in England. Dr. Garnett assures me this is a mistake. He is anxious to have the pictures preserved in the National Portrait Gallery.

To judge of the genuineness of the new pictures we must see when and under what circumstances the poet and artist met.

The Shelleys and Mr. and Mrs. Williams had established themselves at Lerici in April, 1822, and the ill-fated sail-boatthat "perfect plaything for the summer" -had been in constant requisition since May. Shelley and Williams were in it by day and by night, sailing here, there, and everywhere. He was constantly at Leghorn and must have been often at the Villa Rossa during West's daily visits, for arrangements were being made for Leigh Hunt's coming to Italy to join Byron in their predoomed literary venture, and Shelley, in his unselfish devotion to Hunt, was active in all the negotiations. We have a minute account of their first meeting, and West's own statement that he made the sketch on that occasion. His

niece writes: "My uncle, William E. West, gave me the following account of his good fortune in meeting Shelley and obtaining a fine likeness of him:

"While painting the portrait of Lord Byron at Monte Nero, a summer resort on the hills near Leghorn, where Byron had come to spend the warm months at Villa Rossa, the home of Guiccioli and the Gamba family, during one of the sittings, which Byron gave me from three to four o'clock, Shelley, who lived up on the coast not far from Leghorn, called at the villa, and was at once ushered into the room where I was at work. Byron sprang up with delight, and after a warm greeting, seated him facing my easel, which gave me the opportunity to study his face and listen to his interesting conversation for more than an hour. I was so impressed by the man's charming individuality I picked up my pencil and slyly made a sketch of him. Byron thought this sketch an excellent likeness, and after seeing Shelley again in Leghorn, I determined to paint a picture of him while his image was fresh in my memory.

"This statement you may rely upon, for my uncle was not only remarkably accurate, but an exceedingly modest man."

Tuckerman says in his "Book of the Artists":

Some anecdotes of his artist life we gathered in conversation with Mr. West. On one occasion, while painting Lord Byron's portrait, the servant announced Shelley, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelley was clad in a loose dress of gingham. . . . His open collar, beardless face, and long hair, as well as thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. . . . "Never," said the artist, "have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness. Its benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness as of one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech as he described in the most vivid and glowing terms a cavern that he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous." . . . What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelley's conversation was its complete self-forgetfulness.

Leigh Hunt reached Leghorn on June 29, and found Byron at the villa, but on the point of returning to his palace in Pisa, where it was agreed that Hunt should bring his family. Shelley, leaving home July 1,

able to embody in the portrait which, his niece tells us, he had already resolved to paint from the sketch made at their first meeting and which Byron had pronounced an excellent likeness.



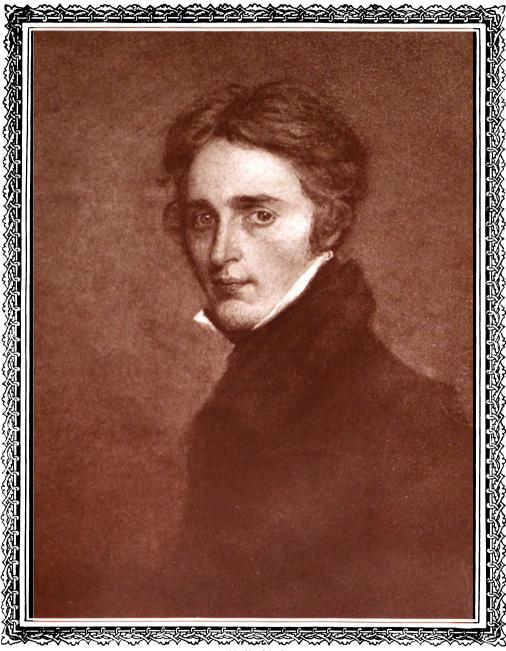
From the pencil sketch from life by William E. West. Owned by Mrs. John Dunn

WEST'S PENCIL SKETCH OF SHELLEY DONE FROM LIFE (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED)

went to meet him in Leghorn and took him to Pisa, at the same time that West accompanied Byron back to town. Thus for several days they were beneath the same roof. During this time West must have received further strong impressions of so striking a personality. These he was

It remains to describe the two pictures more in detail.

The portrait, eight by nine inches, is very beautiful. The soft, light-brown hair, the blue eyes, the youthful texture of the flesh, the freshness of the coloring, the strength and beauty of the soul within,



Owned by Mrs. John Dunn

WEST'S PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED)

Painted from his original pencil sketch from life shown on the opposite page

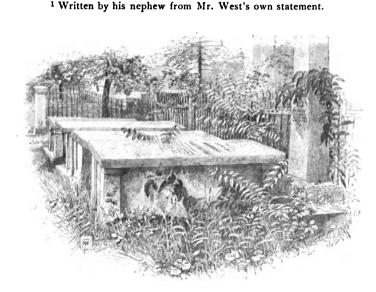
charm the eye and fill the imagination. Compared feature by feature with the Curran portrait, correcting faults pointed out long ago in the older picture, but bearing a wonderful resemblance to it, the portrait is of surpassing interest. Its technique is perfect. The question of whether it was done in the quiet of his Florence studio with only the pencil sketch as guide, or whether he obtained other sittings and at least began it at Monte Nero, is not for the writer to decide. Certainly there are suggestive differences in the two. The dress, the arrangement of the hair, etc., are quite unlike, but the pose is the same.

The pencil sketch has strength and beauty, and pathos as well. It is done on a light quality of drawing-paper seven by eight inches, and has this inscription:

A sketch of Percy B. Shelley by W. E. West-taken at Villa Rossa near Leghorn in

1822 and thought by Byron to [be] a good likeness.1

The portrait may have been worked out from the sketch assisted by memory alone, but the sketch was a distinct creation. We know that the three met and talked, while the rapid pencil of one of them drew the lineaments of the man who had won his instantaneous and wondering admiration. In the presence of the tiny bit of yellowing paper what emotions fill our minds! The actors in the quiet scene were soon to part In less than two years Byron was to die in the bogs at Missolonghi: in as many weeks Shelley was to suffer the sea-change which yet stirs the heart to think of, while West, deeply sensible of the interest of the moment, was to cherish as long as life lasted the frail evidence that that hour had been, and to leave it behind him as a priceless treasure to the world.



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE GRAVE OF THE ARTIST WILLIAM EDWARD WEST, IN THE CITY CEMETERY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



From portraits drawn in chalk by Field Talfourd

### BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE following paper grew out of an inquiry as to the direct references by the Brownings to each other in their poetry, with a view to a volume which should include such poems as might appropriately be printed with the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The writer concluded that, on Mrs. Browning's part, would naturally appear in this connection, with the Portuguese Sonnets, the six lyrics, "Life and Love," "A Denial," "Proof and Disproof," "Question and Answer," "Inclusion," and "Insufficiency"; and on Mr. Browning's, "One Word More," "Prospice," and the passage beginning "O Lyric Love," from "The Ring and the Book." A timely interest may attach to the discussion from the fact that according to the now generally accepted chronology we are within a few months only of the one hundredth anniversary of Mrs. Browning's birth.

### THE FOOTSTEP OF FATE



N the very heart and center of our modern world of the nine-teenth century there was enacted and immortally sung one of the

most exquisite love-histories of which the world has knowledge. The marriage of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett has been well named "the most perfect example of wedded happiness in the history of literature—perfect in the inner life and perfect in its poetical expression." <sup>1</sup>

Robert Browning, the brilliant author of "Bells and Pomegranates," and Elizabeth Barrett,<sup>2</sup> the popular and beloved poet, but also the secluded invalid, had friends in common. One of them was Robert Hengist Horne, the author of "Orion." In the preparation of a work of literary criticism, "A New Spirit of the Age," he had the help of friends, his "powerful and most valuable" coadjutor being Miss Bar-

1 "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," edited with Biographical Additions by Frederic G. Kenyon.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Browning was born in the parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, London, May 7, 1812, and died in Venice, December 12, 1889. Elizabeth rett. Horne afterward made public "the fact that the mottoes, which are singularly happy and appropriate, were for the most part supplied by Miss Barrett and Robert Browning, then unknown to each other." <sup>3</sup>

In April, 1842, Miss Barrett pleases her blind mentor, Mr. Boyd, by telling him, at his request, the names of those who have liked her articles in the "Athenæum" on the Greek poets. "Mr. Horne, the poet, and Mr. Browning were not behind in appreciation," she says; and "Mr. Browning is said to be learned in Greek, especially in the dramatists." In the next April she is writing to Mr. Cornelius Matthews in America, and again looms the name of Browning. "I do assure you," she says, "I never saw him in my life—do not know him even by correspondence—and yet, whether through fellow-feeling for Eleusinian mysteries, or whether through the more generous motive of appreciation of his powers, I am very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes with which the as-

Barrett Moulton Barrett was born at Coxhoe Hall, near Durham, March 6, 1806, and died in Florence, June 29, 1861.

<sup>3</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning Addressed to R. H. Horne, with Comments on Contemporaries, edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer.

sembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him. . . . The truth is—and the world should know the truth—it is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius." In May, 1843, she writes to her distant cousin, John Kenyon: "And then Mr. Browning's note! Unless you say 'Nay' to me I shall keep this note, which has pleased me so much, yet not more than it ought." In September, 1843, to Mr. Westwood, she says: "Tennyson is a great poet, I think, and Browning, the author of Paracelsus, has, to my mind, very noble capabilities." In her well-known defense, made in 1844, to her friendly critic Horne, of her earlier system of assonantal rhyming, she has the "courage and vanity," she says, to bring as a witness for her the letter of Browning, "a poet whom we both admire," to the friend (Kenyon) who lent to him the manuscript of "Pan." "Send me the note back," she cries, "and never tell anybody that I showed it to you-it would appear too vain." In another letter to Horne she thanks him for sending her a set of engravings of modern authors, and adds that she will have the poets ("at least Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Talfourd") framed and hung up in her room.

It was left to Kenyon, the generous, the gracious,—the friend of genius, and in a special way the "fairy godfather" of the two poets now called "the Brownings,"not only to introduce to her the poetry of Browning, but also, act more fateful, to bring to her the poet himself. "Kenyon the magnificent," Browning called him, as Bayard Taylor tells us; and it was to this "dear friend and relative" that Mrs. Browning inscribed her lyric "The Dead Pan." Mr. Kenyon, says Mrs. Orr, had often spoken to the Browning family of his invalid cousin, and had given them copies of her works. As early as 1841, indeed, Kenyon had tried to bring about a meeting between the poets, but Miss Barrett had shrunk from it. But when the poet returned to England, late in 1844, he saw the volume containing "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which had appeared during his absence, and which Kenyon had sent to Miss Browning. "On hearing him express his admiration of it. Kenyon begged him to write to Miss Barrett, and himself tell her how the poems had impressed him; 'for,' he added, 'my cousin is a great invalid, and sees no one; but great souls jump at sympathy.'" 1

At this time, be it remembered, Elizabeth Barrett was an accepted poet in both England and America, while Robert Browning was slowly approaching, through both critical depreciation and approval, the assured fame of his after years. When, therefore, the young Browning read in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" words of high recognition, his keen appreciation of the writer's genius, and his natural desire for a wider audience, gave the lines to him a very special importance. How familiar now to the world the stanza is, with its large associations:

Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,

Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down the middle, Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

The correspondence that began with Browning's letter to Elizabeth Barrett of January 10, 1845, and the meeting which took place on May 20th of the same year, led quickly to a great love—amply and exquisitely expressed in the memorable correspondence before marriage; uniquely and with splendid art, in the poetry of both. To her friends, meantime, as the friendship budded and blossomed, Elizabeth, while keeping her secret, did not refrain from conveying her admiration for her poet acquaintance, and her joy in knowing him. As we read her early correspondence and catch the name of Browning again and again, we seem to hear the footstep of fate: we are, as the later Kenyon says, "like the spectators at a Greek tragedy who watch the development of a drama of which the dénouement is already known to them."

Early in her year of miracle, 1845, she writes to Mrs. Martin: "I had a letter from Browning the poet last night, which threw me into ecstasies—Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus,' and king of the mystics"; and once more: "I am getting deeper and deeper into correspondence with Robert Browning, poet and mystic, and we are

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. For Browning's own account of this see his letter to E. B. B., postmarked November 17, 1845.

growing to be the truest of friends." To Mr. Westwood, in April, 1845, she expresses her delight in his appreciation of this poet's "high power-very high, according to my view-very high, and various." In May she writes to an acquaintance in America that Mr. Browning "is a poet for posterity. I have a full faith in him as poet and prophet." To Poe she writes: "Our great poet, Mr. Browning, is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm" of "The Raven." 1 To Mr. Westwood, again, she writes, asking him to tell her honestly if he discovers in her "anything like the Sphinxineness of Browning." As for Browning, she says, "the fault is certainly great," but she finds that "the depth and power of the significance (when it is apprehended) glorifies the puzzle." In May of this year she returns to the inescapable subject in writing to Mr. Westwood, telling him that when he has read "Sordello" he must "read for relaxation and recompense . . . 'Colombe's Birthday,' which is exquisite," though it is "Pippa Passes" that she "kneels to with deepest reverence." Later she praises, to Mrs. Martin, Landor's verses to him whom she calls "my friend and England's poet, Mr. Browning." Early in 1846 she tells Mrs. Martin that a friend, "one of the greatest poets in England, too," has brought her flowers.

# MRS. BROWNING'S STORY OF HER MARRIAGE

ELIZABETH BARRETT'S love-poems can now be read in the light of her love-letters, with which they exquisitely interblend. These love-letters give her chief prose version of their courtship. But there is a letter of hers to Mrs. Martin, written from Pisa in October of 1846, which with great explicitness and moving eloquence reviews the circumstances of her acquaintance with Browning, and of her marriage without the consent or knowledge of the strangest father in the annals of literature. Mr. Barrett's treatment of the three children who dared to marry, and above all of a daughter who was no less dutiful and affectionate than she was splendid and worldrenowned in talents, was so astoundingly hard and unrelenting that one is appalled into reticence of censure, and into wondering contemplation of the psychological

peculiarities that could bring about such hideously unpaternal conduct,—questioning, as one must, whether it could have been this gross stubbornness in him that turned to mental and moral force in the frail and wonderful being who was his child. The marriage took place on September 12, 1846. They flew at once to that "warm climate" which had been wisely prescribed for Elizabeth, but which her father had forbidden her, and where comparatively good health and undreamed of happiness awaited her.

But the whole story is compassed, in brief, in this one letter to Mrs. Martin. wherein she tells how she had been, after what broke her heart at Torquay,—her brother's death, - as dead as if she had her face against a grave; how five years before Mr. Kenyon had wished to bring Robert Browning to see her, but she had refused, in her blind dislike to seeing strangers; how, after the publication of her last volumes, he wrote to her; how their correspondence led to her agreeing to see him as she never had received any other man. He wrote, she said, the most exquisite letters possible, having a way of putting things, and she consented-against her will. Then began his attachment, "infatuation call it," resisting the various denials which were her plain duty at the beginning, and persisting past them all. She began, she said, with a grave assurance that she was in an exceptional position, and saw him just in consequence of it, and that he must not recur to "that subject." He was for a while silent, but meantime the letters and the visits "rained down more and more." She tried to show him he was throwing into the ashes his best affections; but he said he loved her, and should, to his last hour. He would wait twenty years, if she pleased. He preferred to be allowed to sit only an hour a day at her side, to the fulfilment of the brightest dream that should exclude her, in any possible world. Then she tells how the doctor had said that all she needed was a "warm climate and air," and her father was no help to her in this. He was not in favor of Italy; his attitude "involved a disappointment in the affections." tries, in her letter, to palliate the attitude of her father, and explains with pathetic elaboration why a secret marriage and a

1 John H. Ingram's "Life of Mrs. Browning."

flight to Italy were necessary to her life and her happiness, as well as a measure due to her faithful and unselfish lover. Then comes the praise of their six happy weeks together, and, above all, her praise of him of whom she says that "his genius and all but miraculous attainments are the least things in him, the moral nature being of the very noblest, as all who ever knew him admit." 1

Elizabeth Barrett's chief poetic version of this courtship has long been known to the world in her so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," of which it has been said that they are "the most beautiful lovepoems ever written by woman to man," 2 and that they are "unequalled by any English sonnet-series except Shakespeare's own." 3 Mrs. Ritchie says truly of these "Sonnets": "There is a quality in them which is beyond words; an echo from afar which belongs to the highest human expression of feeling." 4 The complete story of their composition, and of their revelation to him who was their inspiration, has only been put forth since the death of Robert Browning.

MRS. BROWNING'S GIFT OF THE "SON-NETS" TO HER HUSBAND

IT was during their residence in Pisa, early in 1847, that Browning first saw the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," as the poet Edmund Gosse has told by authority of "Their custom was, Browning himself. Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a down-stairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day, early in 1847, their breakfast

1 "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." 2" A Selection from Mrs. Browning's Poems,"

by Heloise E. Hersey.
3 "Victorian Poets," by Edmund Clarence Sted-

Dictionary of National Biography.

5 " Critical Kit-Kats," by Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse, by his paper on the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and in his account of "Browning's Early Career," first published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and reprinted in "Robert Browning-Personalia," has placed all readers of the Brownings under permanent obligations. It is interesting to recall that this latter article was prepared for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with Browning's consent and cooperation, and that, opposed as was Browning to contribute to periodicals, he allowed two pieces

being over, Mrs. Browning went up-stairs, while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room." 5 All this was in fulfilment of prophecy; for had she not said in her letter of July 22, 1846, as much as this about the "Sonnets": "You shall see some day at Pisa what I will not show you now. Does not Solomon say that there is a time to read what is written? If he does n't, he ought."

THE "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE"

Browning, notwithstanding his intense love of privacy, took the right ground concerning these works of inimitable art. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's." Mrs. Browning finally consented to their being printed, under Miss Mitford's care, as "Sonnets | by | E. B. B. | Reading | Not for Publication | 1847," and in the edition of her poems brought out in 1850 they were actually published, with their present title, which was suggested by her husband. author's suggestion had been "Sonnets translated from the Bosnian"; but Browning, who called the author of "Catarina to Camoëns" his "own little Portuguese," named the title that prevailed.6

Every one of the forty-four "Sonnets from the Portuguese" follows the Italian method rather than the English or Shaksperian sonnet form. Within the form

of verse of his to appear in THE CENTURY-the lines written in Miss Edith Bronson's album in explanation of his "Touch him ne'er so lightly" (THE CENTURY for November, 1882), and the Rawdon Brown sonnet, written at Mrs. Bronson's request (THE CENTURY for February, 1884). Here also, after his death, were published Mrs. Bronson's two papers of recollections of the poet. Thus were continued the Brownings' traditional relations with America.

See, also, the volume "The Brownings and America," by Elizabeth Porter Gould.

6 Professor Dowden speaks of "the unexpected and wonderful gift" of the "Sonnets" to her hus-band at Pisa, as "the highest evidence of his wife's powers as a poet." ("Robert Browning," by Edward Dowden.)

chosen they have an interesting mingling of regularity with irregularity. In only seven of the sonnets (Sonnets IV, VIII, XIII, xvi, xxvii, xxxv, and xLiii) is there a full pause at the end of the octave. Otherwise there is great regularity, the whole fortyfour poems having the same scheme of rhymes, there being uniformly but two rhymes in the octave and two in the sestet (arranged thus: 1, 2, 2, 1; 1, 2, 2, 1; 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4). In the seven sonnets where there is a full pause at the end of the octave, six of these are true pauses, but in one (Sonnet XLIII) there are other pauses which break the effect of the octave. Again, in only three of these seven (Sonnets IV, XIII, and XLIII) are the quatrains of the octave marked. Speaking technically, then, Sonnets IV and XIII are the nearest perfection, though as poems they rank no higher than others in the series. In this series, though there are such rhymes as "burn" and "scorn," "desert" and "heart," "south" and "truth," the writer has fortunately not ventured upon such extreme experiments in rhyming as earlier she conscientiously pursued.1 It may be further noted that in fourteen of her other group of forty-four sonnets, all in the Italian form, she rhymes differently in the

In the body of Mrs. Browning's poetry,—as artistic as it often is, and as lofty in spirit as it always is,—the judicious have again and again to grieve at a touch of incongruity, a strained note which vitiates the art. Even in these "Sonnets" that note is not absent; but it is rare here, and it is quickly forgotten in the rush of noble passion outpoured in tones seraphic.

No technical analysis can discover the elements of endless attraction and power of inspiration contained in these poems. It would seem as if the breaking down of the barrier between octave and sestet, in this case, was by instinctive and fortunate choice, and in accordance with the peculiar and individual flow of thought and diction. This thought and this diction are indeed intensely individual; they are tinctured with the artistic habit and the singular experience of this one woman,—an

invalid, familiar with the thought of death, and a scholarly and accomplished poet, —loved, as it seemed to her miraculously, by a strong man and a great poet. Her education and her life-history were different from other women's; her lover was infinitely different from other men. Nevertheless, these accidents of circumstance offer no interference to the universality of the appeal of her inspired song; and the lyric passion of these "Sonnets" will remain forever a unique, vital, and typical expression of the awakening and consecration of love in the heart of woman.

Indeed, these "Sonnets," in their profound vision, their flaming sincerity, the eloquence with which they express the utter self-abnegation no less than the self-assertion of genuine love, transcend the distinctions of sex and proclaim authentically not only the woman's part, but, also, that which is common, in the master passion, to both woman and man.

A sketch like this should be read book in hand, but, by way of remembrance, in case the book is not at the moment near, perhaps no better example of the series can be quoted than the sixth sonnet:

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore Alone upon the threshold of my door Of individual life, I shall command The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand Serenely in the sunshine as before, Without the sense of that which I forbore—Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine

With pulses that beat double. What I do And what I dream include thee, as the wine Must taste of its own grapes. And when I so God for myself, he hears that name of thine, And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

But the artistic language of her love-experience was not confined to this great poem-series. It was framed also in other exquisite and noble verse, namely, in the six poems, "Life and Love," "A Denial," "Proof and Disproof," "Question and Answer," "Inclusions," and "Insufficiency," which are printed in Mrs. Brown-

M. Henry is struck, as must be all critical readers, by the fact that Mrs. Browning's prose—her published correspondence—is not marred by the faults apparent in much of her verse.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> For a competent discussion of Mrs. Browning's earlier theory and practice in the matter of rhyme see Fernand Henry's "Les Sonnets Portugais" (1905), which contains the third French translation of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," along with a sympathetic life of the author and a just appreciation of her writings.

ing's works just before the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." 1

Her poem-series of "Casa Guidi Windows" gives us delightful glimpses of their common joy—in later, peaceful, married years—in those Italian scenes which were to each a passion:

And Vallombrosa, we two went to see Last June, beloved companion,—where sublime

The mountains live in holy families,

And the slow pine woods ever climb and
climb

Half up their breasts.

How oft, indeed,

We 've sent our souls out from the rigid north, On bare white feet which would not print nor bleed,

To climb the Alpine passes and look forth, Where booming low the Lombard rivers lead

To gardens, vineyards, all a dream is worth,— Sights, thou and I, Love, have seen afterward

From Tuscan Bellosguardo, . . .

11

### BROWNING'S "ONE WORD MORE"

It is extremely interesting to find not only that Browning did not know that his friend was constantly expressing her intimate thought of him in verse, but that he gave a reason for the fact that he did not express his own affection for her in poetic form. In the April of 1845, three weeks before their meeting, he wrote: "I think I will really write verse to you some day." And a year later, April 14, 1846, he says he will see her the next day, adding: "I will tell you many things, it seems to me now, but when I am with you they always float out of mind. The feelings must remain unwritten—unsung too, I fear. I very often fancy that if I had never before resorted to that mode of expression, to singing,—poetry—now I should resort to it, discover it! Whereas now-my very use and experience of it deters me—if one phrase of mine should seem 'poetical' in Mrs. Procter's sense—a conscious exaggeration,—put in for effect! only seem, I say! So I dare not try yet—but one day!" The above words are the very precursor and proem of "One Word More":

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture? This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not Once, and only once, and for one only, (Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—Using nature that 's an art to others, Not, this one time, art that 's turned his nature.

Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

So little need was there in their life together for expression in art of their feeling for each other that Browning's "one day' did not come till nine years after his letter of 1846 promising a poem to her. "One Word More" was written in September, 1855, at 13 Dorset street, London, while Mr. and Mrs. Browning were staying there with Miss Browning. Professor Dowden says truly that "the year 1855 was a fortunate year for English poetry." book of Browning's "Men and Women" was published in the autumn, with its "beautiful epilogue, addressed to E. B. B." A few months before had appeared Tennyson's "Maud." It was one memorable night during this autumn, by the way, that occurred the reading of the whole of "Maud" by its author, with the Brownings and Rossettis as audience, of which Dante Rossetti's sketch is a well-known relic. It will be remembered that the reading of "Maud" by the author was followed by "Fra Lippo Lippi" read by

"One Word More" is the only poem written during his wife's lifetime that is openly addressed to her by Browning.<sup>2</sup> How much of his wife, and of his experience as her lifelong lover, went into his poetry it would be impossible accurately to detect and measure. So elusive are the workings of the artist's mind, so replete with suggestions and analogies are the poet's dreams, so full of meaning within meaning may be the images and symbols

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See the Coxhoe edition; also "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," and Mr. Gosse's Essay.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. George Willis Cooke, in "A Guide Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning," quotes from W. M. Rossetti's article in the "Academy" concerning certain inaccurate references of Browning to Dante in this poem.

of poetry, it would be idle to endeavor to determine where invention ends, and exact description and autobiographical confession begin. Of this we may be sure, that the imagination of Browning was immeasurably enriched and deeply and permanently colored by his relation to his wife, and by her personality and her art, as in like manner was her imagination by him; and that in one poem, his longest, "The Ring and the Book," her influence was direct and dominating.

As she referred directly to her husband in "Casa Guidi Windows," so there are minor references in his poems which point to his living wife, as in "By the Fireside":

I will speak now, No longer watch you as you sit Reading by fire-light, that great brow And the spirit-small hand propping it, Mutely, my heart knows how-

When, if I think but deep enough; You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme;

and in "The Guardian Angel, a Picture of Fano," where they had been together:

We were at Fano, and three times we went To sit and see him in his chapel there, And drink his beauty to our soul's content -My angel with me too:

Again in the last stanza:

My love is here.

William Sharp, in his "Life of Browning," says he has been told that "'Two in the Campagna' was as actually personal as 'The Guardian Angel,'" though "too universally true to be merely personal." "A Face," which has been thought to be, possibly, a portrait of Mrs. Browning, really describes Emily Patmore, daughter of the poet, Coventry Patmore.1

### "MY STAR"

THE lyric, "My Star," has been held, according to the Riverside Edition, and other authorities, to refer pointedly to the poet's wife:

All I know Of a certain star Is, it can throw (Like the angled spar)

1 "Robert Browning," by Professor Dowden.

Now a dart of red, Now a dart of blue; Till my friends have said They would fain see, too, My star that dartles the red, and the blue! Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled: They must solace themselves with the Saturn

above it. What matter to me if their star is a world? Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I

love it.

On the question as to whether it is, in fact, Mrs. Browning who is here imaged I am permitted to quote from private letters of Miss Charlotte Porter, who says: "There is, I think, no 'absolutely authentic proof' that 'My Star' is addressed to Mrs. Browning. There is a tradition that it is. I have always found 'It is said' echoed as to 'My Star,' just as it is in the Riverside note and in notes preceding that. And it is so long established a hearsay that I shall not be surprised if some one is found to say that 'Browning told me so.' As you know, the place given it by Browning in the 'Selected Poems,' first in Vol. I, may be significant; but, on the other hand, it appeared for the first time in 'Men and Women' (1855), without distinctive place, namely, thirteenth, between 'A Serenade' and 'Instans Tyrannus.' I think I must add that, personally, I do not believe, for 'exquisite reasons' of my own, that 'My Star' was written in any peculiar sense to Mrs. Browning, while I think scarcely any lovelyric he published after they met does not taste of her 'as the wine must taste of its own grapes.' There are things, like this, that are imaginatively dramatized out of —out and away from—some section of a mood inspired by her."

I must add that some who were close to Browning write to me from Italy that they do not think "My Star" referred to her, because he so often used it in deference to requests for autographs. That she was his "Star," in a sense, we have his own authority for saying—in his letter to her postmarked November 10, 1845. "I believed," he says, "in your glorious genius and knew it for a true star from the moment I saw it; long before I had the blessing of knowing it was MY star, with my fortune and futurity in it."2

But we must not be confused by resem-<sup>2</sup> The capitals are Browning's.

blances. A poet friend of mine thinks the apparent acknowledgment of inferiority in the "star" of the poem precludes the belief that the symbol is literally applicable to the poet's wife, though it may have been that the thought of her as a star had to do with its origin.

The discussion as to this lyric has an interest outside of its immediate subject, and I am fortunately able to share with my readers a letter from another poet friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse, of date April 17, 1905. "I cannot," he says, "for a moment consent to believe that 'My Star' refers to E. B. B. What is the analysis of the symbol? Somebody or something is like spar—an object hiding in a dark place, absolutely invisible to the ordinary gazer, but flashing (to the poet, - who stands or moves at a particular angle—) 'now a dart of red, now a dart of blue.' The poet has discovered this 'star,' and has praised it so loudly and so long that his friends cluster round and 'would fain see it too . . ' But he cannot show it. It is invisible to any eye but his, and they must solace themselves with the publicity of Saturn. All this is incompatible with the idea of E. B. B., who was a famous poet, extremely before the public, herself a 'Saturn' long before R. B. knew her.

"My own conviction," adds Mr. Gosse, "has always been that R. B. did not indicate a person at all by 'My Star.' I think he meant a certain peculiarly individual quality of beauty in verse, or something analogous. He was sure that it flashed its red and blue at him, was a bird to him and a flower, but he despaired (this is quite an early poem) of making his contemporaries see it. They must solace themselves with Wordsworth, or with Tennyson, or with the famous and popular E. B. B., or with the recognized and hieratic forms of æsthetic beauty. Some years ago, I came across by accident a phrase of the French sculptor Préault. He said: 'L'art, c'est cette étoile: je la vois et vous ne la voyez pas.' Was not R. B. thinking of this? Préault was by a few years his senior. I have never made use of this, but I give it to you as (I think) important. That the Star had nothing whatever to do with E. B. B. I regard as absolutely certain."

The references to Mrs. Browning in the "Pacchiarotto" Epilogue and in "The Ring and the Book" and "Prospice"

seem to be the only direct references to her in his poetry after she died. Long after her death, in the first stanza of the Epilogue to the "Pacchiarotto" volume, we have these words:

"The poets pour us wine—"
Said the dearest poet I ever knew,
Dearest and greatest and best to me.

### "PROSPICE"

THE personal note in "Prospice" is open and evident, as also are the references to his wife in "The Ring and the Book." As to "Prospice,"—written in the autumn following his wife's death,—no nobler, more courageous trumpet-note of conviction and aspiration was ever uttered: no ambiguity here, no grotesquery of thought or phrase, nothing for commentator to clarify or explain. The height of feeling in Browning means the height of clear and adequate expression.

Fear death?—To feel the fog in my throat, The mist in my face,

When the snows begin, and the blasts denote I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm, The post of the foe;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,

Yet the strong man must go:

For the journey is done and the summit attained,

And the barriers fall,

Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,

The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,

And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers

The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears

Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the

The black minute 's at end,

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave.

Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again.

And with God be the rest!

"O LYRIC LOVE"

THE passage in "The Ring and the Book" beginning

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,

is there in all the writings of Browning a strain of more satisfying and exalted beauty? If Keats should come again and a lover of Browning and of Keats should wish to convince at a stroke the bright revenant of the high genius and imagination of the later poet, what poem or passage would he be more likely to select? And how exquisitely fitting it is that this should be so! Is it too much to say that nothing endears Browning to his readers quite so strongly as this one lyric burst of celestial passion, spoken not dramatically, but with full and spontaneous personality? And here, too, is the fulfilment of prophecy! For in her letter to him of May 26, 1846, his future wife, while praising his dramatic art and saying that all are agreed that "there is none so great faculty as the dramatic," yet is conscious of wishing him "to take the other crown besides." She desires him, after having made "his own creatures speak in clear human voices," to speak himself "out of that personality which God made, and with the voice which he tuned into such power and sweetness of speech." "With an inferior power," she pleads, "you might have taken yourself closer to the hearts and lives of men, and made yourself dearer, though being less great. Therefore I do want you to do this with your surpassing power. It will be so easy to you to speak, and so noble when spoken." Noble, indeed, are the poems in which he speaks thus straightforthly and without dramatic indirection, as in this "lyric Love" invocation, in "One Word More," in "Prospice," and (with many other poems) in his swan-song of the "Epilogue" to "Asolando"—this last a twin utterance to "Prospice," and a shout in the face of death.1

The "lyric Love" passage in "The Ring

and the Book" recalls the poignant personal note in the invocation to Light at the beginning of the third book of "Paradise Lost." The lost and unreturning Light of the blind Milton, which, in his invocation, he desired should be replaced by the inward Celestial Light, and Browning's lost companion, "half angel and half bird," the benediction of whose spirit he rapturously craved—these are the occasions of the noblest passages in the chief poems of the early and the later bard.

The closing lines of "The Ring and the Book" take up the figure of the ring again, from the first book, and recur to the personal note-the "lyric Love":

If the rough ore be rounded to a ring! Render all duty which good ring should do, And failing grace, succeed in guardianship, -Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love, Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised) Linking our England to his Italy.

This "ring of verse" was that referred to by the Italian poet Tommaseo in the inscription placed by the city of Florence on the walls of Casa Guidi, which in translation is: "Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who . . . made with her golden verse a ring linking Italy to England." 2

But there is more of his lost wife in "The Ring and the Book" than the direct references of the poet, as is shown by one of the most interesting passages of Mrs. Orr's "Life," where she gives her reasons for believing that Mrs. Browning's spiritual presence with the author was "more than a presiding memory of the heart; that it entered largely into the conception of Pompilia, and, so far as this depended on it, the character of the whole book."

### AN ANTIPHONY OF LOVE

A POET has said that "as for Browning's love for his wife, nothing more tender and chivalrous has ever been told of ideal lovers in an ideal romance. It is so beautiful a story that one often prefers it to the sweetest or loftiest poem that came from the lips of either." 3 True; yet the lives of the two as poets make the story what it is. Their lives, indeed, were poems, as Milton said poets' lives should be, and their poetry

The Camberwell edition of Robert Browning: Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, editors.

3 William Sharp's "Life of Browning."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> How characteristic that Browning's swan-song was a shout of defiance in the face of death, while Tennyson's (in "Crossing the Bar") was one of his most musical chants.

### THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES 927

was their life, as Mrs. Browning said should also be true of poets. The world could spare neither the lives nor the poems, and especially would it be poor without those poems in which each sang of the other. Take these together, was there ever, in all the treasury of the world's literature, so angelical an antiphony of love, anthemed by the two radiant and immortal lovers themselves?





FACSIMILE OF A COPY OF THE GOLD MEDAL ORDERED BY CONGRESS, OCTOBER 16, 1787, TO BE STRUCK "IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VALOR AND BRILLIANT SERVICES" OF "THE CHEVALIER PAUL JONES"

Designed by F. Dupré, in Paris. The reverse shows the shattered Bonhomme Richard battling with the Serapis, and the Alliance, at the left, firing into her consort, the Richard.

# THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES'

### BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER, LL.D.

Recently Ambassador of the United States to France



PON assuming charge of our embassy in Paris and finding myself among the old landmarks which are still honored

there as recalling the many historic incidents in the sojourn of Paul Jones in that brilliant capital, I felt a deep sense of humiliation as an American citizen in realizing that our first and most fascinating naval hero had been lying for more than a century in an unknown and forgotten grave and that no successful attempt had ever been made to recover his remains and give them appropriate sepulture in the land upon whose history he had shed so much luster.

Knowing that he had been buried in Paris, I resolved to undertake personally a systematic and exhaustive search for the body.

The investigation began in June, 1899. The first step was to study all the writings obtainable relating to him, including official documents. The certificate of his burial had been registered, but the register had been placed with other archives of the city of Paris in an annex of the Hôtel de Ville, situated on Victoria Avenue, and had been destroyed with other important records when the government buildings were burned by the Commune in May, 1871. Fortunately, in 1859, Mr. Charles Read, an ar-

1 Copyright, 1905, by Horace Porter



chæologist, investigator, and writer of note, had made a transcript of the register in which this certificate was recorded, and I finally succeeded in securing a correct copy. The following is a translation of this interesting document:

To-day, July 20th, 1792, year IV of Liberty, at eight o'clock in the evening, conformably

pastor, Perreaux, Benard, Marquis Mouguin, and Empaytaz, Anciens, was buried in the cemetery for foreign Protestants JEAN PAUL JONES, native of England and citizen of the United States of America, senior naval officer in the service of the said States, aged 45 years, died the 18th of this month at his residence situated at No. 42, Rue de Tournon, from dropsy of the chest, in the faith of the Prot-



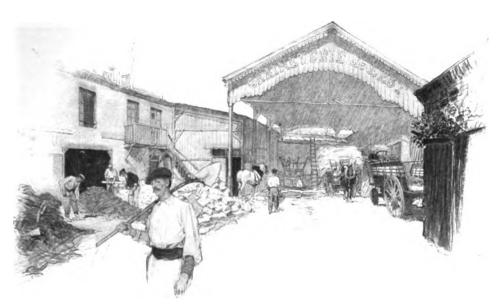
From a recent photograph

### HOUSE IN PARIS IN WHICH JOHN PAUL JONES DIED

The admiral died in his apartment, the third floor front of the building at the left, No. 42 Rue de Tournon (now No. 19)

to the decree of the National Assembly of yesterday, in presence of the delegation of the said Assembly, composed of Messrs. Brun, President of the delegation of the said assembly, Bravet, Cambon, Rouyer, Brival, Deydier, Gay Vernon, Bishop of the Department of Haute Vienne, Chabot, Episcopal Vicar of the Department of Loir and Cher, Carlier, Petit, Le Josnes, Robouame, and of a deputation of the Consistory of the Protestants of Paris, composed of Messrs. Marron the

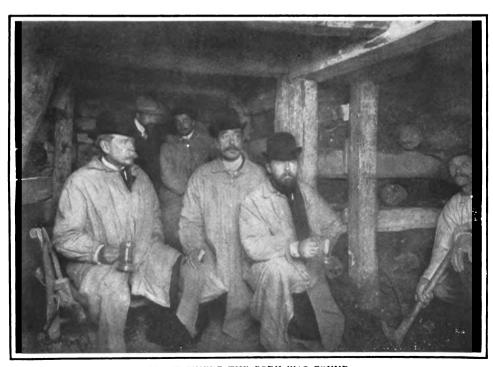
estant religion. The said burial was made in our presence by Pierre François Simonneau, Commissary of the King for this section and Commissary of Police for the Ponceau section, in presence of M. Samuel Blackden, Colonel of Dragoons in the service of the State of North Carolina and a citizen of the United States of America; J. C. Mountflorence, formerly Major in the service of the United States; Marie Jean Baptiste Benoist Beaupoil, formerly a French officer residing



Drawn by Jay Hambidge from photographs

# VIEW OF THE YARD OVER THE BURIED SAINT LOUIS CEMETERY Within the doorway at the left is the fifth shaft (marked E on the plan), near which the body of Paul Jones was found

in Paris at No. 7, Passage des Petits Pères; and of Louis Nicolas Villeminot, the officer commanding the detachment of grenadiers of the gendarmerie which escorted the delegation of the Assembly; and others who have signed with us.

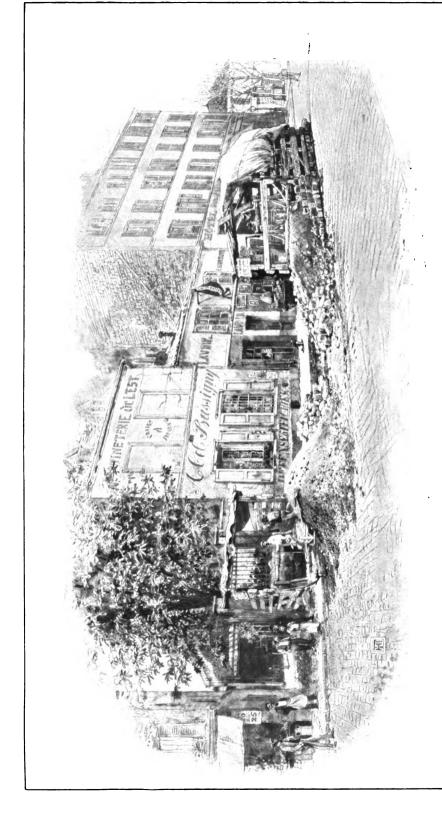


PLACE WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND

General Horace Porter (at the left), Second Secretary of Embassy A. Bailly-Blanchard, and Paul Weiss, engineer.

The workman holds the point of his pick over the spot where he had struck the leaden coffin





Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

# SCENE OF THE SEARCH FOR THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES, IN THE RUE GRANGE-AUX-BELLES

From left to right are seen the grocery-shop behind which, in the yard to the left, was shaft E, near which the coffin of Paul Jones was discovered; shaft C in the street; shaft B in the street to and on the right the apartment-house at the corner of the Rue des Écluses Saint Martin

Brun; Gay, Vernon, bishop and deputy; Deydier, deputy from the Department of Ain; Rouyer; François Chabot; Benard; J. C. Mountflorence; Petit; Cambon fils ainé; Bravé; Beaupoil; P. H. Carlier; Durvesque; Lafontaine; Simonneau; Jacques Briviel; Villeminot; Robouame, deputy; Marron; Perreaux; Mouguin; Empaytaz; R. Ghiselin of Maryland; S. Blackden; Griffith of Philadelphia.

Historians have differed as to the date of the death; the above quoted act of burial fixes it definitely on July 18, 1792. The best description of Paul Jones's last moments is given in a letter received a month after the funeral by his eldest sister, Mrs. Jenny Taylor (sometimes spelled in the official documents Jeanne, Janet, and Janette), in Scotland, written by his intimate friend, a witness of his will and a pall-bearer at his funeral, Colonel Samuel Blackden, a rich planter from North Carolina, who had served with distinction in the American Revolution, and was in Paris on business at the time of Paul Jones's last illness and death. The following is an extract from his letter:

But for two months past he began to lose his appetite, grew yellow and showed symptoms of jaundice. For this he took medical treatment and for a short time seemed to grow better. A few days before his death his legs began to swell, which proceeded upward to his body, so that for two days before his decease he could not button his waistcoat and

had great difficulty in breathing.

I visited him every day, and, beginning to be apprehensive of his danger, desired him to settle his affairs; but he would not take that view of it, and put off the making of his will until the afternoon of July 18th, when he was prevailed upon to send for a notary and made his will. M. Beaupoil and myself witnessed it and left him sitting in a chair in his parlor. A few minutes after we retired he walked into his chamber and laid himself upon his face on the bedside, with his feet on the floor. The Queen's physician, who was attending him, came soon after, and on entering the apartment found him in that position, and on trying to lift him up, found that he had expired. His disorder had terminated in dropsy of the heart. His body was put into a leaden coffin on the 20th, that, in case the United States, which he had so essentially served, and with so much honor, should claim his remains they might be more easily removed.

M. Beaupoil, whom he mentioned, was a major in the French army and an aide-de-

camp to Lafayette, with whom he had served in the American Revolution.

I was misled for some time by having been furnished with an alleged copy of the certificate of burial published in the "Bulletin of the Society of the History of Protestantism." in which there had been omitted after the word "anciens," doubtless through an error of the copyist, the following all-important phrase, "was buried in the cemetery for foreign Protestants." Besides this, eight words of minor significance had been omitted. The fact that the French construction was defective without some additional words led to another search, and in the Bibliothèque Nationale was at last found a copy of a magazine called the "Correspondance Littéraire," containing an article by Charles Read, giving the correct copy of the certificate of burial, which he had made from the register referred to and of which the above is an English translation. article expressed the conviction of Mr. Read that the cemetery for foreign Protestants was the long since abandoned and almost forgotten cemetery of Saint Louis, situated upon a street formerly called L'Hôpital Saint Louis, at present Grange-aux-Belles.

As some writers had expressed, however vaguely, different opinions, I instituted a long and exhaustive search to verify the grounds upon which Mr. Read had based his belief.

Public records were found showing that in 1720 the government, at the instigation of Holland, had set aside a lot for the burial of foreign Protestants near the Porte Saint Martin, called the Saint Martin cemetery, but which was closed in 1762. The Saint Louis cemetery for foreign Protestants was opened about that time and officially closed in January, 1793, six months after Paul Jones's decease, although some interments were made thereafter.

The custodian in charge of each of these cemeteries was named Corroy, and it was ascertained from certain old documents discovered that the position had descended from father to son, which was evidence tending to show that the Saint Louis was the immediate successor of the Porte Saint Martin cemetery. A copy was afterward found of a decree confirming this fact, issued May 26, 1781, and approved by De Vergennes, Minister of

Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI, regarding the burial of foreign Protestants. From this decree have been taken the following extracts:

By an order of Council of June 20th, 1720, it was decreed that there should be designated a place for the burial of the bodies of Foreign Protestants. The ground which was chosen was situated near the Porte Saint Martin. . . .

In the year 1762 the cemetery was transferred behind the Saint Louis Hospital.

This description clearly designated the Saint Louis cemetery. To endeavor to obtain some authentic information as to whether there were any other cemeteries for foreign Protestants in existence at the time, and whether any further corroborative evidence could be found regarding the burial-place of the admiral, an examination requiring several months was made of all the journals and periodicals obtainable of about the date of the funeral, which took place July 20, 1792. Access was had to more than a hundred publications which were found in the possession of libraries, societies, and individuals.

The "Monitor," Tome XIII, page 192, published a report of the proceedings of the National Assembly, session of July 19, 1792, the day after Paul Jones's death, which contained the following statement:

A letter was read from Colonel Blackden, a friend of Commodore Paul Jones, which announced that his friend having died in Paris, application was made to M. Simonneau, Commissary of the section, to have him buried without charge in accordance with a formality still existing in regard to Protestants. M. Simonneau was indignant and replied that if the expenses were not provided he would pay them himself. [Applause.]

The "formality" mentioned referred to a decree by which M. Simonneau, who was also "Commissary of the King," was charged with the burial of all foreign Protestants. The letter of Colonel Blackden was published in the "Boston Journal" of that year and is as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I announce to you that Admiral Paul Jones died last evening in Paris; that the American Minister has ordered the person at whose house the Admiral lodged to cause him to be interred in the most private manner, and at the least possible expense!!! This person, on account of the formalities still existing relative to Protestants, found it neces-

sary to apply to a Commissary. He has done it, and M. Simonneau the Commissary expresses his astonishment at the order given by the Minister, and says that a man who has rendered such signal services to France and America ought to have a public burial. He adds that if America will not pay the expense he will pay it himself. The friends of the Admiral wait the orders of the Assembly respecting the mode of interment.

S. BLACKDEN,
Late Colonel in the Service
of the United States.

In order to ascertain, if possible, whether M. Simonneau had actually paid the funeral expenses out of his own means or whether some other provision had been made, I instituted a search in the various departments of the government in the hope of finding some record of the action taken. Fortunately a letter was finally found in the National Archives written by the then Minister of Justice, M. Déjoly, dated July 22, 1792, two days after the funeral, from which the following is an extract:

To the National Assembly: M. Simonneau has furnished the cost of the interment of Admiral Paul Jones, of which the bill amounts to 462 francs. This is an homage which he has rendered to the remains of this celebrated man, and this act of good citizenship is worthy of M. Simonneau, brother of the Mayor of Étampes, who died in executing the law.

This brought to light for the first time the mortifying fact that the hero who had once been the idol of the American people had been buried by charity, and that the payment of his funeral expenses was the timely and generous act of a foreign admirer

I made a search to see whether any needy lineal descendants of M. Pierre François Simonneau, the generous Commissary, could be found, with a view to paying to them the amount, with interest, expended by their worthy ancestor, as a tardy recognition of his noble act. Six persons of that name were discovered and communicated with, but no proof could be ascertained that any one of them was a descendant.

Our minister to France at that time, Gouverneur Morris, who was on terms of close intimacy with Paul Jones and who superintended the drawing up of the schedule of his property the afternoon before his death, says in a letter dated April 19, 1793, published in his "Diary and Letters," Volume II, page 46, and addressed to Robert Morris:

Before I quit Paul Jones I must tell you that some people here who like rare shows wished him to have a pompous funeral, and I was applied to on the subject; but as I had no right to spend money on such follies, either the money of his heirs or that of the United States, I desired that he might be buried in a private and economical manner. I have since had reason to be glad that I did not agree to have money of which he had no great abundance and for which his relatives entertained a tender regard.

The impression as to the admiral's having no great abundance of means proved later to be erroneous. When his effects were sold, stocks converted into cash, and arrears of pay collected, the sum procured amounted to about thirty thousand dollars, and much more was realized afterward, which went to his heirs. And yet there seemed to be no ready money available at his death to provide for his funeral.

After finding the living successor to the notary who made the settlement of the estate and who was in possession of all the original papers in French, I had the detailed account examined and ascertained that M. Simonneau had not been reimbursed for the money he expended. The inventory found among these papers and made after Paul Jones's death enumerates among the articles left by him, seven uniforms, twelve decorations, and four swords. It was natural to suppose that this large number included all such articles as he possessed, and as in those days they were regarded as valuable relics to be bequeathed to heirs, and as it was not customary to clothe the dead but to bury them in winding-sheets, it seemed quite probable that no uniform, sword, or decoration would be found in the admiral's coffin. Buell says of Paul Jones (page 366, Volume II): "He was buried in a shroud, without uniform or trappings of any kind." In the settlement of the estate all the abovenamed articles were sold except the sword presented to him by Louis XVI in recognition of his heroic achievement in capturing the Serapis. This the admiral disposed of orally just before his death, bequeathing it

to Richard Dale, his first lieutenant aboard the *Bonhomme Richard*, saying: "My good old Dick is better entitled to it than any one else, because he did more than any other to help me win it."

M. Simonneau, having taken so much interest in Paul Jones and being in sole charge of the burial of foreign Protestants in Paris, would naturally have interred him in the officially designated and most prominent burial-ground devoted to that purpose if there were more than one in existence. The Saint Louis cemetery was well known and officially designated, and as no mention could be found of any other in Paris for foreign Protestants at the time, the natural inference was that the burial had taken place there. Certain records discovered in Paris showed that M. Hop, ambassador of Holland to France, had succeeded in securing the cemetery granted by decree in 1720, and which was opened in 1724 for foreign Protestants, and that in that cemetery as well as in its successors all the burials of such persons could be made only upon certificates issued by the Dutch embassy.

With a view to ascertaining some information from that source, a search was made at my request of the records of the Dutch legation in Paris and in the foreign office at The Hague, but it was found that while some useful information was obtained, no copies of such certificates had been preserved.

The person who delivered Paul Jones's funeral oration was M. Paul Henri Marron, who had come from Holland and was pastor of a Protestant house of worship in Paris called the Church of Saint Louis. The following is a copy of his rather florid address:

Legislators! Citizens! Soldiers! Friends! Brethren! and Frenchmen! We have just returned to the earth the remains of an illustrious stranger, one of the first champions of American liberty-of that liberty which so gloriously ushered in our own. The Semiramis of the North had drawn him under her standard, but Paul Jones could not long breathe the pestilential air of despotism; he preferred the sweets of a private life in France, now free, to the éclat of titles and of honors which, from an usurped throne, were lavished upon him by Catherine. The fame of the brave outlives him, his portion is immortality. What more flattering homage could we pay to the remains of Paul Jones than to swear on his tomb to

live and die free? It is the vow, it is the watchword of every Frenchman-Let never tyrants nor their satellites pollute this sacred earth! May the ashes of the great man, too soon lost to humanity, and eager to be free, enjoy here an undisturbed repose! Let his example teach posterity the efforts which noble souls are capable of making when stimulated by hatred of oppression. Friends and brethren, a noble emulation brightens in your looks; your time is precious—the country is in danger! Who among us would not shed the last drop of his blood to save it? Associate yourselves with the glory of Paul Jones, in imitating him in his contempt of danger, in his devotedness to his country, in his noble patriotism, which, after having astonished the present age, will continue to be the imperishable object of the veneration of future generations!

It is not a little singular that, notwithstanding the radical sentiments expressed by this pastor, he was several times arrested by the revolutionists and was once or twice in great peril of his life.

I found the book containing the minutes of the meetings of the consistory of M. Marron's church, but just at the date of Paul Jones's death four pages had been torn out. This was one of the many disappointments encountered during the researches. I then set to work upon the task of trying to trace the lost leaves. The name of a M. Coquerel, a former pastor of the church, was mentioned in a publication as an enthusiastic collector of papers relating to Protestantism in Paris. My search in junk-shops and antiquarian stores revealed the fact that M. Coquerel's heirs had sold some old papers which had afterward been purchased by the Society of the History of Protestantism, and in its library were finally found the four lost pages.

I now ascertained positively that M. Marron buried his parishioners in the Saint Louis cemetery, and the fact that he had delivered the funeral oration of Paul Jones would be some indication that he had also buried him there.

While all the proofs thus far distinctly designated this cemetery as the admiral's place of burial, still it was deemed prudent to investigate the source of various rumors to the contrary, however improbable. The elder Dumas in his romance of "The Pioneer" represents Paul Jones as having been buried in Père Lachaise. Notwithstanding the fact that this celebrated cemetery had not been opened till thirteen years after

the admiral was buried, yet to be sure that his body had not been transferred there in later years, a thorough examination was made of the registers in which the records of burials have been carefully kept. The only male persons found upon the registers bearing the family name of Jones were George Jones, but spelled Jones on the gravestone, died in 1820; John Querean Jones in 1822; James Jones in 1827; Charles Jones in 1829; Edouard Thomas Jones in 1833. It was therefore certain that the admiral's remains were not in Père Lachaise.

There was another fanciful story that he had been interred in Picpus cemetery, where Lafayette was buried; but as Paul Jones, as recorded in his certificate of burial, was of the Protestant faith, his interment in any cemetery of the established church would have been prohibited. Still a search was made, and it disproved the rumor.

A letter came to me from a person who had lived in Scotland when a child, many years ago, saying Paul Jones had been buried in Kirkbean churchyard near Dumfries, Scotland, that his tomb was there with his name inscribed on it, etc. I referred the letter to the rector of the church, the Rev. D. W. Mac Kenzie, who replied that it was the tomb of the father, saying:

The inscription on it is as follows: "In memory of John Paul, Senior, who died at Abigland the 24th of October 1767 universally esteemed." At the bottom of the tomb appears the inscription: "Erected by John Paul, Junior." John Paul, of course, is the original name of John Paul Jones, the Admiral. I take great interest in the history of the Admiral, and local traditions or printed documents suggest nothing at variance with the accepted opinion that he died in Paris and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there.

After further researches in every possible quarter that could furnish information on the subject, the fact was clearly and incontestably established that the Saint Louis cemetery was the only burial-ground in Paris for foreign Protestants at the time of Paul Jones's death, that he was not interred in any other cemetery, and that Charles Read was perfectly correct in his opinion that the admiral had positively been buried in the cemetery of Saint Louis. It should be remembered also that the act of burial says, "The cemetery for

foreign Protestants"—language which would indicate that there was only one in existence devoted to that purpose.

All doubt having been removed as to the place of burial, the next step was to make a personal inspection of the ground beneath which the long since abandoned cemetery was located and to endeavor to ascertain its history and its condition at the time of Paul Iones's death.

It is situated in an uninviting section of the northeastern quarter of Paris at the corner of two streets now known as Rue Grange-aux-Belles and Rue des Ecluses Saint Martin, and covered with buildings, principally of an inferior class. The property at the time of the admiral's burial belonged to the government, and was sold to M. Phalipeaux, a building contractor, in 1796. This quarter of the city was known as "le Combat," and the present station of the underground railroad close to the property is called "Combat." This name was not chosen, however, on account of the burial there of the most combative of men; but history attributes the term to the fact that this section of Paris was long ago the scene of all the fights in which animals figured—bulls, cocks, dogs, asses, etc.

A street which leads directly to the property and ends there is named Vicq d'Azyr, after Marie Antoinette's physician, a friend of Paul Jones, who attended him and who accompanied Gouverneur Morris on his visit to the admiral's house when he lay on his death-bed the evening of July 18, 1792. When a person's name is given to a street in Paris it is generally in a quarter connected with events in his career. Whether the distinguished physician's name was given to the street because of its leading to the place which held the remains of his illustrious friend and patient is not positively known.

Two old maps of the property were finally discovered, one made by M. Jaillot in 1773, and one by M. Verniquet in 1794, showing that the ground consisted of a courtyard with a frontage of about one hundred and thirty feet upon Rue des Ecluses Saint Martin, with an entrance on that street and a depth of about ninety feet along Rue Grange-aux-Belles. There was a garden in the rear with a frontage of one hundred and twenty feet on Rue Grange-aux-Belles and a depth of one hundred and thirty feet. The surface of

the garden was about eight feet lower than that of the courtyard, the descent to which was made by a flight of steps. Thirty years later the grade of the street had been changed and the garden had been leveled up even with the courtyard, and the fact seemed to have been lost sight of that there had ever been a cemetery beneath. There were two cross-walks dividing the garden into four squares. The whole property was surrounded by a wall between six and nine feet high. There was a house in the courtyard and a shed, but no buildings in the garden.

By a decree of the government the garden was devoted exclusively to the burial of foreign Protestants. On the 30th of September, 1777, a decree was issued permitting native Protestants to be buried thereafter in the courtyard. This cemetery, as hereinbefore mentioned, was legally closed in January, 1793, but the former custodian, who had become the lessor, and the subsequent owners who had purchased the property from the government, were allowed to make some burials for eleven years thereafter.

I found in the tenth arrondissement, then the fifth, a copy of a letter written by the mayor, dated May 26, 1804, directing Citizen Richer to inspect the Protestant cemetery. After a long search I discovered in another quarter of the city his report of June 8 of that year. It was in much detail and was entirely in accordance with the maps heretofore mentioned in describing the Saint Louis cemetery. Its accuracy was verified in every particular when this cemetery was afterward explored.

The next question was whether the dead had ever been removed from this abandoned cemetery, as had been the case in many others. Satisfactory proof was readily obtained that such an act had not taken place before 1803 or after 1830. A search of the registers of the Catacombs, where all the dead that are removed from abandoned cemeteries are deposited, showed no record of any bodies having been received from the Saint Louis cemetery between the above dates or at any other time, and there could be found no information in any of the public departments showing that any removal had ever been made from that burial-ground except of the remains of Lady Alexander Grant, whose body had been exhumed for transportation to England, by

formal permission of the city authorities, duly recorded, May 2, 1803. There was registered at the Catacombs the receipt of leaden coffins from other abandoned cemeteries, and the removal there of a handstretcher load of human bones from No. 39 Rue Grange-aux-Belles and another from No. 4 Rue des Écluses Saint Martin. These lots had once been used as a kind of potter's field. They were near to, but entirely outside of the Saint Louis cemetery.

Having established the impossibility of the leaden coffin having been removed by legitimate means, the only remaining doubt that could exist was based upon the suggestion that it might have been unearthed by the revolutionary armies to convert it into bullets. This unfounded surmise did not make much of an impression after a study of all the circumstances and talks with the "oldest inhabitants," to whom traditions of a former age are handed down. The French have a profound respect for the dead and the sacredness of places of burial; the humblest citizen uncovers reverently when a funeral passes; graves are tenderly cared for and kept decked with flowers, and their desecration is a rare crime.

At the time of the Revolution there were statues and busts of lead in exposed places and extensive lead piping to carry the water from the Seine to Versailles, etc., none of which were disturbed. Moreover, the metal contained in the few leaden coffins to be found at that date in a Paris cemetery would not have repaid the digging or furnished bullets for a single battalion.

If the admiral had been buried in a wooden coffin hardly a vestige of it would have been in existence and only the mere skeleton of the body would have been found. Fortunately, however, the authentic letter written to Mrs. Janet Taylor, Paul Jones's eldest sister, by Colonel Blackden, and hereinbefore quoted, contained the following valuable information: "His body was put into a leaden coffin on the 20th, that, in case the United States, which he had so essentially served, and with so much honor, should claim his remains they might be more easily removed." The bill of 462 francs paid by M. Simonneau for the funeral expenses was corroborative of this fact, inasmuch as the cost of an ordinary funeral in those days, as ascertained from the records, was 128 francs, while that of a hospital patient cost as little as 89 francs, distributed as follows: Coffin 10 francs, choristers 10, sexton 15, commissary 48, his clerk 6. The payment therefor of 462 francs, more than three times the value of that sum at the present day, would have provided for an unusually large expenditure and would have amply covered the cost of a substantial leaden coffin, a thorough preparation of the body to insure its preservation, and an elaborate system of packing, with a view to its transportation by sea.

There had now been fully established by authentic documents and convincing corroborative evidence the fact that the Saint Louis cemetery was the actual burial-place of Paul Jones, that he had been buried in a leaden coffin, that the body had been prepared for transportation to the United States, that the coffin had never been removed by legitimate means, and that there was no probability that it had been carried away by stealth or had been stolen.

After having studied the manner and place of his burial and contemplated the circumstances connected with the strange neglect of his grave, one could not help feeling pained beyond expression and overcome by a sense of profound mortification. Here was presented the spectacle of a hero whose fame once covered two continents and whose name is still an inspiration to a world-famed navy, lying for more than a century in a forgotten grave like an obscure outcast, relegated to oblivion in a squalid quarter of a distant foreign city, buried in ground once consecrated, but since desecrated by having been used at times as a garden, with the moldering bodies of the dead fertilizing its market vegetables, by having been covered later by a common dump pile, where dogs and horses had been buried, and the soil was still soaked with polluted waters from undrained laundries; and as a culmination of degradation, by having been occupied by a contractor for removing night-soil.

It recalls the remark once made by a gallant naval officer: "When we give up our lives in the service of our country we do not ask that our graves be kept green, but we should like to have them kept clean."

Having collected all the facts necessary to justify an immediate attempt to remove the remains from such offensive surroundings and secure for them appropriate sepulcher in America, I was about to open negotiations quietly with the proprietors and tenants who occupied the property with a view to purchasing the right to enter upon the premises and make the necessary excavations in order to explore thoroughly the cemetery, when unfortunately the news of this intention became publicly known through the indiscretion of persons who had been consulted on the subject. Self-constituted agents immediately began to busy themselves with circulating fantastic stories regarding the fabulous prices that were to be paid for the property, the whole of which it was said was going to be bought by a rich government, at any cost, as the only means of getting access to the cemetery and making the excavations necessary to find the body of its great admiral. Such representations naturally created intense excitement, raised false hopes in the minds of those interested in the property, and rendered negotiations on a practicable basis entirely impossible. This was altogether the most discouraging episode in the history of the undertaking.

There was then but one course to pursue, however reluctantly, which was to drop the matter entirely for a couple of years in order to let the excitement subside.

At the end of that time negotiations were quietly opened upon the basis of purchasing the right to explore the abandoned cemetery by means of subterranean galleries, provided that all damages to houses should be repaired, any victims of disease caused by foul emanations from the disturbed soil indemnified, and the property restored to its former condition. After a series of prolonged and tedious negotiations, appeals to the public spirit of the occupants of the property and an assurance that the government had made no appropriation or taken any action in the matter, and that the work was simply an individual undertaking, I at last succeeded in procuring options in writing from all concerned granting the right for three months to enter upon the premises and make the necessary excavations.

President Roosevelt, whose patriotic sentiments are among his strongest char-

acteristics, upon learning of the undertaking, had asked for information regarding it, and upon receiving my reply giving an account of the project, sent an urgent message to Congress in February, 1905, recommending an appropriation of \$35,000, for carrying out the work. It was late in the short session and no action was taken. It would not have been altogether unnatural, however, to regard the scheme as too Utopian in its nature to receive serious consideration, the remains of the admiral having been long since relegated to the realms of mystery and given up as lost beyond recovery.

As no promise could be secured as to how long the options obtained would be allowed to hold good, and as it was quite sure that if they lapsed they could never be renewed upon any such terms, if at all, on account of changes among the tenants, the adverse disposition of some of the occupants, the publicity which had now been given the matter, etc., I deemed it a duty to pay at once the sums demanded in advance to bind the options, and to proceed with the work.

The Prefect of the Seine kindly permitted M. Paul Weiss of the service of the carrières (quarries) of the city of Paris to direct the work, which was begun on Friday, February 3, 1905. This experienced and accomplished mining engineer displayed a professional skill of the very highest order, and by his ability, zeal, and devotion to the work greatly facilitated the task. The project presented serious difficulties from the fact that the filling of earth above the cemetery was composed of the dumpings of loose soil not compact enough to stand alone, and the shafts and galleries had to be solidly lined and shored up with heavy timbers as the excavations proceeded. The drainage was bad in places and there was trouble from the water. The walls of one of the buildings were considerably damaged. Slime, mud, and mephitic odors were encountered, and long red worms appeared in abundance.

The first shaft (marked A in the plan on page 940) was opened in one of the yards to a depth of eighteen feet. It proved clearly that the dead had never been disturbed. This fact was most satisfactory as disproving the predictions so often made to the contrary. The skeletons were found lying about a foot apart, generally in two

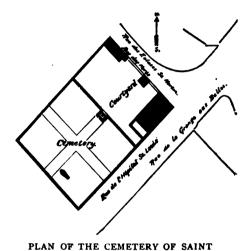
layers, one above the other, and in some places there were three. This was a verification of the report of Citizen Richer, hereinbefore mentioned, saying that the dead were buried in a fosse (trench), which indicated that they were not interred in separate graves and were of a poor class. This led to the conclusion that there would be very few leaden coffins found, as they could be afforded only by persons in easy circumstances. But few vestiges were left of the wooden coffins.

Two more large shafts were sunk in the yards, and two in the Rue Grange-aux-Belles, making five in all. Day and night gangs of workmen were employed, and active progress was made. Galleries were pushed in every direction, and "soundings" were made between them with long iron tools adapted to this purpose, so that no leaden coffin could possibly be missed.

The first of the four squares explored was the one on the right of the original entrance to the cemetery. Here the excavators encountered a mass of skeletons in three layers superposed. They were placed irregularly, some lying face down and others on their sides, in one layer piled lengthwise and in the one above crosswise, just as one would pile cord-wood, the bodies being so close together that they could not have been buried in coffins. No explanation of the peculiar condition of things in this portion of the cemetery suggested itself until one day I came across a copy of a drawing by Béricourt representing the corpses of the Swiss Guard killed in defending the Tuileries, being hurriedly thrown into carts to be hauled away for burial. As it is known that most of them were Protestants, it is altogether likely that they were interred in the Saint Louis cemetery in the confused manner indicated by the position of the skeletons found there. This slaughter occurred August 10, 1792, twenty-one days after Paul Jones's burial. If the above inference be correct, it furnishes another proof that although the cemetery was closed soon after his death there was plenty of room left for his coffin at the time of his burial, for the reason that so many bodies were interred there afterward.

I had given orders that if not present when a leaden coffin was discovered I should be sent for at once, as I was desirous of superintending personally the search for an inscription plate and any other indications that might aid in the identifica-

On February 22 the first leaden coffin was discovered. The round projecting end containing the head had been broken off and the skull was detached from the body. The remains of a water-barrel were found near by. As the cemetery, after being closed, had been used as a market-garden,



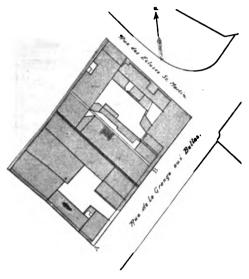
LOUIS IN 1792

The oblong mark shows the position of the coffin of Paul Jones relative to the cross-walk

the barrel had evidently been sunk in this spot to catch the water drained from the courtyard, and in excavating for it the head of the coffin had been knocked off. The outer wooden coffin had nearly disappeared and the inscription plate it bore had fallen on the lid of the leaden coffin. This plate was of copper and had become so brittle that when lifted it broke and a portion of it crumbled to pieces. It was so corroded and incrusted that no portion of the inscription could be read. Handling it with great care, I proceeded with it in person to Messrs. André & Son, the wellknown decipherers and restorers of ancient enamels and art objects, who promised to apply all their skill to the task of reading it and report the next day.

In thinking over all the contingencies which might occur, the rather far-fetched idea suggested itself that there was a bare possibility that, as the news of this discovery had leaked out, some miscreant might take it for granted that the coffin contained

the body of Paul Jones and steal it. So a message was sent to the Prefect of Police, who had been exceedingly kind in doing everything in his power to facilitate the work, requesting that two policemen be placed on duty on the premises. Late in the evening I learned that, owing to his absence from his office and an error in getting the communication to him, there would be no guard there that night. I



PLAN OF THE BUILDINGS COVERING THE CEMETERY OF SAINT LOUIS IN 1905 The space from A to B is the street front of the abandoned cemetery

could not help feeling some forebodings, and my state of mind may be imagined upon receiving a brief note early the next morning from an official saying he regretted to inform me that there had unfortunately been a depredation committed in the gallery where the leaden coffin was found. I felt like a person who had delayed a day too long in insuring his property and learned that it had taken fire. Upon arriving in all haste on the premises it was found that the "depredation" had been caused by an enterprising reporter and photographer, who had succeeded in opening the gate, getting into the yard, and entering the gallery. In the darkness they had stumbled and broken their apparatus, and in trying to use one which our men had left in the gallery had broken it also, and some of the pieces were missing. It is unnecessary to say that a double guard was thereafter kept on duty day and night while the work continued.

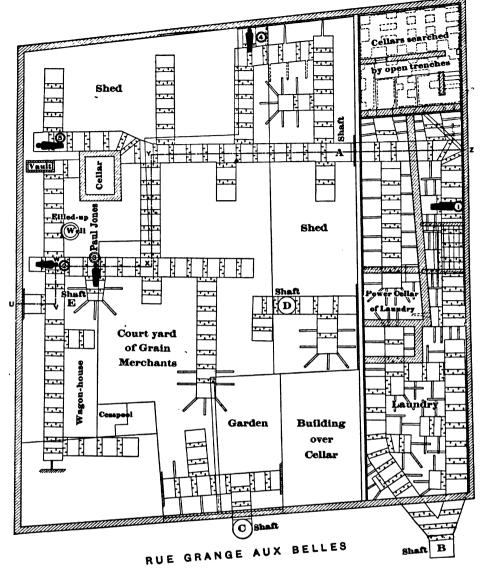
By the next day the Messrs. André had cleansed the coffin-plate sufficiently to be able to read distinctly the following portion of the inscription:... "ME Anglois, 20 de May 1790 Ans." The French word Mai was spelled in old style with a y. No further attention was therefore paid to this coffin, and the search which had not been interrupted continued.

A reporter with a lively imagination could not wait for the deciphering of the plate and meanwhile invented a highly dramatic story and gave it to the press, stating that there was such certainty entertained that this leaden coffin contained the body of Paul Jones that I had summoned the personnel of the embassy and others to the scene, including the Commissary of Police, who attended ornamented with his tricolored scarf; that the coffin was opened with great ceremony and solemnity, and the group, deeply affected, stood reverently, with bowed heads, awaiting the recognition of the body of the illustrious sailor, but that it was evident that a serious error had been made, and that, to the sad disappointment of all present, it had to be acknowledged that the body bore no traces of being that of the admiral. This pure fabrication was copied in America and France, and in some quarters commented upon in a manner to give the impression that the projector of the exploration was simply guessing as to the identity of the object of the search.

On March 23 a second leaden coffin was discovered, with a plate easily read, bearing the words "Richard Hay, Esq., died in Paris the 29th January 1785."

On March 31 a third leaden coffin was unearthed. This, like the others, was of a shape resembling that of the mummy coffins, a form quite common then, gradually widening from the feet to the shoulders, with a round projection at the upper end. which contained the head. It was much superior in solidity and workmanship to the others. A thorough search was made in the vicinity, but no inscription plate could be found. Two theories suggest themselves to account for its absence. A corpse had been buried immediately on top of the leaden coffin, the middle of the lid of which had been pierced as if by a pick. Surrounding the leaden coffin were some vestiges of a coffin of wood. It may

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PLAN OF THE SHAFTS SUNK AND GALLERIES EXCAVATED IN THE SEARCH FOR THE BODY OF PAUL JONES

The shafts are indicated by letters in the order in which they were sunk; the galleries excavated are indicated by cross-timbering: the rays from the ends of some of the galleries denote soundings for leaden coffins with iron bars, but the soundings are not all indicated, since they were made from the ends and sides of all the galleries; all the leaden coffins are indicated by numerals in the order of finding them, the coffin of Paul Jones being No. 3, but during the time occupied in the identification of the body 4 and 5 were discovered (see page 942). The dimensions of the cemetery walls are approximately 120 by 130 feet.

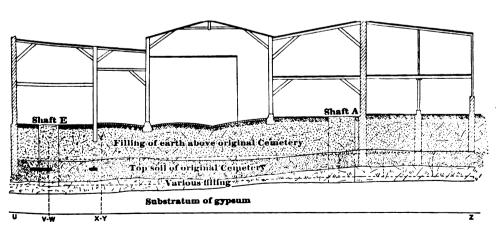
be that the digger of the upper grave, finding that his pick had struck a hard substance, had applied his shovel, and in removing the decayed remains of the wooden coffin found a plate and carried it off as a relic, or, if of silver, for its intrinsic value. Or, as the death of Paul Jones occurred when the violence of the French Revolution was at its height and the streets were filled with idlers and excited crowds, it is likely that no engravers could be found at work to prepare a fitting inscription in the two days intervening between the death and burial. The latter theory seems rather more plausible. It was decided to open this coffin, but as the odors were so disagreeable in the unventilated gallery the examination was postponed until a connection could be made with another gallery, so as to admit a current of air.

#### THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES 941

On April 7 the coffin was opened in presence of Colonel Blanchard, M. Weiss, M. Géninet, superintendent of the work, the foreman, several workmen, and myself. The lid was so firmly soldered that it was removed with some difficulty. There was a strong alcoholic odor, but the alcohol in which the body had evidently been preserved had nearly all evaporated, doubtless through the hole made in the lid by the pick and a crack in the edge of the coffin near the foot caused by the pressure of the earth after the wooden coffin had rotted away. However, the earth which covered these holes was hard and black, having evidently become indurated by the action of the escaping alcohol, so that the process of evaporation had doubtless been exceedingly slow. The body was covered with a winding-sheet and firmly packed with hay and straw. A rough measurement indicated the height of Paul Jones. Those engaged upon the work had been furnished some time before with copies of the admiral's Congressional medal showing his bust in profile. Half a dozen candles were placed near the head of the coffin, and the winding-sheet was removed from the head and chest, exposing the face. To our intense surprise the body was marvelously well preserved, all the flesh remaining intact, but slightly shrunken and of a gravish brown or tan color. The surface of the body and the linen were moist. The face presented quite a natural appearance, except that the cartilaginous portion of the nose had been bent over toward the right side, pressed down, and completely disfigured by its too close proximity to the lid of the coffin. Upon placing the medal near the face, comparing the other features and recognizing the peculiar characteristics—the broad forehead, high cheek-bones, prominently arched eye orbits, and other points of resemblance, we immediately claimed, "Paul Jones"; and all those who had gathered about the coffin removed their hats, feeling that there was every probability that they were standing in the presence of the illustrious dead—the object of the long search.

For the purpose of submitting the body to a thorough scientific examination by competent experts for the purpose of complete identification, it was taken quietly at night, on April 8, to the Paris School of Medicine (École de Médecine) and placed in the hands of the well-known professors of anthropology, Dr. Capitan and Dr. Papilleault and their associates, who had been highly recommended as the most accomplished scientists and most experienced experts who could be selected for a service of this kind. I, of course, knew these professors by reputation, but I had never met them.

While the professional examinations for identifying the body were taking place, directions were given to let the workmen continue the excavations in order to explore some portions of the cemetery that



CROSS-SECTION OF THE CEMETERY ON THE LINES INDICATED IN THE MAP ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE BY THE LETTERS U, V, W, X, Y, Z

The short dark line at the left indicates the position of the coffin of Paul Jones

had not yet been reached. On April 11 a fourth leaden coffin was found with a plate bearing the inscription: "Cygit Georges Maidison, Gentilhomme Anglais et Secretaire de l'Ambassade de Sa Majesté britannique auprés de Sa Majesté trés Chrétienne—decedé a Paris le 27 Août 1783—agé de 36 ans."

On April 18 the fifth and last leaden coffin was discovered. It was without an inscription plate and of unusual length. Upon opening it there was found the skeleton of a man considerably over six feet in

height.

In excavating the cemetery, the exploration had corroborated the facts inferred from the hereinbefore-mentioned report indicating that the main body of the four squares divided by the cross-walks had been reserved for burying the ordinary dead in common trenches, and that personages important enough to be placed in leaden coffins were buried in separate graves near one of the walls. The admiral's coffin was found in one of such spots.

All the coffins except the one containing the remains of the admiral were left undisturbed in the places where they had been discovered, and the shafts and galleries were refilled and the property restored. There had been excavated 80 feet in length of shafts, 800 feet of galleries, and about 600 feet of soundings. The excavated earth had to be carted to a distance of two miles to find a dumping-ground and afterward hauled back. In refilling the galleries it was necessary in places to use stones and blocks of indurated clay to give proper stability.

There were discovered in all five leaden coffins in the cemetery. Four having been easily identified, reasoning upon the principle of elimination led to the conclusion that the other must be the coffin sought. However, the scientists were identifying the body by more positive means.

When the remains arrived at the School of Medicine, the lid of the coffin, which had been replaced and the edges of which had been sealed with a coating of plaster, was again removed, and the hay and straw surrounding the body were taken out. They were so firmly packed, evidently to prevent injury to the body from shocks caused by the rolling of the ship upon the contemplated transfer by sea, that in removing them pincers had to be used. It was noticed

that there had been a hole three quarters of an inch in diameter in the lid of the coffin just over the face, and that it had been closed by a screw and soldered over. It is supposed that the alcohol used to preserve the remains had been poured in through this aperture. This immersion in alcohol was doubtless another reason why no uniform or object of value was placed in the coffin.

In order not to disturb the body or change in any way its position in removing it from the coffin, a vertical cut was made in the lead at each end which enabled the sides to be pressed apart. The body was then carefully placed upon a large dissecting-table. Its state of preservation was such that it bore its own weight in handling it. The remains looked like the anatomical specimens preserved in jars of alcohol, such as one sees in medical museums. It was learned that a century ago this method of preserving the dead was frequently employed—that the bodies of Necker and his wife, buried at Coppet, in Switzerland, for instance, were so treated, and are still perfectly preserved.

The joints were somewhat flexible. In taking the right hand in mine I found that the knuckle-joints could be easily bent.

There now took place one of the most scientific, painstaking, and conscientious examinations conceivable for the purpose of verifying beyond all doubt the identification of the body submitted for this

purpose.

The official and professional responsibility of those engaged in the task, their disinterestedness, and the fact that their established reputations were at stake, gave abundant guarantee that the labor would be faithfully and impartially performed. Twelve American or French persons officially took part in or witnessed the work of identification, and their affirmative verdict, after six days passed in the application of every possible test, was positive and unanimous, and was formally certified to under the official seals of their respective departments, as will be seen from their reports printed in the appendix.

The following is a list of the principal persons who participated in the verifica-

tion:

The American Ambassador; Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the American Embassy, Commander of the Legion of

#### THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES 943



Officer of the Legion of Honor, Officer of Public Instruction.

M. Justin de Selves, Prefect of the Seine, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. Louis Lepine, Prefect of Police, ex-Governor-General of Algiers, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

Dr. J. Capitan, Professor in the School of Anthropology, Mem-

THE FIRST SHAFT (MARKED A ON THE PLAN, PAGE 940)

Honor; John K. Gowdy, American Consul-General; Colonel A. Bailly-Blanchard, Second Secretary of the American Embassy, ex-Aidede-Camp to the Governor of Louisiana,



GALLERY WHERE A VAULT WAS FOUND (SEE THE UPPER LEFT-HAND CORNER OF THE PLAN, PAGE 949)

From photographs

REFILLING THE GALLERIES AND RESTORING PROPERTY

ber of the Committee of Historic and Scientific Works (Ministry of Public Instruction), Member of the Municipal Commission of Old Paris, Member of the Society of Megalithic Monuments, ex-President of the Society of Anthropology of Paris, Officer of Public Instruction, etc.



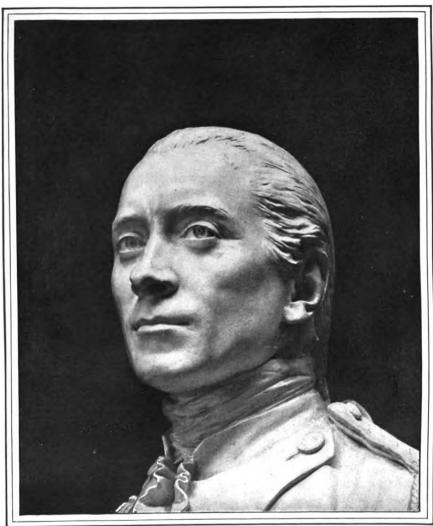
THE FACE OF THE RECOVERED BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES

This photograph, taken after the examination of Paul Jones's body for identification, is interesting principally as showing the well-preserved condition of the flesh. The cartilaginous portion of the nose had been bent over to the right, pressed down, and entirely distorted. This disfigurement was clearly due to the fact that when the body was put in the coffin and access of the hay-and-straw packing had been placed under the head and the mass of long hair had been gathered into the linen cap at the back. This raised the face so high that the nose was pressed upon by the coffin lid. This pressure had been so great that the head itself was found turned a little to the right. At the angle at which the photograph was taken the disfigured nose is made to look as if it were Roman in shape, the end being bent over and depressed and, in consequence, giving the bridge an unnatural prominence. The bony part of the nose is pronounced by the scientists as entirely compatible with the undulating form of nose seen on the authentic busts. The other features conform strictly to those of the busts, as proved by the anthropometric measurements. The general expression of the face is not nearly so good as if it had been taken immediately after opening the coffin. The skin had shrunk and the lips had contracted by exposure to the air, showing the edges of the teeth, which were not visible at first. The hair, which was found neatly dressed, is in disorder and could not be rearranged, as an attempt to comb it revealed a danger of pulling it out. The oblique lines on the face were made by creases in the winding-sheet, and the right shoulder bears marks caused by the force used in packing the body firmly with hay and straw.—H. P.

Dr. G. Papillault, Assistant Director of the Laboratory of Anthropology in the School for Advanced Studies, Professor in the School of Anthropology, etc. A scientist of rare experience in the examination and identification of human bodies. Dr. George Hervé, Professor in the School of Anthropology.

Dr. A. Javal, Physician to the Ministry of Public Instruction, Laureate of the School of Medicine.

M. J. Pray, Chief Architect of the Pre-



From a photograph of the copy in plaster in the Trocadéro, Paris

THE (LIFE-SIZE) HOUDON BUST OF PAUL JONES—VIEWED FROM NEARLY THE SAME ANGLE AS THE FACE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND REPRODUCED TO THE SAME SCALE

In the comparison, attention should be paid especially to the contour of the brow; the arch of the eyebrows; the width between the eyes; the high cheek-bones; the muscles of the face; and the distances between the hair and the root of the nose, between the sub-nasal point and the lips, and between the lips and the point of the chin. The peculiar shape of the lobe of the ear in the bust was observed in the body, but is lost in shadow in the photograph on the opposite page, where the deformity of the nose is explained and accounted for.

fecture of Police, Officer of Public Instruction.

M. Paul Weiss, Engineer of the Quarries of the Seine, Doctor of Laws.

In addition to the above, the services were secured of Dr. V. Cornil, the eminent microscopist, Professor of Pathologic Anatomy of the Paris Faculty of Medicine.

The above scientists were not employed experts; they cheerfully gave their services gratuitously, purely in the interest of

science, and as an act of comity between two friendly nations in solving an important historical problem.

The remains had been wrapped in a winding-sheet of linen, the ends of which had been torn off, probably to make it fit the length of the body. On this was observed a small figure 2 worked in thread. Upon the removal of the sheet there was found upon the body but one garment, a linen shirt of fine workmanship with plaits



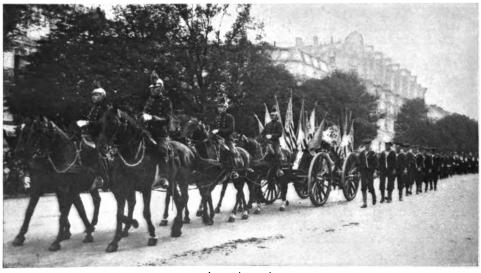
From a photograph

AMERICAN SAILORS CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF ALEXANDER III AND PASSING BEFORE THE CATAFALQUE ON WHICH WAS PLACED THE COFFIN OF JOHN PAUL JONES, PARIS, JULY 6, 1905

and ruffles. This bore no initial or mark. The long hair, measuring about thirty inches in length, had been carefully dressed and gathered into a linen cap at the back of the head. On this was found a small initial worked in thread. When the cap was right side up the letter was a "J," with the loop well rounded; when reversed, it formed a "P." A careful search disclosed

no other article in the coffin. On the hands, feet, and legs were found portions of tinfoil, as if they had been wrapped in it.

Two circumstances combined to render the identification of the remains comparatively easy: the remarkable state of preservation of the body and the abundance of accurate information in existence descriptive of the dead.



I-rom a photograph

FRENCH ARTILLERY CAISSON, BEARING THE COFFIN OF JOHN PAUL JONES, MOVING ALONG THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, PARIS, JULY 6, 1905

To furnish the anthropologists with the required data, there was obtained upon personal application permission to make all the desired measurements of the Houdon bust of Paul Jones, a little more than three-quarter size, owned by the Marquis de Biron, a very artistic work representing the admiral in court dress with the hair curled in rolls upon the temples. These rolls were identical with those found on the body.

There was procured through the courtesy of the director of the Trocadéro Museum a copy of the other well-known bust of Paul Jones by Houdon, one of the most accurate works of the famous sculptor, who was also an admirer of his subject. It represents Paul Jones in the uniform of an admiral, and was found more useful for the purpose of making the comparative measurements on account of its being life-size. James Madison, in a letter dated April 28, 1825, says: "His bust by Houdon is an exact likeness, portraying well the characteristic features." Besides this there were submitted a copy of the medal given by Congress, showing a profile of the face, and a mass of authentic information regarding the admiral's chief characteristics, appearance, size, color of hair, age, etc.

Dr. Papillault, with his delicate instruments, made all the necessary anthropometric measurements of the head, features, length of body, etc., and found them so remarkably exact as to be convinced that the busts were made from the subject before him, and that the length of the body, five feet seven inches, was the same as the height of the admiral. All of the comparative measurements are set forth in detail in his report; the greatest difference between any of them being only two millimeters, about seven hundredths of an inch.

As said before, the cartilaginous portion of the nose had been bent over to the right side, pressed down, and entirely distorted. This disfigurement was clearly due to the fact that when the body was put in the coffin an excess of the hay and straw packing had been placed under the head and across the face, and the mass of hair, about thirty inches in length, had been gathered into the linen cap at the back. This raised the face so high that the nose was pressed upon by the coffin lid. This pressure had been so great that the head itself was found turned a little to the right.

Professor Papillault says on this sub-

ject: "The bridge of the nose is rather thin; the root somewhat narrow. Seen in profile, the nose is of an undulating form on the bust; now this form depends a great deal on the cartilage. The bony part of the nose is quite compatible with it." The professional anthropologists pay little attention to the cartilages, as these are liable to change, and confine their measurements to the solid or bony structures.

Professor Capitan, after the examinations, had a photograph made of the head, but at the angle at which it was taken the disfigured nose is made to look as if it were Roman in shape, the end being bent overand depressed, and in consequence giving the bridge an unnatural prominence.

The expression of the face is not nearly so good as if the photograph had been taken immediately after opening the coffin. The skin had shrunk and the lips had contracted by exposure to the air, and show the edges of the teeth, which were not visible at first. This gives the face a rather ghastly appearance. The hair, which was found neatly dressed, is in disorder and could not be rearranged, as an attempt to comb it revealed a danger of pulling it out. The photograph is reproduced in this article, and is interesting for the reason that it shows the well-preserved condition of the flesh. The nose presented the only positive disfigurement. When the bust was placed beside the body, the resemblance of the other features was remarkably striking. Professor Hervé called attention to a peculiar shape of the lobe of the ear, which he said was, according to his experience, something very rarely seen. Its exact copy was observed upon the bust.

Dr. Papillault, in his report setting forth the details of his investigations, remarks:

The dimensions of the bust, life-size, by Houdon are exactly those of the body; the comparison is therefore easier than if the bust had been of a reduced size. Thus all the measurements offer an approximation truly extraordinary. Two experienced anthropologists measuring the same subject would often make as great differences. Thus I could not hope to find between a bust and its model a similar identity. I recollect having measured some years ago a cast of the head of Blanqui and the statue which Dalon made from that same cast. Dalon was a very precise and conscientious artist, using and even abusing, as his colleagues said, the caliper-compass. I found differences greater than in this case.

He concludes his report in the following words:

Without forgetting that doubt is the first quality of all investigators and that the most extreme circumspection should be observed in such matters, I am obliged to conclude that all the observations which I have been able to make plead in favor of the following opinion: The body examined is that of Admiral John Paul Jones.

Then came one of the most interesting features of the verification—the autopsy, doubtless the only one in history ever made upon a body that had been buried for a hundred and thirteen years. In order not to alter in any way the appearance of the corpse, Dr. Capitan and his assistants laid the body upon its face and made the opening in the back to explore the thorax and the viscera contained therein. A quantity of alcohol ran out. It had not evaporated, evidently by reason of its having been incased in the internal organs, which were thoroughly saturated with it and protected by the thorax. This accounted for their excellent state of preservation. The left lung showed a spot which was clearly the result of an attack of pneumonia or bronchopneumonia. It had healed, but remained surrounded by fibrous tissue. Augustus C. Buell in his "Paul Jones," Volume II, page 235, says: "During this inspection [of the Russian fleet], which consumed about fifteen days, the admiral contracted a heavy cold, which almost the very day of his return to St. Petersburg developed into pneumonia. . . . Both the eminent physicians who attended him pronounced his lungs permanently affected and told him he could never hope to endure again the rigors of a Russian winter." This was in June, 1789. In May, 1790, two years before the admiral's death, he returned to The same author says of him, Volume II, page 267, "The doctors declared that his left lung was more or less permanently affected."

Dr. Capitan and Professor Cornil found nothing particularly characteristic in the heart, which was still quite flexible. It was contracted, and the cardiac walls exhibited muscular fibers striated lengthwise and crosswise. An abundance of small crystals and bacteria were noticed. The liver was of a yellowish-brown color, somewhat contracted, and its tissues were rather dense and compact. There were found in the

hepatic cells numerous varieties of crystals and microbes. The masses of tyrosin, appearing to the naked eye like white opaque granules, were less numerous than in the lungs. The cells of this organ were badly preserved, and according to Dr. Capitan. a positive opinion could not be given as to symptoms caused by its condition. gall-bladder was healthy and contained a pale yellowish-brown bile of a pasty consistency. The stomach was contracted and very small. The spleen appeared comparatively larger than it ought to have been, considering the marked contraction of all the viscera. Its tissues appeared rather firm; it showed no anatomic lesions. The kidneys were well preserved in form and presented very clearly under the microscope the evidences of interstitial nephritis. Dr. Capitan, in speaking of these organs, in his report, says:

The vessels at several points had their walls thickened and invaded by sclerosis. A number of glomerules were completely transformed into fibrous tissue and appeared in the form of small spheres, strongly colored by the microscopic reactions. This verification was of the highest importance. It gave the key to the various pathological symptoms presented by Paul Jones at the close of his life—emaciation, consumptive condition, and especially so much swelling, which from the feet gained completely the nether limbs, then the abdomen, where it even produced ascites (exsudat intra abdominal). All these affections are often observed at the close of chronic interstitial nephritis. It can therefore be said that we possess microscopic proof that Paul Jones died of a chronic renal affection, of which he had shown symptoms toward the close of his life. In a word, like my colleague, Papillault, and by different means, relying solely upon the appearance of the subject, on the comparison of his head with the Houdon bust, and besides considering that the observations made upon his viscera agree absolutely with his clinical history, I reach this very clear and well-grounded conclusion, namely, that the corpse of which we have made a study is that of Paul Jones.

I will even add, always with Papillault, that being given this convergence of exceedingly numerous, very diversified, and always agreeing facts, it would be necessary to have a concurrence of circumstances absolutely exceptional and improbable in order that the corpse here concerned be not that of Paul Jones.

Professor Cornil concludes the report of his microscopic examinations as follows: "We believe that the case in point is interstitial nephritis with fibrous degeneracy of the glomerules of Malpighi, which quite agrees with the symptoms observed during life."

To show how perfectly the revelations of the autopsy agree with the symptoms of the malady which terminated the life of Paul Jones, in addition to the affection of the left lung described by his historians and hereinbefore mentioned, I give the following citations from authentic documents: Buell in his "Paul Jones," Volume II, page 308, after mentioning that a week before his death it was proposed that he should be called to the bar of the French National Assembly to answer such questions as might be asked of him concerning the needs of the navy and to give his own ideas as to how those needs might. best be met, says: "He asked to be excused on the ground that his articulation was not strong and he feared that an effort to make himself heard throughout the vast chamber would so strain his vocal organs as to bring on a fit of convulsive coughing." That night Paul Jones attended a supper at the Café Timon. Capelle, a French writer, describes the affair and gives the admiral's speech, in which he said in conclusion: "My friends, I would love to pursue this theme, but, as you see, my voice is failing and my lower limbs become swollen when I stand up too long."

Benoit-André, who published a memoir of Paul Jones six years after his death, says: "The day after the admiral had been at supper at the Café Timon he did not rise until nearly noon. His lower limbs began to swell prodigiously, his stomach soon began to expand, and he had much difficulty at times in breathing; all the time afflicted with an exhausting cough and much raising of mucus."

Colonel Blackden's letter to Mrs. Janet Taylor, regarding the disease and death, has already been quoted.

The official certificate of burial says he died of dropsy of the chest ("hydropisie de poitrine").

The complete verification of all these symptoms by means of an autopsy made upon a corpse a hundred and thirteen years after death must be regarded as a notable triumph of anthropologic science, of deep interest to the medical profession, and a service of signal importance in the present instance.

No mark of a wound was discovered on the body. Paul Iones was never wounded. History is in abundant possession of the most detailed records of every fight in which he was engaged, and there is nowhere a single mention of his ever having received a wound. Sherburne, in his wellknown" Life and Character of Paul Jones," page 362, says: "Commodore John Paul Jones on the ocean during the American Revolution was as General Washington on the land-never known to be defeated in battle, and neither ever receiving a wound." Sands, in his "Life and Correspondence of Paul Jones," says that he was assured that the admiral was once wounded in the head, but admits further on that "he never chronicled his wounds in any letter or journal." It has been asserted that there is in existence a draft of a letter written by the admiral four months before his death, in 1792, to the French Minister of Marine, complaining of M. de Sartine, his predecessor in that office, for not having asked him (Jones) if his health had not suffered from his wounds and fatigues; but as "drafts" of letters supposed to have been written in accordance therewith are not convincing, and as M. de Sartine had left the Ministry of Marine December 1, 1780, more than eleven years before, the statement does not carry weight.

The detailed technical reports of the scientists were filed with my communication to the government, and publicity has already been given to them by the authors. Their production here in extenso would be beyond the scope of this article, so that I have confined myself to making the above summary of them, giving the methods employed and the conclusions reached. After the autopsy the internal organs were replaced in the thorax.

Appended to this article are copies of the formal documents under seal containing the certifications of the official witnesses to the identification of the remains. I said to them all that if there existed a single doubt in the mind of any one as to the absolute and unquestioned identity of the body submitted for examination, I begged that he would frankly make it known. Not a doubt was expressed, and their decision was unanimous.

It was now seen that some deterioration of the body was taking place from exposure to the air. I therefore gave instructions to the experienced specialists in the School of Medicine to take every precaution to preserve the flesh intact, and made arrangements to replace the remains in the original coffin, and incase them in a casket which could be hermetically sealed and prepared for transportation to America.

A leaden casket was procured, in the bottom of which was placed a bed of sawdust treated with phenol. On this was laid the lid of the original coffin, next to it the original coffin, in the bottom of which the winding-sheet had been placed. On the top of the winding-sheet was spread a sheet of impermeable oiled silk and then a layer of cotton batting impregnated with phenic The body was treated with a glycerin. coating of the same substance, and the face was sprayed with the essence of thymol. The hair was gathered into the small linen cap in which it had been found. The body, upon which the shirt had been replaced, was then put into the original coffin and laid upon the cotton batting above mentioned, after which another layer of this material, saturated with phenic glycerin, was spread over the body and covered with a second sheet of oiled silk. whole was then covered and packed with medicated cotton batting. There were also placed in the original coffin a glass jar containing specimens of the hay and straw which had been used in packing, and a package of fragments of the indurated earth which had closed the hole and the crack in the original coffin. The lid, in which is a large glass plate, of the casket was then soldered on and seals of the American embassy affixed. The casket was afterward placed in an outer coffin of oak provided with eight silver handles, the lid of which was secured by sixteen silver screws.

On April 20 this coffin was taken to the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Avenue de l'Alma, accompanied by the American Ambassador, M. Vignaud, First Secretary of the Embassy, Colonel Blanchard, Second Secretary, Mr. Gowdy, Consul-General, and M. Weiss, engineer in charge of the excavations.

The coffin, covered with the American flag, was placed in the receiving-vault, the rector of the church, the Rev. Dr. Morgan, offered a prayer, and the remains were left there to await the completion of arrangements for their transfer to the United States.

For several years a search had been

pressed to find the house in which the admiral died, No. 42 Rue de Tournon. There had been renumberings of the dwellings throughout the arrondissement, and it seemed impossible to trace them with sufficient accuracy to locate the house in which Paul Iones, as history states, occupied an "apartment on the first floor above the entresol." This furnished another instance of the mystery which pursued his memory. It was not until the first week in July, 1905. that the place was found, thanks to the untiring and important assistance rendered by M. Taxil, chief surveyor of the city of Paris. The house is now No. 19 of that street. It is the only one in the immediate locality which has a first floor over an entresol.

The style of the ironwork on the bal- convindicates an architecture of the period of the close of the reign of Louis XV or the beginning of that of Louis XVI. The street leads toward the entrance to the Senate, palace of the Luxembourg. It was once a fashionable street, and at the present time several persons of distinction live there. On the ground floor of the house a sign bears the words "Lessons in fencing, boxing, and the use of the single stick." This proffered instruction in the several arts of fighting in the house in which Paul Jones resided, coupled with the fact that the underground station close to the cemetery where his body reposed is called "Combat," looks as if fate had determined that he should be everywhere identified with signs of conflict and struggle, whether in life or in death.

I visited this house for the first time, accompanied by Colonel Blanchard, July 4, 1905. Colonel A. Bailly-Blanchard was my second secretary at the embassy, and it gives me peculiar pleasure to make conspicuous mention of his services. I assigned him to duty as my principal assistant, and he was constantly associated with me throughout the entire period of the researches. His rare accomplishments eminently fitted him for the service, and the ability and zeal displayed by him entitle him to the most grateful consideration.

Upon the receipt and examination of my detailed reports, the government recognized the completeness of the identification of the admiral's body, and President Roosevelt ordered a squadron, composed of the Brooklyn, Tacoma, Chattanooga, and Galveston, commanded by Admiral Sigsbee,

to proceed to Cherbourg and convey the remains of Paul Jones to the Naval Academy in Annapolis, where it is to receive permanent interment in the crypt of the new chapel now under construction.

In the meantime I had consulted with the President of France, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council. General of the Army, Admiral of the Navv. and others, as to what part the French desired to take in the ceremonies attending the transfer of the remains. They all manifested an enthusiastic wish to pay every possible honor on that occasion to the memory of our illustrious sailor, and a program was accordingly arranged which would best carry out this desire. Admiral Fournier, who represented the naval forces, told me that it was after reading the life of Paul Iones that he had resolved to become a sailor. So that it was the inspiration of our great sea-fighter that gave to France an admiral who to-day commands the admiration of naval men of all countries.

Our squadron was heartily welcomed at Cherbourg by a French fleet, the inhabitants of the city vieing with the officials to pay every possible attention to our officers and men. In Paris a series of public dinners and receptions were tendered them, and they were fêted in a manner rarely seen even in the brilliant and hospitable capital of France.

Admiral Sigsbee brought five hundred blue-jackets to Paris on July 6, and at 3.30 P. M. the ceremonies attending the transfer of the remains began in the beautiful American Church of the Holy Trinity, Avenue de l'Alma.

In the morning I had had the coffin brought from the vault into the church, placed in front of the chancel, and covered with artistically arranged flowers. The church itself was tastefully dressed with floral decorations. The audience was one of the most distinguished that has ever been drawn together in Paris. The President of the Republic was represented by the chief of his household, who occupied a chair in front of the chancel. On the right of the middle aisle were seated the President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, the leading members of the Cabinet, and the highest officers of the French army and navy. On the left the resident American ambassador, the two special ambassadors designated for the occasion, Admiral Sigsbee with his captains and staff officers, Senator Lodge, and the members of the diplomatic corps. Seated in the remaining pews and standing crowded in the aisles and doorways were distinguished persons from many countries. The elaborate uniforms, the exquisite flowers, the brilliant flags, enhanced the beauty of a scene which it is seldom one's fortune to witness and which will be memorable in history.

After careful consultation, I concluded that it would be appropriate to avoid an ordinary funeral service, with dirges and requiems, as the occasion was not a funeral, but rather a glorification of the dead, so that anthems, patriotic airs, and marches glorieuses constituted the music. After a simple but most impressive service had been conducted by the rector I formally delivered the remains to the government of the United States in the following words:

"This day America claims her illustrious dead.

"In the performance of a solemn duty I have the honor to deliver to the government of the United States, through its designated representative, the remains of Admiral John Paul Jones, to be borne with appropriate marks of distinction to the country upon whose arms his heroic deeds shed so much luster. It is believed that their permanent interment in the land to whose independence his matchless victories so essentially contributed will not be lacking in significance by reason of its long delay.

"It is a matter of extreme gratification to feel that the body of this intrepid commander should be conveyed across the sea by the war-vessels of a navy to whose sailors his name is still an inspiration, and that this high mission should be confided to so gallant an officer of the same noble profession as the distinguished admiral who commands the escorting squadron.

"An earnest expression of recognition is due to the accomplished savants of France, whose acknowledged skill in anthropologic science confirmed in every particular, with entire accuracy and absolute certainty, the identification of the remains which were so marvelously preserved.

"We owe a cordial tribute of gratitude to the government of the French Republic for the cheerful proffer of facilities during the search for the body, the sympathy so generously manifested upon its recovery, and the signal honors rendered upon this occasion to the memory of a hero who once covered two continents with his renown in battling for the cherished principles of political liberty and the rights of man, for which the two sister republics have both so strenuously contended.

"All that is mortal of this illustrious organizer of victory on the sea lies in yonder coffin beneath the folds of our national standard. When Congress adopted the present form of the American flag, it embodied in the same resolution the appointment of Captain John Paul Jones to command the ship Ranger. When he received the news history attributes to him the following remark: 'The flag and I are twins; born the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or in death.' Alas! they were parted during a hundred and thirteen years, but happily they are now reunited."

Mr. Loomis, First Assistant Secretary of State and Junior Special Ambassador, received the body, making an interesting address in which he recited the most stirring events in the career of Paul Jones, and expressed the extreme gratification of the government at the recovery of the remains. He finished by delivering them to Admiral Sigsbee for transportation to the United States. Admiral Sigsbee, in accepting the high mission with which he had been charged, delivered a brief, appropriate, and eminently sailorlike address, which was warmly received.

Eight American blue-jackets now stepped forward and bore the coffin solemnly from the church. They had been carefully selected for their manly bearing and their stature, each being over six feet in height. They commanded the admiration of all who saw them, and the Americans present were naturally delighted to hear the whispered comments of the French ladies, "Quels beaux garçons!"

The coffin was placed upon a French artillery caisson tastefully adorned with

The elaborate procession was constituted as follows: The famous French cavalry, the Garde Républicaine, five hundred American sailors, the body of John Paul Jones, Admiral Sigsbee and staff, the American ambassadors and Senator Lodge, the personnel of the American embassy, the high officials of the French government and of the diplomatic corps, delega-

tions from the American Navy League and from the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, members of the Society of the Cincinnati, Sons of the American Revolution, and other patriotic organizations, all on foot. Then came a battalion of French horse-artillery and a battalion of French infantry with their famous bands.

The column moved down the brilliant Avenue of the Champs Élysées and across the Seine by the stately bridge of Alexander III, which leads to the Invalides. When the body of John Paul Jones was seen moving solemnly toward the body of Napoleon, each having died in a distant land to be brought back after many years with every mark of honor to the country he had so eminently served, there was a sentiment aroused which deeply touched the hearts of all participating in the ceremony.

When the wide Esplanade des Invalides was reached, the coffin was lifted from the caisson and placed upon a catafalque erected beneath a tent of superb construction, the material being a rich royal purple velvet hung with gold fringe, the front ornamented with swords, shields, cuirasses, and other warlike devices. Here the troops filed by the remains and rendered the highest military honors to the illustrious dead. The coffin was then borne to the mortuary car prepared for it in the railway station close by, and a special train bore it to Cherbourg that night with its guard of honor composed of Americans and Frenchmen.

Paris had that day witnessed a pageant entirely unique in its way, and of surpassing beauty and solemnity. The weather was superb, and the streets and houses were appropriately decorated. The vast crowds of spectators gazed upon the cortège with sympathy and respect. No cheers or other inappropriate demonstrations were indulged in. The onlookers simply uncovered reverently as the coffin passed. Their bearing in every respect was admirable.

The next day, July 7, I went to Cherbourg to sail for home. A cordial invitation had been received from the government and Admiral Sigsbee to take passage on board the flagship. While this was deeply appreciated, it was declined, as I felt that it would be in better taste to return by the ordinary lines of travel now that the subject of the mission had been formally placed in the hands of the navy and I could render no further useful service.

#### THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES 953

The fleets of the two nations lay side by side in that picturesque military harbor, discharging their peaceful and sympathetic mission, our phantom-colored vessels presenting an interesting contrast to the black hulls of the French warships. There I took a last look at the coffin which contained all that is mortal of the hero, the

search for whose remains had furnished a congenial task for the past six years. Upon sailing out of the harbor, the squadron honored me with a parting ambassadorial salute, and I now felt that my mission in connection with the recovery of the body of our illustrious naval commander was definitely ended.

#### APPENDIX

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATION OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AND CON-SULATE OF THE IDENTIFICATION OF THE BODY OF ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES

THIS is to certify that we, the undersigned, met at the School of Medicine (L'École de Médecine) in the City of Paris at ten o'clock A. M. on the fourteenth day of April, 1905, for the purpose of verifying the identification of the remains recently found by the American Ambassador in the old Saint Louis cemetery for the burial of foreign Protestants, and believed to be those of Admiral John Paul Jones.

The body was lying on a table, entirely uncovered, having been taken from the leaden coffin in which it had been found, and from which the linen had been removed and placed on another table.

We had familiarized ourselves with the historical information regarding the age, size, color of hair, general appearance, manner of dress, etc., of John Paul Jones, and there were placed near the body the medal presented to him by Congress to commemorate his battle with the Serapis, showing his head in profile and a copy of the well-known bust made from life by Houdon, which had been loaned for the purpose by the Trocadéro Museum. The remains were those of a man, and were remarkably well preserved by having evidently been immersed in alcohol. The flesh seemed firm, and the joints were somewhat flexible. There were bits of tinfoil adhering to the hands, feet, and other parts of the body, as if they had been wrapped with it. The body was lying on its back, the hands were crossed over the abdomen, the left hand resting on the right. It was of a grayish brown or, rather, a tan color. The right eyelid was closed, the other was slightly The features presented quite a natural appearance except that the cartilaginous portion of the nose was bent over to the right and pressed down as if by the too close proximity of the lid of the coffin or by the excess of the hay and straw in packing the body. Several fine oblique lines were traceable upon

the face, made by the folds of the windingsheet, which had left upon the skin an imprint of the texture of the fabric. The lips were a very little shrunken or contracted, exposing the extreme ends of the teeth. This slight contraction did not exist when the coffin was opened, and seemed to have been caused by exposure to the air.

Dr. Papillault, Professor of Anthropology in the School of Anthropology, one of the scientists who had been highly recommended and selected to aid in the work of identifying the body on account of his valuable experience in such examinations, explained to us the methods he had adopted, and showed us the elaborate comparative measurements he had made of all the important features of the body and of the Houdon bust. The agreement was singularly exact in every important particular, as will be shown in his report, which he read in our presence, explaining the details as he proceeded. The principal results were as follows. The word "identical" will be used to signify that the agreement between the corresponding dimensions of the body and of the Houdon bust is exact, and that the appearance conforms strictly to the authentic historical description of the admiral.

Length of body, five feet seven and threeeighths inches. Height of Paul Jones was five feet seven inches; the three-eighths is the difference allowed by anthropologists between a person standing and the same person lying down. "Was five feet seven inches tall, slender in build, of exquisitely symmetrical form, with noticeably perfect development of limbs" ("Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI"). Identical.

Principal features of face and head. Identical.

No beard. Identical. Face presented appearance of one who had not shaved for several days.

Hair very dark brown-generally speaking,

The front hair upon might be called black. opening the coffin was found to be of an unnatural tan color, like the flesh, evidently discolored by the presence of the alcohol and straw. After taking some hair from the back of the head, where it had been protected by being gathered into a linen bag, and washing it. its color was dark brown or black. was of the complexion usually united with dark hair and eyes, which were his" ("Memoirs of Paul Jones," Edinburgh edition). "His hair and eyebrows are black" ("Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI"). specimen of hair accompanying this report. Identical.

The hair in a few places was slightly tinged with gray. This fact, together with the condition of the teeth, indicates a person of between forty and fifty years old. John Paul Jones was forty-five at the time of his death.

Dr. Capitan, Professor of Historic Anthropology in the School of Anthropology, Vice-President of the Commission on Megalithic Monuments, member of the Committee on Historical and Scientific Works and of the Society of Old Paris, etc., then explained the course pursued by him in the identification and the autopsy effected by opening the back and removing and examining the internal organs so singularly preserved, and gave convincing evidence that the deceased had died of the disease which terminated the life of John Paul Jones. (See Dr. Capitan's report.) In 1790 "the doctors declared that his left lung was more or less permanently affected" (Buell's "History of Paul Jones"). "He died of dropsy of the chest" (official certificate of burial). "For two months past he began to lose his appetite, grew yellow, and showed symptoms of jaundice." "A few days before his death his legs began to swell, which proceeded upward to his body, so that for two days before his decease he could not button his waistcoat and had great difficulty in breathing" (Letter of Colonel Blackden).

The linen taken from the coffin, all in exceedingly good condition except stained in places a tan color, was then minutely examined. It consisted of a shirt of fine linen, handsomely made, with plaits and ruffles corresponding with the historical description of the admiral's fondness for dress. "He is a master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that not with standing the frugality of his means he never fails to be the best dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending" ("Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI"). "To his dress he was, or at least latterly became, so attentive as to have it remarked" ("Memoirs of Paul Jones," Edinburgh edition). Identical.

A sheet on which was worked with thread the figure 2. A linen bag or cap neatly made, which had been found at the back of the head and into which the hair had been gathered. Upon this was a small initial worked with thread. When the bag was held right side up the letter was a "J" with the loop nearly closed; when held in the reverse position it was a "P." If a "J" it would be the initial of Jones, the name which he added to his family name. If a "P" it would be the initial of his original family name, Paul. It may be remarked that then, as now, the French often marked their linen with the initial of their Christian name. In Paris, the admiral was sometimes familiarly addressed as "Mon Paul" and "Monsieur Paul." He often signed his name Paul Jones and sometimes J. Paul Jones, as shown by his correspondence.

There were no other articles in the coffin except the hay and straw with which the body had been carefully packed, and no inscription plate had been found. Taking into careful consideration the convincing proofs of identification of the body by means of the measurements, the autopsy, etc., the marks upon the linen, the fact that the coffin was found in the cemetery in which it was proved to have been buried, that it was superior in solidity and workmanship to the others, that the body had been carefully preserved and packed as if to prepare it for a long voyage, "that, in case the United States, which he had so essentially served, and with so much honor, should claim his remains they might be more easily removed" (Letter of Colonel Blackden, the admiral's intimate friend, witness of his will and pall-bearer at his funeral, addressed to the eldest sister of Paul Jones, Mrs. Janet Taylor), and the further fact that in exploring the cemetery there was every evidence that the graves of the dead had never been disturbed, that only five leaden coffins were found, four of which were easily identified, three of them having inscription plates giving dates and names of the deceased and the fourth containing a skeleton measuring about six feet two inches in length, we regard the identification as completely verified in every particular and are fully convinced that the body discovered is that of Admiral John Paul Jones.

(Signed) HORACE PORTER,
SEAL OF THE AMERICAN American Ambassador.
EMBASSY AT PARIS.

(Signed) HENRY VIGNAUD,

Secretary American Embassy.

(Signed) JOHN K. GOWDY,

U. S. Consul-General.

(Signed) A. BAILLY-BLANCHARD,
SEAL OF THE AMERICAN
CONSULATE AT PARIS.

Second Secretary American Embassy.

#### THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN PAUL JONES 955

# TRANSLATION OF THE OFFICIAL CERTIFICATION OF THE PARTICIPANTS AND WITNESSES

AT the request of his Excellency, General Horace Porter, American Ambassador, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor,

1, JUSTIN DE SELVES, Prefect of the Seine, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor,

and I, LOUIS LEPINE, Prefect of Police, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, went on Friday, the 14th day of April, 1905, at 10 A.M., to the School of Medicine, where a leaden coffin was deposited containing the presumed remains of John Paul Jones.

The said coffin was discovered in the former cemetery for foreign Protestants under the conditions stated in the report drawn up by the Service des Carrières (quarries) of the Department of the Seine, and annexed to the present certificate. It was transported to the School of Medicine through the care of M. Géninet, a municipal superintendent of public works, on Saturday, April 8th, 1905.

In our presence and in the presence of the Ambassador of the United States and in that of the following persons:—

Mr. Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the Embassy of the United States, Commander of the Legion of Honor;

Colonel A. Bailly-Blanchard, late Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Louisiana, Second Secretary of the Embassy of the U. S., Officer of the Legion of Honor, Officer of Public Instruction, etc.;

John K. Gowdy, Consul-General of the United States:

Dr. Capitan, Professor of the School of Anthropology, member of the Committee of Historic and Scientific Works (Ministry of Public Education), member of the Municipal Commission of Old Paris, late President of the Society of Anthropology of Paris, etc.;

Dr. G. Papillault, Assistant Director of the Laboratory of Anthropology of the École des Hautes Études, Professor in the School of Anthropology;

Dr. Hervé, Doctor of Medicine, Professor in the School of Anthropology;

Dr. A. Javal, Doctor of Medicine, Physician of the Ministry of the Interior, Laureate of the School of Medicine;

Mr. J. Pray, architect-in-chief of the Prefecture of Police, Officer of Public Education;

M. Paul Weiss, Mining Engineer, Inspector of the Quarries of the Seine, Doctor of Laws:—the examination of the coffin and body was proceeded with. General Porter, Colonel Bailly-Blanchard, and Mr. Weiss declared that they recognized the coffin and the body as being those found in the former cemetery for foreign Protestants and transmitted to the School of Medicine for the purpose of identification.

Dr. Papillault read a detailed Report and concluded that the body was that of John Paul Jones.

By the side of the body were placed the bust of the Admiral by Houdon, a plaster cast, loaned by the Museum of the Trocadéro, of the original bust in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, also the medal signed Dupré, which was struck in honor of Paul Jones by order of Congress to commemorate his famous battle with the Serapis and the Scarborough, which enabled one to verify the perfect resemblance existing between the reproduction of the features of the Admiral and the corpse.

The shirt and winding-sheet in which the body was wrapped were likewise examined. On the cap which contained his hair those present noted the existence of an initial which in one direction is a capital "P" and in a contrary direction a "J," both letters constituting the initials of the Admiral.

After these various examinations Dr. Capitan read his report upon the result of the autopsy which he had made upon the corpse and which revealed the symptoms of the disease of which it is known the Admiral died. Dr. Capitan and Dr. Papillault were both in accord in affirming as a scientific truth the identity of the deceased.

In view of the perfect coincidence of all the facts relating to the burial and of the agreement of all the physical measurements, those present were unanimous in recognizing the body as being that of Admiral John Paul

Consequently the body was replaced in the leaden coffin in which it was discovered, to be ultimately inclosed in a new triple coffin of pine, lead, and oak, sealed and transferred to the vault of the American Church in the Avenue de l'Alma.

In witness whereof we have drawn up and signed with all those in attendance the present certificate in triplicate, one of which will be sent through H. Ex. the Minister of Foreign-Affairs to H. Ex. the American Ambassador for delivery to the Government of the United States, and the two others filed in the archives of the Prefecture of the Seine and the Prefecture of Police.

Thus done and signed at Paris, the nineteenth day of May, 1905.

(Signed)

J. DE SELVES, LOUIS LEPINE, HORACE PORTER, HENRY VIGNAUD, A. BAILLY-BLANCHARD, JOHN K. GOWDY, J. CAPI-TAN, DR. G. PAPILLAULT, GEO. HERVÉ, A. JAVAL, J. PRAY, PAUL WEISS.

SEAL OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF PARIS.



#### DEMOCRACY

#### BY PERCY STICKNEY GRANT

DEMOCRACY, those men have done thee wrong,
That paint thee flaunting, with a brutal face.
Not to Rome's proletarian populace,
Nor Paris mobs that round a red flag throng,
Nor London slums of saturate sin belong
Such names—deluded, pitiable race—
Though in their husky mutterings we can trace
The voice of God affrighting us along.
Democracy on law and virtue stands:
The home it loves and children at the knee;
Its bread it earns, its lips can speak in prayer.
Though greed and pride oft bind its giant hands,
I trust the conscience of humanity,
See freedom widen in the people's care.



### TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE FAME OF JOHN PAUL JONES

FEW readers of General Horace Porter's account of his recovery of the body of our first naval hero will marvel so much at his success as at the audacity of the attempt. Other men of public spirit have put their hands in their pockets to aid some enthusiast in the prosecution of a practical object of national interest; but when before have the means and the enthusiasm proceeded from the same person to accomplish a doubtful and distressing task, calculated, at the most, to satisfy a sentimental craving?

Yet sentiment is the soul of patriotism, and this unique achievement, begun in a desire to atone for a people's neglect, is certain to result in the founding of one of the noblest and most lasting of human influences—a national shrine.

It was a task that called for belief in the value of heroic example, confidence in the logic of facts, and courage to face difficulties that would daunt any one but a soldier bred to the rigid pursuit of duty and success. The needed qualities were found in a West Point graduate, trained as an engineer officer, tried at Chickamauga, where he won the medal of Congress for distinguished services, and polished in the finishing-school conducted by Ulysses S. Grant between the Wilderness and Appomattox. Yet something more was required, such as a knowledge of men gained in the conduct of public affairs, and the experience of a diplomat, who by the application of tact often removes obstacles all the more difficult because they are elusive.

Nor does it seem accidental that the man who has restored to the nation the relics of its first sailor-hero should have

been he who led to success the movement which resulted in the shrine on Riverside Drive, where the body of the nation's great soldier-hero rests as a comfort and stimulus to future generations. The earlier service probably was the incentive to the later one. In the light of the plain recital in the preceding pages, and the impressive illustrations, can the reader picture a man of different training and experience entering on such a self-appointed service, much less pursuing it to complete success?

There were naval heroes before Paul Iones, and so long as the sea dominates the land they will not become extinct. But up to his time he was easily the most conspicuous of his class, so far as history has enshrined them. In the days when galley ranged alongside galley, or the viking ship locked oars with its enemy in a hand-to-hand struggle to the death, courage and resource of the Paul Jones order may not have been so uncommon. But fighting ships grew larger, and the new factors of sail-power and cannon-range curtailed the field of personal prowess. Up to that time no sailor could know surely that he was whipped before he was killed; but in the days of the frigates a quarter-deck hero had at his disposal, in every fight, a variety of incidents and results from which he might deduce a respectable reason for giving up his ship.

During three hundred years the sailors of the Continental navies that encountered the British on the seas had uniformly been quicker at that mental deduction than their more stubborn foe, until the English heartof-oak had come to be thought invincible. Paul Jones shattered precedent not only by combining the classic method with the new, but, for a greater wonder, by putting the onus of surrender on the English, when by every time-honored test and rule he ought to have accepted the rôle of a chivalrous prisoner. On the Continent his skill and courage everywhere gained him the prestige of a hero, while the fact that he had "humbled the British lion" placed him with Hercules among the demigods. To the English he was merely a notoriously offensive "rebel" and "pirate"; and after his fame had been drowned in the tidal wave of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, even his own people allowed their admiration to be colored by the English estimate.

But no patriot sailor ever carried himself straighter as to his authority, or earned his fame more honestly, than Paul Jones. At twenty-one he had risen to the command of a merchant ship through experience, enterprise, and force of character. In the long voyages the cabin was his college, and wherever he touched the shore, this self-cultivated son of a Scotch gardener decked his comely person and sought the society of self-respecting people. To the end of his days he had a knack of enlarging his means by "private ventures" -which was fortunate, since he thereby provided for himself as a naval officer, such things as pay and prize-money being reserved for his heirs forty years after his death.

Before the quarrel with the mothercountry had grown acute, John Paul became a Virginia planter by inheritance from a brother, who also left to him the surname Jones, that being the name of the planter who had bestowed the property upon the brother as an adopted son. He was more than a settler, for he came as the heir of vested interests, and as such he entered actively into the crusade against the tightening authority of the home government; and when the time came for the king's troops to make reprisals, his plantation was spoiled and given to the torch. Thus he was a true colonial and a common sufferer, and, far from being actuated by sordid motives, he freed his slaves and "drew his sword," as he was fond of saying, "in the cause of the rights of man."

At the very inception of strife, Paul Jones was the animating impulse toward a show of force on the water. He advised the Marine Board on all subjects related to the fitting and building of armed ships and the rules and regulations of a body of officers and sailors; and while five older men were chosen for the first captains, he stood first among the lieutenants, and in the test of active service went rapidly to the fore: though not without neglect, for while he was busy at sea the politicians were, as ever, nearer to the ear of preferment. But the fact that during the two years of service in home waters Paul Jones had made himself the most conspicuous for skill, daring, and results gave him a prestige which in the spring of 1777 led to the adoption of his scheme for a cruise in English waters.

As his intellect conceived the infant navy, so also it originated the plan of action which had much to do with bringing about the alliance with France, without which nobody can tell how long American independence would have been deferred. So in the fall of 1777 he carried the new flag to France on the little ship Ranger, where it was first saluted by a foreign power; startled the world by his descent at Whitehaven and the capture, in a bloody fight, of the Drake on April 24, 1778; and electrified the French by bringing into one of their ports that ship and several merchant prizes. The hospitality accorded him strained English relations with France to the breaking-point. After the open alliance with America, Louis XVI was able to offer him a ship—not a regular man-of-war, thanks to the jealousy of his own officers, but an old East-Indiaman which Paul Iones converted as best he could, and armed partly with condemned cannon. She was named the Bonhomme Richard as the French equivalent of Franklin's "Poor Richard," and manned mostly with a picked-up crew and French soldiers, the best of his men being Americans who had been released from English prisons in exchange for the British captured in his brilliant cruise with the Ranger; for a distinct purpose of his bold raids was to secure prisoners as a basis for such an exchange.

Then came the cruise which of itself would have given him lasting fame. was accompanied by an American frigate, the Alliance, and three small armed vessels, all commanded by Frenchmen, who were not bound to obey their leader if their judgment condemned his plans. This anomalous position was forced on Paul Jones as they were about to sail; and rather than suffer another postponement of his plans, he pocketed the insult and sallied forth to certain discord and probable failure. Not only did the French commander of the Alliance disobey orders from the start, but on coming up, on the evening of September 23, 1779, with the Bonhomme Richard locked in deadly combat with the Serapis, he fired two broadsides into his consort.

Meantime the *Pallas* engaged and captured the *Countess of Scarborough*. But the duel with the *Scrapis* was waged by Paul Jones, single-handed, against the

perfidy of his own best ship; against fortune, for two of the condemned cannon. his largest guns, burst at the first discharge, rendering his lower deck useless: against fire which threatened his magazine; against water which invaded the shattered hull; against two hundred prisoners who were released by the master-atarms in fear that the ship was going down, but were subdued by Jones, some of them being forced to man the pumps; even against every untoward circumstance that could befall a ship in battle except that the sinking Bonhomme Richard floated long enough to enable the unconquerable Paul Iones, by deck-fighting and a happy grenade thrown through a hatch, followed by boarders, to exhaust the spirit of his opponent, and transfer his flag to the stout new ship which had been bravely fought, but could not overcome such skill and valor, and the determination of Paul Jones to conquer or sink.

From the moment that Paul Iones, with his own hands, lashed the starboard-anchor of the Serapis to the mizzen-chains of the Bonhomme Richard there succeeded for about two hours, by the light of a bright moon, acts of valor and carnage such as make this battle unparalleled in naval annals. When his prize dropped anchor in the Texel, bearing such proofs as a captured ship crammed mostly with prisoners and wounded, all Europe received a sensation which grew as the facts became better known. The next success of Paul Jones was a diplomatic victory over the English ambassador at The Hague, for with the rarest tact and ability with his pen he prolonged the welcome accorded him by the Dutch, and helped to draw that people into the position which provoked England to declare War against the Netherlands.

Louis XVI now honored Paul Jones with a gold-mounted sword, and the rank of chevalier in the Royal Order of Military Merit; but he could not break through custom and the claims of his own officers and give Paul Jones another ship. Even the captured Serapis was denied him. Ships for privateering were thrust upon him, but this so-called "pirate" scorned to draw his sword for profit, and likewise refused flattering inducements to sail under the French flag. From first to last of the War for Independence he acted as a regularly com-

missioned officer under the Continental flag and the Stars and Stripes. After peace with success was assured, he obtained by much effort the prize-money due his officers and men from France; and in the spring of 1788 accepted service under the Russian flag, in which he took the honors in the battle of the Liman, and as vice-admiral added to his fame.

Jealousy drove Paul Jones in disgust from the Russian service, just as it had limited his means of operating from France. Nor was he free from opposition among his fellow-patriots, for he belonged to the faction which included Washington, Franklin, Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton, and Lafayette, men who, with their followers, endured some stings from the rear, but have since shared nearly all the glory. Because in character, ability, and deeds Paul Jones was a worthy associate of those immortal patriots, his body will be placed in the crypt of the new chapel at the Naval Academy, whose teachings he virtually began, and his fame will live and grow as long as genius, valor, and love of freedom are cherished by men.

# 

#### Wouter Van Twiller

(NEW YORK, 1613)

WHEN Wouter Van Twiller sailed over the sea.

A shrewd store of wit in his noddle had he; And while he was sent as the Company's

His eye was alert to enrich number one; It was his pocket foremost,—that busy old filler—

Very aldermanlike was good Wouter Van Twiller!

A fine strip of land if he chanced to divine He straightway bethought him "that farm shall be mine!"

And worthily working this excellent plan, Erelong he annexed all Sappokanican;

He pinched like a mercer, took toll like a miller;

Truly aldermanlike was good Wouter Van Twiller!

In Manetta Water, when noontides were blue.

He trouted from Fifth through to Sixth Avenue;

And when (it was frequent) he 'd mornings to spare,

He hunted the duck over Washington Square.

'Times are ill!" groaned the traders; "the times might be iller,"

Replied, with a wink, crafty Wouter Van Twiller.

Gone Wouter Van Twiller, but not all his kind,

At least by the knowing it thus is opined;

While chiefly his own, he was every man's friend;

His image we 're likely to view to the end; You may see it to-day,—'t is our pride and our pillar,—

The image of grasping old Wouter Van Twiller.

Clinton Scollard.

#### The Ruling Nation

In humble guise the Frenchmen write
"Je" (I), with little j.
The German "ich" is shrinking quite;
Italian, Japanese, Semite,
Chinese, and bearded Muscovite,
All have this modest way.
But we shall ever make reply
(When asked, "Who sets all nations right?")
In largest capitals: "T is I."

Clara Boise Bush.

#### The Gift of Tact

A MONOLOGUE

COME right in. Glad to see yer. Won't you be seated? Seems to me you ain't lookin' as well as usual. Does your heart trouble you any? I had a brother who dropped right off from heart trouble, and he was complected just like you. Won't you remove your bunnet? You say you think it 's only indigestion. Maybe; but ef I was you I 'd see a doctor.

Well, I s'pose you heerd of the marriage of John Handysides and Eliza Stearns. I never see a couple that seemed so happy. I could n't account for it at all. I reminded John—I

was at the weddin'—I reminded John, as he was go'n' away with Eliza, that his father had died of apoplexy; and I told Eliza I did hope that she would n't become an invalid like most of the Stearns women folks. An' I meant every word I said, because I think both John and Eliza deserve well.

S'pose you heerd about the noo baby at the Farnleys'. They say he 's a real healthylookin' little child, but I don't see where he could get health. I met his father at the cattle-show last week, and I told him I would n't give much for the child ef they did n't move out of that malarious Ridgeley; and he said he 'd just taken a three years' lease of the house. "Well," says I, "it's a pity to sacrifice a baby just because you like the house. I give that child jes one summer to live ef you go on stayin' in that low, swampy section." But some men hate good advice, and I could see that he would n't move, although my remarks about the baby did seem to worrit him. Poor little thing!

I s'pose you heerd that Sayrah Hanson 's broke off her engagement with Harmon You know, I met her at the mission circle, and as I 've known her ever sence she was knee high to a hop-toad, I told her I did hope she 'd be able to save him from a drunkard's grave; an' she wanted to know what I meant, an' I said, "Well, I guess I 've said enough, and I won't say no more." And, indeed, there war n't no more to say, but I see that she was upset, and I always think that least said is soonest mended. He's perfectly sober and respectable, I understand, but his father was a drunkard, and you never can tell; but maybe I ought n't to have said as much. But, anyways, I stopped, and next I heerd she 'd broke off the engagement on account of his habits. I really think I did him a service, because she was n't worth havin' ef she 'd stop without tryin' to save him.

I want to know ef you've met the noo people that 's moved into the Granger place? Harlen, the name is. I met Mis' Harlen at the sewin'circle, and I said I hoped she was no relation to Dick Harlen that was sent up to the penitentiary for forgery. And then she turned scarlet, an' I said, "Well, of course it could n't be a relation, because Harlen is only your married name; but they say Dick's brother Tom married an awful common woman." And then she turned scarleter than ever, an' said she wished folks would mind their own business; an', come to find out, she was Tom's wife. I did n't like the way she bridled up over an un'tentional remark; an', fer my part, I don't intend to call on her.

Do you know Joe Ardsley? Joseph Carrington Ardsley he is now, sence he become an author. I met him the other day at the lawn party the Weldons give to their daughter-inlaw, that rich Noo York girl that their son married. 'Most every one was there, - all the summer folks, of course, and a good many of the village folks, because the Weldons are popular in spite of their money. I had n't seen Joe Ardsley before sence he printed that novel of his, and I found that success had sp'iled him. He was talkin' to them rich Salstonstalls from over Worcester way, and I pushed right up, for I was glad to see him, -he wintered and summered in South Hanaford two years, -an' so I says real hearty: "Well, Mr. Ardsley, I'm real pleased to see you an' Mis' Ardsley again, an' to hear about your success at writin' books. I suppose you 've 'mos' forgot the days when you was so hard put to get along, an' had to go barefoot a whole summer because you did n't want to owe the shoemaker. My land," I says, "how you and your wife did have to skimp! I s'pose you can buy meat nowadays without enquirin' the price."

Well, do you know, he never took it the way I meant it at all; and his wife she looked mad enough to kill me. I never did like her. Well. the Saltonstalls they was kind of edgin' off, as ef they was ashamed of hearin' about Mr. Ardsley's hard times, an' so I wanted to show 'em that I liked him in them days; an', besides, I must say I was kinder proud of knowin' him now, seein' his name is in every paper you pick up; so, although I had n't had an introduction to them, I says: "I've known the time, sir, when this young man was glad to come to Sunday dinner to my house, because I made sure to hev chicken and he was n't sure of anythin' at home. Was you, Mr. Ardsley? Well, I'm glad you succeeded," says I; "but you must n't never forget them days, because ef you had n't struggled and skimped and be'n helped then, you would n't never have got anywhere. But," I says, "I never will forget how low in mind an' pocket you was when you fust come to South Hanaford to live."

Now, no one could say I did n't speak as kind as I could, because I liked that young man; but success has turned his head, for he answered me so short an' so unlike the smiln' Joe of the old days thet I felt friz up, an' went into the room where they was servin' hot soup that looked like tea, jes so 's to get my feelin's ca'med.

Ef his wife thinks she's go'n' to make him forget what he riz from, I don't intend he should. I guess it's no disgrace to eat chicken dinner at my house, an' he's beholden to me more than that, for they say that I gev him the idee for one of the characters in his novel—Mrs. Tackless. Awful queer name, an' there's nothin' in the character to remind me of myself.

Don't go. Ain't there an awful lot of sickness an' death around this spring? I told Rev. Green that I never knowed it to be so excitin'

as it is this year. No tellin' who 'll be called next. I was tellin' Sayrah Taintor that I did n't think her father had what you might call a strong hold on life, an' I was glad he was prepared for the life to come. Queer how things hits folks. She did n't seem to like it at all. She 's kind of flighty, I think. I sh'd think she 'd be glad her father was a Christian, church-goin' man. I told her so, too. I said if he was sech another man as his brother Peleg, his death would be a calamity to him an' a blessin', in a way, to every one else; an' she huffed right up an' said, "I love Uncle Peleg."

I don't see t' her lovin' him makes him any better example to our young men. He ain't be'n to church in ten years, an' he has such a pleasant way of speakin' that he 's worse than a whited sepulcher. I say ef a man ain't go'n' to go to church he 'd better be bad, out an' out, an' not be so good-natured that folks thinks they can stay home from church, too, an' no harm done. But of course I could n't

make her see it my way.

Must you be go'n'? Well, I'm real glad you called. It's brightened me up consider'ble to see you; but ef I was you I would n't put off seein' a doctor. Sometimes these heart troubles snuffs you right out. Oh, there now! I nearly forgot to ask you ef it was true that you had set your affections on Mark Whitman. Mis' Hendey told me that when you heerd he was engaged you grew as pale as death; but I said I would n't believe it — not till I asked you — Why, what is the matter, child? Here, drink this water. Now you jes set still in that chair an' I'll go nex' door to the Sims' an' tel'phome for the doctor. I knoo your heart was affected.

Charles Battell Loomis.

#### The Incubated Chick

(A PSYCHOLOGIC TRAGEDY)

I 'M not a little orphan, sir,
But I am just as sad,
A-peakin' and a-pinin' for
The love I never had—
One touch of human sympathy
Would melt my poultry natur',
But I refrain from hope so vain,
For ma 's an incubator!

When first I burst my parent shell,
How hideous the dream—
No rich cluck, cluck fond love to tell;
No sound, alas, but—steam!
I felt in vain for sheltering wings
Within that broilin' crater;
And then, in sooth, the horrid truth—
Ma was an incubator!

I see that tin thing over there
And weep beside my brother—

"Ah, hideous lie—how much I try
I cannot call it mother!"
You say I 'm false, unnatural,
Cruel as an alligator!
One can't remain quite normal when
His ma 's an incubator.

Sometimes at rosy-fingered dawn I stand in pensive mood
As now and then some kind, sweet hen Walks proudly with her brood—
Dear influences of the home!
And I, a woman-hater,
Stand all apart with withered heart:
For ma's an incubator.

Wallace Irwin.

#### The Relative importance

HE was my lawyer, and says he:

"Amos," says he,
Winkin' as cunnin' as ever you see—

"Amos," says he,

"Bout this here suit for that title to lan':
Have n't had time t' do much more'n scan
Them papers o' yourn. . . . H-m-m! How
d' you stan'

He was my lawyer; so says I:
"Jenkins," says I,
"Only jes tol'able," I says, dry,

With the jedge?" says he.

Then says I.

Th' more we was talkin' the harder he

chawed,
Till after a little he looked at me odd:
"What d' you think of that jury that 's
drawed?"

Winkin' his eye.

He was my lawyer; so says I:

"Jenkins," says I,
"Don't know a soul on it," I says, dry,
Then says I.

So then he looked at me, takin' a chaw, Shiftin' it 'round t' other side of his jaw: "Amos, I guess we must look up some law," He says, dry.

J. W. Foley.

#### **Jottings**

HOPE is faith holding out its hands in the dark.

Doubt is the beginning, not the end, of wisdom.

Degree is much: the whole Atlantic might be lukewarm and never boil us a potato.

Form may be of more account than substance. A lens of ice will focus a solar beam to a blaze.

Ten builders rear an arch, each in turn lifting it higher; but it is the tenth man, who drops in the keystone, who hears the huzzas.

Imagination is a window. If too wide, it means a weakened wall and light in hurtful excess.

Mere precedence is much. No man will ever have as many descendants as Adam. The eyes of Columbus pointed to every mountain and stream ever mapped in America.

An art is a handicraft in flower.

Sound travels farthest as music; the most telling form of truth is poetry.

A leader should not stride forward too fast, otherwise he may be hidden from his followers by the curvature of the earth.

A superstition is a premature explanation

that has overstayed its time.

George Iles.

#### Why?

WHY, muvver, why Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky? Why did the cow jump right over the moon? An' why did the dish run away with the spoon? 'Cause did n't he like it to see the cow fly? Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try? An' why can't they swim just like fishes an' fings?

An' why does the live little birdies have wings, An' live little boys have to wait till they die? Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie?

Why could n't we have one if I should say, "Please"?

An' why does it worry when little boys tease? An' why can't fings never be now,—but bime-by? Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why

Does little boys froats always ache when they cry?

An' why does it stop when they 're cuddled up close?

An' what does the sandman do days, do you s'pose?

An' why do you fink he 'll be soon comin' by? Why, muvver, why?

Ethel M. Kelley.

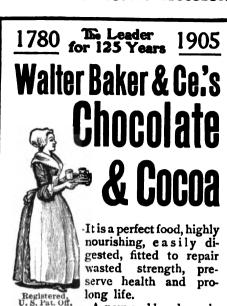


Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert

#### OPERATION NECESSARY

THE CHILD: Grandma, do you think my dolly could wear a straight front if I took out some of her sawdust?





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